MANY THOUGHTS OF MANY MINDS

HENRY SOUTHGATE

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MANY THOUGHTS OF MANY MINDS:

BEING

A TREASURY OF REFERENCE.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

NEW AND IMPORTANT WORK.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS

ON

RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS:

A Dictionary of Quotations and Selected Passages from the Best Writers.

For the Use of the Clergy and Others.

ANALYTICALLY ARRANGED

By HENRY SOUTHGATE.

In square 8vo, elegantly printed on toned paper.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, NEW YORK.

MANY THOUGHTS

OF

MANY MINDS

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME.

COMPILED AND ANALYTICALLY ARRANGED

BY

HENRY SOUTHGATE

"THE VALUE OF A THOUGHT CANNOT BE TOLD"
Philip James Bailey

FIRST SERIES

NEW YORK
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS
416 BROOME STREET

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

PREFACE.

"We content ourselves to present to thinking minds the original seeds from whence spring vast fields of new thought, that may be further cultivated, beautified, and enlarged." CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

"CLASSICAL quotation," says Dr. Johnson, "is the parole of literary men all over the world;" and a knowledge of general literature, as exhibited in the works of distinguished writers, is one of the evidences of an enlightened mind. From the earliest periods, there is not a celebrated name that has not contributed something to the great mass of sentential lore. It is a treasure which has been constantly accumulating, till at length it comprises a brief abstract of the wisdom of all ages and of all nations. Whether we resort to the Sacred Records, the works of the ancients, the aphoristic writings of the Middle Ages, or the more refined productions of modern times, we have presented to us the most striking instances of the antiquity, dignity, and prevalence of the apothegmatic modes of instruction. Of these, the English language itself presents an inexhaustible mine, in which we may trace the genius and spirit of the people. "We are a mixed race,"

says Capel Lofft, "and our character partakes of the compound nature of our descent. Its excellence consists not in one predominant quality, but in the union of several; we have not the rich humour and glowing imagination of the Spaniards, the insidious refinement of the Italians, nor the delicacy and gaiety of the French; but we have a sprinkling of all these."

In the various authors whose sentiments are embodied in the present collection, will be found illustrations of nearly all the principal phases of Divine goodness, of moral wisdom, of benevolence, of virtue, and of political or personal prudence: for there are certain truths in action which are as unchangeable, mighty, and palpable as the laws of Nature; and will continue so to the end of the world. In modern times, we find that in the pensive and graceful Petrarch, in the writings of the sublime Dante and the elegant Cervantes, the lively La Bruyère, and the sarcastic La Rochefoucauld, in the productions of Rousseau, Lavater, Franklin, Shakspeare, Pope, Addison, and Swift, and in the many brilliant writers of the present day—Carlyle, Dickens, Longfellow, Macaulay, Sigourney, Tennyson, and Thackeray, these most impressive moral truths everywhere abound, and present themselves as landmarks in ethical philosophy.

From these and many other sources the gems of thought have been carefully selected, the flowers of intellect duly culled, and the sands of gold diligently sifted,—in which almost every scene of human life that can warm the heart, or illumine the understanding, is faithfully portrayed.

In the present Work, many glorious emanations of the mind have doubtless been omitted, and others of inferior merit have perchance been inserted; but allowance must be made for the diversities of taste, and for the difficulties attendant on so

extensive a selection; while the merits of the respective extracts will speak for themselves, and the names of their authors will be a sufficient guarantee for their excellence. The Compiler therefore ventures to express a hope that the work will be found useful to the student and general reader as a Dictionary of Reference, and, at the same time, suggestive even to the scholar, without the necessity of his sacrificing hours of tedious research among the scattered materials of thought.

This Compilation, however, is not only adapted for occasional reference to any particular subject, but, from the variety of interesting topics, both in prose and verse, which it comprises, may also afford many an hour of agreeable and instructive reading. We are here conducted as it were through a picture-gallery of the first masters,—through a garden of the choicest flowers,—where the social virtues may be promoted, the pleasures of refined intellectuality cultivated, and some of the purest delights of which the human heart is susceptible freely enjoyed.

In this collection, alphabetical classification and analysis have been closely observed, to enable the student to refer with facility to any general subject in which he may feel interested, and which he will find illustrated, in its various phases, by some distinguished writer of ancient or modern times.

In almost all Dictionaries of Quotations, it will be found that the selections intended to illustrate a subject are jumbled together in promiscuous confusion; but in the present collection each subject is closely analysed, and its many different aspects presented and arranged under alphabetical sub-heads. The advantages of this plan will be directly manifest on reference to the Analytical Contents; or to any word of an abstract nature, such as—Ambition, Anger, Beauty, Love, etc.

In conclusion, the Compiler has only to add, that he has gathered this bouquet of thought from a wide course of reading during the hours of relaxation from business. Every advancing step convinced him the more of the indefinite length to which he might easily extend his selection, so rich indeed is the vast field of literature. But, still, he trusts he has collected sufficient to impart a deep, calm pleasure, to those who contemplate the manifold aspects of human life.

H. S.

22, Fleet Street, London.

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"I look upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and, like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current."

DR. MIDDLETON.

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"This field is so spacious, that it were easy for a man to lose himself in it: and if I should spend all my pilgrimage in this walk, my time would sooner end than my way."

BISHOP HALL.

"This worthy work in which of good examples are so many,
This orchard of Alcinous, in which there wants not any
Herb, tree, or fruit that may man's use for health or pleasure serve:
This plenteous horn of Acheloy, which justly doth deserve
To bear the name of TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE, I present
To your good worships, *once again;* desiring you therefore
To let your noble courtesy and favour countervail
My faults, where art or eloquence on my behalf doth fail.
For sure the mark whereat I shoot is neither wreaths of bay,
Nor name of author, no, nor meed; but chiefly that it may
Be liked well of you, and all the wise and learned sort."

GOLDING.

TREASURY OF THOUGHT.

"I pluck up the goodlisome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, digest them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory—by gathering them together; that so having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of life."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ABBEY—Cloisters of an.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof;
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
Milton.

ABBEY—Grandeur of an.

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Congreve.

The wrought oaken beams,
Pillars, and frieze, and high fantastic roof,
Of those dusk places in times far aloof
Cathedrals call'd.
Keats.

When we enter one of those antique piles in southern Germany, or in Spain—for there only can a Catholic Gothic Cathedral be seen in all its glory,—I know not that it is possible for the heart of man to desire any addition to the magnetic solemnity of the whole scene. The tall, narrow windows, quite dark with the long purple garments of pictured martyrs, apostles, and kings, tinge every ray that passes through them with the colours and the memory of a thousand years of devotion. *Washington Irving.*

ABBEY—Sanctity of an.

A fit abode, wherein appeared enshrined
Our hopes of immortality.
Byron.

ABILITIES—without Patronage.

No man's abilities are so remarkably shining, as not to stand in need of a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praises of a friend, to recommend them to the notice of the world.
Pliny.

ABILITIES—cannot be Universal.

The abilities of man must fall short on one side or other, like too scanty a blanket when you are a-bed; if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered.
Sir W. Temple.

ABILITY—Proofs of.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions: he is neither hot nor timid.
Chesterfield.

ABILITY—Success of.

The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that Heaven gives for him.
Shakspeare.

ABSENCE—Happiness after.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence;
Else who could bear it?
Rowe.

ABSENCE—Impatience of.

I charge thee loiter not, but haste to bless me :
Think with what eager hopes, what rage I burn,
For every tedious minute how I mourn.
Think how I call thee cruel for thy stay,
And break my heart with grief for thy delay.
Rowe.

ABSENCE—from those we Love.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years ;
And every little absence is an age. *Dryden.*

Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring ;
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing ;
Ye trees that fade, when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love !
Pope.

ABSENCE—Pangs of.

In my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden ;
I am ten times undone, while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me. *Addison.*

ABSENCE—Return after.

Winds murmur'd through the leaves your short delay,
And fountains o'er their pebbles chid your stay :
But, with your presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And walks wear fresher green at your return.
Dryden.

ABSENCE—Tedium of.

What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?
Eight score eight hours ?—and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times ?
O weary reckoning ! *Shakspeare.*

ABSTINENCE—the Antidote of Disease.

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue abstinence. *Herrick.*

ABSTINENCE—Practice of.

His life is parallel'd
E'en with the stroke and line of his great justice ;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others. *Shakspeare.*

ABSTINENCE—the Basis of a Virtue.

To set the mind above the appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the Fathers observes to be, not a *virtue*, but the *groundwork of a virtue*. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour to resolution, and secure the power of resistance when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt. *Johnson.*

ABSTRACTS—Uses of.

Abstracts, abridgments, summaries, &c., have the same use with burning-glasses—to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's imagination.
Swift.

ABUSE—Equivocal.

He knew not what to say, and so he swore.
Byron.

ABUSE—Retribution of.

There are more abusive to others than they that lie most open to themselves ; but the humour goes round, and he that laughs at me to-day will have somebody to laugh at him to-morrow. *Seneca.*

ACCIDENT—not Chance.

If we consider accident,
And how, repugnant unto sense,
It pays desert with bad event,
We shall disparage Providence. *Davenant.*

ACCOUNT (Final)—Being called to.

Every one of us shall give account of himself to God. *St. Paul.*

And how his audit stands, who knows, save Heaven ? *Shakspeare.*

ACCOUNT (Final)—Suddenly called to.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head. *Ibid.*

ACCUMULATION—Vice of.

There is not a vice which more effectually contracts and deadens the feelings, which more completely makes a man's affections centre in himself, and excludes all others from partaking in them, than the desire of accumulating possessions. When the desire has once gotten hold of the heart, it shuts out all other considerations but such as may promote its views. In its zeal for the attainment of its end, it is not delicate in the choice of means. As it closes the heart, so also it clouds the understanding. It cannot discern between right and wrong : it takes evil for good, and good for evil : it calls darkness light, and light darkness. Beware, then, of the beginnings of covetousness, for you know not where it will end. *Bishop Mant.*

ACCUSATION—Affording Proof of.

Give me good proofs of what you have alleged :
'Tis not enough to say—in such a bush
There lies a thief—in such a cave a beast ;
But you must show him to me ere I shoot,
Else I may kill one of my straggling sheep :
I'm fond of no man's person but his virtue.
Shakspeare.

ACHIEVEMENT.

Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech !
Ibid.

ACQUAINTANCE—Annoyances of.

If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time ; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that. Whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor. *Cowley.*

ACQUAINTANCE—Caution in forming.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first ; because one cannot hold out that proportion. *Bacon.*

ACQUAINTANCE—Difference of.

'Twixt us thus the difference trims—
Using head instead of limbs,
You have read what I have seen :
Using limbs instead of head,
I have seen what you have read—
Which way does the balance lean ? *Butler.*

ACQUIREMENT—Retention of.

That which we acquire with most difficulty, we retain the longest ; as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one. *Colton.*

ACTION—Causes of.

Actions rare and sudden do commonly
Proceed from fierce necessity ; or else
From some oblique design which is ashamed
To show itself in the public road. *Davenant.*

ACTION—Consequences of.

There is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.
Thomas of Malmesbury.

ACTION—Decision in.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision ; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness. *Colton.*

ACTION—Eloquence of.

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant more learned than their ears.
Shakspeare.

ACTION—Importance of.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer ; but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day ; demands it before he can receive it in a lump. *Franklin.*

ACTION—Intent of.

Of every *noble* action, the intent
Is to give *worth* reward—*vice* punishment.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

ACTION—Lawfulness of.

Wouldst thou know the lawfulness of the action which thou desirest to undertake, let thy devotion recommend it to Divine blessing : if it be lawful thou shalt perceive thy heart encouraged by thy prayer ; if unlawful, thou shalt find thy prayer discouraged by thy heart. That action is not warrantable which either blushes to beg a blessing, or, having succeeded, dares not present a thanksgiving. *Quarles.*

ACTION—Man designed for.

The end of man is an action, and not a thought, though it were the noblest. *Carlyle.*

ACTION—Motives to.

I will suppose that you have no friends to share or rejoice in your success in life,—that you cannot look back to those to whom you owe gratitude, or forward to those to whom you ought to afford protection ; but it is no less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty : for your active exertions are due not only to society, but in humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with powers to serve yourself and others.
Sir Walter Scott.

ACTION—Necessity for.

Idlers cannot even find time to be idle, or the industrious to be at leisure. We must be always doing or suffering. *Zimmerman.*

ACTION—the perfection of Man's Nature.

Action is the highest perfection and drawing forth of the utmost power, vigour, and activity of man's nature. God is pleased to vouchsafe the best that He can give, only to the best that we can do. The properest and most

raised conception that we have of God is, that He is a pure act, a perpetual, incessant motion. And next to Him, in the rank of beings, are the angels, as approaching nearest to Him in this perfection; being all flame and agility, ministering spirits, always busy and upon the wing, for the execution of His great commands about the government of the world. And indeed *doing* is nothing else but the noblest improvement of *being*. *South.*

ACTION—Perseverance in.

Be just in all thy actions; and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind:
If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about till thou hast topp'd the hill.
To the same end men several paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the same hand into a fist may close,
Which instantly a palm expanded shows.
Denham.

ACTION—Principles of.

If we hope to instruct others, we should familiarize our own minds to some fixed and determinate principles of action. The world is a vast labyrinth, in which almost every one is running a different way, and almost every one manifesting hatred to those who do not run the same way. A few indeed stand motionless, and, not seeking to lead themselves or others out of the maze, laugh at the failures of their brethren, yet with little reason; for more grossly than the most bewildered wanderer does *he* err who never aims to go right. It is more honourable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it. The happiness of mankind is the *end* of virtue, and truth is the knowledge of the *means;* which he will never seriously attempt to discover who has not habitually interested himself *in the welfare of others*. The searcher after truth must love and be beloved; for general benevolence is a necessary motive to constancy of pursuit; and this general benevolence is begotten and rendered permanent by social and domestic affections. Let us beware of that proud philosophy which affects to inculcate philanthropy while it denounces every home-born feeling by which it is produced and nurtured. The paternal and filial duties discipline the heart, and prepare it for the love of all mankind. The intensity of private attachments encourages, not prevents, universal benevolence. The nearer we approach the sun, the more intense his heat: yet what corner of the system does he not cheer and vivify. *Coleridge.*

ACTION—Speech the Reflex of.

Action hangs, as it were, "dissolved" in speech, in thoughts whereof speech is the shadow; and precipitates itself therefrom. The kind of speech in a man betokens the kind of action you will get from him. *Carlyle.*

ACTION—Strength of.

Strong reasons make strong actions.
Shakspeare.

ACTIONS—Conduct in.

Young men in the conduct and management of actions embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet, fly to the end without consideration of the means and degrees, pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly, care not to be innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first, and that which doubleth all errors will not acknowledge or retract them. *Bacon.*

ACTIONS—Consequences of.

Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to Heaven. *Francis.*

ACTIONS—Construction of.

There is no word or action, but may be taken with two hands; either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion: and all things do succeed as they are taken. To construe an evil action well, is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself: but to misconstrue a good thing, is a treble wrong; to myself, the action, and the author. *Bishop Hall.*

ACTIONS—Good and Evil.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones.
Shakspeare.

ACTIONS—Great.

It behoves the high
For their own sake to do things worthily.
Ben Jonson.

ACTIONS—Influenced by the Heart.

All our actions take
Their hues from the complexion of the heart,
As landscapes their variety from light.
William Thompson Bacon.

ACTIONS—Independent.

What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know

what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to look after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Emerson.

ACTIONS—Justice in.

It is vain to expect any advantage from our profession of the truth, if we be not sincerely just and honest in our actions.

Archbishop Sharpe.

ACTIONS—Motives of.

Judge not of actions by their mere effect;
Dive to the centre, and the cause detect.
Great deeds from meanest springs may take their course,
And smallest virtues from a mighty source.

Pope.

——

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves: but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice.

Swift.

ACTIONS—Qualities of.

For *good* and *evil* must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.

Donne.

ACTIONS—Religious.

Go! let your *deeds* His praises prove;
To all make manifest His love;
Like brethren live and journey on,
Preaching the truth of Him that's gone!
Make known His promise to the earth,—
Bliss unto all of mortal birth;
To you the Master shall be nigh,
For you He has been raised on high. *Goethe.*

ACTIONS—Responsibility of.

The Lord is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed. *Samuel.*

ACTIONS—Standards of.

It behoves us always to bear in mind, that while actions are always to be judged by the immutable standard of right and wrong, the judgments which we pass upon men must be qualified by considerations of age, country, station, and other accidental circumstances; and it will then be found that he who is most charitable in his judgment is generally the least unjust. *Southey.*

ACTIONS—Unselfish.

Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth, they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny, amidst the melancholy waste of ocean. *Thomas.*

ACTIONS—Value of.

The manner of saying or of doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly, and with an ill-will, a stony piece of bread; it is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down. *Seneca.*

ACTIONS (Good)—Immortality of.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity. *Lavater.*

ACTIONS (Good)—Influence of.

A *right* act strikes a cord that extends through the whole universe, touches all moral intelligence, visits every world, vibrates along its whole extent, and conveys its vibrations to the very bosom of God! Pray learn to understand how all work has in it a spiritual element; how the meanest thing on earth has a divine side; how all temporary forms include essences that are to be eternal. Whatever be the meanness of a man's occupation, he may discharge and prosecute it on principles common to him with Michael, or Gabriel, or any of the highest spirits of heaven. *Binney.*

ACTIONS (Little)—Power of.

It is little:
But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense: yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand,
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honour'd death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels.

Talfourd.

ACTIONS (Wicked)—Eulogizing.

The guilt of eulogizing or apologizing for wicked actions is second only to that of committing them. *Southey.*

ACTIVITY—Importance of.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect them. *Shakspeare.*

ACTIVITY—Liability of.

Activity is liable to commit some injuries; but indolence is sure to do no good. *Zimmerman.*

ACTIVITY—Moderation in.

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.
Holmes.

ACTIVITY—Rustic.

For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch, ruled their little court;
The pliant bow he formed: the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labour all. *Crabbe.*

ACTORS—Perfection required in.

Though a pleader or preacher is hoarse or awkward, the weight of their matter commands respect and attention; but in theatrical speaking, if the performer is not exactly proper and graceful, he is utterly ridiculous. In cases where there is little expected but the pleasure of the ears and eyes, the least diminution of that pleasure is the highest offence. In acting, barely to perform the part is not commendable; but to be the least out is contemptible. *Steele.*

ACUTENESS—Characteristics of.

The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion—makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes.
Hannah More.

ADDRESS—Beauty of.

This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself:
Too noble for this place. *Shakspeare.*

ADDRESS—Skilfulness of.

A man who knows the world, will not only make the most of everything he does know, but of many things he does not know; and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance, than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition.
Colton.

ADMIRATION—Indulgence in.

It is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire. Here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation. *Dr. Arnold.*

ADMIRATION—Novelty necessary for.

Admiration must be continued by that novelty which first produced it; and how much soever is given, there must always be reason to imagine that more remains. *Johnson.*

ADMIRATION—Pleasures of.

There is a pleasure in admiration; and this is that which properly causeth admiration, when we discover a great deal in an object which we understand to be excellent; and yet we see (we know not how much) more beyond that, which our understandings cannot fully reach and comprehend. *Tillotson.*

ADMONITION—should be Gentle.

We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend, as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and a complacency of behaviour will disarm the most obstinate; whereas, if instead of calmly pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence. *Seed.*

ADVENTURE—Spirit of.

Yet who but he undaunted could explore
A world of waves, a sea without a shore,
Trackless and vast and wild as that reveal'd,
When round the ark the birds of tempest wheel'd;

When all was still in the destroying hour—
No sign of man! no vestige of his power!
Rogers.

ADVERSITY—Aggravation of.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience. *Bishop Horne.*

ADVERSITY—Benefits of.

It is good for man to suffer the adversity of this earthly life: for it brings him back to the sacred retirement of the heart, where only he finds he is an exile from his native home, and ought not to place his trust in any worldly enjoyment. It is good for him also to meet with contradiction and reproach: and to be evil thought of, and evil spoken of, even when his intentions are upright, and his actions blameless: for this keeps him humble, and is a powerful antidote to the poison of vain-glory; and then chiefly it is that we have recourse to the witness within us which is God; when we are outwardly despised, and held in no degree of esteem and favour among men. Our dependence upon God ought to be so entire and absolute, that we should never think it necessary, in any kind of distress, to have recourse to human consolations.
Thomas à Kempis.

ADVERSITY—Consolation in.

Ye good distressed!
Ye noble few, who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more;
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.
Thomson.

ADVERSITY—Friendship in.

When a great mind falls,
The noble nature of man's gen'rous heart
Doth bear him up against the shame of ruin,
With gentle censure, using but his faults
As modest means to introduce his praise;
For pity, like a dewy twilight, comes
To close th' oppressive splendour of his day,
And they who but admired him in his height
His alter'd state lament, and love him fall'n.
Joanna Baillie.

ADVERSITY—Preferable to Guilt.

How blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver in comparison with those of guilt! *Blair.*

ADVERSITY—Merit of.

Ask the man of adversity how other men *act* towards him; ask those others how he *acts* towards them. Adversity is the true touchstone of merit in both; happy if it does not produce the dishonesty of meanness in one, and that of insolence and pride in the other. *Greville.*

ADVERSITY—Plea of.

If ever you have look'd on better days:
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
Shakspeare.

ADVERSITY—Trials of.

God alone
Instructeth how to mourn. He doth not trust
This higher lesson to a voice or hand
Subordinate. Behold! he cometh forth!
O sweet disciple—bow thyself to learn
The alphabet of tears. *Sigourney.*

ADVERSITY—Uses of.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
Shakspeare.

As adversity leads us to think properly of our state, it is most beneficial to us. *Johnson.*

ADVICE—Conjugal.

Come near me, wife, I fare the better far,
For the sweet food of thy divine advice.
Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsel: her wing'd spirit
Is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly words,
And, like her beauty, ravishing and pure.
Chapman.

ADVICE—With bad Example.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven:
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. *Shakspeare.*

ADVICE—Experienced.

Let no man presume to give advice to others, that has not first given good counsel to himself.
Seneca.

ADVICE—given by a Friend.

Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy;
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. *Shakspeare.*

ADVICE—Giving.

The worst men often give the best advice.

Bailey.

It is expedient to have an acquaintance with those who have looked into the world; who know men, understand business, and can give you good intelligence and good advice when they are wanted. *Bishop Horne.*

No part of conduct asks for skill more nice,
Though none more common, than to give advice:
Misers themselves in this will not be saving,
Unless their knowledge makes it worth the having;
And where's the wonder, when we will obtrude
A useless gift, it meets ingratitude.

Stillingfleet.

ADVICE—why Offensive.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which has escaped our notice, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes the superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desire to conceal. *Johnson.*

ADVICE—Practical.

One day, as an ancient king of Tartary was riding with his officers of state, they met a dervise, crying aloud, "To him that will give me a hundred dinars, I will give a piece of good advice." The king, attracted by this strange declaration, stopped, and said to the dervise, "What advice is this that you offer for a hundred dinars?" "Sire," replied the dervise, "I shall be most thankful to tell you, as soon as you order the money to be paid me." The king, expecting to hear something extraordinary, ordered the money to be given to the dervise at once. On receiving which, he said, "Sire, my advice is, begin nothing without considering what the end may be."

The officers of state, smiling at what they thought ridiculous advice, looked at the king, who they expected would be so enraged at this insult, as to order the dervise to be severely punished. The king, seeing the amusement and surprise which this advice had occasioned, said, "I see nothing to laugh at in the advice of this dervise, but, on the contrary, I am persuaded, that if it were more frequently practised, men would escape many calamities. Indeed, so convinced am I of the wisdom of this maxim, that I shall have it engraved on my plate, and written on the walls of my palace, so that it may be ever before me."

The king, having thanked the dervise for his advice, proceeded towards his palace; and, on his arrival, he ordered the chief bey to see that the maxim was engraved on his plate, and on the walls of his palace.

Sometime after this occurrence, one of the nobles of the court, a proud, ambitious man, resolved to destroy the king, and place himself on the throne. In order to accomplish his diabolical purpose, he secured the confidence of one of the king's surgeons, to whom he gave a poisoned lancet, saying, "If you will bleed the king with this lancet, I will give you ten thousand pieces of gold; and, when I ascend the throne, you shall be my vizier. This base surgeon, dazzled by such brilliant prospects, wickedly assented to the proposal. An opportunity of effecting his evil design soon occurred. The king sent for this man to bleed him: he put the poisoned lancet into a side pocket, and hastened into the king's presence. The arm was tied, and the fatal lancet was about to be plunged into the vein, when suddenly the surgeon's eye read this maxim at the bottom of the bason—"Begin nothing without considering what the end may be." He immediately paused, as he thought within himself, "If I bleed the king with this lancet, he will die, and I shall be seized and put to a cruel death; then of what use will all the gold in the world be to me?" Then, returning the lancet to his pocket, he drew forth another. The king, observing this, and perceiving that he was much embarrassed, asked why he changed his lancet so suddenly. He stated that the point was broken; but the king, doubting his statement, commanded him to show it. This so agitated him, that the king felt assured all was not right. He said, "There is treachery in this; tell me instantly what it means, or your head shall be severed from your body." The surgeon, trembling with fear, promised to relate all to the king, if he would only pardon his guilt. The king assented, and the surgeon related the whole matter, and acknowledged that had it not been for the words in the bason, he should have used the fatal lancet.

The king summoned his court, and ordered the traitor to be executed. Then, turning to his officers of state, he said, "You now see that the advice of the dervise, at which you laughed, is most valuable: it has saved my life. Search out this dervise, that I may amply reward him for his wise maxim.

Lady M. W. Montague.

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive:
That I would have thee do; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,

Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you sober and contain yourself:
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But mod'rate your expenses now (*at first*)
As you may keep the same proportion still.
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it. *Ben Jonson.*

ADVICE—Seasonableness of.

The honest and just bounds of observation by one person upon another, extend no further but to understand him sufficiently, whereby not to give him offence, or whereby to be able to give him faithful counsel, or whereby to stand upon reasonable guard and caution in respect of a man's self; but to be speculative into another man, to the end to know how to work him, or wind him, or govern him, proceedeth from a heart that is double and cloven, and not entire and ingenuous. *Bacon.*

ADVICE—Soliciting but not Taking.

His friends were summon'd, on a point so nice,
To pass their judgments and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolved was he,
As those who ask advice are wont to be. *Pope.*

ADVICE—Taking.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it. *Von Knebel.*

ADVISER—the Sacred Duty of an.

The sacred duty of an adviser (one of the most inviolable that exists,) would lead me, towards a real enemy, to act as if my best friend were the party concerned. *Burke.*

ADVOCATE—the first Duty of an.

The first duty of a wise advocate is to convince his opponents that he understands their arguments and sympathizes with their just feelings. *Coleridge.*

ADVOCATE—Qualities of an.

The good advocate not onely heares but examines his client, and pincheth the cause where he fears it is foundred. For many clients, in telling their case, rather plead than relate it, so that the advocate hears not the true state of it till opened by the adverse party. Surely the lawyer that fills himself with instructions, will travell longest in the cause without tiring. Others that are so quicke in searching, seldom searche to the quicke; and those miraculous apprehensions who understand more than all, before the client hath told halfe, runne without their errand, and will return without their answer. *Fuller.*

AFFECTATION—a Blemish.

Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the small pox. *St. Evremond.*

AFFECTATION—Characteristics of.

Paltry affectation, strained allusions, and disgusting finery, are easily attained by those who choose to wear them; they are but too frequently the badges of ignorance or of stupidity, whenever it would endeavour to please. *Goldsmith.*

I will not call Vanity and Affectation twins, because, more properly, Vanity is the mother, and Affectation is the darling daughter; Vanity is the sin, and Affectation is the punishment: the first may be called the root of self love, the other the fruit. Vanity is never at its full growth, till it spreadeth into Affectation; and then it is complete. *Saville.*

AFFECTATION—Folly of.

Affectation in any part of our carriage, is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or wanting sincerity. *Locke.*

AFFECTATION—Loathsomeness of.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation; 'tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust. *Cowper.*

AFFECTATION—Ridiculousness of.

All affectation is vain and ridiculous; it is the attempt of poverty to appear rich. *Lavater.*

Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity; but affectation appears to be the only true source of the ridiculous. *Fielding.*

AFFECTION—in Families.

When the tide of family affection runs smooth and unbroken, it bears the bark of happiness securely on its bosom. *Mrs. Opie.*

AFFECTION—in Families.

You once remarked to me how time strengthened family affections, and, indeed, all early ones; one's feelings seem to be weary of travelling, and like to rest at home. They who tell me that men grow hardhearted as they grow older, have a very limited view of this world of ours. It is true with those whose views and hopes are merely and vulgarly worldly; but when human nature is not perverted, time strengthens our kindly feelings, and abates our angry ones. *Southey.*

AFFECTION—Fraternal.

Fathers alone a father's heart can know,
What secret tides of still enjoyment flow
When brothers love, but if their hate succeeds,
They wage the war; but 'tis the father bleeds.
Young.

AFFECTION—Maternal.

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
Shakspeare.

AFFECTION—Mutual.

All school-day friendship, childhood innocence.
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. *Ibid.*

AFFECTION—Necessity of.

Generous as brave,
Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
Of love and duty, were to him as needful
As his daily bread. *Rogers.*

AFFECTION—Paternal.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious father's shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.
Sir Walter Scott.

AFFECTION—Periods of.

There are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness, which hallow the caresses of affection. *Washington Irving.*

AFFECTION—Power of the.

There are few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn or neglect. *Zimmerman.*

AFFECTION—Power of the.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are only to be fixed by those that are real. *De Moy.*

AFFLICTION—the Balm of.

With all natural emotions and becoming manly thoughts, there mingle in the Christian mind the beliefs, hopes, impulses, and aspirations of a divine life, which invest affliction with high attributes, and impart to it the character of a golden link between earth and heaven. To *him* the darkest cloud "has a silver lining;" sorrow "may continue for a night," but "light is sown in the darkness," and "joy returns with the day." Religious faith, as it exists in the Christian mind, looking on the vicissitudes and undulations of life, and listening to their apparently confused murmur, finds, far more certainly than anything else, that God's great universe, in spite of its mysterious and sometimes appalling movements,—

"Doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And *central peace, subsisting at the heart*
Of endless agitation." *Binney.*

AFFLICTION—Causes of.

Extraordinary afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary graces. *Henry.*

It is from the remembrance of joys we have lost, that the arrows of affliction are pointed. *Mackenzie.*

AFFLICTION—Consolation in.

So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
——— *Shakspeare.*

Though affliction, at the first, doth vex
Most virtuous natures, from the sense that 'tis
Unjustly laid; yet, when the amazement which
That new pain brings is worn away, they then
Embrace oppression straight, with such
Obedient cheerfulness, as if it came
From heaven, not man. *Davenant.*

Nothing can occur beyond the strength of faith to sustain, or transcending the resources of religion to relieve. *Binney.*

Before an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon; and after it *is* digested, it comes too late; but there is a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at. *Sterne.*

AFFLICTION—Consolation in.

For every sort of suffering there is sleep provided by a gracious Providence, *save that of sin.* *J. Wilson.*

Believe and fear not! in the blackest cloud
A sunbeam hides; and from the deepest pang
Some hidden mercy may a God declare!
Robert Montgomery.

There will be no Christian but what will have a Gethsemane, but every *praying* Christian will find that there is no Gethsemane without its angel! *Binney.*

AFFLICTION—Design of.

God made us for eternity; and His aim in all He does is to bring us happily to it. Hence the necessity of pain, sickness, crosses, to break the strong chain which binds us to the world; and to force us to take part with God in His grand design. *Adams.*

God is now spoiling us of what would otherwise have spoiled us.

When God makes the world too hot for His people to hold, they will let it go.
Powell.

God afflicts with the mind of a father, and kills for no other purpose but that He may raise again. *South.*

AFFLICTION—Difference in.

In afflictions, especially national or public calamities, God oftentimes *seems* to make no distinction betwixt the objects of His compassion and those of His fury, indiscriminately involving them in the same destiny; yet His prescience and His intentions make a vast difference where His inflictions do not seem to make any; as when on the same test, and with the self-same fire, we urge as well the gold as the blended lead or antimony, but with foreknowing and designing such a disparity in the events, as to consume the ignobler minerals, or blow them off into dross or fumes, and make the gold more pure, and full of lustre. *Boyle.*

AFFLICTION—Discipline of.

To a certain extent, we can all see that discipline is good for us. What man of business repents him of the time he spent in what appeared to be the sharp discipline of school? Who does not wish that he had had more of it and sharper? The time when you strained all your powers, denied yourselves all your pleasures, and tied yourselves tight to your tasks, is the time which you remember most gratefully; had you your youth over again, you would make that the rule, and not the rare exception. Tell me which of you came through childish and youthful follies without some sharp lessons? Who has not been bitterly mortified by the wounding of his self-importance, or heartily laughed at for what he thought very wise and grand? The sharper the lesson the better it served its purpose. Looking back you would not wish one drop of its bitterness extracted; you would rather that the infusion had been stronger, that it might have killed the weakness at its very root. We see, so far, that good comes out of discipline. We do not sit down and cry over it. Hereby you consent to the wisdom of the discipline of God. *Baldwin Brown.*

AFFLICTION—succeeded by Heavenly Joys.

When the Christian's last pit is digged, when he is descended into his grave, and finished his state of sorrows and suffering, then God opens the river of abundance, the rivers of life and never-ceasing felicities. As much as moments are exceeded by eternity, and the sighing of a man by the joys of an angel, and a salutary frown by the light of God's countenance, a few groans by the infinite and eternal hallelujahs; so much are the sorrows of the saints to be undervalued, in respect of what is deposited for them in the treasures of eternity. Their sorrows can die, but so cannot their joys. . . . Every chain is a ray of light, and every prison is a palace, and every loss is the purchase of a kingdom, and every affront in the cause of God is an eternal honour, and every day of sorrow is a thousand years of comfort, multiplied with a never-ceasing numeration: days without night, joys without sorrow, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, society without envying, communication of joys without lessening; and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away. *Jeremy Taylor.*

AFFLICTION—the Lot of Man.

Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward. *Job.*

AFFLICTION—the Medicine of the Mind.

Afflictions are the medicine of the mind. If they are not toothsome, let it suffice that they are wholesome. It is not required in physic that it should please, but heal. *Henshaw.*

AFFLICTION—Operations of.

As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue. *Burton.*

AFFLICTION—Pangs of.

He went, like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn. *Coleridge.*

AFFLICTION—Power of.

Many men have such weak spirits, that though God gives them abundance of mercies, yet, if but one affliction befall them, in the midst of their abundance they forget all but it. One affliction is as the grave to bury hundreds of mercies. A small thing laid upon a man's eye, will keep the sight of all the heavens from him : so many times a little affliction keeps the sight from abundant blessings.

Burroughes.

AFFLICTION—Sanctifying Power of.

It is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed on a better state. Prosperity, alloyed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the present scene, to produce confidence and elation, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours forget the hand by which they were bestowed. It is seldom that we are otherwise, than by affliction, awakened to a sense of our imbecility, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to safety or to quiet ; and how justly we may ascribe to the superintendence of a higher power, those blessings, which, in the wantonness of success, we considered as the attainments of our policy or courage.

Johnson.

Perfumes, the more they're chafed, the more
they render
Their pleasant scents ; and so affliction
Expresseth virtue fully, whether true
Or else adulterate. *Webster.*

Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.

Matthew Henry.

Afflictions clarify the soul,
And, like hard masters, give more hard
directions,
Tutoring the non-age of uncurbed affections.

Quarles.

David's pen never wrote more sweetly than when dipped in the ink of affliction. *Mason.*

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue, where patience, honour, sweet humanity, and calm fortitude, take root, and strongly flourish.

Mallet.

AFFLICTION—Sanctifying Power of.

No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. *St. Paul.*

AFFLICTION—Trials of.

I compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year, to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once ; He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow ; and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day ; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load, before we are required to bear it. *John Newton.*

Reckon any matter of trial to thee among thy (private) gains. *Adams.*

Job looked on himself as an outcast ; the Infinite Spirit and the wicked spirit were holding a dialogue on his case. He was an object more of notice and interest than the largest armies that were ever assembled, and the mightiest revolutions that ever shook the world, considered merely in their temporal interests and consequences. Let the Christian be deeply concerned, in all his trials, to honour his master before such observers. *Cecil.*

AFFLICTION—Uses of.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene :
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray ;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.

Young.

AFFRONTS—Forgiving of.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts ;
Old age is slow in both. *Addison.*

AFTERNOON—Sultry.

Earth putteth on the borrow'd robes of heaven,
And sitteth in a sabbath of still rest ;
And silence swells into a dreamy sound,
That sinks again to silence. The woods drone
A drowsy song, that in its utterance dies ;
And the dim voice of indolent herds floats by
With slow, luxurious calm. The runnel hath
Its tune beneath the trees. The insect throng,
Drunk with the wine of summer, dart and
dance
In mazy play ; and through the woodlands
swell
The tender trembles of the ringdove's dole.

And here and there, from clustering groups of trees,
Rise hamlet spire and gables grey, half hid
With green profusion—quaint manorial homes,
Whose quiet household smoke seems motionless
And pictured on the blue. *C. Newton.*

The sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. *Bryant.*

AGE—Approach of.

Time hath laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
Longfellow.

AGE—Caution of.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great,
Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air;
Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes,
Such had I trusted once as soon as seen;
But cautious age suspects the flattering form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Johnson.

AGE—Compensation for.

It is said that we suffer less as we grow older—that pain, like joy, becomes dulled by repetition, or by the callousness that comes with years. In one sense this is true. If there is no joy like the joy of youth, the rapture of a first love, the thrill of a first ambition, God's great mercy has also granted that there is no anguish like youth's pain; so total, so hopeless, blotting out earth and heaven, falling down upon the whole being like a stone. This never comes in after-life; because the sufferer, if he or she have lived to any purpose at all, has learned that God never meant any human being to be crushed under any calamity like a blindworm under a stone. *Hughes.*

AGE—Experience of.

Like a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything appears more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end. *Richter.*

AGE—The Golden.

What Rousseau, under the name of the state of Nature, and the old poets by the title of the Golden Age, place *behind* us, lies actually *before* us. It is a phenomenon of frequent occurrence, particularly in past ages, that what we shall become, is pictured by something which we already have been; and that what we have to obtain, is represented as something which we have formerly lost.
Fichte.

Julian had thrown the magic light of his genius upon the common day, and gilded every moment as it passed with joy. His presence had made the world rich to her; the morning and the evening hours were winged with love and happiness. There is, in the life of many of the most fortunate of the earth, a golden age, or hours and moments of gold, that take the place in life which the golden age holds in history:—then nature is kinder, the skies are of a more tender blue, the air is more balmy, the flowers are tinted with richer colours, the world is more beautiful, the countenances of our friends are lovelier, we are ourselves better; and oh! so happy! In our hearts the lamb leads the lion, and they both lie down in peace together. Parthenia had lived in this age of gold, while Julian was in Athens. *Lee.*

Old writers push'd the happy season back,—
The more fools they,—we forward: dreamers both:
You most, that in an age when every hour
Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death,
Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt
Upon the teeming harvest, should not dip
His hand into the bag; but well I know,
That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.
Tennyson.

My friend, the golden age hath pass'd away:
Only the good have power to bring it back.
Shall I confess to thee my secret thought?
The golden age, wherewith the bard is wont
Our spirits to beguile, that lovely prime,
Existed in the past no more than now;
And did it e'er exist, believe me still,
As then it was, it now may be restored.
Goethe.

AGE—Looks of.

A venerable aspect!
Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily become his silver locks:
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.
Rowe.

AGE—precipitated by Passion.

Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passional, mental, or bodily

toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves; the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives 25 years; the ox 15 or 20; the lion about 20; the dog 10 or 12; the rabbit 8; the guinea-pig 6 or 7 years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live 100 years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches, on the average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of its own secret reflections. *St. John.*

AGE—Rejoicing with Youth.

Stamped with its signet, that ingenuous brow,
And 'mid his old hereditary trees,
Trees he has climb'd so oft, he sits and sees
His children's children playing round his knees.
Then happiest, youngest, when the quoit is
flung,
When side by side the archers' bows are strung:
His to prescribe the place, adjudge the prize,
Envying no more the young their energies
Than they an old man, when his words are wise;
His a delight how pure, without alloy:
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in their joy!
Now in their turn assisting, they repay
The anxious cares of many and many a day;
And now by those he loves relieved, restored,
His very wants and weaknesses afford
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,
Leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,
While they look up! Their questions, their
replies,
Fresh as the welling waters, round him rise,
Gladdening his spirit: and, his theme the past,
How eloquent he is! His thoughts flow fast:
And while his heart (oh, can the heart grow old?
False are the tales that in the world are told!)
Swells in his voice, he knows not where to end;
Like one discoursing of an absent friend.
Rogers.

AGE (MIDDLE)—the Happiest Part of Life.

Probably the happiest period in life most frequently is in middle age, when the eager passions of youth are cooled, and the infirmities of age not yet begun; as we see that the shadows, which are at morning and evening so large, almost entirely disappear at mid-day.
Dr. Arnold.

AGE (OLD)—one Advantage of.

I am much beholden to old age, which has increased my eagerness for conversation, in proportion as it has lessened my appetites of hunger and thirst. *Tully.*

AGE (OLD)—Assumptions of.

Beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. *Shakspeare.*

AGE (OLD)—Blessedness of.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.
Job.

AGE (OLD)—Calmness of.

How happy is the evening tide of life,
When phlegm has quench'd our passions,
trifling out
The feeble remnant of our silly days
In follies, such as dotage best is pleased with,
Free from the wounding and tormenting cares
That toss the thoughtful, active, busy mind.
Otway.

AGE (OLD)—Cares of.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye.
Shakspeare.

AGE (OLD)—Characteristics of.

These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth; they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again towards earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Ibid.

The eye of age looks meek into my heart! the voice of age echoes mournfully through it! the hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies! I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look

without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.
Longfellow.

These are the effects of doting age,
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution;
The second nonage of a soul more wise,
But now decay'd, and sunk into the socket,
Peeping by fits, and giving simple light.
Dryden.

AGE (OLD)—Difficulties of.

It is difficult to grow old gracefully.
Madame de Staël.

AGE (OLD)—Duties of.

Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon. *Young.*

AGE (OLD)—Energy of.

Though old, he still retained
His manly sense and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remembered that he once was young:
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admired; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleased put on,
And, laughing, could instruct. *Armstrong.*

AGE (OLD)—Evils of.

The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows eld hath plight;
My head besprent with hoary frost I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright;
Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past;
No sun now shines, clouds have all over-cast.
Spenser.

Let me not live,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions. *Shakspeare.*

AGE (OLD)—Gratifications of.

Old age is often querulous. It is one of its defects to be so; but let not this occasional weakness deceive you. You may be assured that naturally it has gratifications of its own, which fully balance those of earlier days, and which, if cultivated, would carry on the stream of happiness to its grave. If life has been rightly employed, it will also have the visioned recollection of its preceding comforts to enhance the pleasures which it is actually enjoying. My own experience in the sixty-seventh year of my age is, that, notwithstanding certain ailments and infirmities, and the privations they occasion, it is just as happy as all the preceding seasons were, though in a different way,—so happy, as to cause no regret that they have passed, and no desire to exchange what is, for what has been. If youth has hopes, and prospects, and wishes, that enchant it, age has no inferiority even in this respect. *Turner.*

AGE (OLD)—Holiness of.

What is age
But the holy place of life, chapel of ease
For all men's wearied miseries? And to rob
That of her ornament, it is accursed
As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,
Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering.
Massinger.

AGE (OLD)—Hopes of.

Here is one that wishes to live longer;
Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns himself
Younger by scores of years; flatters his age
With confident belying, with hopes he may
With charms, like Eson, have his youth restored;
And with those thoughts so battens, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on as he.
Ben Jonson.

AGE (OLD)—Hypocrisy of.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings. *Swift.*

AGE (OLD)—Infirmities of.

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Shakspeare.

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb.
Byron.

AGE (OLD)—Irritability of.

I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. *Shakspeare.*

AGE (OLD)—Marks of.

Time's chariot-wheels make their carriage-road in the fairest face. *La Rochefoucauld.*

AGE (OLD)—Miseries of.

Crook'd-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all bald, and he with eld forlore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at Death's door;
Trembling and driv'ling as he draws his breath,
For brief the shape and messenger of Death.
Thomas Sackville.

AGE (OLD)—Miseries of.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief ;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground :—
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-wingèd with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have. *Shakspeare.*

When once men reach their autumn, sickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
At every little breath misfortune blows ;
Till left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.
This is the common lot. *Young.*

So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age ;
Yet death, so often call'd on, has no wish
Can be more frequent with them ; their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing going ;
All dead before them ; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them ;
Yet this is reckoned life. *Ben Jonson.*

AGE (OLD)—Objections to.

Every man desires to live long ; but no man would be old. *Swift.*

AGE (OLD)—Premature.

There is an order
Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age.
Byron.

AGE (OLD)—Premonitions of.

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease, because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened ; and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low ; also, when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail : because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was ; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. *Solomon.*

AGE (OLD)—Progress of.

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When Nature brought him to the door of death.
Shakspeare.

When every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in us. *Ibid.*

AGE (OLD)—Repose of.

Shake not his hour-glass, when his hasty sand
Is ebbing to the last ;
A little longer, yet a little longer,
And nature drops him down without your sin,
Like mellow fruit without a winter storm.
Dryden.

There is a solitude which old age feels to be as natural and satisfying as that rest which seems such an irksomeness to youth, but which gradually grows into the best blessing of our lives ; and there is another solitude, so full of peace and hope, that it is like Jacob's sleep in the wilderness, at the foot of the ladder of angels. "All things are less dreadful than they seem." And it may be that the extreme loneliness which, viewed afar off, appears to an unmarried woman as one of the saddest of the inevitable results of her lot, shall by that time have lost all its pain, and be regarded but as the quiet, dreamy hour "between the lights ;" when the day's work is done, and we lean back, closing our eyes, to think it all over before we finally go to rest, or to look forward in faith and hope, unto the coming morning. *Hughes.*

AGE (OLD)—Talkativeness of.

Old age is talkative, and I may learn
Somewhat of moment from him. *Whitehead.*

AGE (OLD)—Tranquillity of.

To the intelligent and virtuous, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyments, of obedient appetite, of well-regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and dignified state, placed as it were on the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is past with the complacency of an approving conscience in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations towards His eternal and ever-increasing favour. *Percival.*

AGE (OLD)—Tranquillity for.

One's age should be tranquil, as one's childhood should be playful ; hard work, at either extremity of human existence, seems to me out of place : the morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful ; at mid-day the sun may burn, and men may labour under it.
Dr. Arnold.

AGE (OLD)—on the last Verge.

You are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. *Shakspeare.*

AGE (OLD)—Wishes of.

In age to wish for youth is full as vain
As for a youth to turn a child again. *Denham.*

AGES—(the Middle) and Our Own Times.

There is another fact I would dare to match with all the upholstery confession of the middle ages. Show me the equivalent to a money-loving people putting its hand into its *own* pocket, not to build proud towers, but to emancipate degraded savages; giving twenty millions, not at the bidding of an imperious monarch or a tyrannical priesthood, but at the spontaneous call of the national conscience, and by the immediate instrumentality of the national will. There is a moral grandeur in this "money grant" that sinks the Pyramids into littleness. As for Christian heroism, what can history chronicle or poetry invent, of Godfrey, Richard, or St. Louis, that does not pale before the simple details of that poor despised Patagonian mission of the other day? I will not content myself with even the names of "Nightingale" and her noble sisters.

E. Young.

AGREEABLENESS—Characteristics of.

We may say of agreeableness, as distinct from beauty, that it consists in a symmetry of which we know not the rules, and a secret conformity of the features to each other, and to the air and complexion of the person.

La Rochefoucauld.

AGREEABLENESS—of Manners.

The true art of being agreeable, is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them, than to bring entertainment to them. A man thus disposed, perhaps, may have not much learning, nor any wit; but if he has common sense and something friendly in his behaviour, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and pleasing assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him: this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the passions. *Addison.*

AGRICULTURIST.—Life of the.

In a moral point of view, the life of the agriculturist is the most pure and holy of any class of men; pure, because it is the most healthful, and vice can hardly find time to contaminate it; and holy, because it brings the Deity perpetually before his view, giving him thereby the most exalted notions of supreme power, and the most fascinating and endearing view of moral benignity. The agriculturist views the Deity in His works; he contemplates the divine economy in the arrangement of the seasons; and he hails *Nature* immediately presiding over every object that strikes his eyes; he witnesses many of her great and beauteous operations, and her reproductive faculties; his heart insensibly expands, from his minute acquaintance with multifarious objects, all in themselves original; whilst that degree of retirement in which he is placed from the bustling haunts of mankind, keeps alive in his breast his natural affections, unblunted by an extensive and perpetual intercourse with man in a more enlarged, and therefore in a more corrupt state of society. His habits become his principles, and he is ready to risk his life to maintain them.

Lord John Russell.

AIR (Vitiated)—Fatal to Life.

One cannot try experiments on human beings as on animals, but accident and disease frequently furnish us with experiments made to our hand. What has been related of the birds is confirmed by an accident which befel two young Frenchwomen. They were in a room heated by a coke stove. One of them was suffocated, and fell senseless on the ground. The other, who was in bed, suffering from typhoid fever, resisted the poisonous influence of the atmosphere, so as to be able to scream till assistance came. They were both rescued, but the healthy girl, who had succumbed to the noxious air, was found to have a paralysis of the left arm, which lasted for more than six months. Here, as in the case of the sparrows, we find the paradoxical result to be, that the poisonous action of a vitiated air is better resisted by the feeble, sickly organism, than by the vigorous, healthy organism. This paradox admits of a physiological explanation. In the vitiated air of a German Kneipe, as in that of the houses of the poor, we find those who have had time to adjust themselves to it, breathing without apparent inconvenience, although each new-comer feels the air to be vitiated; and because they "get accustomed to it," people very naturally suppose that no injurious effect can follow. Here lies the dangerous fallacy. They get accustomed

to it, indeed, and only because they do so are they contented to remain in it; but at what price? by what means? By a gradual *depression of all the functions* of nutrition and secretion. In this depressed condition less oxygen is absorbed, and there is less needed in the atmosphere. A vitiated air will suffice for the respiration of a depressed organism, as it would amply suffice for the respiration of a cold-blooded animal. When we enter a vitiated atmosphere, our breathing becomes laborious; the consequence of this is a depression of all the organic functions, and then the breathing is easy again, because we no longer require so much oxygen, and we no longer produce so much carbonic acid. Were it not for this adjustment of the organism to the medium, by a gradual depression of the functions, continued existence in a vitiated atmosphere would be impossible; we see the vigorous bird perish instantaneously in air which would sustain the enfeebled bird for upwards of an hour. Thus does physiology explain the paradox; but at the same time it points out the fallacy of supposing that bad air can be harmless because we "get accustomed" to it. However fortunate a circumstance for those who have to breathe bad air, that the organism is quickly depressed to such a point as to render such air respirable, no one will deny that depressions of this kind are necessarily injurious, especially when frequently experienced.

Wakley.

ALARMS—Mysterious.

And there were sights that none had seen before:
And hollow, strange, unprecedented sounds,
And earnest whisperings ran along the hills,
At dead of night: and long, deep, endless sighs,
Came from the dreary vale; and from the waste
Came horrid shrieks, and fierce unearthly groans.

Pollok.

ALCHEMIST—The.

And this Doctor,
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold in a bolt's head,
And on a turn, convey in the stead another,
With sublimed mercury, that shall burst i' the heat,
And all fly out *in fumo.* *Ben Jonson.*

ALIENATION—Evils of.

Nothing presents a more mournful aspect than a family divided by anger and animosity. Unhappily, however, this is not a very rare occurrence. We even behold at times brothers themselves so indifferent towards each other, so wanting in affection, or even in a state of such hostility among themselves, that they appear as if they had been cherished by the same fond heart, and fed at the breast of the same fond mother, only to be for ever divided by their tastes and manner of thinking. We also often observe sisters maintain, in their relations with each other, so much ill-will, animosity, and resentment, and living in such secret but continual irritation of mind towards each other, that even the very stranger, when forced to be a witness of this melancholy state of feeling in the family, cannot but be shocked and pained. Indeed it is but too common to behold individuals, united by ties of blood, live together upon a much less intimate footing than with strangers, and show themselves much less serviceable, and much less obliging the one to the other, than they are, when occasion requires, to persons whom they know not. *Zschokke.*

ALLEGIANCE—Tempted too far.

Allegiance, tempted too far, is like
A sword well temper'd on an anvil tried,
That press'd too hardly may in pieces fly:
An overburthen'd trust may treach'ry prove,
And be too late repented. *Massinger.*

ALLEGORIES—Use of.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make everything about them clear and beautiful.

Addison.

ALPS—The.

Dark in colour, robed with everlasting mourning, for ever tottering like a great fortress shaken by war, fearful as much in their weakness as in their strength, and yet gathered after every fall into darker frowns and unhumiliated threatening; for ever incapable of comfort or healing from herb or flower, nourishing no root in their crevices, touched by no hue of life on buttress or ledge, but to the utmost desolate; knowing no shaking of leaves in the wind nor of grass beside the stream—no other motion but their own mortal shivering, the dreadful crumbling of atom from atom in their corrupting stones; knowing no sound of living voice or living tread, cheered neither by the kid's bleat nor the marmot's cry; haunted only by uninterrupted echoes from afar off, wandering hither and thither among their walls, unable to escape, and by the hiss of angry torrents, and sometimes the shriek of a bird that flits near the face of them, and sweeps frightened back from under their shadow into the gulf of air. And sometimes, when the echo has fainted, and the wind has carried the sound of the torrent away, and the bird has vanished, and the mouldering stones are still for a little time—a brown moth, opening and shutting its wings upon a grain of dust, may be the only thing

that moves or feels in all the waste of weary precipice, darkening five thousand feet of the blue depth of heaven. *Ruskin.*

ALPS—Arrangement of the.

But the longer I stayed among the Alps, and the more closely I examined them, the more I was struck by the one broad fact of there being a vast Alpine plateau, or mass of elevated land, upon which nearly all the highest peaks stood like children set upon a table, removed, in most cases, far back from the edge of the plateau, as if for fear of their falling. And the result of this arrangement is a kind of division of the whole of Switzerland into an upper and lower mountain-world; the lower world consisting of rich valleys bordered by steep but easily accessible wooded banks of mountain, more or less divided by ravines, through which glimpses are caught of the higher Alps; the upper world, reached after the first steep banks, of 3,000 or 4,000 feet in height, have been surmounted, consisting of comparatively level but most desolate traces of moor and rock, half covered by glacier, and stretching to the feet of the true pinnacles of the chain. It can hardly be necessary to point out the perfect wisdom and kindness of this arrangement, as a provision for the safety of the inhabitants of the high mountain regions. If the great peaks rose at once from the deepest valleys, every stone which was struck from the pinnacles, and every snow-wreath which slipped from their ledges, would descend at once upon the inhabitable ground, over which no year would pass without recording some calamity of earth-slip or avalanche. Besides this, the masses of snow, cast down at once into the warmer air, would all melt rapidly in the spring, causing furious inundations of every great river for a month or six weeks. All these calamities are prevented by the peculiar Alpine structure which has been described. The broken rocks and the sliding snow of the high peaks, instead of being dashed at once to the vales, are caught upon the desolate shelves or shoulders which everywhere surround the central crests. The soft banks which terminate these shelves, traversed by no falling fragments, clothe themselves with richest wood; while the masses of snow heaped upon the ledge above them, in a climate neither so warm as to thaw them quickly in the spring, nor so cold as to protect them from all the power of the summer sun, either form themselves into glaciers or remain in slowly-wasting fields even to the close of the year—in either case supplying constant, abundant, and regular streams to the villages and pastures beneath, and to the rest of Europe noble and navigable rivers. *Ruskin.*

ALPS—Grandeur of the.

Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave
vain man below. *Byron.*

AMAZEMENT.

But look! Amazement on my mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Shakspeare.

AMBIGUITY.

Let's keep them,
In desperate hope of understanding us;
Riddles and clouds are very lights of speech.
I'll veil my careless anxious thoughts, as 'twere,
In a perspicuous cloud, that so I may
Whisper in a loud voice, and even be silent
When I do utter words. *Cartwright.*

AMBITION.

Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.
Raleigh.

If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all.
Queen Elizabeth.

AMBITION—Anguish of

Ambition! deadly tyrant!
Inexorable master! what alarms,
What anxious hours, what agonies of heart,
Are the sure portion of thy gaudy slaves?
Cruel condition! could the toiling hind,
The shivering beggar, whom no roof receives,
Wet with the mountain shower, and crouching
low
Beneath the naked cliff, his only home;
Could he but read the statesman's secret breast,
But see the horrors there, the wounds, the stabs,
From furious passions and avenging guilt,
He would not change his rags and wretchedness,
For gilded domes and greatness! *Mallet.*

AMBITION—Aspirations of.

That spirit of his,
Inspiration lifts him from the earth.
Shakspeare.

It is not for man to rest in absolute contentment. He is born to hopes and aspirations, as the sparks fly upwards, unless he has brutified his nature, and quenched the spirit of immortality, which is his portion. *Southey.*

AMBITION—Characteristics of.

Accurst. ——— accurst ambition
How dearly have I bought you!
Dryden.

Airy. Airy ambition, ever soaring high.
Sheffield.

Balked. —— The pangs of balked ambition.
Welsted.

Baneful. Why dost thou court that baneful pest ambition? *Potter.*

Base. Oh that a breast so fair, should be the seat
Of base ambition ——— *Tighe.*

Big. No more shall big ambition bend my brow. *Lee.*

Black. ——— black ambition stains a public cause. *Pope.*

Blind. ——— blind ambition quite mistakes her road. *Young.*

„ As hoodwinked falcons boldest pierce the skies,
Th' ambition that is blindest highest flies. *Colton.*

Blown. No blown ambition doth our arms incite. *Shakspeare.*

Bold. ——— bold ambition dared to raise,
On Tigris banks, the heaven-defying tower. *Boyd.*

Brave. ——— brave thirst of fame, his bosom warms. *Churchill.*

Bright. ——— mean dependence, bright ambition's bane. *Hayley.*

Chaste. ——— strong minds by chaste ambition nurst. *Ibid.*

Climbing. Ambition climbing with a giant's pride. *Sewel.*

Curst. In curst ambition I no rest could find.
Dryden.

„ Ah, curst ambition! to thy lures we owe,
All the great ills that mortals bear below. *Tickell.*

Damned. ——— damned ambition,
That hurl'd from heaven's light millions of spirits. *Sheil.*

Dangerous. Here's a most dangerous headlong ambition. *Middleton.*

Dark. The dark ambition of a villain.
Joanna Baillie.

Dire. There endless strife, there dire ambition reigns. *Dennis.*

Divine. ——— spirit with divine ambition puft. *Shakspeare.*

Dropsy'd. The dropsy'd thirst of empire, wealth, or fame. *Nugent.*

Eager. Eager ambition's fiery chace. *Young.*

Eagle-eyed. The towering hope of eagle-eyed ambition. *Smollet.*

Eagle-plum'd. The towering wing of eagle-plum'd ambition.
Hannah More.

Eagle-wing'd. ——— the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts. *Shakspeare.*

Envious. Envious ambition ne'er slakes her thirst. *Marston.*

Ever-craving. Ambition, restless, ever-craving fiend. *Parlby.*

False. ——— oh, false ambition,
Thou lying phantom, whither hast thou lured? *Browne.*

Fatal. Fatal ambition! say what wondrous charms
Delude mankind, to toil for thee in arms! *Rowe.*

Fell. The tyrant's empty fame; offspring impure
Of fell ambition ——— *Awbrey.*

Foul. Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition.
Shakspeare.

Frail. ——— muse on empires' fallen state,
And frail ambition's hapless fate.
J. Warton.

Gigantic. ——— gigantic phantom of the brain,
Ambition, breeding monstrous hopes and fears. *Phillips.*

Glorious. The glorious frailty of the noble mind. *Hoole.*

Haughty. Haughty ambition, riot, lust, and pride. *Blackmore.*

Headlong. No bounds his headlong vast ambition knows. *Rowe.*

Ill-weaved. Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk. *Shakspeare.*

Impatient. ——— ambition is like love, impatient,
Both of delays and rivals ———
Denham.

Insane. ——— insane ambition
Founded all those high-built hopes.
Campbell.

Mad. ——— ambition mad, that stems alone
The boisterous surge with bladders blown. *Hamilton.*

Mad'ning. —— strong with wild ambition's mad'ning fires. *Mickle.*

Obstinate. ——— obstinate ambition leads
Through all the rugged roads of barren lore. *Armstrong.*

Powerful. Ambition, thou powerful source of good and ill. *Young.*

Proud. Proud ambition is but a beggar ——
Daniel.

Proud-crested. Proud-crested fiend, the world's worst foe, ambition.
Bloomfield.

Quenchless. ——— there is a fire and motion of the soul
But once kindled, quenchless evermore. *Byron.*

Raging. ——— much the raging thirst of fame, exceeds
The generous warmth, that prompts to worthy deeds. *Gifford.*

Rank. —— empty shows, and senseless noise,
And all that rank ambition breeds—— *Cowley.*

Rash. Towns turned to ashes, fanes involved in fire!
These deeds the guilt of rash ambition tell. *Fawkes.*

Restless. ——— restless ambition, never at a stand. *Daniel.*

Ruthless. ——— ambition, restless, ruthless fiend. *Parlby.*

Sacred. O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes! *Spenser.*

Self-will'd. Dungeons and thrones, which the same hours refill'd
As heretofore; because ambition was self-will'd. *Byron.*

Senseless. Senseless ambition, that forgets or not observes. *Warner.*

Sky-aspiring. Ambition, sky-aspiring, led him on. *Smart.*

Slippery. In ways of greatness think on this,
That slippery all ambition is. *Herrick.*

Strong-wing'd. Abashing, humbling thought! enough to force
Strong-wing'd ambition from her eagle course. *Woty.*

Stubborn. ——— graces that might lull
Stubborn ambition to inglorious rest. *Lee.*

Sublime. ——————— but rare
On earth, is such sublime ambition found. *Robert Montgomery.*

Subtle. Ambition's dark and subtle art
Too oft love's rites have misapplied. *Phillips.*

Thriftless. Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means.——— *Shakspeare.*

Thwarted. The Gaul insatiate, burning with the pangs
Of wild ambition thwarted——— *Richardson.*

Treacherous. I yielded up my fond believing heart
For the charms of treacherous ambition. *Smollet.*

Turbulent. Where lust and turbulent ambition reign,
Death took swift vengeance. *Young.*

Tyrannical. Painted deceit, tyrannical ambition.
Chase these far from you. *Bowring.*

Vain. ——— ambition idly vain;
Revenge and malice swell her train. *Penrose.*

Vast. Your vast ambition leaves no fame for me. *Dryden.*

Vaulting. Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself. *Shakspeare.*

Vile. Ah, vile ambition, how dost thou deceive! *Drayton.*

Uncontroll'd. Uncontroll'd ambition grasps at once,
Dominion absolute, and boundless wealth. *Hannah More.*

Uncurbed. Uncurbed ambition, unresisting sloth,
And base dependence, are the fiends accurst. *Mason.*

Wakeful. Within his breast as in a palace, lie,
Wakeful ambition, leagued with hasty pride. *P. Fletcher.*

White-rob'd. White-rob'd ambition leads, ignobly proud,
To cringe for votes, and coax the fickle crowd. *Howes.*

Wild. Wild ambition loves to slide, not stand;
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land. *Dryden.*

AMBITION—to be Controlled.

Ambition is the dropsy of the soul,
Whose thirst we must not yield to, but control. *Sedley.*

AMBITION—Curse of.

O cursed ambition—thou devouring bird,
How dost thou from the field of honesty
Pick every grain of profit or delight,
And mock the reaper's toil! *Havard.*

AMBITION—Dangers of.

Fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't? *Shakspeare.*

———

The tallest trees are most in the power of the winds, and ambitious men of the blasts of fortune. *Penn.*

———

Ambition is at distance
A goodly prospect, tempting to the view;
The height delights us, and the mountain-top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to heaven:
But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation,
What storms will batter, and what tempests shake it. *Otway.*

AMBITION—Rightly Directed.

There are few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or

country where they live, and of growing considerable with those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, if it *were rightly directed*, contribute as much to a person's advantage as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet. *Addison.*

AMBITION—Disappointed.

The same sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable state of mind find a comfort in spreading the contagion of their spleen. They find an advantage, too; for it is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare. If such persons can answer the ends of relief and profit to themselves, they are apt to be careless enough about either the means or the consequences. *Burke.*

We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment: the course is then over, the wheel turns round but once, while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual. *Landor.*

AMBITION—Doings of.

Ambition breaks the ties of blood, and forgets the obligations of gratitude.

Sir Walter Scott.

AMBITION—End of.

Ambition's like a circle on the water,
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Shakspeare.

AMBITION—Ennobling.

The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great;
Where public blessings, public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end:
Wouldst thou be famed? have those high acts in view,
Brave men would act, though scandal would ensue.

Young.

AMBITION—Evils of.

Ambition is a vulture vile,
That feedeth on the heart of pride,
And finds no rest, when all is tried.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th' other lists and bounds hath none;
And both subvert the mind, the state;
Procure destruction, envy, hate. *Daniel.*

Ambition, that high and glorious passion, which makes such havoc among the sons of men, arises from a proud desire of honour and distinction; and when the splendid trappings in which it is usually caparisoned are removed, will be found to consist of the mean materials of envy, pride, and covetousness. It is described by different authors as a gallant madness, a pleasant poison, a hidden plague, a secret poison, a caustic of the soul, the moth of holiness, the mother of hypocrisy, and, by crucifying and disquieting all it takes hold of, the cause of melancholy and madness.

Burton.

AMBITION—Fate of.

Go teach the eagle, when in azure heaven
He upward darts to seize his madden'd prey,
Shiv'ring through the death-circle of its fear,
To pause and let it 'scape, and thou may'st win
Man to forego the sparkling round of power
When it floats airily within his grasp.

Talfourd.

AMBITION—Honourable.

I am eaglet born, and can drink in
The sunlight when the blinking owls go darkling,
Dazzled and blinded by the day. Ambitious!
I have had day-dreams would have sham'd the visions
Of that great master of the world who wept
For other worlds to conquer. I'd have liv'd
An age of sinless glory, and gone down
Storied, and epitaphed, and chronicled,
To the very end of time. *Mitford.*

AMBITION—Impulses of.

Ambition! the desire of active souls,
That pushes them beyond the bounds of nature,
And elevates the hero to the gods;
That can inform the souls of beardless boys,
And ripen 'em to men in spite of nature. *Rowe.*

AMBITION—Incurable.

Where ambition can be so happy as to cover its enterprises even to the person himself, under the appearance of principle, it is the most incurable and inflexible of all human passions. *Hume.*

AMBITION—Lowliness the Ladder of.

Lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;

But when he once obtains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Shakspeare.*

AMBITION—has many Masters.

A slave has but one master; the ambitious man has as many masters as there are persons whose aid may contribute to the advancement of his future. *La Bruyère.*

AMBITION—a Rebel against Reason.

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back;
It is a swelling, and the last affection
A high mind can put off. It is a rebel
Both to soul and reason, and enforces
All laws, all conscience; treads upon religion,
And offers violence to Nature's self.
Ben Jonson.

AMBITION—Spirit of.

Ambition is the most troublesome and vexatious passion that can afflict the sons of men. Virtue hath not half so much trouble in it, for it sleeps quietly, without startings and affrighted fancies: it looks cheerfully, smiles with much serenity, and though it laughs not often, yet it is ever delightful in the apprehension of some faculty. It fears no man, nor no thing, nor is it ever discomposed, and hath no concernments in the great alterations of the world, and entertains death like a friend, and reckons the issues of it as the greatest of its hopes. But ambition is full of distractions; it teems with stratagems, and is swelled with expectations as with a tympany. It sleeps sometimes as the wind in a storm, still and quiet for a minute, that it may burst out into an impetuous blast till the cordage of his heart-strings crack. It fears when none is nigh, and prevents things that never had intention, and falls under the inevitability of such incidents, which either could not be foreseen or not prevented. It is an infinite labour to make a man's self miserable, and the utmost acquist is so goodly a purchase, that he makes his days full of sorrow to enjoy the troubles of a three years' reign. Therefore there is no greater unreasonableness in the world than in the designs of ambition; for it makes the present certainly miserable, unsatisfied, troublesome, and discontented, for the uncertain acquisition of an honour, which nothing can secure; and besides a thousand possibilities of miscarrying, it relies upon no greater certainty than our life; and when we are dead, all the world sees who was the fool.
Jeremy Taylor.

AMBITION—Temptations of.

Yet true renown is still with virtue join'd,
But lust of power lets loose the bridled mind;
The blast which his ambitious spirit swell'd,
See by how weak a tenure it was held.
If glory was a bait that angels swallow'd,
How then should souls allied to sense resist it?
Dryden.

AMBITION—Torments of.

Ambition sufficiently plagues her proselytes, by keeping themselves always in shew, like the statue of a public place. *Montaigne.*

AMBITION—Unfruitfulness of.

I have often been astonished at the softness in which other minds seem to have passed their day: the ripened pasture and clustering vineyards of imagination: the mental Arcadia in which they describe themselves as having loitered from year to year. Yet, can I have faith in this perpetual Claude Lorraine pencil—this undying verdure of the soil—this gold and purple suffusion of the sky—those pomps of the palace and the pencil with their pageants and nymphs, giving life to their landscape; while mine was a continual encounter with difficulty, a continual summons to self-control?—A march, not unlike that of the climber up the side of Etna; every step through ruins, the vestiges of former conflagrations; the ground I trode, rocks that had once been flame; every advance a new trial of my feelings or my fortitude; every stage of the ascent leading me, like the traveller, into a higher region, of sand or ashes; until, at the highest, I stood in a circle of eternal frost, with all the rich and human landscape below fading away in distance, and looked down only on a gulf of fire. *Marston.*

AMUSEMENT—Abuse of.

The habit of dissipating every serious thought by a succession of agreeable sensations, is as fatal to happiness as to virtue; for when amusement is uniformly substituted for objects of moral and mental interest, we lose all that elevates our enjoyments above the scale of childish pleasures. *Anna Maria Porter.*

AMUSEMENTS—Necessity for.

The mind ought sometimes to be amused, that it may the better return to thought, and to itself. *Phœdrus.*

ANARCHY—Digest of.

Burke talked of "that digest of anarchy called the Rights of Man." *Alison.*

ANATHEMA.

If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her.
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
To laughter and contempt: that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child! *Shakspeare.*

ANATOMY—Knowledge of.

It is shameful for man to rest in ignorance of the structure of his own body, especially when the knowledge of it mainly conduces to his welfare, and directs his application of his own powers. *Melancthon.*

ANCESTRY—Boast of.

Were honour to be scann'd by long descent
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest, and recount
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
Heroes and god-like patriots, who subdued
The world by arms and virtue;
But that be their own praise:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undeserver. *Rowe.*

ANCESTRY—Nobility of.

Philosophy does not look into pedigrees; she did not adopt Plato as noble, but she made him such. *Seneca.*

ANCESTRY—Pedigrees of.

The origin of all mankind was the same: it is only a clear and a good conscience that makes a man noble, for that is derived from heaven itself. It was the saying of a great man, that if we could trace our descents, we should find all slaves to come from princes, and all princes from slaves; and fortune has turned all things topsy-turvy in a long series of revolutions: beside, for a man to spend his life in pursuit of a title, that serves only when he dies to furnish out an epitaph, is below a wise man's business. *Ibid.*

ANCESTRY—Pride of.

'Tis poor, and not becoming perfect gentry,
To build their glories at their fathers' cost;
But at their own expense of blood or virtue,
To raise them living monuments; our birth
Is not our own act; honour upon trust,
Our ill deeds forfeit; and the wealthy sums,
Purchased by others' fame or sweat, will be
Our stain, for we inherit nothing truly
But what our actions make us worthy of.
Chapman.

ANCESTRY—Regard for.

An affectionate regard for the memory of our forefathers is natural to the heart: it is an emotion totally distinct from pride; an ideal love free from that consciousness of requited affection and reciprocal esteem which constitutes so much of the satisfaction we derive from the love of the living. They are denied, it is true, to our personal acquaintance; but the light they shed during their lives survives within their tombs, and will reward our search, if we explore them. If the virtues of strangers be so attractive to us, how infinitely more so should be those of our own kindred; and with what additional energy should the precepts of our parents influence us, when we trace the transmission of those precepts from father to son through successive generations, each bearing the testimony of a virtuous, useful, and honourable life to their truth and influence; and all uniting in a kind and earnest exhortation to their descendants so to live on earth, that (followers of Him through whose grace alone we have power to obey Him) we may at last be reunited with those who have been before, and those who shall come after us.

No wanderer lost—
A family in heaven. *Lord Lindsay.*

ANCESTRY—Reliance on.

Boast not the titles of your ancestors, brave youth!
They're their possessions, none of yours.
When your own virtues equall'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames,
For they are strong supporters; but till then,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.
——— *Ben Jonson.*

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground. *Sir T. Overbury.*

ANCESTRY—Shadows of.

Some men by ancestry are only the shadow of a mighty name. *Lucan.*

ANGELS—in Affliction.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow—
Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood between the living and the dead.
Elizabeth Wetherall.

ANGELS—Blessedness of the.

The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices uttering joy. Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannahs filled
The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground,

With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold.
Milton.

ANGELS—Celestiality of the.

Man is a mixed being, made up of a spiritual soul and of a fleshly body; the angels are pure spirits, herein nearer to God, only that they are created and finite in all respects, whereas God is infinite and uncreated; hereby too, it would seem, immortal from the first, without any of the earthly alloy which time is wont to prey upon; free from decay, free from the power of death. Hence, too, is it that they excel in power. For as the power of man above the beasts of the field arises from his having a spiritual soul, while they have only fleshly bodies, so do the angels, being pure spirits, being wholly free from the manifold, ever-growing wants and weaknesses of the body, excel mankind in power. Indeed we need only think of the power which the mind has to dart through time and over space, through thousands of years and over thousands of miles in a moment, to get some notion what its power would be, if it were not bound down to a single spot by the numbing weight of the body, which, whatever it may have been at first, now that the soul is so weakened and maimed by sin, has become a heavy, intolerable clog to it. *Hare.*

The very names assigned to angels by their Creator, convey to us ideas pre-eminently pleasing, fitted to captivate the heart, and exalt the imagination; ideas which dispel gloom, banish despondency, enliven hope, and awaken sincere and unmingled joy. They are Living Ones; beings in whom life is inherent and instinctive; who sprang up under the quickening influence of the Sun of Righteousness, beneath the morning of everlasting day; who rose expanded, and blossomed in the uncreated beam, on the banks of the river of life, and were nourished by the waters of immortality. They are spirits, winged with activity, and formed with power, which no labour wearies, and no duration impairs; their faculties always fresh and young, their exertions unceasing and wonderful, and their destination noble and delightful, without example, and without end. They are Burning Ones, glowing with a pure and serene, with an intense and immortal flame of divine love; returning, without ceasing, the light and warmth which they have received from the great central sun of the universe, reflecting with supreme beauty the image of that divine luminary; and universally glorious, although differing from each other in glory. *Dwight.*

ANGELS—Characteristics of the.

They boast ethereal vigour, and are form'd
From seeds of heavenly birth. *Virgil.*

ANGELS—Ethereal Course of the.

Down thither prone in flight,
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between world and world with steady wings:
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air. *Milton.*

ANGELS—Description of the.

Six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt, like a starry zone, his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipp'd in heaven; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. *Ibid.*

ANGELS—Guardian.

A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape.
Ibid.

The guardian angel of life sometimes flies so high that man cannot see it; but he always is looking down upon us, and will soon hover nearer to us. *Richter.*

ANGELS—Harbingers of the Most High.

They are called the chariots of God: *the chariots of God are thousands of angels.* That is, they are the chariots of His will, they bear His will about to every part of the universe. This is their delight. They bless God, who vouchsafes thus to employ them. But when they have fulfilled God's message, then they return back to Him by whom they were sent forth. They return back to Him, and stand before Him, drinking in fresh streams of life, and strength, and purity, and joy from His presence. *Hare.*

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place. *David.*

ANGELS—Attendants of Man.

Man hath two attendant angels
Ever waiting at his side,
With him wheresoe'er he wanders,
Whereso'er his feet abide.

One to warn him when he darkleth,
And rebuke him if he stray ;
One to leave him to his nature,
And so let him go his way.

Two recording spirits, reading
All his life's minutest part,
Looking in his soul, and listening
To the beatings of his heart.
Each, with pen of fire electric,
Writes the good or evil wrought ;
Writes with truth that adds not, errs not,
Purpose, action, word, and thought.

One, the Teacher and Reprover,
Marks each heaven-deserving deed ;
Graves it with the lightning's vigour ;
Seals it with the lightning's speed ;
For the good that man achieveth—
Good beyond an angel's doubt—
Such remains for aye and ever,
And cannot be blotted out.

One (severe and silent Watcher !)
Noteth every crime and guile,
Writes it with a holy duty,
Seals it not, but waits awhile ;
If the evil-doer cry not—
"God, forgive me !" ere he sleeps,
Then the sad stern spirit seals it,
And the gentler spirit weeps. *Prince.*

ANGELS—compared to Men.

Angels are men of a superior kind. *Young.*

ANGELS—Ministering.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want !
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skyes like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle fiendes to ayd us militant !
They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
And all for love and nothing for reward :
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard ! *Spenser.*

ANGELS—Appeal to their Protection.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
Shakspeare.

ANGELS—Reverence of the.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Pope.

ANGELS—Sympathy of the.

They are God's ministering spirits, and are sent,
His messengers of mercy, to fulfil
Good for salvation's heirs. For us they still
Grieve when we sin, rejoice when we repent :
And on the last dread day they shall present
The severed righteous at His holy hill,
With them God's face to see, to do His will,
And bear with them His likeness.
Bishop Mant.

ANGELS—Messengers of Wrath.

So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempest shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
Addison.

ANGER—Allaying of.

The sun should not set upon our anger, neither should he rise upon our confidence. We should freely forgive, but forget rarely. I will not be revenged, and this I owe to my enemy ; but I will remember, and this I owe to myself. *Colton.*

ANGER—Gentle Correction of.

Anger is like the waves of a troubled sea ; when it is corrected with a soft reply, as with a little strand, it retires, and leaves nothing behind but froth and shells.—no permanent mischief. *Jeremy Taylor.*

ANGER—Cure of.

Had I a careful and pleasant companion, that should show me my angry face in a glass, I should not at all take it ill. Some are wont to have a looking-glass held to them while they wash, though to little purpose ; but to behold a man's self so unnaturally disguised and disordered, will conduce not a little to the impeachment of anger. *Plutarch.*

ANGER—Definition of.

Anger is uneasiness or discomposure of the mind, upon the receipt of any injury, with a present purpose of revenge. *Locke.*

Anger is a transient hatred ; or, at least, very like it. *South.*

ANGER—Evils of.

The continuance and frequent fits of anger produce an evil habit in the soul, called wrathfulness, or a propensity to be angry ; which ofttimes ends in choler, bitterness, and morosity ; when the mind becomes ulcerated, peevish, and querulous, and, like a thin, weak plate of iron, receives impression, and is wounded by the least occurrence. *Plutarch.*

Anger and the thirst of revenge are a kind of fever ; fighting and lawsuits, bleeding,—at least, an evacuation. The latter occasions a dissipation of money ; the former, of those

fiery spirits which cause a preternatural fermentation. *Shenstone.*

What a chain of evils does that man prepare for himself who is a slave to anger! He is the murderer of his own soul, yea to the letter he is so, for he lives in a continual torment. He is devoured by an inward fire, and his body partakes of his sufferings. Terror reigns around him, every one dreads lest the most innocent, the most trifling occurrence, may give him a pretext for quarrel, or rouse him into fury. A passionate man is alike odious to God and man, and is insupportable even to himself. *St. Ephraim.*

ANGER—Fierceness of.

Frowning they went;
His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry beams; as if his sight
Would, like the raging dog-star, scorch the earth,
And kindle rivers in its course. *Congreve.*

ANGER—Folly of.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves. *Pope.*

To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils; but to prevent and suppress rising resentment is wise and glorious, is manly and divine. *Watts.*

ANGER—Imprudence of.

Never anger
Made good guard for itself. *Shakspeare.*

ANGER—Obstinacy of.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry. *Haliburton.*

ANGER—Remedy for.

It is an easy matter to stop the fire that is kindled only in hair, wool, candlewick, or a little chaff; but if it once have taken hold of matter that hath solidity and thickness, it soon inflames and consumes,

Advanced, the highest timber of the roof;

as Æschylus saith; so he that observes anger, while it is in its beginning, and sees it by degrees smoking and taking fire from some speech or chaff-like scurrility, he need take no great pains to extinguish it, but oftentimes puts an end to it only by silence or neglect. For as he that adds no fuel to fire, hath already as good as put it out; so he that doth not feed anger at the first, nor blow the fire in himself, hath prevented and destroyed it. *Plutarch.*

ANGER—Restraining of.

Never do anything that can denote an angry mind; for, although everybody is born with a certain degree of passion, and, from untoward circumstances, will sometimes feel its operation, and be what they call "out of humour," yet a sensible man or woman will never allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it; never make any determination until you find it has entirely subsided; and always avoid saying anything that you may wish unsaid. *Lord Collingwood.*

If anger is not restrained, it is frequently more hurtful to us than the injury that provokes it. *Seneca.*

When anger rises, think of the consequences. *Confucius.*

When I myself had twice or thrice made a resolute resistance unto anger, the like befell me that did the Thebans; who having once foiled the Lacedæmonians (who before that time had held themselves invincible), never after lost so much as one battle which they fought against them. *Plutarch.*

ANGER—Violent.

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. *Shakspeare.*

Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me by force,
Should make thee worth them ———
——— Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that ye lose,
To temper clay. *Ibid.*

With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
He coin'd his face in the severest stamp,
And fury shook his fabric like an earthquake.
He heaved for vent, and burst, like bellowing Ætna,
In sounds scarce human. *Dryden.*

ANGER—of Wisdom.

Wise anger is like fire from the flint; there is a great ado to bring it out; and when it does come, it is out again immediately.
Matthew Henry.

ANGER AND MADNESS—Difference between.

He does anger too much honour, who calls it madness, which, being a distemper of the brain, and a total absence of all reason, is innocent of all the ill effects it may produce, whereas anger is an affected madness, compounded of pride and folly, and an intention to do commonly more mischief than it can bring to pass. *Lord Clarendon.*

ANGLO-SAXON RACE—The.

The rapid increase of the Anglo-Saxon race during the last two centuries, its wide diffusion over the globe, and its superiority over every race with which it has contact, are remarkable facts, however we view them. This will not be done, by wise and thoughtful men, in a vain-glorious or boastful spirit, but with a thoughtful and reverential consideration of the plans of Providence which it indicates, and the great duties and responsibilities which it involves. It has been stated, with regard to the Anglo-Saxon race, that, while in 1620, the year in which the Mayflower landed the first Pilgrims in New England, it numbered only about six millions, and was almost exclusively confined to our own island. It now numbers sixty millions of human beings, planted on all the islands and continents of the earth, and apparently destined, at no distant period, to absorb or supplant all the barbarous and nomadic races on the continents of Asia, Africa and America, and the vast newer world recently found in the Southern ocean. The enterprise of the race multiplies with its expansion. Commerce goes on apace, carrying the wealth and industry of the old world into the remotest and least known regions of the earth; and it is estimated that, if no sudden and unthought revolution abruptly arrest this remarkable expansion of the race sprung exclusively from the United Kingdom of Great Britain, the Anglo-Saxon race will soon number 800 millions of human beings in less than a century and a half from the present time.

McCulloch.

ANSWER—a Slight.

A slight answer to an intricate and useless question is a fit cover to such a dish,—a cabbage-leaf is good enough to cover a dish of mushrooms. *Jeremy Taylor.*

ANTICIPATION—Improvidence of.

Whatever advantage we snatch beyond a certain portion allotted us by nature, is like money spent before it is due, which, at the time of regular payment, will be missed and regretted. *Johnson.*

ANTICIPATION—Weariness of.

O tell him I have sat these three long hours,
Counting the weary beatings of the clock,
Which slowly portion'd out the promised time
That brought him not to bless me with his sight. *Joanna Baillie.*

ANTIDOTE—Vital Power of an.

Oft have I seen its vital touch diffuse
New vigour through the poison'd streams of life.
When almost settled into dead stagnation,
Swift as a southern gale unbinds the flood.

Thomson.

ANTIPATHIES—Irreconcilable.

Nature and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile antipathies;
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.

Roscommon.

ANTIPATHY—Fierceness of.

Discord, first
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduced, through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him, or with countenance grim
Glared on him passing. *Milton.*

ANTIQUARY—The.

I knew Aurelius. He was shrewd and prudent;
Wisdom and cunning had their share of him;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And pleased again by toys which childhood please;
As books of fables graced with prints of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King Pippin's cradle. *Shakspeare.*

ANTIQUARY—Museum of the.

He had a routh o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, and jinglin-jackets,
Would hold the Croudars three in tackets
A towmond gude,
And parritch-pats, and auld saut lackets
Afore the flude. *Burns.*

ANTIQUITY—Beauty of.

Time's gradual touch
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which when it frown'd with all its battlements
Was only terrible. *Mason.*

ANTIQUITY—Consecrates.

Time consecrates;
And what is gray with age becomes religion.
Schiller.

ANTIQUITY—Once New.

All that we now deem of antiquity, at one time were new; and what we now defend by examples on a future day will stand as precedents. *Tacitus.*

ANTIQUITY—Nothing Old in.

There may be some truth in what Solomon said, "There is nothing new under the sun;" but there is far more truth in what *we* say, "There is nothing old under the sun." Nature is preserved by her elements in a perpetual youth, far more wonderful than that of Ninon d'Enclos—and her favoured lovers are the Poets. Yet to the old all things seem old; and blockheads are aged at thirty, as you may perceive from the exaggerated drivel and dotage of their drawling speech. But Genius is ever young, like the star of Jove, "so beautiful and large;" and therefore this earth—this world—shall never want her worshippers.
Professor Wilson.

ANXIETY—the Poison of Life.

Anxiety is the poison of human life. It is the parent of many sins, and of more miseries. In a world where everything is doubtful, where you may be disappointed, and be blessed in disappointment,—what means this restless stir and commotion of mind? Can your solicitude alter the cause or unravel the intricacy of human events? Can your curiosity pierce through the cloud which the Supreme Being hath made impenetrable to mortal eye? To provide against every important danger by the employment of the most promising means, is the office of wisdom; but at this point wisdom stops. *Blair.*

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy: you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices. *Henry Ward Beecher.*

ANXIETY—for any Prospective Object.

Long as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll
That lock up all the functions of my soul,
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day;
That task, which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
Pope.

APATHY.

He hears no more
Than rocks, when winds and waters roar.
Creech.

APOLOGY.

I do confess the imperfect performance.
Congreve.

APOSTASY—Characteristics of.

Speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared as with a hot iron.

Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. *St. Paul.*

APOSTASY—Crime of.

The soul once tainted with so foul a crime,
No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ardour;
Those holy beings whose superior care
Guides erring mortals to the path of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin.
Johnson.

APOSTASY—Error of.

Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the paths of truth remote.
Milton.

APOSTASY—Guilt of.

Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime:
Angelic greatness is angelic virtue.
Amidst the glare of courts, the shout of armies,
Will not th' apostate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wish too late for innocence and peace?
Curst as the tyrant of th' infernal realms
With gloomy state, and agonizing pomp.
Johnson.

APOSTATE—a Religious.

His confidence in heaven
Sunk by degrees. *Claudius.*

APPEARANCES—often Deceitful.

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes,
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness often known
To be the dowry of a second head;
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning time put on
To entrap the wisest. *Shakspeare.*

The tinsel glitter, and the specious mien,
Delude the most—few pry behind the scene.
Phædrus.

APPEARANCES—False.

Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither!
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best indeed,
With some suspicion. *Shakspeare.*

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.
Shenstone.

To save his only care;
So things seem right, no matter what they are.
Churchill.

APPEARANCES—not always a Guide.

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!
Proctor.

APPEARANCES—Outward.

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that Nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
Shakspeare.

APPLAUD—Slowness to.

A slowness to applaud betrays a cold temper, or an envious spirit. *Hannah More.*

APPLAUSE—of the Multitude.

Such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea; now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'er-watched, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest. Such applause was heard.
Milton.

Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes,—hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost.
Shakspeare.

APPRECIATION—Want of.

You may fail to shine, in the opinion of others, both in your conversation and actions, from being superior as well as inferior to them.
Greville.

A primrose on the river's brim,
Or by the cottage door,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more. *Wordsworth.*

APPREHENSIONS.

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions, than ruined by too confident a security. *Burke.*

ARBOUR—a Natural.

And in the thickest covert of that shade,
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees' owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
With wanton yvie twine entrayl'd athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole among,
Fashion'd above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng,

Nor Æolus' sharp blast could worke them any wrong. *Spenser.*

ARCHITECTURE—Historical Value of.

Architecture is the printing-press of all ages, and gives a history of the state of the society in which it was erected, from the cromlech of the Druids to those toy-shops of royal bad taste—Carlton House and the Brighton Pavilion. The Tower and Westminster Abbey are glorious pages in the history of time, and tell the story of an iron despotism, and the cowardice of unlimited power. *Lady Morgan.*

ARGUMENT—Inutility of.

It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do;
For when disputes are wearied out,
'Tis int'rest still resolves the doubt. *Butler.*

ARGUMENT—Noisy.

If the bells have any sides, the clapper will find them. *Ben Jonson.*

ARISTOCRACY—must Exist.

Amongst the masses—even in revolutions—aristocracy must ever exist; destroy it in nobility, and it becomes centred in the rich and powerful Houses of the Commons. Pull them down, and it still survives in the master and foreman of the workshop. *Guizot.*

ARISTOCRACY—the True.

What a dull world this would be, if men were not allowed to see things by a light of their own! Here are two gentlemen, each of whom, we fancy, knows more about English history than nine in every ten persons you meet at your club or in your friend's house, so strangely denying their own knowledge, as to make sport, not merely for the literary Philistines, but for grocers' boys and ladies' maids. Lord Lindsay, "a man of letters as well as an aristocrat," replies to the impeachment of his order:—flinging away in a fashion to remind warriors of Don Quixote, and logicians of Lord Peter. He mistakes windmills for giants, and swears the brown loaf is good mutton. Mr. Bright makes observations on the genius of an hereditary peerage, concluding, with peremptory emphasis, that such a peerage cannot for ever exist in a free country. What does Lord Lindsay answer? "Look at history," he cries, "and you will there find that the institution you decry has been the salvation of England. Who does your work—fights your battles—writes your books—guides you in storm and darkness?" And holding the mirror to the past, he bids the immortal shapes rise up with their crowns upon them to rebuke ignorance, silence impeachment. A fine array of names, no doubt; but windmills, not giants: though the crusade is against giants, *not* against windmills. Of the great dead under whose shields Lord Lindsay would place the peerage, not one was born a peer, not one would have become a peer in the course of direct succession. Only two—Russell and Wellington—were sons of peers. Some of the rest were very humbly born. Latimer was the son of a poor yeomen; the Bacons were small squires in Suffolk, the Raleighs in Devon. Blake's father was a merchant, Cromwell's a maltster. Neither the Hampdens nor the Churchills were noble. Nor were the Ridleys. Nelson's father was a poor parson. Lord Peter swears that, not only are the brown loaves mutton, but very good mutton. Seven-year-old south down, sir! old families, sir! the noble old aristocratic blood, sir! the families, sir, that fight, and write, and rule the country, sir! Yet all this while, apart from controversy, no one knows better than Lord Lindsay, that even had his illustrious dead each descended from long lines of Norman earls, instead of from yeomen, parsons, barristers and squires, his list would prove just nothing. A dozen cases, with no exception, might justify a rough kind of theory. A dozen cases, with a dozen exceptions, go to the wall. To prove anything he must prove everything. Yet some of the very greatest are left blank. Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Johnson, Burke and Watt, stand in the very foremost rank of Englishmen—stand in mass long before those named by Lord Lindsay. These men are England. Yet who can name the great-grandfather of any one of these? Their fathers' names are scarcely known, their mothers' not always. Shakspeare's father was a butcher, Milton's a scrivener, Newton's a squireen, Johnson's a bookseller, Burke's an attorney, and Watt's a ship-chandler. Of the antecedents of these men we know as little as of the foundations of Snowdon, Helvellyn, or the Surrey hills. *Hepworth Dixon.*

ART—Poetry of.

It is a shallow criticism that would define poetry as confined to literary productions in rhyme and metre. The written poem is only poetry *talking*, and the statue, the picture, and the musical composition, are poetry *acting*. Milton and Goethe, at their desks, were not more truly poets than Phidias with his chisel, Raphael at his easel, or deaf Beethoven bending over his piano, inventing and producing strains which he himself could never hope to

hear. The love of the ideal, the clinging to and striving after first principles of beauty, is ever the characteristic of the poet, and whether he speak his truth to the world through the medium of the pen, the perfect statue, or the lofty strain, he is still the sharer in the same high nature. Next to blind Milton describing Paradise, that same Beethoven composing symphonies and oratorios is one of the finest things we know. Milton saw not, and Beethoven heard not; but the sense of beauty was upon them, and they fain must speak. Arts may be learned by application—proportions and attitudes may be studied and repeated—mathematical principles may be, and have been, comprehended and adopted; but yet there has not been hewn from the marble a second Apollo, and no measuring by compasses will ever give the secret of its power. The ideal dwelt in the sculptor's mind, and his hands fashioned a statue which yet teaches it to the world. *Ruskin.*

ART—Power of.

The power, whether of painter or poet, to describe rightly what he calls an ideal thing, depends upon its being to him not an ideal but a real thing. No man ever did or ever will work well, but either from actual sight, or sight of faith. *Ibid.*

ART—Religiousness of.

Never is piety more unwise than when she casts beauty out of the church, and by this excommunication forces her fairest sister to become profane. It is the duty of religion not to eject, but to cherish and seek fellowship with every beautiful exhibition which delights, and every delicate art which embellishes human life. So, on the other hand, it is the duty of art not to waste its high capabilities in the imitation of what is trivial, and in the curious adornment of what has only a finite significance. The highest art is always the most religious; and the greatest artist is always a devout man. A scoffing Raphael or Michael Angelo is not conceivable.

Blackie.

ART—the highest Sagacity.

The enemy of art is the enemy of nature. Art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertion of human nature;—and what nature will he honour who honours not the human?

Lavater.

ART—Study of.

The study of art possesses this great and peculiar charm, that it is absolutely unconnected with the struggles and contests of ordinary life. By private interests, by political questions, men are deeply divided and set at variance; but beyond and above all such party strifes, they are attracted and united by a taste for the beautiful in art. It is a taste at once engrossing and unselfish, which may be indulged without effort, and yet has the power of exciting the deepest emotions—a taste able to exercise and to gratify both the nobler and softer parts of our nature—the imagination and the judgment, love of emotion and power of reflection, the enthusiasm and the critical faculty, the senses and the reason. *Guizot.*

ART—Symbolic.

It is an incarnation of fancy, and is a sort of petrified poetry, or concrete rhetoric. It is the blossom of the Art-tree, whose root is Thought, and whose trunk is Imagination. It is inventive, imitational, and composite. Gothic is imitational, Greek inventional, and Byzantine composite. Egyptian ornament is thoughtful, and always allegorical. The Assyrian is still quainter, simpler, and more primitive. The Greek revels in noble sweeping curves and in fretted foliage, highly conventionalized. The Oriental types in their art lost their symbolic character, and became enriched and idealized by fancy; harmony and a sweet grace are in every line. The Etruscan is rude and Asiatic, with Greek luxuriance. The Roman is strong and vigorous, leafy, luxurious, and voluptuous. The Byzantine is barbarian, rich, knotted, linked, and studded like embroidery. The Moorish is the poetry of geometry, and the mathematics of colour, varied and changeful as Nature. The Gothic is Nature subdued, and limited by rules and space. The Indian is varied, strange in its blendings and studied intermixtures, arranged by the instinct of men of a hot climate; but the Persian is the most graceful and poetical of all oriental work; gorgeous and yet delicate in colour, it is full of the broadest effects of contrasting hues, and wreathed and blossomed with threads of flowers, bright as those of a missal. In the harmonies of dyes there are invention and imagination. Let our students follow Nature boldly and lovingly, but not servilely,—learning to compose as she does,—not following her laws without laying down his own. Above all, let him remember, that ornamentation is to art what words are to thought, and that if design and architecture are dead, no ornamentation, however beautiful, can give them life. It will be at the best but a wreath of flowers round the pale brow of the corpse.

O powers
Illimitable!—'tis but the outer hem
Of God's great mantle our poor stars do gem.

Ruskin.

ART—Utility of.

The whole world without art and dress
Would be but one great wilderness. *Butler.*

In no circumstance whatever can man be comfortable without art. The butterfly is independent of art, though it is only in sunshine that it can be happy. The beasts of the field can roam about by day, and couch by night on the cold earth, without danger to health or sense of misfortune. But man is miserable and speedily lost so soon as he removes from the precincts of human art, without his shoes, without his clothes, without his dog and his gun, without an inn or a cottage to shelter him by night. Nature is worse to him than a stepmother—he cannot love her; she is a desolate and a howling wilderness. He is not a child of nature like a hare. She does not provide him a banquet and a bed upon every little knoll, every green spot of earth. She persecutes him to death, if he do not return to that sphere of art to which he belongs, and out of which she will show him no mercy, but be unto him a demon of despair and a hopeless perdition. *Ruskin.*

ARTIFICE—Employment of.

The ordinary employment of artifice is the mark of a petty mind; and he who uses it to cover himself in one place, uncovers himself in another. *La Rochefoucauld.*

ARTIFICE—in Fashionable Life.

There is a certain artificial polish, a common-place vivacity, acquired by perpetually mingling in the *beau monde*, which, in the commerce of the world, supplies the place of a natural suavity and good humour, but is purchased at the expense of all original and sterling traits of character. By a kind of fashionable discipline, the eye is taught to brighten, the lip to smile, and the whole countenance to irradiate with the semblance of friendly welcome, while the bosom is unwarmed by a single spark of genuine kindness and good will. *Washington Irving.*

ARTIST—Attributes of the.

The hair of the artist turns white, but his eye shines clearer than ever, and we feel that age brings him maturity, not decay. So it would be with all, were the springs of immortal refreshment but unsealed within the soul; there they would see, from the lonely chamber window, the glories of the universe, or, shut in darkness, be visited by angels. *M. Fuller.*

ARTIST—Duties of the.

A true artist should put a generous deceit on the spectators, and effect the noblest designs by easy methods. *Burke.*

ARTIST—Life of the.

The life of an artist is one of thought rather than action; he has to speak of the struggles of mind rather than the conflict of circumstances. *Hone.*

ARTIST—Qualities of the.

He is a being of deep reflection—one
That studies nature with intensest eye;
Watching the works of air, earth, sea, and sun—
Their motion, altitude, their form, their dye—
Cause and effect. The elements which run,
Or stagnant are, he traces to their source,
With vivid study, till his pencil makes
A perfect likeness; or, by fancy's force,
A new creation in his heart he takes,
And matches nature's progress in his course
Towards glory. In the abstractions of the mind,
Harmony, passion, and identity,
His genius, like the summer sun, is shrined,
Till beauty and perfection he can see.
Wordsworth.

ARTIST—Vision of the.

An artist has more than two eyes.
Haliburton.

ARTIST—Vocation of the.

Very sacred is the vocation of the artist, who has to do directly with the works of God, and interpret the teaching of creation to mankind. All honour to the man who treats it sacredly; studies, as in God's presence, the thoughts of God which are expressed to him; and makes all things according to the pattern which he is ever ready to show to earnest and reverent genius on the mount.
Baldwin Brown.

ARTS—Holiness of the.

We speak of profane arts; but there are none properly such;—every art is holy in itself; it is the son of Eternal Light.
Tegner.

ASCETIC—Character of the.

In hope to merit heaven, by making earth a hell. *Byron.*

ASCETICISM—a voluntary Humiliation.

The men who have embraced such voluntary humiliation have too commonly accounted it quite proper to indemnify themselves by deriving from the meagreness of their diet

supplies whereon their self-righteousness may fare sumptuously every day, and from the spareness of their apparel abundant reason for compassing themselves with pride as with a garment. Their humility has been less that of the violet than that of the willow, which, while it bends its head with a graceful submissiveness, seems to be constantly employed in contemplating its image in the stream.

Dr. Robert Vaughan.

ASPIRATIONS—after the Holy.

Aspirations after the Holy—the only aspiration in which the human soul can be assured that it will never meet with disappointment.

Maria M'Intosh.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? *David.*

ASPIRATIONS—Realization of.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for the moment realises itself. *Mrs. Jameson.*

O for a bliss unbounded! Far beneath
A soul immortal is a mortal joy;
Nor are our powers to perish immature,
But, after feeble effort here, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair and put forth all their bloom.

Young.

ASSASSINATION—Heinousness of.

Is there a crime
Beneath the roof of heaven, that stains the soul
With more infernal hue than damned Assassination? *Cibber.*

'Tis bad enough when the assassin stabs
The perishable body, sending man
Unto his dread account all unprepared;
But, oh! 'tis worse when he essays to pierce
The vital principle within the soul—
The principle of virtue, which alone
Could save, through grace divine, him from perdition.
This, this, indeed, is dire assassination!

Egone.

ASSEVERATION—Violent.

Violent asseverations, or affected blunders, look not more suspicious than strained sanctity or over-offended modesty. *Zimmerman.*

ASSIGNATION—Secret.

On the Rialto every night at twelve,
I take my evening's walk of meditation;
There we two will meet. *Shakspeare.*

An assignation sweetly made
With gentle whispers in the dark. *Francis.*

ASSISTANCE (Mutual)—Necessity of.

How beautifully is it ordered, that as many thousands work for one, so must every individual bring his labour to make the whole! The highest is not to despise the lowest, nor the lowest to envy the highest; each must live in all and by all. Who will not work, neither shall he eat. So God has ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and bear each other's burdens. *Sala.*

ASSOCIATES—Choice of.

If men wish to be held in esteem, they must associate with those only who are estimable. *La Bruyère.*

ASSOCIATION—with the Illustrious Dead.

Their several memories here—
Even like their persons in their portraits clothed,
With the accustom'd garb of daily life—
Put on a lowly and a touching grace
Of more distinct humanity, that left
All genuine admiration unimpair'd. *Coleridge.*

ASSOCIATION—of Early Love.

There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flow'r that grows beneath the moon,
But in its hues and fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love. *Barry Cornwall.*

ASSOCIATION—Poetry of.

He whose heart is not excited upon the spot which a martyr has sanctified by his sufferings, or at the grave of one who has largely benefited mankind, must be more inferior to the multitude in his moral, than he can possibly be raised above them in his intellectual nature. *Southey.*

ASSOCIATION—Power of.

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and far from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied

whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.
Johnson.

ASSOCIATIONS—of Nature.

Strong and many are the claims made upon us by our mother Earth: the love of locality—the charm and attraction which some one homely landscape possesses to us, surpassing all stranger beauties, is a remarkable feature in the human heart. We who are not ethereal creatures, but of mixed and diverse nature; we who, when we look our clearest towards the skies, must still have our standing-ground of earth secure—it is strange what relations of personal love we enter into with the scenes of this lower sphere. How we delight to build our recollections upon some basis of reality—a place, a country, a local habitation; how the events of life, as we look back upon them, have grown into the well-remembered background of the places where they fell upon us: here is some sunny garden or summer lane, beautified and canonized for ever with the flood of a great joy; and here are dim and silent places, rooms always shadowed and dark to us, whatever they may be to others, where distress or death came once, and since then dwells for evermore. *Washington Irving.*

There is no man who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, or airs, or books, and who does not feel their beauty or sublimity enhanced to him by such connections. The view of the house where one was born, of the school where one was educated, and where the gay years of infancy were passed, is indifferent to no man. They recall so many images of past happiness and past affections, they are connected with so many strong or valued emotions, and lead altogether to so long a train of feelings and recollections, that there is hardly any scene which one ever beholds with so much rapture. There are songs also that we have heard in our infancy, which, when brought to our remembrance in after-years, raise emotions for which we cannot well account; and which, though perhaps very indifferent in themselves, still continue, from this association, and from the variety of conceptions which they kindle in our minds, to be our favourites through life. The scenes which have been distinguished by the residence of any person whose memory we admire, produce a similar effect. The scenes themselves may be little beautiful; but the delight with which we recollect the traces of their lives, blends itself insensibly with the emotions which the scenery excites; and the admiration which these recollections afford seems to give a kind of sanctity to the place where they dwelt, and converts everything into beauty which appears to have been connected with them. *Alison.*

"To love the little platoon we belong to in society is the germ of all public affections." True, most true! The innocent associations of childhood, the kind mother who taught us to whisper the first faint accents of prayer, and watched with anxious face over our slumbers, the ground on which our little feet first trod, the pew in which we first sat during public worship, the school in which our first rudiments were taught, the torn Virgil, the dog-eared Horace, the friends and companions of our young days, the authors who first told us the history of our country, the songs that first made our hearts throb with noble and generous emotions, the burying-place of our fathers, the cradles of our children, are surely the first objects which nature tells us to love. Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever-widening circle. *Lamb.*

ASTONISHMENT — on Unfolding a Secret.

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
Shakspeare.

ASTONISHMENT—at the Relation of a Story.

Prepare to hear
A story that shall turn thee into stone:
Could there be hewn a monstrous gap in nature,
A flaw made through the centre by some god,
Through which the groans of ghosts might strike thy ear,
They would not wound thee, as this story will.
Lee.

ASTONISHMENT—at Divine Visitations.

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Their dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Shakspeare.

ASTROLOGER—The

I wander 'twixt the poles
And heavenly hinges, 'mongst eccentricals,
Centres, concentricks, circles, and epicycles.
Albumazar.

ASTROLOGERS—Censoriousness of.

This work desires a planetary intelligence
Of Jupiter and Sol; and those great spirits
Are proud, fantastical. It asks great charges,
To entice them from the guiding of their spheres,
To wait on mortals. *Albumazar.*

ASTROLOGERS—Vain Pretence of.

Augurs and soothsayers, astrologers,
Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,
I ne'er consult, and heartily despise:
Vain their pretence to more than human skill:
For gain, imaginary schemes they draw;
Wand'rers themselves, they guide another's steps;
And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth:
Let them, if they expect to be believed,
Deduct the sixpence, and bestow the rest.
Ennius.

ASTRONOMER—Apostrophe of the.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,
Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.
Dryden.

ASTRONOMY—Science of.

Astronomy is the science of the harmony of infinite expanse. *Lord John Russell.*

ASTRONOMY—Study of.

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs. *Cicero.*

ATHEISM—Absurdity of.

The owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings across the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and shuts them close,
And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?" *Coleridge.*

ATHEISM—can never inspire Eloquence.

There is no being eloquent for atheism. In that exhausted receiver the mind cannot use its wings,—the clearest proof that it is out of its element. *Hare.*

ATHEISM—Fallacy of.

God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it. *Bacon.*

ATHEISM—Folly of.

The *fool* hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt; they have done abominable works. *David.*

ATHEISM—Folly of.

Atheist, use thine eyes,
And, having viewed the order of the skies,
Think, if thou canst, how matter blindly hurl'd,
Without a guide, could form this wondrous world. *Creech.*

ATHEISM—in the Life.

Atheism is rather in the life than in the heart of man. *Bacon.*

ATHEISM—a Moral Plague.

Atheism is the result of ignorance and pride; of strong sense and feeble reasons; of good eating and ill-living. It is the plague of society, the corrupter of manners, and the underminer of property. *Jeremy Collier.*

ATHEIST—Despicable.

An atheist, if you take his word for it, is a very despicable mortal. Let us describe him by his tenet, and copy him a little from his own original. He is, then, no better than a heap of organized dust, a stalking machine, a speaking head without a soul in it. His thoughts are bound by the laws of motion, his actions are all prescribed. He has no more liberty than the current of a stream or the blast of a tempest; and where there is no choice there can be no merit. *Ibid.*

ATHEIST—Doubts of the.

By night, an atheist half believes a God. *Young.*

ATHEIST—an Enemy.

No atheist, as such, can be a true friend, an affectionate relation, or a loyal subject.
Dr. Bentley.

ATHEIST—Laugh of the

An atheist's laugh is a poor exchange,
For Deity offended. *Burns.*

ATHEIST—Life of the.

An atheist!—he hath never faced an hour
And not belied the name he bore. His doubt
Is darkness from the unbelieving will
Begot and oft a parasite to sin,
Too dear to be deserted; for the truth
That unveils heaven and her immortal thrones;
Uncovers hell and awful duties too.
Robert Montgomery.

ATHEIST—Reformed.

A fugitive from Heaven and prayer,
I mock'd at all religious fear,
Deep licensed in the mazy lore
Of mad philosophy; but now
Hoist sail, and back my voyage plough
To that blest harbour which I left before
Francis.

ATHEIST—Superstition of the.

No one is so thoroughly superstitous as the godless man. The Christian is composed by the belief of a wise all-ruling Father, whose presence fills the void unknown with light and order; but to the man who has dethroned God, the spirit-land is, indeed, in the words of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness and the shadow of death," without any order, "where the light is as darkness." Life and death to him are haunted grounds, filled with goblin forms of vague and shadowy dread. *Mrs. Stowe.*

ATHEIST—Unbelief of the.

The footprint of the savage traced in the sand is sufficient to attest the presence of man to the atheist who will not recognize God, whose hand is impressed upon the entire universe. *Hugh Miller.*

ATHEISTS—Characteristics of.

Hardening by degrees, till double steel'd,
Take leave of Nature's God, and God reveal'd—
Then laugh at all you trembled at before;
And, joining the freethinker's brutal war,
Swallow the two grand nostrums they dispense—
That Scripture lies, and blasphemy is sense;
If clemency, revolted by abuse
Be damnable, then damn'd without excuse.
Cowper.

These are they
That strove to pull Jehovah from His throne,
And in the place of Heaven's Eternal King,
Set up the phantom Chance. *Glynn.*

They eat
Their daily bread, and draw the breath of Heaven,
Without or thought or thanks; Heaven's roof to them
Is but a painted ceiling hung with lamps
No more than lights them to their purposes.
They wander loose about; they nothing see,
Themselves except, and creatures like themselves,
Short-lived, short-sighted, impotent to save.
So on their dissolute spirits, soon or late,
Destruction cometh, like an armèd man,
Or like a dream of murder in the night,
Withering their mortal faculties, and breaking
The bones of all their pride. *Lamb.*

ATMOSPHERE—Polluted.

When you find that flowers and shrubs will not endure a certain atmosphere, it is a very significant hint to the human creature to remove out of that neighbourhood. *Mayhew.*

ATTENTION—Advantages of.

Our minds are so constructed that we can keep the attention fixed on a particular object until we have, as it were, looked all around it; and the mind that possesses this faculty in the highest degree of perfection will take cognizance of relations of which another mind has no perception. It is this, much more than any difference in the abstract power of reasoning, which constitutes the vast difference between the minds of different individuals. This is the history alike of the poetic genius, and of the genius of discovery in science. "I keep the subject," said Sir Isaac Newton, "constantly before me, and wait until the dawnings open by little and little into a full light." It was thus that after long meditation he was led to the invention of fluxions, and to the anticipation of the modern discovery of the combustibility of the diamond. It was thus that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, and that those views were suggested by Davy which laid the foundation of that grand series of experimental researches which terminated in the decomposition of the earths and alkalis. *Sir Benjamin Brodie.*

ATTENTION—Holy Impulses of.

Every earnest glance we give to the realities around us, with intent to learn, proceeds from a holy impulse, and is a song of praise.
Maria McIntosh.

ATTENTION—Rules for Directing the.

We should accustom ourselves to make attention entirely the instrument of volition. Let the will be determined by the conclusions of reason—by deliberate conclusions, and then let attention be wielded by both. Think what is self-government; what is fittest to be done ought to be now done, and let will be subordinate to reason, and attention to will. In this way you will be always disengaged for present duty. Pleasures, amusements, inferior objects, will be easily sacrificed to the most important. You may have likings to inferior or trifling occupations; but if, to use the strong language of Scripture, you *crucify* these, oppose them, carry your intention beyond them, their power to molest and mislead you will decline. *Dr. Ferrier.*

ATTORNEY—History and Character of the.

An attorney's ancient beginning was a blue coat, since a livery, and his hatching under a lawyer; whence, though but pen-feathered, he hath now nested for himself, and with his hoarded pence purchased an office. Two desks and a quire of paper set him up, where he now sits in state for all comers. We can call him

no great author, yet he writes very much, and with the infamy of the court is maintained in his libels. He has some smatch of a scholar, and yet uses Latin very hardly; and lest it should accuse him, cuts it off in the midst, and will not let it speak out. He is, contrary to great men, maintained by his followers—that is, his poor country clients, that worship him more than their landlord; and be they never such churls, he looks for their courtesy. He first racks them soundly himself, and then delivers them to the lawyer for execution. His looks are very solicitous, importing much haste and despatch; he is never without his hands full of business, that is—of paper. His skin becomes at last as dry as his parchment, and his face as intricate as the most winding cause. He talks statutes as fiercely as if he had mooted seven years in the inns of court, when all his skill is stuck in his girdle, or in his office window. Strife and wrangling have made him rich, and he is thankful to his benefactor, and nourishes it. If he live in a country village, he makes all his neighbours good subjects; for there shall be nothing done but what there is law for. His business gives him not leave to think of his conscience; and when the time, or term, of his life is going out, for doomsday he is secure; for he hopes he has a trick to reverse judgment.

Bishop Earle.

AUDACITY—Not Courage.

As knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom; so a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerness and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity rather than of courage.

Plato.

AUTHOR—Address of the.

Friend, howsoever thou camest by this book, I will assure thee thou wert least in my thoughts when I writ it.

Bunyan.

AUTHOR—Advice to the.

Never write on a subject without having first read yourself full on it; and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.

Richter.

AUTHOR—Apology for Digression.

Let none our author rudely blame
Who from the story hath thus long digress'd;
But for his righteous pains may his fair fame
For ever travel, whilst his ashes rest.

Davenant.

AUTHORITY—Bribing of.

Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is often led by the nose with gold. *Selden.*

AUTHORITY—Destructiveness of.

There is nothing sooner overthrows a weak head than opinion of authority; like too strong a liquor for a frail glass. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

AUTHORITY—Exercise of.

They that govern most make least noise. You see when they row in a barge, they that do drudgery-work, slash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs, sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir. *Selden.*

AUTHORITY—Paternal.

To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it. *Shakspeare.*

AUTHORITY—Power of.

Authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal can touch,
But it confounds the breather. *Ibid.*

AUTHORSHIP—Advice on.

On this point I have a piece of advice to offer to all young intellectual aspirants: they should keep their commodities to themselves: they should not produce their notions until they have wrought them into form. I did the contrary of this myself, and I smarted severely for it. In the first place, I used to confuse myself with the perplexity of my thoughts,—half conceptions, abortions of truth, that came to the birth when my mind had not strength to bring them forth,—monsters begotten out of the cloud, like those in the old fable. With Cassio, I saw a mass of things, but nothing distinctly. I had chosen my own points of observation; I viewed many things differently from the vulgar, but my visions for some time, until my eye was accustomed to the change, were wont to float before me vaguely and inapprehensibly. I had rejected the hack notions; the uses of other men, and had as yet made none for myself that I could call properly my own. What, then, would have been my wisdom? Clearly, to reserve these rough sketches of my intellect for secret service, and not to set them forth for show; to veil from the vulgar eye the unseemliness of my mind, while in its rudiments; to employ its "airy portraiture" for exercise, in order that it might so learn to labour finally for use; just as the young painter will work off a hundred sketches for the fire, before he can finish one for public exhibition. In the meantime, I should have holden to the old adage, "*Loquendum ut vulgus sentiendum ut docti.*" I should have talked and demeaned myself like mere matter of-fact

men, until I felt that I had risen to the level of the men of mind, and had attained the mastery of their method. I should have let my raw fruit hang and sun itself upon the tree, till it was penetrated with ripeness and would come away easily upon the touch of a little finger. I ought not to have torn it off violently and with difficulty, while its humours were yet crude, to the laceration of the parent tree—the torture of my own inward man. *Dr. Bentley.*

AUTHORSHIP—Art of.

I find by experience that writing is like building, wherein the undertaker, to supply some defect, or serve some convenience which at first he foresaw not, is usually forced to exceed his first model and proposal, and many times to double the charge and expense of it. *Dr. John Scott.*

The two most engaging powers of an author are to make *new* things *familiar*, and *familiar* things *new*. *Johnson.*

This I hold
A secret worth its weight in gold
To those who write as I write now;
Not to mind where they go, or how,—
Through ditch, through bog, o'er hedge and stile;
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a passage fair and plain,
Always to bring him back again. *Churchill.*

AUTHORSHIP—Characteristics of.

Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labour, a handicraft, an art, a science, or a virtue. *Schlegel.*

AUTHORSHIP—Difficulties of.

There are three difficulties in authorship: to write anything worth the publishing, to find honest men to publish it, and to get sensible men to read it. *Colton.*

If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind, neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless; and this is the course I take myself. *De Foe.*

AUTHORSHIP—Duties of.

Whosoever shall address himself to write of matters of instruction, or of any other argument of importance, it behoveth, that before he enter thereunto, he should resolutely determine with himself in what order he will handle the same. So shall he best accomplish that he hath undertaken, and inform the understanding and help the memory of the reader. *Guillim.*

AUTHORSHIP—Novelty in.

Those writers who lie on the watch for *novelty* can have little hope of *greatness*; for *great things* cannot have escaped former observation. *Johnson.*

AUTHORSHIP—Perfection of.

A child-like being will always speak and write in simple sweet Saxon, the language of home and of childhood. Childlike natures in literature have ever done this, as in the cases of Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns. Bunyan's style is a thing of such unconscious ease, propriety, and unelaborate grace; the thought to which he wishes to give expression, he conveys in such plain, unassuming words, intelligible by all classes, with such purity of conversational phrases, and such fine natural idioms, that it flows like the music and turnings of a running brook, along which you are wandering in a green pasture, or among the woods in spring. Besides this, his language has at times no small degree of imaginative power, and his pages are sometimes flashing with the quick and graphic light of whole pictures, presented in a single sentence. *Cheever.*

AUTHORSHIP—Pleasures of.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.
Byron.

AUTHORSHIP—Pride of.

"I am going to fly," cried the gigantic ostrich; and the whole assembly of birds gathered round in earnest expectation. "I am going to fly," he cried again; and stretching out his immense pinions, he shot, like a ship with outspread sails, away over the ground, without, however, rising an inch above it. Thus it happens, when a notion of being poetical takes possession of unpoetical brains; in the opening of their monstrous odes they boast of their intention to soar over clouds and stars, but nevertheless remain constant to the dust. *Lessing.*

AUTHORSHIP—Privilege of.

And howsoever, be it well or ill,
What I have done it is mine own, I may
Do whatsoever therewithal I will. *Daniel.*

AUTHORSHIP—Solidity of.

Solidity, indeed, becomes the pen
Of him that writeth things divine to men.
Bunyan.

AUTHORSHIP—Study necessary for.

He who purposes to be an *author*, should first be a *student*. *Dryden.*

AUTHORSHIP—Style in.

For the attainment of correctness and purity in the use of words, the rules of grammarians and of critics may be a sufficient guide; but it is not in the works of this class of authors that the higher beauties of style are to be studied. As the air and manner of a gentleman can be acquired only by living habitually in the best society, so grace in composition must be attained by an habitual acquaintance with classical writers. It is, indeed, necessary for our information, that we should peruse occasionally many books which have no merit in point of expression; but I believe it to be extremely useful to all literary men, to counteract the effect of this miscellaneous reading, by maintaining a constant and familiar acquaintance with a few of the most faultless models which the language affords. For want of some standard of this sort, we frequently see an author's taste in writing alter, much to the worse, in the course of his life; and his later productions fall below the level of his early essays. D'Alembert tells us that Voltaire had always lying on his table the Petit Carême of Massillon and the tragedies of Racine; the former to fix his taste in prose composition, and the latter in poetry. *Stewart.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY—Colouring of.

The publication of private journals too often fosters in those who read them a rank undergrowth of hypocrisy. For one man who will honestly endeavour to lay bare on paper the course of his life and the state of his heart, one hundred will make the same attempt dishonestly, having the fear or the hope of the biographer before their eyes. How fluent the acknowledgment of those faults which the reader will certainly regard as venial, while he admires the sagacity which has detected, the humility which has condemned, and the integrity which has acknowledged them; such disclosures, whether made to the confessor or to the world at large, are at best an illusion. No man has such an insight into his own circumstances, motives, and actions, or such leisure for describing them, or such powers of description, as to be able to afford to others the means of estimating, with any approach to accuracy, the exact merit or demerit of any one of his steps (and countless are the millions of these steps) in his whole moral and religious course. *Sir J. Stephen.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY—Difficulty of.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. *Cowley.*

AUTUMN—Moral Characteristics of.

A moral character is attached to autumnal scenes; the leaves falling like our years, the flowers fading like our hours, the clouds fleeting like our illusions, the light diminishing like our intelligence, the sun growing colder like our affections, the rivers becoming frozen like our lives—all bear secret relations to our destinies. *Chateaubriand.*

AUTUMN—Reflections on.

The impression we feel from the scenery of autumn is accompanied with much exercise of thought: the leaves then begin to fade from the trees; the flowers and shrubs, with which the fields were adorned in the summer months, decay; the woods and groves are silent; the sun himself seems gradually to withdraw his light, or to become enfeebled in his power. Who is there who, at this season, does not feel his mind impressed with a sentiment of melancholy; or who is able to resist that current of thought, which, from such appearances of decay, so naturally leads him to the solemn imagination of that inevitable fate which is to bring on alike the decay of life, of empire, and of nature itself. *Alison.*

However constant the visitations of sickness and bereavement, the fall of the year is most thickly strewn with the fall of human life. Everywhere the spirit of some sad power seems to direct the time: it hides from us the blue heavens, it makes the green wave turbid; it walks through the fields, and lays the damp ungathered harvest low; it cries out in the night wind and the shrill hail; it steals the summer bloom from the infant cheek; it makes old age shiver to the heart; it goes to the churchyard, and chooses many a grave; it flies to the bell, and enjoins it when to toll. It is God that goes His yearly round; that gathers up the appointed lives; and, even where the hour is not come, engraves by pain and poverty many a sharp and solemn lesson on the heart. *James Martineau.*

Behold, the husbandmen waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long

patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. *St. James.*

AVALANCHES—Grandeur of.

One cannot command any language to convey an adequate idea of their magnificence. You are standing far below, gazing up to where the great disc of the glittering Alp cuts the heavens, and drinking in the influence of the silent scene around. Suddenly, an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from the toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet, is broken into millions of fragments. As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, and hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, misty, dry snow, rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The eye follows it delighted, as it ploughs through the path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular. Then flows the whole cataract over the gulf with a still louder roar of echoing thunder. Another fall of still greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the face of the mountain, with an awful majestic slowness, and a tremendous crash in its concussion, awakening again the reverberating peals of thunder. Then the torrent roars on to another smaller fall, till at length it reaches a mighty groove of snow and ice, like the slide down the Pilatus, of which Playfair has given so powerfully graphic a description. Here its progress is slower, and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments as they drop out of sight, with a dead weight, into the bottom of the gulf, to rest there for ever. *Cheever.*

AVARICE—Aim of.

Had covetous men, as the fable goes of Briareus, each of them one hundred hands, they would all of them be employed in grasping and gathering, and hardly one of them in giving or laying out, but all in receiving, and none in restoring; a thing in itself so monstrous, that nothing in nature besides is like it, except it be death and the grave, the only things I know which are always carrying off the spoils of the world, and never making restitution. For otherwise, all the parts of the universe, as they borrow of one another, so they still pay what they borrow, and that by so just and well-balanced an equality, that their payments always keep pace with their receipts. *Dryden.*

AVARICE—Cause of.

Because men believe not Providence, therefore they do so greedily scrape and hoard. They do not believe any reward for charity, therefore they will part with nothing. *Barrow.*

AVARICE—Covetousness of.

Refrain from covetousness, and thy estate shall prosper. —— *Plato.*

The wealth of covetous persons is like the sun after he is set, delights none. *Socrates.*

We are at best but stewards of what we falsely call our own; yet avarice is so insatiable, that it is not in the power of liberality to content it. *Seneca.*

AVARICE—Effects of.

O cursed hunger of pernicious gold!
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold! *Dryden.*

AVARICE—Insatiability of.

Avarice is insatiable, and is always pushing on for more. *L'Estrange.*

AVARICE—and Paternal Love.

My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
——————— O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter! *Shakspeare.*

AVARICE—Lust of.

The lust of avarice has so totally seized upon mankind, that their wealth seems rather to possess them, than they possess their wealth. *Pliny.*

Poverty is in want of much, but avarice of everything. —— *Publius Syrus.*

Study rather to fill your mind, than your coffers; knowing that gold and silver were originally mingled with dirt, until avarice or ambition parted them. *Seneca.*

AVARICE—Madness of.

Avarice seems to me not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madness; and if he had added incurable, his definition would have been perfect; for an avaricious man is never to be cured unless by the same medicine which perhaps may cure a mad dog. The arguments of reason, philosophy, or religion, will have little effect upon him; he is born and framed to a sordid love of money, which first appears when

he is very young, grows up with him, and increases in middle age, and when he is old, and all his passions have subsided, wholly engrosses him. The greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of an immense treasure, will never prevail against avarice.

Roscoe.

AVARICE—Poverty of.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault. *Johnson.*

AVARICE—Strengthened.

The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age. *Colton.*

AVARICE—Uncharitableness of.

A wretch who, under the mask of frugality, scarce ever has a penny ready for the poor, though never without his hundreds and his thousands of pounds ready for a purchase.

South.

AVARICE—a Moral Weed.

Avarice reigns most in those who have but few qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. *Hughes.*

AVENUE (of Trees)—Beauties of an.

How airy, and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful, as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems ! while beneath
The chequer'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton every moment, every spot.

Cowper.

AVERSION—Implacable.

As well the noble savage of the field
Might tamely couple with the fearful ewe ;
Tigers engender with the timid deer ;
Wild muddy boars defile the cleanly ermine,
Or vultures sort with doves ; as I with thee.

——— *Lee.*

No ! were we join'd, even though it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one fun'ral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes would be renew'd,
And my divided flames should break from thine.

Dryden.

AWE—Overshadows Life.

A heavenly awe overshadowed and encompassed, as it still ought, and must, all earthly business whatsoever. *Carlyle.*

AWE—Superstitious.

This is the secret centre of the isle ;
Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
Gaze on the solemn scene ; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him : mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base ;
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone : they awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread
Stalk'd through his drear domain. And yet, my friends
(If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage),
Surely there is a hidden power that reigns
'Mid the lone majesty of untamed nature,
Controlling sober reason ; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barb'rous superstition
O'ercome me thus? I scorn them, yet they awe me.

Mason.

B.

BACHELOR—Lonesomeness of the.

I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for—a mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they play their parts; which, methinks, are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theatre or scene. *Burton.*

BAITING-PLACE—a.

But our desires, tyrannical extortion,
Doth force us there to set our chief delightfulness
Where but a baiting-place is all our portion.

Sir Philip Sydney.

BALL—Allurements of the.

The music, and the banquet, and the wine—
The garlands, the rose-odours, and the flowers—
The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments—
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets; swan-like bosoms, and the necklace,
An India in itself, yet dazzling not
The eye like what it circled ; the thin robes,
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and heaven ;

The many-twinkling feet so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,
Its false and true enchantments—Art and Nature. *Byron.*

BALLADS—Definitions of.

Vocal portraits of the national mind. *Lamb.*

They are the gipsy children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer time. *Longfellow.*

BALLADS—History of.

They may be traced in British history to the Anglo-Saxons. Canute composed one. *Turner.*

The harp was sent round, and those might sing who could. *Bede.*

Minstrels were protected by a charter of Edward the IV.; but, by a statute of Elizabeth, they were made punishable among rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars. *Viner.*

BALLADS—Influence of.

Give me the writing of the ballads, and you make the laws. *Fletcher of Saltoun.*

BALLS (Child's) and Dances.

I know not whether I ought most to hate child's balls, or praise most children's dances. The former, before the dancing-master, in the society of lookers-on, or companions in dancing, in the hot climate of a ball-room, under its exotic produce, are at least the preliminary figures and principal steps towards the dance of death. On the other hand, children's dances are what I am not going to praise. As speaking should be taught before grammar, so dancing should long precede and work its way before tuition in the *art* of dancing. *Richter.*

BANISHMENT.

'Tis not absence to be far,
But to abhor is to be absent;
To those who in disfavour are,
Sight itself is banishment. *Mendoza.*

BANISHMENT—Horrors of.

Banish'd?
O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word, banishment? *Shakspeare.*

BANQUET—Luxuriance of the.

A table richly spread in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast. *Milton.*

BARD—Lyre of the.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe.
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air),
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre. *Gray.*

BARDS—Influence of.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic muse,
Her voice their only ransom from afar:
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, *the car*
Of th' o'ermaster'd victor stops; the reins
Fall from his hands; his idle scimitar
Drops from his belt; he rends his captive's chains,
And bids them thank the bard for freedom and his strains. *Byron.*

BASHFULNESS—Different Kinds of.

There are two distinct sorts of what we call bashfulness: *this*, the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; *that*, a consciousness, which the most delicate feelings produce, and the most extensive knowledge cannot always remove. *Mackenzie.*

BASHFULNESS—without Merit.

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent; but modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders. *Hughes.*

BAT—The.

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing. *Collins.*

BATHING.

Suspended thus
Upon the bosom of a cooler world. *Hurdis.*

BATTLE—Flight from.

Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds
And hid his crispèd head in the hollow bank,
Stain'd with the blood of those brave combatants. *Shakspeare.*

BATTLE—Preparations for.

The neighbouring plain with arms is covered o'er,
The vale an iron harvest seems to yield,
Of thick-sprung lances in a waving field.
The polish'd steel gleams terribly from far,
And every moment nearer shows the war.
Dryden.

BATTLE—Rage of.

Still pressing forward to the fight they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hosts engage,
The battle kindled into tenfold rage,
With showers of bullets, and with storms of fire
Bombs in full fury, heaps on heaps expire;
Nations, with nations mix'd, confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh! what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedged in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defaced,
With tracks of death, and laid the battle waste. *Addison.*

BATTLE—Destructive Ravages of.

This day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground.
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth.
Shakspeare.

BATTLE—Struggles of.

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war.
The labour'd battle sweat and conquest bled.
Lee.

BATTLE—Struggles of.

All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plumed like estridges, that wing the wind;
Baited like eagles having lately bathed!
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls. *Shakspeare.*

Now my fierce courser with a javelin stung,
First rear'd in air, then tearing with a bound
The trembling earth, plunged deep amidst the foe;
And now a thousand deaths from every side
Had but one mark, and on my buckler rung;
Through the throng legions, like a tempest, rush'd
This friend, o'er gasping heroes, rolling steeds,
And snatch'd me from my fate. *Young.*

BATTLE-FIELD—The.

And silence was upon that fatal field,
Save when, to nature's anguish forced to yield,
Some fallen soldier heaved a broken sigh
For his far home, and turn'd him round to die;
Or when the wailing voice of woman told
That her long weary search was not in vain,
And she had found the bosom, stiff and cold,
Where her soft clustering curls had often lain.
'Twas one of these that burst upon my ear
While watching on that field: the wind-harp's tone
Was not more mournful nor more sweetly clear,
Than was the sound of that sad woman's moan.
Through the dim twilight I beheld a form,
Her dark brow clouded with grief's passionate storm,
And on her breast an infant calmly slept,
Which she would pause to gaze on; and again,
With bitterness renew'd, she loudly wept,
And call'd on its dead father—but in vain!
Hon. Mrs. Norton.

BATTLE-FIELD—after a Lapse of Time.

Then after length of time, the labouring swains,
Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
And over empty helmets pass the rake:
Amazed at antique titles on the stones,
And mighty reliques of gigantic bones.
Dryden.

BEASTS—Creation of.

God said
"Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the earth,

Each in their kind." The earth obey'd, and straight
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth.
Innum'rous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground uprose,
As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den.
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green;
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks,
Past'ring at once, and in broad herds up-sprung.
The grassy clods now calved, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts; then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness; fleeced the flocks, and bleating rose,
As plants ambiguous between sea and land,
The river-horse, and scaly crocodile. *Milton.*

BEASTS—Provisions for.

Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, here of force,
All in exact proportion to the state,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate:
Each beast, each insect, happy in his own;
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Pope.

BEAUTIFUL—Belief in the.

There is scarcely a single joy or sorrow, within the experience of our fellow-creatures, which we have not tasted; yet the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, richness in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success.
Leigh Hunt.

BEAUTY—Allurements of.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure,
The sence of man and all his minde possese,
As beautie's lovely baite that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to represse,
And mighty hands to forget their manliness,
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their harden'd hearts enured to bloud and cruelty.
Spenser.

BEAUTY—Allurements of.

The human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life. The beautiful things that God makes are His gift to all alike. I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification.
Mrs. Stowe.

Beauty is worse than wine, it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder. *Zimmerman.*

BEAUTY—of Body and Soul.

Every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in; . . . . .
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.
Spenser.

BEAUTY—Celestiality of.

A lavish planet reign'd when she was born,
And made her of such kindred mould to heav'n,
She seems more heav'n than ours. *Dryden.*

BEAUTY—Charms of.

Array'd in all her charms, appear'd the fair;
Tall was her stature, unconfined her air;
Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in her face
Lay love enshrined, lay sweet attractive grace,
Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,
And, like a lambent flame, around her play'd.
No foreign aids by ladies mortal worn,
From shells and rocks her artless charms adorn;
For, grant that beauty were by gems increased,
'Tis rendered more suspected at the least,
And foul defects, that would escape the sight,
Start from the piece, and take a stronger light
Her chestnut hair, in careless ringlets, round
Her temples wav'd, with pinks and jasmine crown'd,
And gather'd in a silken cord behind,
Curl'd to the waist, and floated in the wind.
O'er these a veil of yellow gauze she wore,
With amaranths and gold embroider'd o'er;
Her snowy neck half naked to the view,
Gracefully fell; a robe of purple hue
Hung loosely o'er her tender shape, and tried
To shade those beauties that it could not hide.
Lisle.

BEAUTY—of the Divine Creator.

Oh, if so much of beauty doth reveal
Itself in every vein of life and nature,
How beautiful must be the Source itself,
The Ever-Bright One! *Tegner.*

BEAUTY—Constituents of.

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts,
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force, and full result of all.
Thus, when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, nor breadth, nor length appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
Pope.

BEAUTY—Dangers of.

Beauty is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of the wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished. *Lord Kaimes.*

Beauty, like ice, our footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?
Pleased with the passage, we glide swiftly on,
And see the dangers which we cannot shun.
Dryden.

BEAUTY—Dignity of.

What tender force, what dignity divine,
What virtue consecrating every feature;
Around that neck what dross are gold and pearl!
Young.

BEAUTY—Divinity of.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some, none resist, though not exceeding fair.
Ibid.

BEAUTY—Eternity of.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.
Keats.

BEAUTY—Eternity of.

Though loveliness will pass away
From individual beings, and is oft
More mortal than the human heirs of death,
Yet abstract beauty since at first the will
Of heaven-designed creation, through the lapse
Of past eternity, has ever been
A living essence, an immortal thing.
Each generation views it fresh and fair,
As that which went before; and though the hand
Of Death will grasp the sweetest flowers on earth,
Others become their likeness: and when sounds
The trumpet through the systems, all shall rise
With deathless being and regenerate form;
And through the future shall undying love
Perfect the soul of beauteousness, and shake
Decay from those she dwells with, to adorn
Through endless years the palaces of heaven.
Dilnot Sladden.

BEAUTY—dependent on the Face.

Beauty depends more upon the movement of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest. Thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating causes of the movement or expressions which stamp their character upon it.
Mrs. S. C. Hall.

A face that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold:
Of lively look, all grief for to repel
With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speak without word, such words as none can tell.
Sir Thomas Wyatt.

BEAUTY—Far-off.

Are not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as far away? Nay; not so. Look at the clouds, and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They were meant to be beheld far away; they were shaped for their place, high above your head; approach them, and they fuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapour. Look at the crest of the Alp, from the far-away plains over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communion with it by myriads. The child looks up to it in the dawn, and the husbandman in the burden and heat of the day, and the old man in the going down of the sun; and it is to them all as the celestial city on the world's horizon, dyed with the depth of heaven, and clothed with the calm of eternity. There was it set, for holy dominion, by Him who marked for the

sun his journey, and bade the moon know her going down. It was built for its place in the far-off sky; approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundation, and the tide of human life, shallowed upon the vast aërial shore, is at last met by the eternal "Here shall thy waves be stayed," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness; its purple walls are rent into grisly rocks; its silver fretwork saddened into wasting snow; the storm-brands of ages are on its breast, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment. *Ruskin.*

BEAUTY—Frailty of.

Not faster in the summer's ray
The spring's frail beauty fades away,
Than anguish and decay consume
The smiling virgin's rosy bloom.
Some beauty's snatch'd each day, each hour;
For beauty is a fleeting flower;
Then how can wisdom e'er confide
In beauty's momentary pride? *Elphinston.*

BEAUTY—heightened by Goodness.

How goodness heightens beauty!
Hannah More.

BEAUTY—with Honesty.

Could beauty have better commerce than with honesty? *Shakspeare.*

BEAUTY—Inexpressible.

That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express. *Bacon.*

BEAUTY—Inspiration of.

To fill our minds we require the ideal over and above the actual; and the mere fact that a certain thing is the actual business of life, divests it at once of the beauty and sublimity after which we long. Poetry is purely spiritual, and the moment we blend with it any mercantile association its essence is gone. I do not believe that any poet writes with the same pure and free inspiration as at first, from the hour when he begins to sell his works. I believe that a painter or sculptor will work more devotedly upon a piece for which he has no particular amount of payment in view. When the creations of an artist become taskwork; when tradesmen's bills become mixed up with gorgeous day-dreams of fame and intellectual power, or the rapturous conceptions of ideal beauty, so much of the ethereal spirit is fixed down and nailed upon the earth to writhe and vex itself there like a worm. *Owgan.*

BEAUTY—with Kindness.

Beauty lives with kindness. *Shakspeare.*

BEAUTY—without Kindness.

Beauty, without kindness, dies unenjoyed and undelighting. *Johnson.*

BEAUTY—Knowledge of.

Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
Both are most valued where they best are known. *Lord Lyttleton.*

BEAUTY—upheld by Love.

A woman who could always love would never grow old; and the love of mother and wife would often give or preserve many charms; if it were not too often combined with parental and conjugal anger. There remains in the faces of women who are naturally serene and peaceful, and of those rendered so by religion, an after-spring, and later, an after-summer, the reflex of their most beautiful bloom. *Richter.*

BEAUTY—Majesty of.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness? *Byron.*

BEAUTY—Material of.

The fringe of the garment of the Lord.
Bailey.

BEAUTY—Means of.

I have come to the conclusion, if man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes; by having something to do, and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it. *Professor Upham.*

BEAUTY—the first in Might.

'Tis the eternal law,
That first in beauty should be first in might.
Keats.

BEAUTY—with Modesty.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.
Prior.

BEAUTY—lent to Nature.

Beauty was lent to nature as the type
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.
Mrs. Hale.

BEAUTY—Pervading Presence of.

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds to the numberless flowers of the spring: it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul, when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire.

W. Ellery Channing.

BEAUTY—Pleadings of.

All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth.

Shakspeare.

How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains.
. . . . . .
Beauties, in vain, their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Pope.

BEAUTY—Powers of.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies.

Shakspeare.

To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire, of beauty.

Steele.

BEAUTY—Qualities of.

Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Careades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid calls it a favour bestowed by the gods.

BEAUTY—Radiancy of.

Oh, richly fell the flaxen hair,
Over the maiden's shoulders fair!
On every feature of her face
Sat radiant modesty and grace;
Her tender eyes were mild and bright,
And through her robes of shadowy white
The delicate outline of her form
Shone like an iris through a storm.

Dr. Mackay.

BEAUTY—Repose of.

The repose
Of Beauty, where she lieth bright and still
As some lone angel, dead-asleep in light
On the most heavenward top of all this world,
Wing-weary.

Dobell.

BEAUTY—in Sorrow.

Most sad, she sat, but oh! most beautiful; if Sorrow stole
A charm awhile from Beauty, Beauty's self
Might envy well the charm that Sorrow lent
To every perfect feature.

Reynolds.

BEAUTY—Transiency of.

Remember, if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all.

Raleigh.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dieth when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

Shakspeare.

BEAUTY—Triumph of.

We were charm'd,
Not awe-struck; for the beautiful was there
Triumphant.

Talfourd.

BEAUTY—Undesirable.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last; and for the most part it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but if it light well, it makes virtues shine and vice blush. *Bacon.*

BEAUTY—of the Universe.

We all of us, in a great measure, create our own happiness, which is not half so much dependent upon scenes and circumstances as most people are apt to imagine. And so it is with beauty: Nature does little more than furnish us with materials of both, leaving us to work them out for ourselves. Stars, and flowers, and hills, and woods, and streams,

are letters, and words, and voices, vehicles, and missionaries; but they need to be interpreted in the right spirit. We must read and listen for them, and endeavour to understand and profit by them. And when we look around us upon earth, we must not forget to look upward to heaven: "Those who can see God in everything," writes a popular author, "are sure to be good in everything." We may add with truth, that they are also sure to see beauty in everything and everywhere. When we are at peace with ourselves and the world, it is as though we gazed upon outward things through a golden-tinted glass, and saw a glory resting upon them all. We know that it cannot be long thus: sin and sorrow, and blinding tears, will dim the mirror of our inmost thoughts; but we must pray and look again, and by-and-by the cloud will pass away. There is beauty everywhere; but it requires to be sought, and the seeker after it is sure to find it: it may be in some out-of-the-way place, where no one else would think of looking. Beauty is a fairy; sometimes she hides herself in a flower-cup, or under a leaf, or creeps into the old ivy, and plays hide-and-seek with the sunbeams, or haunts some ruined spot, or laughs out of a bright young face. Sometimes she takes the form of a white cloud, and goes dancing over the green fields, or the deep blue sea, where her misty form, marked out in a momentary darkness, looks like the passing shadow of an angel's wings. Beauty is a coquette, and weaves herself a robe of various hues, according to the season; and it is hard to say which is the most becoming of all the attitudes and shades she is wont to assume, as she traces her lineaments on the broad canvass of nature. *Sala.*

BED-CHAMBER—Requisites of the.

Sweet pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
Sir Philip Sidney.

BED-CHAMBERS—Hints concerning.

Their small size and their lowness render them very insalubrious; and the case is rendered worse by close windows and thick curtains and hangings, with which the beds are often so carefully surrounded as to prevent the possibility of the air being renewed. The consequence is, that we are breathing vitiated air during the greater part of the night; that is, during more than a third part of our lives: and thus the period of repose, which is necessary for the renovation of our mental and bodily vigour, becomes a source of disease. Sleep, under such circumstances, is very often disturbed, and always much less refreshing than when enjoyed in a well-ventilated apartment; it often happens, indeed, that such repose, instead of being followed by renovated strength and activity, is succeeded by a degree of heaviness and languor which is not overcome till the person has been some time in a purer air. Nor is this the only evil arising from sleeping in ill-ventilated apartments. When it is known that the blood undergoes most important changes in its circulation through the lungs, by means of the air which we breathe, and that these vital changes can only be effected by the respiration of pure air, it will be easily understood how the healthy functions of the lungs must be impeded by inhaling, for many successive hours, the vitiated air of our bed-rooms, and how the health must be as effectually destroyed by respiring impure air, as by living on unwholesome or innutritious food. In the case of children and young persons predisposed to consumption, it is of still more urgent consequence that they should breathe pure air by night as well as by day, by securing a continuous renewal of the air in their bed-rooms, nurseries, schools, &c. Let a mother, who has been made anxious by the sickly looks of her children, go from pure air into their bedroom in the morning, before a door or window has been opened, and remark the state of the atmosphere, the close, oppressive, and often fœtid odour of the room, and she may cease to wonder at the pale, sickly aspect of her children. Let her pay a similar visit, some time after means have been taken, by the chimney ventilator or otherways, to secure a full supply, and continual renewal, of the air in the bed-rooms during the night, and she will be able to account for the more healthy appearance of her children, which is sure to be the consequence of supplying them with pure air to breathe. *Sir James Clark.*

BED-TIME—A Season of Rest.

In due season he betakes himself to his rest; he [the Christian] presumes not to alter the ordinance of day and night, nor dare confound, where distinctions are made by his Maker. *Bishop Hall.*

There should be hours for necessities, not for delights; times to repair our nature with comforting repose, and not for us to waste these times. *Shakspeare.*

BEE—Description of the.

Burly, dozing, humble bee!
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,

I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines.
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within ear-shot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.

. . . . . .

Hot midsummer's petty crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

. . . . . .

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst out-sleep—
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous. *Emerson.*

BEES—Industry of.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees
In swarming millions tend; around, athwart,
Through the soft air the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
Thomson.

They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. *Shakspeare.*

Many-coloured, sunshine-loving, spring-betokening bee!
Yellow bee, so mad for love of early-blooming flowers!
Till thy waxen cells be full, fair fall thy work and thee,
Buzzing round the sweetly-smelling garden-plots and flowers. *Professor Wilson.*

O beautiful Bee-Home-Stead! with many a waxen cell
Self-built—for hanging so it seems—that airy citadel!
An unbought blessing to man's life, which neither any hoe,
Nor axe, nor crooked sickle is needed to bestow;
A tiny vessel—and no more—wherein the busy bee
From its small body liquid sweets distilleth lavishly!
Rejoice, ye blessed creatures! regaling while ye rove,
Winged workers of nectareous food! on all the flowers you love! *Ibid.*

BEES—Instinct of.

Even bees, the little alms-men of spring bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.
Keats.

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee
Was first inform'd her vent'rous flight to steer,
Through trackless paths and an abyss of air?
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills where sweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flowers their opening buds disclose?
How from the thicken'd mist and setting sun,
Finds she the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive,
And through the liquid fields again to pass
Duteous and heark'ning to the sounding brass? *Prior.*

BEES—Skill of.

Ah! sweet spontaneous effluence of the bee,
Air-form'd! Ah! cells of hands unlabour'd, ye!
Free boon to man! no need hast thou of hoe,
The plough's slow tilth, or sickle's reaping bow:
Thine a small hive, in which their luscious juice
From tiny forms the teeming bees produce.
Gay creatures, hail! and o'er the flowery mead,
Of æther's nectar, light-wing'd artists, speed!
Wrangham.

BEGGAR—Freedom of the.

Beggar! the only freeman of your commonwealth;
Free above scot-free, that observe no laws,
Obey no governor, use no religion,
But what they draw from their own ancient custom,
Or constitute themselves; yet they are no rebels. *Broome.*

BEGGAR—Miseries of the.

A tatter'd apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.
Cowper.

BEGGARS—Ancient English Law against.

For an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging, was held a crime deserving death, and the sentence was intended on fit occasions to be executed. The poor man's advantages which I have estimated at so high a rate, were not purchased without drawbacks. He might not change his master at his will, or wander from place to place. He might not keep his children at home, unless he could answer for their time. If out of employment, preferring to be idle, he might be demanded for work by any master of the "craft" to which he belonged, and compelled to work whether he would or no. If caught begging once, being neither aged nor infirm, he was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time, his ear was slit or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time, being thereby proved to be of no use upon this earth, but to live upon it only to his own hurt, and to that of others, he suffered death as a felon. So the law of England remained for sixty years. First drawn by Henry, it continued unrepealed through the reigns of Edward and Mary; subsisting, therefore, with the deliberate approval of both the great parties between whom the country was divided. Re-considered under Elizabeth, the same law was again formally passed; and it was, therefore, the expressed conviction of the English nation that it was better for a man not to live at all, than to live a profitless and worthless life. The vagabond was a sore spot upon the commonwealth, to be healed by wholesome discipline, if the gangrene was not incurable; to be cut away with the knife, if the milder treatment of the cart-whip failed to be of profit. *Froude.*

BEGGARY—Reproaches of.

Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg,—
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour; nay what can I name
But would become thee better than to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, after me, whate'er he be, that should
Believe a person of thy quality,
While thou insists in this loose desp'rate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.
Ben Jonson.

BEGINNING—Difficulties of a

Nothing so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless, perhaps, the end;
For oftentimes, when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
Like Lucifer, when hurl'd from heaven for sinning;
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.
Byron.

BEHAVIOUR—Levity of.

Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous. *Seneca.*

BEHAVIOUR—Oddities of.

Oddities and singularities of behaviour may attend genius; when they do, they are its misfortunes and its blemishes. The man of true genius will be ashamed of them; at least he will never affect to distinguish himself by whimsical peculiarities. *Sir W. Temple.*

BEHAVIOUR—Proper.

What is becoming is honourable, and what is honourable is becoming. *Tully.*

BEHAVIOUR—Rules for.

When you come into any fresh company,—
1. Observe their humours. 2. Suit your own

carriage thereto ; by which insinuation you will make their converse more free and open. 3. Let your discourse be more in queries and doubtings than peremptory assertions or disputings, it being the designe of travellers to learne, not to teach. Besides, it will persuade your acquaintance that you have the greater esteem of them, and soe make them more ready to communicate what they know to you ; whereas nothing sooner occasions disrespect and quarrels than peremptorinesse. You will find little or no advantage in seeming wiser, or much more ignorant than your company. 4. Seldom discommend anything though never so bad, or doe it but moderately, lest you bee unexpectedly forced to an unhansom retraction. It is safer to commend anything more than it deserves, than to discommend a thing soe much as it deserves ; for commendations meet not soe often with oppositions, or, at least, are not usually soe ill-resented by men that think otherwise, as discommendations ; and you will insinuate into men's favour by nothing sooner than seeming to approve and commend what they like ; but beware of doing it by a comparison. 5. If you bee affronted, it is better, in a forraine country, to pass it by in silence, and with a jest, though with some dishonour, than to endeavour revenge ; for in the first case, your credit's ne'er the worse when you return into England, or come into other company that have not heard of the quarrell. But, in the second case, you may beare the marks of the quarrell while you live, if you outlive it at all. But, if you find yourself unavoidably engaged, 'tis best, I think, if you can command your passion and language, to keep them pretty cavenly at some certain moderate pitch, not much hightning them to exasperate your adversary or provoke his friends, nor letting them grow overmuch dejected to make him insult. In a word, if you can keep reason above passion, tuat and watchfulness will be your best defendants.

Sir Isaac Newton.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak ; if very angry, a hundred. *Jefferson.*

BELIEF—Differences in.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches ; none
Are just alike, yet each believes his own.
Pope.

BELIEF—Efficacy of.

When, in your last hour (think of this), all faculty in the broken spirit shall fade away, and sink into inanity—imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment—then will the flower of belief, which blossoms even in the night, remain to refresh you with its fragrance in the last darkness. *Richter.*

BELIEF—a Religious.

I envy not quality of the mind or intellect in others ; not genius, power, wit, or fancy : but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing ; for it makes life a discipline of goodness,—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish ; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights ; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity : makes an instrument of torture and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise ; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of plains and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.

Sir Humphry Davy.

BELIEF—a Willing.

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true. *Cæsar.*

BELIEVING—Means of.

There are three means of believing ; by inspiration, by reason, and by custom. Christianity, which is the only rational institution, does yet admit none for its sons who do not believe by inspiration. Nor does it injure reason or custom, or debar them of their proper force : on the contrary, it directs us to open our minds by the proofs of the former, and to confirm our minds by the authority of the latter. But then it chiefly engages us to offer ourselves, with all humility, to the succours of inspired grace, which alone can produce the true and salutary effect. *Pascal.*

BELL—of the College Chapel.

Lo I, the man whom erst the Muse did ask
Her deepest notes to swell the patriot's
meeds,

Am now enforced a far unfitter task—
For cap and gown to leave my minstrel's weeds;
For yon dull noise that tinkles on the air,
Bids me lay by my lyre, and go to morning prayer.

O! how I love the sound! it is the knell
That still a requiem tolls to comfort's hour;
And loth am I, at SUPERSTITION's bell,
To quit or Morpheus' or the Muse's bower:
Better to lie and doze, than gape amain,
Hearing still mumbled o'er the same infernal strain.

Thou tedious herald of more tedious prayers,
Say, hast thou ever summoned from his rest
One being, awaken'd to "religious awe?"
Or roused one "pious transport" in the breast?
Or rather, do not all reluctant creep
To linger out the hour in listlessness or sleep?

Thou dull memorial of monastic gall!
What fancy, sad or lightsome, hast thou given?
Thy vision-scaring sounds alone recall
The prayer that trembles on a yawn to heaven;
And this Dean's gape, and that Dean's nasal tone,
AND ROMAN RITES RETAIN'D, THOUGH ROMAN FAITH BE FLOWN! *Southey.*

BELL—Curfew.

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The curfew bell
Is beginning to toll:

Cover the embers,
And put out the light,
Toil comes with the morning
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quench'd is the fire;
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;
Forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darken'd,
The hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all. *Longfellow.*

BELL—Echoing Knell of the.

Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung.
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,
His beads the wakeful hermit told;
The Bamborough's peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind;
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern.
Sir Walter Scott.

BELL—The Passing.

What meant that tongue of death, that solemn knell,
At midnight thus, which cleaves the silent air?
With mournful accents laden, how it wounds!
Bursting the door that opens to our heart;
It surely has a voice which wisdom hears,
A message to the living from the dead,
Its errand this to man—In time prepare!
Hervey.

BELLS—Music of.

The music nighest bordering upon heaven.
Lamb.

BELLS—Sabbath.

The cheerful sabbath bells, wherever heard
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half-wishes for society again.
Him thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.
Ibid.

BELLS—The Village Music.

How soft the cadence of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear

In cadence sweet ! now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on,
With easy force it opens all the cells,
Where memory slept. *Cowper.*

BENEFICENCE—Blessedness of.

A beneficent person is like a fountain watering the earth, and spreading fertility; it is, therefore, more delightful and more honourable to give than receive. *Epicurus.*

BENEFICENCE—Divine.

Sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace. *Shakspeare.*

BENEFICENCE—Enjoyments of.

There is no use of money equal to that of beneficence: here the enjoyment grows on reflection. *Mackenzie.*

BENEFICENCE—to Others.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures. *Cicero.*

BENEFITS—Giving and Receiving.

There is a principle of disunion in unequal connections. Active beneficence is a virtue of easier practice than forbearance after having conferred, or than thankfulness after having received a benefit. I know not, indeed, whether it be a greater and more difficult exercise of magnanimity, for the one party to act as if he had forgotten, or for the other as if he constantly remembered the obligation. *Canning.*

BENEFITS—no Shackles.

Consider, my most honour'd lords
If to receive a favour make a servant,
And benefits are bonds to tie the taker
To the imperious will of him who gives,
There's none but slaves will receive courtesies,
Since they must fetter us to our dishonours.
Can it be call'd magnificence in a prince
To pour down riches with a liberal hand
Upon a poor man's wants, if that must bind him
To play the soothing parasite to his vices?
Or any man, because he saved my hand,
Presume my heart and head are at his service?
Field.

BENEVOLENCE—Bounty of.

But come ye generous minds in whose wide thought,
Of all His works creative bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, flits from his dark retreat
Inviting modest want. Nor till invoked
Can restless goodness wait; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored;
Like silent-working heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh, and young-eyed health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of nature wakes,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublimed
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world. *Thomson.*

BENEVOLENCE—Divine Characteristics of.

Rare benevolence, the minister of God.
——— *Carlyle.*

The whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, wide-spread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy, and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as hell; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery world. O it is great, and there is no other greatness! To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God! Sooty hell of mutiny, and savagery, and despair, can, by man's energy, be made a kind of heaven; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny; the everlasting arch of heaven's azure overspanning *it* too, and its cunning mechanisms and tall chimney-steeples, as a birth of heaven; God and all men looking on it well pleased. *Ibid.*

BENEVOLENCE—Christian.

From the low prayer of want and plaint of woe
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done;
Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land, nor these alone:—
All human weal and woe learn thou to make
thine own. *Beattie.*

BENEVOLENCE—Communication of.

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows. *Milton.*

BENEVOLENCE—a Duty.

Benevolence is a duty. He who frequently practises it, and sees his benevolent intentions realised, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," it is not meant thou shalt love him first, and do good to him in consequence of that love, but thou shalt do good to thy neighbour, and this thy beneficence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fulness and consummation of the inclination to do good. *Emmanuel Kant.*

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another. *St. Paul.*

BENEVOLENCE—Enjoyments of.

Never did any soul do good, but it came readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love or gratitude, or bounty practised, but with increasing joy, which made the practiser still more in love with the fair act. *Shaftesbury.*

BENEVOLENCE—Modes of Exercising.

Pecuniary aid, by those who have the means, is the most easy form in which benevolence can be gratified, and that which often requires the least, if any, sacrifice of personal comfort or self-love. The same affection may be exercised in a degree much higher in itself, and often much more useful to others, by personal exertion and personal kindness. The former, compared with the means of the individual, may present a mere mockery of mercy; while the latter, even in the lowest walks of life, often exhibits the brightest displays of active usefulness that can adorn the human character. This high and pure benevolence not only is dispensed with willingness, when occasions present themselves, but seeks out opportunity for itself, and feels in want of its natural and healthy exercise when deprived of an object on which it may be bestowed. *Dr. Abercrombie.*

BENEVOLENCE—Nobler than Intellect.

The disposition to give a cup of cold water to a disciple is a far nobler property than the finest intellect. Satan has a fine intellect, but not the image of God. *Howels.*

BENEVOLENCE—Office of.

The office of liberality consisteth in giving with judgment. *Cicero.*

BENEVOLENCE—Pleasure of.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

BENEVOLENCE—Reward of.

He that does good to another man, does also good to himself; not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the conscience of well-doing is an ample reward. *Seneca.*

BENEVOLENCE—Satisfaction of.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still; and if he suffers from them to whom he did good, he is arrived to that height of goodness, that nothing but an increase of his sufferings can add to it; if it proves his death, his virtue is at its summit—it is heroism complete. *La Bruyère.*

BENIGNITY—indicative of a great Mind.

Esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence: the former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who court the applause of the inconstant vulgar. *Antoninus.*

BIBLE—Beauty of the.

I use the Scriptures not as an arsenal to be resorted to only for arms and weapons, but as a matchless temple, where I delight to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored. *Boyle.*

BIBLE—Benefit derived from the.

The sacred page
With calm attention scan! If on thy soul,
As thou dost read, a ray of purer light
Break in, O, check it not, give it full scope!
Admitted, it will break the clouds which long
Have dimmed thy sight, and lead thee, till at last,
Convictions, like the sun's meridian beams,
Illuminate thy mind. *Samuel Hayes.*

BIBLE—sometimes a Closed Book.

Men, thus at variance with the truth,
Dream, though their eyes be open; reckless some
Of error; others well aware they err,
To whom more guilt and shame are justly due
Each the known track of sage philosophy
Deserts, and has a by-way of his own:
So much the restless eagerness to shine,
And love of singularity prevail.
Yet this, offensive as it is, *provokes*

Heaven's anger less, than when the Book of God
Is forced to yield to man's authority,
Or from its straightness warp'd; no reck'ning made,
What blood the sowing of it in the world
Has cost; what favour for himself he wins,
Who meekly clings to it. . . .
. . . . . .
Christ said not to his first conventicle,
Go forth and preach impostures to the world;
But gave them *Truth* to build on; and the sound
Was mighty on their lips; nor needed they,
Beside the Gospel, other spear or shield,
To aid them in their warfare for the faith.
Dante.

BIBLE—the Christian's Bulwark.

The Christian faith has been, and is still, very fiercely and obstinately attacked. How many efforts have been and are still made; how many books, serious or frivolous, able or silly, have been and are spread incessantly, in order to destroy it in men's minds! Where has this redoubtable struggle been supported with the greatest energy and success? and where has Christian faith been best defended? There where the reading of the Sacred Books is a general and assiduous part of public worship—there where it takes place in the interior of families and in solitary meditation. It is the Bible, the Bible itself, which combats and triumphs most efficaciously in the war between incredulity and belief. *Guizot.*

BIBLE—Capacities of the.

A stream where alike the elephant may swim and the lamb may wade.
Gregory the Great.

BIBLE—Divine Character of the.

This Book, this holy Book, on every line
Mark'd with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedew'd with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamp'd
From first to last; this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of Time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;
And evermore beseeching men with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.
Pollok.

As a poem, moral and didactic, it is a repertory of divine instincts—a collection of the deepest intuitions of truth, beauty, justice, holiness—the past, the present, the future—which, by their far vision, the power by which they have stamped themselves on the belief and heart, the hopes and fears, the days and nights of humanity; their superiority to aught else in the thoughts or words of man, their consistency with themselves, their progressive and their close-drawn connection with those marvellous and unshaken facts, are proved divine in a sense altogether peculiar and alone. *Gilfillan.*

BIBLE—the Star of Eternity.

Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of Eternity! The only star
By which the bark of man can navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely; only star, which rose on time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and, to the hills of God—
The everlasting hills—pointed the sinner's eye.
Pollok.

BIBLE—Fulness of the.

It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter:—it is all pure, all sincere; nothing too much, nothing wanting. *Locke.*

BIBLE—Glory of the.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none. *Cowper.*

BIBLE—Hope Begotten by the.

The Bible is a precious storehouse, and the Magna Charta of a Christian. There he reads of his heavenly Father's love, and of his dying Saviour's legacies. There he sees a map of his travels through the wilderness, and a landscape, too, of Canaan. And when he climbs on Pisgah's top, and views the promised land, his heart begins to burn, delighted with the blessed prospect, and amazed at the rich and free salvation. But a mere professor, though a decent one, looks on the Bible as a dull book, and peruseth it with such indifference as you would read the title-deeds belonging to another man's estate. *Berridge.*

BIBLE—Imperishableness of the.

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever. *Isaiah.*

BIBLE—Noble Composition of the Book of Job.

The Book of Job.—I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism, or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book! all men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem, man's destiny, and God's ways with him here in this earth. And all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true* every way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual: the horse,—"hast Thou clothed his neck with *thunder?*"—"he *laughs* at the shaking of the spear!" Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind; so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit. *Carlyle.*

BIBLE—the Guide of Life.

It is a belief in the Bible, the fruits of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested, and richly productive of interest. *Goethe.*

BIBLE—Misapplication of the.

Beware of misapplying Scripture. It is a thing easily done, but not so easily answered. I know not any one gap that hath let in more and more dangerous errors into the Church than this,—that men take the word of the sacred text, fitted to particular occasions, and to the condition of the times wherein they were written, and then apply them to themselves and others, as they find them, without due respect had to the differences that may be between those times and cases and the present. *Bishop Sanderson.*

BIBLE—contains the Mystery of Mysteries.

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries:
Happiest they of human race,
To whom their God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.
Sir Walter Scott.

BIBLE—Poetry of the.

The Scripture affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges; and the Apocalypse of St. John is a majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. And this my opinion, the grave authority of Pareus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or, if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most an end faulty. But those frequent songs, throughout the laws and prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable. *Milton.*

BIBLE—Poetry, Oratory, and Politics of the.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the Prophets; and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach. *Ibid.*

BIBLE—our Dying Reliance.

There is no book upon which we can rest in a dying moment but the Bible. *Selden.*

BIBLE—Sublimity of the.

There is not a book on earth so *favourable* to all the *kind*, and all the *sublime* affections, or so *unfriendly* to *hatred* and *persecution*—to *tyranny*, *injustice*, and *every* sort of *malevolence*, as the GOSPEL. It breathes nothing throughout but *mercy*, *benevolence*, and *peace*. . . . . Such of the doctrines of the gospel as are level to human capacity, appear to be agreeable to the purest truth and soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the heathen world, all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of *moral duty*, and so *rational* an account of Providence and of man, as is to be found in the New Testament. *Beattie.*

I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion, that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written. *Sir William Jones.*

BIBLE—Teaching of the.

The SCRIPTURES teach us the *best way of living*, the *noblest way of suffering*, and the *most comfortable way of dying*. *Flavel.*

Better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic, unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so;
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat:
These only, with our law, best form a king.
Milton.

BIBLE—Value of the.

The most learned, acute, and diligent student cannot, in the longest life, obtain an entire knowledge of this one volume. The more deeply he works the mine, the richer and more abundant he finds the ore; new light continually beams from this source of heavenly knowledge, to direct the conduct, and illustrate the work of God and the ways of men; and he will at least leave the world confessing, that the more he studied the Scriptures, the fuller conviction he had of his *own ignorance*, and of *their inestimable value*. *Sir Walter Scott.*

BIGOTRY—Demon Spirit of.

He was an execrable bigot,
Who for such horrid purposes had crept
Into the cheated Sultan's court and service,
As by the traitor's papers we have learn'd;
For know, there lives upon the craggy cliffs
Of wild Phœnician mountains, a dire race,
A nation of assassins. Dreadful zeal,
Fierce and intolerant of all religion
That differs from their own, is the black soul
Of that infernal state. Soon as their chief,
The Old Man (so they style him) of the Mountains,
Gives out his baleful will, however fell,
However wicked and abhorr'd it be,
Though clothed in danger, the most cruel death,
They swift and silent glide through ev'ry land,
As fly the gloomy ministers of vengeance,
Famine and plague; they lie for years conceal'd,
Make light of oaths, nay sometimes change religion,
And never fail to execute his orders.
Of these the villain was, these ruffian saints,
The curse of earth, the terrors of mankind.
Thomson.

She has no head, and cannot think; no heart, and cannot feel. When she moves, it is in wrath; when she pauses, it is amidst ruin; her prayers are curses—her God is a demon—her communion is death—her vengeance is eternity—her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindred rock, to whet her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation. *Daniel O'Connell.*

BIGOTRY—Suppression of.

Your pretended fear lest error should step in, is like the man that would keep all the wine out of the country, lest men should be drunk. It would be found an unjust and an unwise jealousy to deny a man the liberty he hath by nature, upon a supposition he may abuse it: when he doth abuse it, judge.
Oliver Cromwell to the Scotch Ministers.

BILE—Melancholy arising from.

The yellow gall that in your bosom floats,
Engenders all these melancholy thoughts.
Dryden.

BILLS—of Exchange.

Bless'd paper credit, last and best supply,
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly;
Gold imp'd by thee can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings:
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to a distant shore:
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow.
Pope.

BIOGRAPHIES—Religious.

Memoirs of pure minds, of noble lives, of hearts warm with all the fervour and sunshine of the Gospel—let us do homage to those young saints, those virgin confessors, those true soldiers of our Lord. It is no reproach to them that friends make merchandise of their devout letters, their pious sayings, and the secret life which they lived with God—or that an unwise love beguiles its grief by making into talk, and throwing irreverently open, the innermost sanctuary of their souls. They are the greatest sufferers by the operation. Yet it is wonderful to perceive with what ease all features of human individuality can be obliterated from the record which professes to tell us how one and another, real men and women, people who left positive mortal footsteps in the soil they trod, and tangible good works behind them, lived and died. It is by no means an overstrain of the fact to say that one might go on reading half-a-dozen such memoirs at once, and, but for the difference of name, and perhaps the distinction of here and there a personal pronoun, would be quite unable to find out which was the young soldier in the midst of his regiment, and which the humble Sunday-school teacher dwelling at home. How this can be done, and by what extraordinary effort of skill it is possible to

veil every glimmer of the natural man, and reduce so many diverse characters, circumstances, and dispositions, to one flat unrounded hieroglyph of piety, seems of itself sufficiently remarkable. Yet it is done with astonishing success and oft-repeated frequency. *Chalmers.*

BIOGRAPHY—Impartial.

Kath. Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
. . . . . .
So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet, thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity:—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him,
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!
Shakspeare.

BIOGRAPHY—to be consulted as a Mirror.

My advice is to consult the lives of other men, as he would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for his own imitation. *Terence.*

BIOGRAPHY—to be Minutely Written.

A life that is worth writing at all, is worth writing minutely. *Longfellow.*

BIRDS—Beauty of.

Birds, the free tenants of earth, air, and ocean,
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;
In plumage delicate and beautiful,
Thick without burthen, close as fish's scales,
Or loose as full-blown poppies on the gale;
With wings that seem as they'd a soul within them,
They bear their owners with such sweet enchantment. *James Montgomery.*

BIRDS—Dialects of.

I believe there is a dialect in the song of birds. The song, for example, of a thrush near London, or in any of the home counties, has little resemblance, except in tone and specific character, to that of the same bird in Devonshire, or near Exeter. The same notes, I suppose, will all of them be detected; but they are arranged, for the most part, in a different tune, and are not sung in the same way. They are given with different values, and the singing is pitched in a different key. One great distinction between the two cases is the number of guttural notes of which the song of a Devonshire thrush is often made up, but which near London are heard only at the end of a bar, or even much less frequently; while those chief notes which mainly constitute the song of the other bird, and make it so impressive, are rarely pronounced by the Devonshire thrush. *Jesse.*

BIRDS—Habits of.

Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclosed
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens; and, soaring the air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud

In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build;
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aëry caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the smaller birds with songs
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid-aërial sky: others on ground
Walk firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. *Milton.*

BIRDS—Music of.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?
Pope.

BIRDS—the Commoners of Nature.

The birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flowery gardens,
Rifle the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits.
Rowe.

BIRDS—Song of.

Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ousel shrills; the redbreast warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment. *Spenser.*

BIRTH—Advantages of.

A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light. *Lillo.*

When real nobleness accompanies that imaginary one of birth, the imaginary seems to mix with real, and becomes real too.
Greville.

BIRTH—no Disparagement.

Convince the world, that you're devout and true,
Be just in all you say, in all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first quality to me. *Juvenal.*

BIRTH—Regal.

I was born so high,
Our aerie buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Shakspeare.

BIRTH—Worthlessness of.

Why should my birth keep down my mounting spirit?
Are not all creatures subject unto time?
There's legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their original did spring from kings,
And many monarchs now, whose fathers were
The riff-raff of their age; for time and fortune
Wear out a noble train to beggary;
And from the dunghill minions do advance
To state; and mark, in this admiring world,
This is the course, which, in the name of fate,
Is seen as often as it whirls about:
The river Thames that by our door doth pass,
His first beginning is but small and shallow;
Yet, keeping on his course, grows to a sea.
Ibid.

BIRTHDAY—Thoughts on a.

My birthday!—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears;
And now each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears.
Moore.

BISHOPS—Character of.

A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach;

Not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous;

One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity.

. . . . . .

Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil.
St. Paul.

BLACKSMITH—The Village.

The sagest knot (in a village) is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with his horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the Cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the husky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

Washington Irving.

BLAME—Reception of.

A man takes contradiction and advice much more easily than people think, only he will not bear it when violently given, even though it be well-founded. Hearts are flowers; they remain open to the softly-falling dew, but shut up in the violent downpour of rain. *Richter.*

BLESSEDNESS—Antiquity of.

Blessedness is a whole eternity, older than damnation. *Ibid.*

BLESSEDNESS—True.

True blessedness consisteth in a good life and a happy death. *Solon.*

BLESSING—on the Devout.

He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great. *David.*

BLESSING—of the Lord.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh *rich*, and He addeth *no sorrow with it*. *Solomon.*

BLESSING—of the Spanish Peasantry.

As we journeyed on, a trifling incident occurred which very favourably disposed us towards the peasantry of Spain. A large party of field-labourers, attired in scarlet jackets and sashes, were returning to their homes after the toils of the day, and were singing in unison a lively song, in token of the happiness within their hearts. The sun was now sinking behind the hills, and the stars of evening were beginning to gem the vast canopy of heaven. A soft and rich twilight gave a sweet mellowness to the features of the surrounding landscape, infusing thoughts of romance and poetry into our minds, and making everything appear to us like the scenery of a picture or a dream. As we reached the body of peasantry, they immediately separated to each side of the road, and, as we passed between them, they saluted us with the beautiful expression, "Vaga V. con Dios" (Go you with God!) A thrill of pleasure ran through my veins as I heard this national benediction, pronounced with such deep solemnity, and issuing like a full and majestic chorus from the lips of these humble tillers of the soil. *Warren.*

BLESSINGS—transformed into Curses.

Even the best things, ill used, become evils, and contrarily, the worst things, used well, prove good. A good tongue used to deceit; a good wit, used to defend error; a strong arm to murder; authority to oppress; a good profession to dissemble; are all evil. Even God's own word is the sword of the Spirit, which, if it kill not our vices, kills our souls. Contrariwise (as poisons are used to wholesome medicine), afflictions and sins, by a good use, prove so gainful as nothing more. Words are as they are taken, and things are as they are used. There are even cursed blessings.

Bishop Hall.

BLESSINGS—compared to Dew.

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her. *Shakspeare.*

BLESSINGS—of the Faithful.

A faithful man shall abound with blessings. *Solomon.*

BLESSINGS—Invocations for.

Angels preserve my dearest father's life;
Bless it with long uninterrupted days!
Oh! may he live till time itself decay—
Till good men wish him dead, or I offend him!

Otway.

Hear me, bounteous Heaven!
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand: let peace,
Honour, and safety always hover round her;
Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue. *Ibid.*

Oh! gracious Heaven,
Thou hast endless blessings still in store
For virtue and for filial piety:
Let grief, disgrace, and want, be far away;
But multiply Thy mercies on his head:
Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
And peace in all his ways. *Rowe.*

BLESSINGS—Invocations for.

Softest peace enwrap her!
Content be still the breathing of her lips!
Be tranquil ever, thou blest life of her!
And that last hour, that hangs 'tween heaven and earth,
So often travell'd by her thoughts and prayers,
Be soft and yielding 'twixt her spirit's wings!
Beddoes.

The God of Heaven both now and ever bless her. *Shakspeare.*

O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams! remember all his virtues,
And show mankind that goodness is your care.
Addison.

BLESSINGS—Requisites for.

Nothing raises the price of a blessing like its removal; whereas it was its continuance which should have taught us its value. There are three requisitions to the proper enjoyment of earthly blessings:—a thankful reflection on the goodness of the Giver; a deep sense of our unworthiness; a recollection of the uncertainty of long possessing them. The first would make us grateful; the second humble; and the third moderate. *Hannah More.*

BLESSINGS—Slighted.

Not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stol'n away the slightest good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
Cowper.

BLEST—The.

Who are the blest?
They who have kept their sympathies awake,
And scatter'd joy for more than custom's sake—
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,
Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed;
Whose looks have power to make dissension cease—
Whose smiles are pleasant, and whose words are peace:
They who have lived as harmless as the dove,
Teachers of truth and ministers of love;
Love for all moral power—all mental grace—
Love for the humblest of the human race—
Love for that tranquil joy that virtue brings—
Love for the Giver of all goodly things;
True followers of that soul-exalting plan
Which Christ laid down to bless and govern man:
They who can calmly linger at the last,
Survey the future, and recal the past;
And with that hope which triumphs over pain;
Feel well assured they have not lived in vain;
Then wait in peace their hour of final rest:—
These are the only blest!
Prince.

BLIND—Touch of the.

No floweret blooms
Throughout the range of these rough hills,
Nor in the woods, that could from him conceal
Its birthplace. None whose figure did not live
Upon his touch. *Wordsworth.*

BLINDNESS—Compensation for.

This fellow must have a rare understanding;
For nature recompenseth the defects
Of one part with redundance in another:
Blind men have excellent memories, and the tongue,
Thus indisposed, there's treasure in the intellect.
Shirley.

BLINDNESS—Desolation of.

All dark and comfortless!
Where are those various objects that but now
Employ'd my busy eyes? Where are those eyes?
Dead are their piercing rays, that lately shot
O'er flow'ry vales to distant sunny hills,
And drew, with joy, the vast horizon in.
These groping hands are now my only guides,
And feeling, all my sight.
Shut from the living while amongst the living;
Dark as the grave amidst the bustling world;
At once from business and from pleasure barr'd;
No more to view the beauty of the spring,
Nor see the face of kindred, or of friend!
Shakspeare.

BLINDNESS—The Poet's Lament over his.

Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse. *Milton.*

BLINDNESS—Samson's Lament over his.

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amidst the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first-created beam, and Thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereaved Thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was this sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd,
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
Buried, yet not exempt. *Milton.*

BLINDNESS—Mental and Moral.

Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart. *St. Paul.*

BLISS—bestowed by Heaven.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which, who but feels, can taste, but thinks can know!
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, laws, morals, all began,
All end in love of God, and love of man. *Pope.*

BLOCKHEAD—most Busy.

A bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. *Ibid.*

BLOCKHEAD—Want of Politeness in a.

A blockhead cannot come in, nor go away, nor sit, nor rise, nor stand, like a man of sense. *La Bruyère.*

BLOSSOMS—Evanescence of.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite!

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave,
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave. *Herrick.*

BLUSHING—of Aged Cheeks.

O call not to this aged cheek
The little blood which should keep warm my heart. *Dryden.*

BLUSHING—Eloquence of.

Playful blushes, that seemed nought
But luminous escapes of thought. *Moore.*

The eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks and so distinctly wrought,
Ye might have almost said her body thought. *Donne.*

BLUSHING—Changes the Features.

With every change his features play'd,
As aspens show the light and shade. *Sir Walter Scott.*

BLUSHING—of Guilt.

What means, alas!
That blood which flushes guilty in your face! *Dryden.*

BLUSHING—Loveliness of.

Let me for ever gaze
And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee;
From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring.
Rowe.

BLUSHING—Modesty of.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say, "'Tis Cupid's fire."
Harrington.

BLUSHING—Testimony of.

The blush is Nature's alarm at the approach of sin—and her testimony to the dignity of virtue. *Fuller.*

BLUSTERER—Characteristics of the.

A killing tongue, and a quiet sword,
Shakspeare.

BOASTER—Characteristics of the.

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
Ibid.

I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, outfacing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst:
And this is all. *Ibid.*

BOASTER—Deceptiveness of the.

When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low?
Roscommon.

BOASTING—Emptiness of.

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.
Shakspeare.

BOASTING—Folly of.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.
Solomon.

BOASTING—of Heroism.

Discretion
And hardy Valour are the twins of Honour,
And, nursed together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker:
And we have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.
Beaumont.

BOASTING—of Heroism.

My arm a nobler victory never gain'd,
And I am prouder to have pass'd that stream,
Than that I drove a million o'er the plain.
Can none remember?—yes, I know all must,
When glory like the dazzling eagle stood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood,
When fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighten'd on the shore;
When all th' immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading god. *Lee.*

I've seen the day,
When with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop. *Shakspeare.*

'Tis yet to know
(Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate), I fetch life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. *Ibid.*

BODY—Advantageous Exercise of the.

The admirable harmony established by the Creator between the various constituent parts of the animal frame, renders it impossible to pay regard to, or infringe the conditions required for the health of any one, without all the rest participating in the benefit or injury. Thus, while cheerful exercise in the open air, and in the society of equals, is directly and eminently conducive to the well-being of the muscular system, the advantage does not stop there; the beneficent Creator having kindly so ordered it, that the same exercise shall be scarcely less advantageous to the proper performance of the important function of respiration. Active exercise calls the lungs into play, favours their expansion, promotes the circulation of the blood through their substance, and leads to their complete and healthy development. The same end is greatly facilitated by that free and vigorous exercise of the voice, which so uniformly accompanies and enlivens the sports of the young, and which doubles the benefits derived from them considered as exercise. The excitement of the social and moral feelings among children engaged in play is another powerful tonic, the influence of which on the general health ought not to be overlooked; for the nervous influence is as indispensable to the right performance of respiration, as it is to the action of the muscles or to the digestion of food. *Combe.*

BODY—Wonderful Mechanism of the.

I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are Thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from Thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect; and in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them. *David.*

BODY—Origin of the.

These limbs,—whence had we them; this stormy force; this life-blood, with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow—a shadow-system gathered round our *me;* wherein, through some moments or years, the divine essence is to be revealed in the flesh. *Carlyle.*

BODY—a Spiritual Temple.

What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God: and ye are not your own? *St. Paul.*

BOND—and Bondage.

A bond is necessary to complete our being, only we must be careful that the bond does not become bondage. *Mrs. Jameson.*

BOOKS—Abundance of.

Productive was the world
In many things, but most in books. *Pollok.*

BOOKS—every One an Action.

Every great book is an action, and every great action is a book. *Luther.*

BOOKS—Advantages of.

The writers who despise books may be original perhaps, but they may pass their lives without being original to any purpose of interest or utility. Whereas, true talent will become original in the very act of engaging itself with the ideas of others; nay, will often convert the dross of previous authors into the golden ore that shines forth to the world as its own peculiar creation. From a series of extravagant and weak Italian romances, Shakspeare took the plots, the characters, and the major part of the incidents of those dramatic works which have exalted his name, as an *original* writer, above that of every other in the annals of literature. *Dr. Cromwell.*

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book, supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have the book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dulness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the alehouse, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a livelier, and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene, and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessaries and comforts for himself and his family,—and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if the book he has been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation,—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to.

But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class. What a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! What a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it—all contribute to the gratification of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more, it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect—that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

Enter the sacred temple of his breast,
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest,
Wander through all the glories of his mind,
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find.

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate sources of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.

Sir John Herschel.

Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation. *Collier.*

BOOKS—Advantages of.

Without books, God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness. *Bartholin.*

BOOKS—Badly Composed.

If in a picture, Piso, you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts, of the most different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds:
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style, like sick men's dreams,
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
Roscommon.

BOOKS—Delight in Designing.

And now the most beautiful dawn that mortal can behold, arose upon his spirit—the dawn of a new composition. For the book that a person is beginning to create or design, contains within itself half a life, and God only knows what an expanse of futurity also. Hopes of improvement—ideas which are to ensure the development and enlightenment of the human race—swarm with a joyful vitality in his brain, as he softly paces up and down in the twilight, when it has become too dark to write. *Richter.*

BOOKS—God's.

The books of Nature and of Revelation equally elevate our conceptions and invite our piety: they mutually illustrate each other: they have an equal claim on our regard, for they are both written by the finger of one, eternal, incomprehensible God. *Watson.*

BOOKS—Lending.

Charles Lamb, tired of lending his books, threatened to chain Wordsworth's poems to his shelves, adding, "For of those who borrow, some read slow; some mean to read, but don't read; and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow, to leave you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing friends the justice to say, that there is nothing of this caprice or wantonness of alienation in them. When they borrow my money, they never fail to make use of it." *Talfourd.*

BOOKS—Mental Links.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live. *W. Ellery Channing.*

BOOKS—Need for.

There is no end of books, and yet we seem to need more every day: there was such a darkness brought in by the Fall, as will not thoroughly be dispelled till we come to Heaven, where the Sun shineth without either cloud or night; for the present all should contribute their help according to the rate and measure of their abilities: some can only hold up a candle, others a torch, but all are useful; The press is an excellent means to scatter knowledge, were it not so often abused: all complain there is enough written, and think that now there should be a stop: indeed it were well if in this scribbling age there were some restraint: useless pamphlets are grown almost as great a mischief as the erroneous and profane: Yet 'tis not good to shut the door upon industry and diligence: there is yet room left to discover more (above all that hath been said) of the wisdom of God, and the riches of His grace in the Gospel: yea, more of the stratagems of Satan, and the deceitfulness of man's heart: means need to be increased every day to weaken sin, and strengthen trust, and quicken us to holiness: fundamentals are the same in all ages, but the constant necessities of the Church and private Christians will continually enforce a further explication: as the *arts* and *sleights of besieging and battering* increase, so doth skill in *fortification:* if we have no other benefit by the multitude of books that are written, we have this benefit, an opportunity to observe the various workings of the same Spirit about the same truths; and, indeed, the speculation is neither *idle nor unfruitful.* *Manton.*

BOOKS—Popular.

In former times a popular work meant one that adapted the results of studious medita-

tion, or scientific research, to the capacity of the people: presenting in the concrete by instances and examples, what had been ascertained in the abstract and by the discovery of the law. Now, on the other hand, that is a popular work which gives back to the people their own errors and prejudices, and flatters the many by creating them, under the title of *the public*, into a supreme and unappealable tribunal of intellectual excellence. *Coleridge.*

BOOKS—Potency of.

It is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. Unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man, as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a good reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself,—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. *Milton.*

BOOKS—most Preferable.

In literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance, with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate; and I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over again, than to read a new one for the first time. If I hear of a new poem, for instance, I ask myself whether it is superior to Homer, or Shakspeare, or Virgil; and, in the next place, whether I have all these authors completely at my fingers' ends. And when both these questions have been answered in the negative, I infer that it is better (and to me it is certainly pleasanter) to give such time as I have to bestow on the reading of poetry to Homer, Shakspeare and Co.; and so of other things. Is it not better to try and adorn one's mind by the constant study and contemplation of the great models, than merely to know of one's own knowledge that such a book is not worth reading? Some new books it is necessary to read—part for the information they contain, and others in order to acquaint oneself with the state of literature in the age in which one lives; but I would rather read too few than too many. *Lord Dudley.*

BOOKS—Repositories.

Books are faithful repositories, which may be awhile neglected or forgotten, but when they are opened again, will again impart their instruction. Memory once interrupted, is not to be recalled; written learning is a fixed luminary, which after the cloud that had hidden it has passed away, is again bright in its proper station. Tradition is but a meteor, which, if it once falls, cannot be rekindled.

Johnson.

BOOKS—Titles of.

There is a kind of physiogonomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other. *Butler.*

BOOKS—Use of.

Books are loved by some merely as elegant combinations of thought; by others as a means of exercising the intellect. By some they are considered as the engines by which to propagate opinions; and by others they are only deemed worthy of serious regard when they constitute repositories of matters of fact. But perhaps the most important use of literature has been pointed out by those who consider it as a record of the respective modes of moral and intellectual existence that have prevailed in successive ages, and who value literary performances in proportion as they preserve a memorial of the spirit which was at work in real life during the times when they were written. Considered in this point of view, books can no longer be slighted as fanciful tissues of thought, proceeding from the solitary brains of insulated poets or metaphysicians. They are the shadows of what has formerly occupied the minds of mankind, and of what once determined the tenour of existence. The narrator who details political events, does no more than indicate a few of the external effects, or casual concomitants, of what was stirring during the times of which he professes to be the historian. As the generations change on the face of the globe, different energies are evolved with new strength, or sink into torpor; faculties are brightened into perfection, or lose themselves in gradual blindness and oblivion. No age concentrates within itself all advantages. The knowledge of what has been is necessary, in addition to the knowledge of the present, to enable us to conceive the full extent of human powers and capacities; or, to speak more correctly, this knowledge is necessary to enable us to become acquainted with the varieties of talent and energy with which beings of the same general nature with ourselves have, in past times, been endowed.

Lord Dudley.

BOOKS—Use of.

I have somewhere seen it observed, that we should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it. *Colton.*

BOOKS—Value of.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose, to a life beyond life. *Milton.*

Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—a message to us from the dead—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away; and yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers. . . . . I say we ought to reverence books, to look at them as useful and mighty things. If they are good and true, whether they are about religion or politics, farming, trade, or medicine, they are the message of Christ, the maker of all things, the teacher of all truth. *Kingsley.*

Worthy books
Are not companions—they are solitudes
We lose ourselves in them, and all our cares.
Bailey.

The book of Life is the tabernacle wherein the treasure of wisdom is to be found. The truth of voice perishes with the sound. Truth latent in the mind is hidden wisdom and invisible treasure, but the truth which illuminates books desires to manifest itself to every disciplinable sense. Let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books—how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters that instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating, you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant they cannot laugh at you.

Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, 1344.

BOTANY—Advantage of.

Botany has one advantage over many other useful and necessary studies, that even its first beginnings are pleasing and profitable, though pursued to ever so small extent; the objects with which it is conversant are in themselves charming, and they become doubly so to those who contemplate them with the additional sense, as it were, which science gives: the pursuit of these objects is an exercise no less healthful to the body, than the observations of their laws and characters is to the mind.

Sir J. E. Smith.

BOTANY—Objection to.

The standing objection to botany, has always been, that it is a pursuit that amuses the fancy and exercises the memory without improving the mind or advancing any real knowledge; and, where the science is carried no further than a mere systematic classification, the charge is but too true. But the botanist who is desirous of wiping off this aspersion, should be by no means content with a list of names; he should study plants philosophically,—should investigate the laws of vegetation,—should examine the powers and virtues of efficacious herbs,—should promote their cultivation, and graft the gardener, the planter, and the husbandman, on the phytologist: not that system is by any means to be thrown aside; without system the field of nature would be a pathless wilderness; but system should be subservient to, not the main object of our pursuit. *White of Selborne.*

BOTANY—Pleasures of.

Among the manifold creatures of God, that have all, in all ages, diversely entertained many excellent wits, and drawn them to the contemplation of the Divine wisdome, none have provoked men's studies more, or satisfied their desires so much, as plants have done, and that upon just and worthy causes; for what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparéled with plants as with a robe of embroidered worke, set with orient pearles, and garnished with great diversity of rare and costly jewels. But the principal delight is in the minde, singularly enriched with the knowledge of these visible things, setting forth to us the invisible wisdome and admirable workmanship of Almighty God! *Gerard,* 1597.

BOUNDS—set by the Deity.

He that hath compassed the waters with bounds until the day and night come to an end. *Job.*

There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
Shakspeare.

BOUNTIES—Royal.

Royal bounties
Are great and gracious, while they are dispensed
With moderation; but when their excess,

In giving giant bulks to others, takes from
The prince's just proportion, they lose
The name of virtues, and, their natures changed,
Grow the most dangerous vices. *Massinger.*

BOWER—An Arabian.

Wide galleries ran all around the four sides, whose Moorish arches, slender pillars, and arabesque ornaments, carried the mind back, as in a dream, to the reign of Oriental romance in Spain. In the middle of the court, a fountain threw high its silvery water, falling in a never-ceasing spray into a marble basin, fringed with a deep border of fragrant violets. The water in the fountain, pellucid as crystal, was alive with myriads of gold and silver fishes, twinkling and darting through it, like so many living jewels. Around the fountain ran a walk, paved with a mosaic of pebbles, laid in various fanciful patterns; and this again was surrounded by turf smooth as green velvet. Two large orange-trees, now fragrant with blossoms, threw a delicious shade; arabesque sculpture, containing the choicest flowering plants of the tropics; huge pomegranate-trees, with their glossy leaves and flame-coloured flowers, dark-leaved Arabian jessamines, with their silvery stars, geraniums, luxuriant roses bending beneath their heavy abundance of flowers, golden jessamines, lemon-scented verbenum, all united their bloom and fragrance, while here and there a mystic old aloe, with its strange, massive leaves, sat looking like some hoary old enchanter, sitting in weird grandeur among the more perishable bloom and fragrance around it. *Mrs. Stowe.*

BOWER—a Blissful.

And over him Art stryving to compayre
With Nature did an arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton yvie, flouring fayre,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw;
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors shew.
And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay:
The wearie traveller, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slombre made him to forget
His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t'Olympick Iove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:
Therein the merry birdes of every sorte
Chaunted alowd their cheerfull harmonee.
And made emongst themselves a sweete consort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort. *Spenser.*

BOWER—Description of a.

Behold the unlabour'd ground,
Bounteous of fruit: above our shady bowers,
The creeping jessamine thrusts her fragrant flowers;
The myrtle, orange, and the blushing rose,
With bending heaps so nigh their blooms disclose,
Each seems to smell the favours which the other blows.
By these the peach, the guava, and the pine,
And, creeping 'twixt them all, the mantling vine
Does round her trunks their purple clusters twine. *Dryden.*

Hie thee, poor pilgrim, to yon neighbouring bower,
O'er which an old oak spreads his awful arm,
Mantled in brownest foliage, and beneath
The ivy, gadding from the untwisted stem
Curtains each verdant side. *Mason.*

Behold the bower,
Where from the jessamine roof the dew distill'd,
And trickling from thy brow, perfumed thy tears:
Whilst to correct the vapours of the night,
Officious love celestial perfumes breathed,
And fann'd the moonbeams with more shining wings. *Tate.*

Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under-foot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem. In shadier bow'r
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. *Milton.*

BOWER—of Honeysuckles.

Bid her steal into the pleachèd bower,
Where honeysuckles ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like to favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it. *Shakspeare.*

BOYHOOD—Companion of.

I had
A friend with whom in boyhood I was wont
To learn, think, laugh, weep, strive, and love together;
For we were always rivals in all things—
Together up high, springy hills, to trace
A runnel to its birth-place; to pursue
A river; to search, haunt old ruined towers,
And muse in them; to scale the cloud-clad hills
While thunders murmured in our very ear;
To leap the lair of the live cataract,
Or crouch behind the broad white waterfall—
Tongue of the glen, like to a hidden thought—
To reach, perchance, some long, green floating flag,
Just when the sun's hot lip first touched the stream
Reddening to be so kissed; and oft at night,
Bewildered and bewitched by favourite stars,
We would breathe ourselves amid unfooted snows,
For there is poetry where aught is pure;
Or over the still dark heath leap like harts
Through the broad moonlight, for we felt wherever
We leaped the golden gorse, or lowly ling,
We could not be from home—that friend is gone!
There's the whole universe before our souls.
Where shall we meet next? Shall we meet again?
Oh! might it be in some far, happy world,
That I may light upon his lonely soul,
Hard by some broad blue stream, where high the hills,
Wood-bearded, sweep to its brink—musing, as wont,
With love-like sadness upon sacred things.
Bailey.

BOYHOOD—Loveliness of.

He was a lovely youth—I guess,
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And when he chose to sport and play
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea. *Wordsworth.*

BOYHOOD—Reminiscence of.

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
Byron.

BOYS—Characteristics of.

Boys are boys, and not little men. They are all alike except as to the colour of the hair or pinafore. They all inherit the same pride, the same "devil-may-care" ambition, the same spirit of mischief, and the same free-masonry of mutual confidence in all affairs relating to the government of the boy-world. Where is the boy who is willing to be outdone by a playmate? Where is the boy who will acknowledge to being beaten in fight with one of another school? Wherever such a one is to be found, guard him well, for fear he should grow up silly. It is positively astonishing what hairbreadth ventures boys engage in, merely to gratify some pride of rivalry, or to satisfy the eternal longing of a boy "to do something." In fact, there is nothing within range of possibility which a boy will not do, let the consequence be what it may, provided there is no unmistakable criminality; and then you learn what an honest nature lurks beneath that Puck's grinning countenance, resting on its own self-trust, and to be neither bought nor sold. *Hibberd.*

BRAGGARTS—Insolent Assumption of.

Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed.
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd. *Shakspeare.*

BRAIN—Over-Exertion of the.

The brain is like an oven, hot and dry,
Which bakes all sorts of fancies, low and high;
The thoughts are wood, which motion sets on fire,
The tongue a peele, which draws forth the desire;
But thinking much, the brain too hot will grow,
And burns it up: if cold, the thoughts are dough. *Duchess of Newcastle.*

In all actions of the brain, as to volition, sensation, &c., you will find there is in the normal condition of health a constant production of a force—call it what you will—nerve force—*vis nervosa*, or *vis vitale*. If not over exerted in any one direction, well-balanced health is the result; but if you now tire yourself by exercise of the body, you are not fit for the labour of the mind. If you are

exhausted and go to the opera, you do not enjoy music so much as if you were fresh. The same occurs if you have exerted yourself mentally by writing,—you feel tired. This amount of brain force is a constant quantity, influenced no doubt by the health and strength of the system. I do not believe in any analogy or identity existing between nerve force and electricity. Still, as a matter of illustration, if you can fancy a cerebral "charge" equal to forty for the entire brain, but that to dilate the chest a force equal to twenty-two is required, or about half; then, if the animal is strong, respiration is sustained; but if weak, the nervous supply is less than this amount, and the animal sinks. Now, suppose we take the parts separately, and take away the brain proper or cerebral lobes in very weak animals, this is followed by stoppage of respiration.

M. Brown Séquard.

BRAVE—Qualities of the.

The brave, 'tis true, do never shun the light:
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers;
Freely without disguise they love or hate:
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And Heaven and men are judges of their actions.

Rowe.

All brave men love; for he only is brave who has affections to fight for, whether in the daily battle of life, or in physical contests.

Hawthorn.

BRAVERY—Characteristics of.

A brave man is clear in his discourse, and keeps close to truth. *Aristotle.*

BRAVERY—True.

That's a valiant flea that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion! *Shakspeare.*

BRAVERY—Want of.

He is not worthy of the honeycomb
That shuns the hive, because the bees have stings.

Ibid.

BRAVEST—The.

The best hearts, Trim, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle Toby. *Sterne.*

Nature often enshrines gallant and noble hearts in weak bosoms—oftenest, God bless her! in female breasts. *Dickens.*

BREEZE—The.

Brush'd with the kiss of rustling wings. *Lamb.*

BREEZE—A Soft.

Why such a golden eve? The breeze is sent
Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
Before the serene father of them all
Bows down his summer head below the west.

Keats.

BREVITY—Advantages of.

Brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes.

Shakspeare.

These are my thoughts;—I might have spun them out to a greater length, but I think a little plot of ground thick sown, is better than a great field which for the most part of it lies fallow. *Norris.*

And there's one rare strange virtue in their speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are short.

Halleck.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

Southey.

BREVITY—Necessary to Proper Talking.

Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say or write. To fill a volume upon nothing is a credit to nobody; though Lord Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon nothing. There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it, and almost feel it, when in their presence. On all occasions it is produced, till it is worn as thin as charity. They remind one of a twenty-four pounder discharged at a humming bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is scattered to atoms. Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumblings of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches, and paragraphs, are favourites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father—"Dear sir, I am going to be married;" and also to the old gentleman who replied—"Dear son, Go ahead." Such are the men for action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in their cases. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose in life. Reader, be short; and we will be short with the advice. *John Neal.*

BRIBERY—No Faith in.

Who thinketh to buy villainy with gold,
Shall ever find such faith so bought so sold.
Marston.

BRIBERY—of Judges and Senates.

Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold. *Pope.*

BRITAIN (Great)—Blessings of.

The slow ascending hill, the lofty wood
That mantles o'er its brow, the silver flood
Meandering in mazes through the flow'ry mead,
The herd that in the plenteous pastures feed,
And every object, every scene, excites
Fresh wonder in my soul, and fills with new delights:
Dwells cheerful plenty there, and learned ease,
And art with nature seems at strife to please:
There Liberty, delightful goddess! reigns,
Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains;
There, firmly seated, may she ever smile,
And shower her blessings o'er her fav'rite isle.
Lisle.

I moved on
With low and languid thought, for I had found
That grandest scenes have but imperfect charms
Where the eye vainly wanders, nor beholds
One spot with which the heart associates
Holy remembrances of child or friend,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adorèd country. *O thou queen,*
Thou delegated deity of earth;
Oh, "dear, dear," England, how my longing eyes,
Turn'd westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs! Sweet native isle,
This heart was proud, yea, mine eyes swam with tears
To think of thee! *Coleridge.*

BRITAIN (Great)—the Seat of Freedom.

O native isle! fair freedom's happiest seat,
At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat:
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
When kiss with pious love the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russell birth?
When in the shade of laws that long have stood,
Propp'd by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood:
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?
Lord Lyttleton.

BRITAIN (Great)—Physical Glories of.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall;
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renownèd for their deeds, as far from home
For Christian service and true chivalry.
Shakspeare.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streamers, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, liberty abroad
Walks unconfined, even to the farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought,
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks, thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on the mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while rove around their sides,
Below, the blackening herds in lusty droves,
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine, thy country teems with wealth,
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleased and unwearied, in his guardian toil.
Fill'd are thy cities with the sons of Art,
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard; even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace stone, looks gay; thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
Scattering the nations where they go, and first
Or on the lifted plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plains
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
In genius and substantial learning high.
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;

Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder when provoked,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.
Thomson.

BRITAIN (Great)—Invulnerability of.

England is safe, if true within itself.

. . . . .

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Shakspeare.

BRITAIN (Great)—Power of.

I see thy commerce, Britain, grasp the world:
All nations serve thee, ev'ry foreign flood,
Subjected, pays its tribute to the Thames.
Thither the golden South obedient pours
His sunny treasures; thither the soft East
Her spices, delicacies, gentle gifts;
And thither his rough trade the stormy North.
See where beyond the vast Atlantic surge,
By boldest keels untouch'd a dreadful space!
Shores yet unfound, arise, in youthful prime,
With towering forests, mighty rivers crown:
These stoop to Britain's thunder. This new world,
Shook to its centre, trembles at her name;
And there her sons, with aim exalted, sow
The seeds of rising empire, arts, and arms.
Britons, proceed; the subject deep command;
Awe with your navies every hostile land:
Vain are their threats, their armies all are vain;
They rule the balanced world who rule the main.
Mallet.

Britain, the queen of isles, our fair possession
Secured by nature, laughs at foreign force;
Her ships her bulwark, and her sea her dyke,
Sees plenty in her lap and braves the world.
Havard.

BRITON—Origin of the Name.

Our primitive ancestors distinguished themselves, in pride or simplicity, as Brith and Brithon; Brith signifying *stained*, and Brithon a *stained man*. The predilection for colouring their bodies induced the civilized Romans to designate the people, who were driven to the Caledonian forests, as *Picts*, or a painted people.
D'Israeli.

BROKEN HEART—The.

The heart will break, yet brokenly live on.
Byron.

BROKEN SPIRIT—The.

We read sometimes of broken hearts; pretty poetic things, no doubt, and perhaps true. Broken spirits, at any rate, there are. Oh, yes! the spirit breaks, but not for love. Love is the dream of early youth, and the spirit breaks not then. Youth has itself the elements of so much happiness; its energy, its hope, its trust, its fond belief that everything is beautiful, that every one is true, and its warm affections, all give a buoyancy, an ever-moving principle of joy; and though the spirit bow, it breaks not then. It is in after-years, when stern experience has become our teacher, when the bright glowing hue of hope has passed away, and in its place dark shadows fall; when all life's billows have swept over us, and each succeeding wave has left its furrows on the soul; oh! then it is the spirit breaks, and all man's boasted energy gives way. *Sala.*

BROOK—Picturesque Ruralities of a.

Around the adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain;
A various group the herds and flocks compose;
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie, while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. *Thomson.*

BROTHERHOOD—Need of our common.

The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting, can refuse it without guilt.
Sir Walter Scott.

BRUTES—Natural Love in.

Notwithstanding that natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond the usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it: as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get

their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities. *Addison.*

BUILDING—Cautions against.

Never build after you are five-and-forty: have five years' income in hand before you lay a brick; and always calculate the expense at double the estimate. *Kett.*

BUILDING—Situation for.

Mean time, the moist malignity to shun
Of burthen'd skies, mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the cynnorrhodon with the rose
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe th' aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires,
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer ev'ning blushing in the west;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep. *Armstrong.*

BUILDING—Thoughtfulness in.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection.
Shakspeare.

For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he hath sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish. *St. Matthew.*

BUILDING—Utility of a.

Houses are built to live in, more than to look on; therefore, let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had. *Bacon.*

BULLY—always a Coward.

A brave man is sometimes a desperado; a bully is always a coward. *Haliburton.*

BURIAL—on the Battle-field.

Not a drum was heard—nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er the cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory. *Wolfe.*

BURIAL—Nature Developed at a.

To close the eyes, and give a seemly comfort to the apparel of the dead, is poverty's holiest touch of nature. *Dickens.*

BUSINESS—to be Concentrated.

Avoid as much as possible multiplicity of *business.* Never be curious to know what passes in the world any further than duty obliges you; it will only distract the mind when it should be better employed. *Bishop Wilson.*

BUSINESS—to be Honoured.

Every man is a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men do of course seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves, by way of amends, to be a help and ornament thereunto. *Bacon.*

BUSINESS—of Ordinary Life.

The past is all too old for this age of progress. Look at this throng of carriages, this multitude of men and horses, of women and children. Every one of these has a reason for going this way rather than that. If we could penetrate their minds, and ascertain their motives, an epic poem would present itself, exhibiting the business of life as it actually is, with all its passions and interests, hopes and fears. A poem, whether in verse or prose, conceived in this spirit, and impartially written, would be the epic of the age. *Carlyle.*

BUSINESS—that we Love.

To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight. *Shakspeare.*

BUSINESS—Men of.

Rare almost as great poets—rarer, perhaps, than veritable saints and martyrs—are consummate men of business. A man, to be excellent in this way, must not only be variously gifted, but his gifts should be nicely proportioned to one another. He must have in a high degree that virtue which men have always found the least pleasant of virtues—prudence. His prudence, however, will not be merely of a cautious and quiescent order, but that which, being ever actively engaged, is more fitly called discretion than prudence. Such a man must have an almost ignominious love of details, blended (and this is a rare combination) with a high power of imagination, enabling him to look along extended lines of possible action and put these details in their right places. He requires a great knowledge of character, with that exquisite tact which feels unerringly the right moment when to act. A discreet rapidity must pervade all the movements of his thought and action. He must be singularly free from vanity, and is generally found to be an enthusiast, who has the art to conceal his enthusiasm. *Helps.*

BUSINESS—Minding One's Own.

A man who cannot mind his own business, is not to be trusted with the king's. *Saville.*

BUSINESS—Requisites for.

There are in business three things necessary—knowledge, temper, and time. *Feltham.*

BUSINESS—Shrinking from.

Never shrink from doing anything which your business calls you to. The man who is above his business, may one day find his business above him. *Drew.*

BUSY-BODIES—Disappointments of.

The late Lord Carlisle said: "In private life I never knew any one interfere with other people's disputes but that he heartily repented of it." *Selwyn.*

BUSY-BODIES—Troubles of.

If you should see a man who were to cross from Dover to Calais, run about very busy and solicitous, and trouble himself many weeks before in making provisions for his voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a timorous and impertinent coxcomb? A man who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniences, and even superfluities, is to angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage, that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas! so narrow a strait betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais.* *Cowley.*

BUT.

Oh, now comes that bitter word—*but,*
Which makes all nothing that was said before,
That smoothes and wounds, that strikes and dashes more
Than flat denial, or a plain disgrace. *Daniel.*

"BUT YET"—Equivocality of.

But yet,——
I do not like "but yet;" it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet:"
"But yet" is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. *Shakspeare.*

BUTTERFLY—The.

It flies, and seems a flower that floats on air.
Commine.

BUTTERFLY—Address to the.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light,
And where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold:
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy:
Yet wert thou once a worm—a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man!—soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day. *Rogers.*

C.

CALAMITIES—how to be Borne.

'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. *Mackenzie.*

CALAMITIES—Conduct under.

The willow which bends to the tempest, often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so, in great calamities, it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.

Sir Walter Scott.

CALAMITY—Bringing on.

When men take sinful means to avoid a calamity, that way very often brings it. *Wall.*

CALAMITY—Definition of.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

CALAMITY—not to be Insulted.

Do not insult calamity;
It is a barb'rous grossness, to lay on
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery
Too much already weighs men's fortunes down.

Daniel.

CALAMITY—Sorrows attending.

Tell me no more
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
Have I not loved, and striven, and fail'd to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting-place, a home for all
Its burden of affection? I depart
Unknown, though Fame goes with me: I must leave
The earth unknown. *Mrs. Hemans.*

CALAMITY—Uses of.

Methinks if you would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye there!
Look yonder at that cloud, which, through the sky,
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon! I watch'd it as it came,
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own,
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene!

Southey.

CALCULATION (Mental)—likened to a Detached Lever.

I have an immense respect for a man of talents—*plus* "the mathematics." But the calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it; since a machine can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any one of them. Sometimes I have been troubled that I had not a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relations of numbers. But the triumph of the ciphering hand-organ has consoled me. I always fancy I can hear the wheels clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of "detached lever" arrangement, which may be put into a mighty poor watch. I suppose it is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily, which is a moderately rare endowment.

Browne.

CALM—Soothing Influence of a.

So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away.

Byron.

CALM—succeeding a Tempest.

The tempest is o'erblown, the skies are clear,
And the sea charm'd into a calm so still,
That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.

Dryden.

CALUMNY—to whom Alarming.

False praise can please, and calumny affright,
None but the vicious and the hypocrite.

Horace.

CANDLELIGHT—Getting up by.

It is most depressing and miserable work getting up by candlelight. It is impossible to shave comfortably; it is impossible to have a satisfactory bath; it is impossible to find anything you want. Sleep, says Sancho Panza, covers a man all over like a mantle of comfort; but rising before daylight envelopes the entire being in petty misery. An indescribable vacuity makes itself felt in the epigastric regions, and a leaden heaviness weighs upon heart and spirits. It must be a considerable item in the hard lot of domestic servants, to have to get up through all the winter months in the cold dark house: let us be thankful to them through whose humble labours and self-denial we find the cheerful fire blazing in the tidy breakfast parlour when we find our way downstairs. That same apartment looked cheerless enough when the housemaid entered it two hours ago. It is sad, when you are lying in bed of a morning, lazily conscious of that circling amplitude of comfort, to hear the

chilly cry of the poor sweep outside; or the tread of the factory hands shivering by in their thin garments towards the great cotton-mill, glaring spectral out of its many windows, but at least with a cosy suggestion of warmth and light. Think of the baker, too, who rose in the dark of midnight that those hot rolls might appear on your breakfast table; and of the printer, intelligent, active, accurate to a degree that you careless folk who put no points in your letters have little idea of, whose labours have given you that damp sheet which in a little time will feel so crisp and firm after it has been duly dried, and which will tell you all that is going on over all the world, down to the opera which closed at twelve, and the Parliamentary debate which was not over till half-past four. It is good occasionally to rise at five on a December morning, that you may feel how much you are indebted to some who do so for your sake all the winter through. No doubt they get accustomed to it; but so may you by doing it always. A great many people, living easy lives, have no idea of the discomfort of rising by candlelight. Probably they hardly ever did it; when they did it, they had a blazing fire and abundant light to dress by; and even with these advantages, which essentially change the nature of the enterprise, they have not done it for very long. *A. K. H. Boyd.*

CANDOUR—Honesty of.

You talk to me in parables:
You may have known that I'm no wordy man:
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,
Or fools that use them, when they want good sense;
But honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament: be plain.
Otway.

CANDOUR—Manliness of.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
Young.

CANDOUR—Mistrusting.

I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.
Shakspeare.

CANDOUR—Nobleness of.

Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart does hold. *Buckingham.*

CANNON—A.

As when the devilish iron engine wrought
In deepest hell, and framed by furies' skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And rammed with bullet round ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thund'ring noise, and all the aire doth choke,
That none can see, nor breathe, nor hear at will,
Thro' smouldry cloud of duskish, stinking smoke,
That th' only breath him daunts who hath escapt his stroke.
Spenser.

CANNONS.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
Shakspeare.

CANT—Hypocrisy and Assumption of.

We know not a more certain symptom of hypocrisy in religion, than in minds, themselves obviously worldly in the extreme, an exaggerated condemnation of all little worldlinesses in all other honest people, gravely jogging, or gravely skipping along their path of life. Those people are often the least worldly, on whom they who make the loudest boast of their unworldliness seek basely to affix that opprobrious epithet. For they walk the world with a heart pure as it is cheerful; they are, by that unpretending purity, saved from infection; as there are as many fair and healthy faces to be seen in the smoke and stir of cities, as in the rural wilds, so also are there as many fair and healthy spirits. The world, the wicked world, has not that power over us Christians that the canters say; and as for the mere amusements of the world, frivolous as they may too often be, little or no power have they over that which is "so majestical." Yet, to listen to some folks, you would think that all the boys and girls one sees, "like gay creatures of the element," dancing under a chandelier pendent from the roof, like some starry constellation, were quadrilling away to the sound of music into the bottomless pit. Is it not, for example, most disgusting and loathsome to hear some broad-backed, thick-calved, greasy-faced, well-fed and not badly-drunk caitiff, of some canting caste, distinguished in public and private life for the gross greediness with which they gobble up everything eatable within reach of their hairy fists—preaching and praying, and exhorting young people, full of flesh and blood of the purest and clearest quality, to forsake and forswear the world; to quell within them all mortal vanities, and appetites, and lusts. To whom is the hound haranguing! What means he by lusts, while the sweet face is before him of that innocent girl of fifteen or twenty? For what are years to her, into

whose eyes God and the Saviour have put that light angelical; that ineffable loveliness, as pure from taint as the beauty of the rose blushing on her lily breast, which she gathered in the dewy garden a few hours ago, amongst the earliest songs of birds, while yet the pensive expression had not time to leave her countenance, still lingering there from the piety of her soul-breathed prayers? Shocking to hear the ugly monster coarsely canting to such a creature of her—corruption! She knows that she belongs to a fallen nature. Oftentimes her tears have flowed to think how undeserving she was of all the goodness showered on her head from Heaven. Often has she looked on the lilies of the field, and envied their innocence. Meek and humble is she, even in her most joyful happiness; contrite and repentant, even over the shadows of sin that may have crossed her spirit, as the shadows of clouds suddenly over "a stationary spot of sunshine." Even for her sake she knows that "Jesus wept." With what a reverent touch do these delicate hands of hers turn over the leaves of the New Testament! Her father and her mother intensely feel themselves to be Christians, while she reads to them the story of the crucifixion. She remembers not the time when she knew not Him who died to save sinners. *Professor Wilson.*

CARDS—Duty on.

It is quite right that there should be a heavy duty on cards: not only on moral grounds; not only because they act on a social party like a torpedo, silencing the merry voice and numbing the play of the features; not only to still the hunger of the public purse, which, reversing the quality of Fortunatus's, is always empty, however much you may put into it; but also because every pack of cards is a malicious libel on courts, and on the world, seeing that the trumpery with number one at the head is the best part of them; and that it gives kings and queens no other companions than knaves. *Southey.*

CARDS—Folly of.

It is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game-phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his species complaining that life is short? *Addison.*

CARE—a Clog.

All creatures else a time of love possess,
Man only clogs with care his happiness,
And while he should enjoy his part of bliss,
With thoughts of what may be, destroys what is. *Dryden.*

CARE—Corrosiveness of.

Care is no cure, but rather a corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
—— *Shakspeare.*

Care when it once is enter'd in the breast,
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.
Johnson.

CARE—Descriptions of.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared;
With blister'd hands amongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared:
His name was *Care;* a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made:
Those be unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade. —— *Spenser.*

I am sure care's an enemy to life. *Shakspeare.*

In care they live, and must for many care;
And such the best and greatest ever are.
—— *Lord Brooke.*

Still though the headlong cavalier
O'er rough and smooth, in wild career,
Seems racing with the wind,
His sad companion, ghastly pale,
And darksome as a widow's veil,
Care keeps her seat behind. *Horace.*

To carry care to bed, is to sleep with a pack on your back. *Haliburton.*

CARE—Effects of.

Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves to abide in them.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

O'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows which the burning share
Of Sorrow ploughs untimely there;
Scars of the lacerating mind
Which the soul's war doth leave behind.
—— *Byron.*

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know;
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair.
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace;
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
More deeply than despair. *Sir Walter Scott.*

CARE—Origin of.

Cares, both in kind and degree, are as innumerable as the sands of the seashore; and the fable which Hyginus has so pleasantly constructed on this subject, shows that man is their proper prey. "Care," says he, "crossing a dangerous brook, collected a mass of the dirty slime which deformed its banks, and moulded it into the image of an earthly being, which Jupiter, on passing by soon afterwards, touched with ethereal fire, and warmed into animation; but, being at a loss what name to give this new production, and disputing to whom of right it belonged, the matter was referred to the arbitrament of Saturn, who decreed that his name should be MAN, *Homo ab humo*, from the dirt of which he had been made; that care should entirely possess his mind while living; that Tellus, or the earth, should receive his body when dead; and that Jupiter should dispose of his celestial essence according to his discretion. Thus was man made the property of care from his original formation; and discontent, the offspring of care, has ever since been his inseparable companion." *Burton.*

CARE—Palliatives for.

Man is a child of sorrow, and this world,
In which we breathe, has cares enough to
plague us;
But it hath means withal to soothe these cares;
And he who meditates on others' woe
Shall in that meditation lose his own.
Cumberland.

CARE—Providential.

What is man, that thou shouldest magnify him? and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him? and that thou shouldest visit him every morning, and try him every moment?
Job.

I have been young, and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken; nor his seed begging bread. *David.*

CARES—Alternation of.

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.
Shakspeare.

CARES—Appearance of.

All cares appear as large again as they are, owing to their emptiness and darkness; it is so with the grave. *Richter.*

CARES—Compensations for.

Providence has given us *hope* and *sleep*, as a compensation for the many cares of life.
Voltaire.

CARES—Created.

But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them.
Burns.

CARES—to be Dispensed with.

——— Be wise, cut off long cares
From thy contracted span.
E'en whilst we speak, the envious time
Doth make swift haste away:
Then seize the present, use thy prime,
Nor trust another day. *Creech.*

CARES—Transient.

Quick is the succession of human events; the cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night, we may safely say to most of our troubles, Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more. *Cowper.*

CARICATURE—Evil of Drawing.

The great moral satirist, Hogarth, was once drawing in a room where many of his friends were assembled, and among them my mother. She was then a very young woman. As she stood by Hogarth, she expresed a wish to learn to draw caricature. "Alas, young lady," said Hogarth, "it is not a faculty to be envied! Take my advice, and never draw caricature; by the long practice of it, I have lost the enjoyment of beauty. I never see a face but distorted: I never have the satisfaction to behold the human face divine." We may suppose that such language from Hogarth would come with great effect; his manner was very earnest, and the confession is well deserving of remembrance. *Bishop Sandford.*

CASTE—Ill Effects of.

Up to the present time, each caste among the Hindoos has not only been self-governed, and separately organized, but may be looked upon as a separate nation, unconnected by blood, pursuits, or sympathies, with the population around it. Hence it is that there is no such thing as Hindoo public opinion. So long as a man preserves the good opinion of his caste, he may commit the gravest crimes against the general public, the grossest perjuries or frauds that would demand exclusion from society; still, if his caste is uninjured by him, he is not deemed to bear any blot on his escutcheon. *Perry.*

CASTLE—in Ruins.

All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;

And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea. *Campbell.*

CAUSE—a Just.

I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause. *Job.*

God befriend us, as our cause is just!
Shakspeare.

CAUSE—a Noble.

A noble cause doth ease much a grievous case. *Sir Philip Sydney.*

CAUSES—of Uneasiness.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way: for want of a block, he will stumble at a straw.
Swift.

CAUTION—learnt from Experience.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others. *Publius Syrius.*

CAUTION—in High Rank.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect. *Shakspeare.*

CAUTION—Watchfulness of.

More firm and sure the hand of courage strikes,
When it obeys the watchful eye of caution.
Thomson.

CAUTION—Wise.

Beware equally of a sudden friend and a slow enemy. *Home.*

CENSURE—sometimes a Commendation.

The censure of those that are opposed to us, is the nicest commendation that can be given us. *St. Evremond.*

CENSURE—the Tax paid by Eminent Men.

Censure, says an ingenious author, is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph. *Addison.*

CENSURE—of the World.

O that the too censorious world would learn
This wholesome rule, and with each other bear;
But man, as if a foe to his own species,
Takes pleasure to report his neighbour's faults,
Judging with rigour every small offence,
And prides himself in scandal. Few there are
Who, injured, take the part of the transgressor,
And plead his pardon, ere he deigns to ask it.
Haywood.

CEREMONY—Insincerity of.

Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none. *Shakspeare.*

CHAMBERS IN THE TEMPLE—and their Furniture.

With three of the four rooms we have nothing to do. Two were bed-rooms, and in the third and dreariest snuffled a restless boy, something proud of his dignity of clerk, something interested in the last number of the "Avenger of Blood," yet something pining for the undignified pitching and tossing, carried on by mere boys, who were not clerks, in a yard behind. Sometimes the clink of the copper and the instant clamour of the antagonists were too much for him, and he left the Avenger roasting his father's murderer, and went sulkily to the window to gaze on the plebeians, and to wish that he had not risen from the ranks. Then nobler thoughts came over him; he remembered his salary, and the occasional order for the Adelphi, from his good-natured masters, and he went back to the half-cooked assassin who was being so signally served out by filial retribution. But the principal chamber was a pleasant one, handsomely carpeted, pictured from various collections, and not without its easy chairs for its owners, and similar accommodation for any friend. Philip Arundel's tastes were a little in the way of the Epicurean's above-mentioned; but anything like fastidiousness had been corrected in Philip at College; and though there were some engravings, statuettes, and knick-knacks which the elegant gentleman would not have disdained, they were interspersed with articles that he would have removed with a pair of tongs *via* the window. Pipes of all kinds hung about, or littered the mantelpiece, which was further encumbered with quaint tobacco jars, in which terriers' heads, and even the feminine form, were profaned into receptacles for the maligned weed. There was, against a wall, a noble stag's head; but on its branches hung a travelling cap, a shot flask, a Highland dirk, and other disfigurements, that made it resemble a stern Christmas tree. A Gothic bookcase was not ill furnished; but between a Lucretius of 1511 and the "Pickwick Papers" was a cigar cabinet; and the last volume of "Boswell"

would have fallen as flat as Jemmy himself did on the pavement of that assize town where he got so terribly tipsy, but that a pair of fencing-gloves buttressed the book, and made you look round for foils and masks. These you sought not in vain, for they were set as an appropriate halo around a bracket, from which, and from the sea, rose Venus Anadyomene.

Shirley Brooks.

CHANCE—Argument against.

Can that which is not, shape the things that are?
Is chance omnipotent—resolve me why
The meanest shell-fish, and the noblest brute,
Transmit their likeness to the years that come?

Dilnot Sladden.

CHANCE—Characteristics of.

Chance is but the pseudonyme of God for those particular cases which He does not choose to subscribe openly with His own sign-manual. *Coleridge.*

CHANCE—a Double.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot another of the self-same flight,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth. *Shakspeare.*

CHANGE.

Ships, wealth, general confidence,—
All were his:
He counted them at break of day;
And when the sun set! where were they?

Byron.

CHANGE—not always Curative.

It is too common an opinion that change of scene is the best restorative of an unhappy mind. With some temperaments it may succeed, but, surely, not with all: and yet, how universally is the remedy suggested for almost every species of mental ailment, notwithstanding its being so seldom productive of the effects attributed to it. What lasting amelioration of our condition can be rationally expected from yielding to what is but the mere impulse of the moment—a sensation of restlessness, arising from our own ill-regulated feelings, and a vain desire to escape from ourselves and our own thoughts, which is mistaken for an aversion to the places and objects that have been the unconscious witnesses of our sufferings? From whatever source our uncomfortable feelings may arise, they would perhaps be alleviated, or subdued, by a little firmness and determination on our part; and this, if we chose, could be easily summoned to our aid at home, instead of setting out on our travels to seek for consolation we know not where. And to the *really* unhappy, alas! to imagine that a deep and heartfelt grief can either be eradicated, or even assuaged, by change of place or scene, is but to mock a sorrow, the intensity of which we are incapable of comprehending.

Mrs. Maberley.

CHANGE—Rapid.

Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And that same flower that blooms to-day,
To-morrow shall be dying. *Herrick.*

CHANGES—Bodily.

Our bodies are at all times like the fire which was shown to the hero of the *Pilgrim's Progress* in the Interpreter's house, which had water poured on it on one side of the wall against which it blazed, and oil on the other. Here one tissue is burning like fuel, and there another is becoming the depository of combustible matter. We have, as it were, millions of microscopic wind-furnaces, converting into carbonic acid, water-vapour, and other products of combustion, all the combustible elements of the body; and millions of blast-furnaces, reducing the starch and sugar of the food, and the sulphates and phosphates of the body, into inflammable oils and other fuels, which are finally transferred to the wind-furnaces, and burned there. Burning, and, what we must call in contradistinction, unburning, thus proceed together; the flame of life, like a blowpipe flame, exhibiting an oxidizing and a reducing action, at points not far distant from each other. Such is the human body—ever changing, ever abiding;—a temple always complete, and yet always under repair, a mansion which quite contents its possessor, and yet has its plans and its materials altered each moment;—a machine which never stops working, and yet is taken to pieces in the one twinkling of an eye, and put together in the other;—a cloth of gold, to which the needle is ever adding on one side of a line, and from which the scissors are ever cutting away on the other. Yes. Life, like Penelope of old, is ever weaving and unweaving the same web, whilst her grim suitors, Disease and Death, watch for her halting; only, for her is no Ulysses who will one day in triumph return. *Dr. George Wilson.*

CHANGES—The Mind accustomed to.

To the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise.

Byron.

CHANGES—Necessary.

The same stale viands served up o'er and o'er
The stomach nauseates. *Wynne.*

CHANGES—Political.

Changing hands without changing measures, is as if a drunkard in a dropsy should change his doctors, and not his diet. *Saville.*

CHANGES—Social and Political.

The great trading companies were not instituted for selfish purposes, but to insure the consumer of manufactured articles that what he purchased was properly made and of a reasonable price. They determined prices, fixed wages, and arranged the rules of apprenticeship. But in time the companies lost their healthy vitality, and, with other relics of feudalism, were in the reign of Elizabeth hastening away. There were no longer tradesmen to be found in sufficient number who were possessed of the necessary probity; and it is impossible not to connect such a phenomenon with the deep melancholy which, in those years, settled down on Elizabeth herself. For, indeed, a change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even is still hidden from us—a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer. And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world. *Froude.*

CHAOS—Description of.

Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark,
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand;
For *hot*, *cold*, *moist* and *dry*, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms: they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd, or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous: unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca, or Cyrene's torrid soil;
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns; next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. *Milton.*

CHARACTER—Acquirement of a.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavour to be what you desire to appear. *Socrates.*

CHARACTER—Appreciation of.

It is a common error, of which a wise man will beware, to measure the worth of our neighbour by his conduct towards ourselves. How many rich souls might we not rejoice in the knowledge of, were it not for our pride! *Richter.*

CHARACTER—Assumed.

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are for the greater part ignorant of both the character they leave and of the character they assume. *Burke.*

CHARACTER—Decision of.

He who, when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice, and never ceases nibbling. *Lavater.*

Decision of character is one of the most important of human qualities, philosophically considered. Speculation, knowledge, is not the chief end of man; it is action. We may, by a fine education, learn to think most correctly, and talk most beautifully; but when it comes to action, if we are weak and undecided, we are of all beings the most wretched. All mankind feel themselves weak, beset with infirmities, and surrounded with dangers; the acutest minds are the most conscious of difficulties and dangers. They want, above all things, a leader with that boldness, decision, and

energy, which with shame they do not find in themselves. "Give us the man," shout the multitude, "who will step forward and take the responsibility." He is instantly the idol, the lord, and the king among men. He, then, who would command among his fellows, must excel them more in energy of will than in power of intellect. *Burnap.*

All thy virtue dictates, dare to do. *Mason.*

CHARACTER—Definitions of.

Character is a perfectly educated will. *Novalis.*

It is a quicke and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musicall close; it is wit's descant on any plaine song. *Sir T. Overbury.*

CHARACTER—sometimes Equivocal.

Some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light. *Seneca.*

CHARACTER—how Formed.

Talents are nurtured best in solitude,
But character on life's tempestuous sea.
Goethe.

CHARACTER—how Gained and Lost.

Reputation oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. *Shakspeare.*

CHARACTER—Tests of.

It is in the relaxation of security; it is in the expansion of prosperity; it is in the hour of dilatation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure, that the real character of men is discerned. If there is any good in them, it appears then or never. Even wolves and tigers, when gorged with their prey, are safe and gentle. It is at such times that noble minds give all the reins to their good nature. They indulge their genius even to intemperance, in kindness to the afflicted, in generosity to the conquered; forbearing insults, forgiving injuries, overpaying benefits. Full of dignity themselves, they respect dignity in all, but they feel it sacred to the unhappy. But it is then, and basking in the sunshine of unmerited fortune, that low, sordid, ungenerous, and reptile souls swell with their hoarded poisons; it is then that they display their odious splendour, and shine out in the full lustre of their native villainy and baseness. *Burke.*

CHARACTER—Undeveloped.

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul. *Sir J. Stevens.*

CHARACTER—Unsteadiness of.

O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! *Shakspeare.*

CHARACTER—Value of.

A good name is better than precious ointment. *Solomon.*

CHARACTER (the Female)—Influence of.

If mankind had been perpetuated without their milder companions, a strong and iron race would have inhabited the earth. There is something in the active spirits and powers of the manly portion of our common species which loves difficulties, enterprise, exertion, dangers, and personal display. These qualities and propensities would too often animate self-love and selfishness into continual strife, civil discord, and battle, if no softer and kinder companions were about such beings, to occupy some portion of their thoughts and attentions, to create and cherish milder and sweeter feelings, and to provide for them the more soothing happiness of a quiet home and a *domestic* life. Tenderness, sympathy, good humour, smiles, gentleness, benignity, and affection, can diffuse pleasures more grateful than those of irritation and contest, and awaken the sensibilities that most favour intellectual and moral cultivation. *Turner.*

CHARITY—Attributes of.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. *St. Paul.*

Charity! decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
Each other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows;
To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
And finishing its act, exists no more.

Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive. *Prior.*

True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exub'rant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.
Cowper.

Gently to hear, kindly to judge. *Shakspeare.*

CHARITY—Benevolence of.

Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away. *St. Matthew.*

The secret that does make a flower a flower
So frames it that to bloom is to be sweet,
And to receive to give.
No soil so sterile, and no living lot
So poor, but it hath somewhat still to spare
In bounteous odours. Charitable they
Who, be their having more or less, *so* have
That less is more than need, and more is less
Than the great heart's goodwill. *Dobell.*

CHARITY—Binding on all.

Charity is a universal duty, which it is in every man's power sometimes to practise; since every degree of assistance given to another, upon proper motives, is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility, as that he may not, on some occasions, benefit his neighbour. He that cannot relieve the poor, may instruct the ignorant; and he that cannot attend the sick, may reclaim the vicious. He that can give little assistance himself, may yet perform the duty of charity, by inflaming the ardour of others, and recommending the petitions which he cannot grant, to those who have more to bestow. The widow that shall give her mite to the treasury, the poor man who shall bring to the thirsty a cup of cold water, shall not lose their reward. *Johnson.*

It is proper that *alms* should come out of a little purse, as well as out of a great sack; but surely where there is plenty, charity is a duty, not a courtesy; it is a tribute imposed by Heaven upon us, and he is not a good subject who refuses to pay it. *Feltham.*

CHARITY—Duties of.

He who receives a good turn, should never forget it; he who does one, should never remember it. *Charron.*

The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that soothe and heat and bless,
Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.
Wordsworth.

CHARITY—Exercise of.

When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we remember words, or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped in our intercourse with them! How careful should such thoughts render us in the fulfilment of those offices of affection which may yet be in our power to perform; for who can tell how soon the moment may arrive when repentance cannot be followed by reparation? *Bishop Heber.*

CHARITY—not Exhaustive.

No communication or gift can exhaust genius, or impoverish charity. *Lavater.*

CHARITY—Height of.

Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier, as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss, but height of charity.
Pope.

CHARITY—Influence of.

It is a little thing
To give a cup of water. Yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May send a shock of pleasure to the soul
More exquisite by far than when nectareous juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
Talfourd.

CHARITY—Maxims of.

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful; but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man I will oblige many that are not so. *Seneca.*

CHARITY—Measures of.

The measures that God marks out to thy charity are these: thy superfluities must give place to thy neighbour's great convenience; thy convenience must yield to thy neighbour's necessity; and, lastly, thy very necessities must yield to thy neighbour's extremity. *South.*

CHARITY—Misapplied.

That charity is bad which takes from independence its proper pride, from mendicity its salutary shame. *Southey.*

CHARITY—Objects of.

Nothing seems much clearer than the natural direction of charity. Would we all but relieve, according to the measure of our means, those objects immediately within the range of our personal knowledge, how much of the worst evil of poverty might be alleviated! Very poor people, who are known to us to have been honest, decent, and industrious, when industry was in their power, have a claim on us, founded on our knowledge, and on vicinity and neighbourhood, which have in themselves something sacred and endearing to every good heart. One cannot, surely, always pass by in his walks for health, restoration, or delight, the lone wayside beggar, without occasionally giving him an alms. Old, care-worn, pale, drooping, and emaciated creatures, who pass us by without looking beseechingly at us, or even lifting up their eyes from the ground, cannot often be met with, without exciting an interest in us for their silent and unobtrusive sufferings or privations. A hovel, here and there, round and about our own comfortable dwelling, attracts our eyes by some peculiar appearance of penury, and we look in, now and then, upon its inmates, cheering their cold gloom with some small benefaction. These are duties all men owe to distress; they are easily discharged; and even such tender mercies as these are twice blessed.

Chalmers.

Let your charity begin at home, but do not let it stop there. Do good to your family and connections, and if you please, to your party; but after this look abroad. Look at the universal church, and, forgetting its divisions, be a catholic Christian. Look at your country, and be a patriot; look at the nations of the earth, and be a philanthropist. *Henry Martyn.*

CHARITY—Posthumous.

Posthumous charities are the very essence of selfishness, when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing. *Colton.*

Defer not charities till death. He who does so is rather liberal of another man's substance than his own. *Stretch.*

CHARITY—Semblance of.

That charity which longs to publish itself, ceases to be charity. *Hutton.*

CHARITY—produces Thankfulness.

God is pleased with no music below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons. This part of our communication does the work of God and of our neighbours, and bears us to heaven in streams made by the overflowing of our brother's comfort. *Jeremy Taylor.*

CHARITY—True.

That charity alone endures which flows from a sense of duty and a hope in God. This is the charity that treads in secret those paths of misery from which all but the lowest of human wretches have fled: this is that charity which no labour can weary, no ingratitude detach, no horror disgust; that toils, that pardons, that suffers; that is seen by no man and honoured by no man; but, like the great laws of nature, does the work of God in silence, and looks to a future and better world for its reward. *Sydney Smith.*

CHARITY—the Chiefest Virtue.

Charity is the scope of all God's commands.

Chrysostom.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

St. Paul.

CHARITY—Want of.

A woman who wants a charitable heart, wants a pure mind. *Haliburton.*

CHARITY—Warmth of.

Charity resembleth fire, which inflameth all things it toucheth. *Erasmus.*

CHARITY—in Word only.

When thy brother has lost all that he ever had and lies languishing, and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think to lick him whole again only with thy tongue? *South.*

CHASTITY—Admiration of.

Thou, my love, art sweeter far than balmy
Incense in the purple smoke. Pure and
Unspotted as the cleanly ermine, ere
The hunter sullies her with his pursuit.

Davenant.

CHASTITY—Advantages of.

A pure mind in a chaste body is the mother of wisdom and deliberation, sober counsels and ingenuous actions, open deportment and sweet carriage, sincere principles and unprejudicate understanding, love of God and self-denial, peace and confidence, holy prayers and

spiritual comfort, and a pleasure of spirit infinitely greater than the sottish pleasure of unchastity. *Jeremy Taylor.*

CHASTITY—Influence of.

In thy fair brow there's such a legend writ
Of chastity, as blinds the adult'rous eye:
Not the mountain ice,
Congeal'd to crystal, is so frosty chaste
As thy victorious soul, which conquers man,
And man's proud tyrant, passion. *Dryden.*

CHASTITY—Purity of.

Chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple. *Shakspeare.*

Chaster than crystal on the Scythian cliffs,
The more the proud winds court it, still the purer. *Beaumont.*

She's chaste as the fannèd snow
Twice bolted o'er by the black northern blasts.
Lee.

CHASTITY—Sanctity of.

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly visitants,
Begin to cast and teem on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal. *Milton.*

The soul whose bosom lust did never touch,
Is God's fair bride; and maidens' souls are such. *Decker.*

CHASTITY—Virtues of.

Nothing makes a woman more esteemed by the opposite sex, than chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or, that nothing besides chastity, with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and constancy, gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things. *Addison.*

CHEATING—Guards against.

For the dull world most homage pay to those
Who on their understanding most impose.
First man creates, and then he fears th' elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself.
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat.
And still the only pleasure's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
Which no existence has but in the eye.

At distance, prospects please us, but when near,
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air;
From stratagem to stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone;
An honest man will take a knave's advice,
But idiots only will be cozen'd twice;
Once warned is well bewared. *Dryden.*

CHEER—An English.

No men on earth can cheer like Englishmen, who do so rally one another's blood and spirit when they cheer in earnest, that the stir is like the rush of their whole history, with all its standards waving at once, from Saxon Alfred's downward. *Dickens.*

CHEERFULNESS—Advantages of.

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from very gladness—beautiful because bright. *Carlyle.*

A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad tires in a mile. *Shakspeare.*

CHEERFULNESS—Enjoyment of.

Cheerfulness is always to be supported if a man is out of pain, but mirth to a prudent man should always be accidental. It should naturally arise out of the occasion, and the occasion seldom be laid for it; for those tempers who want mirth to be pleased, are like the constitutions which flag without the use of brandy. Therefore I say, let your precept be, "Be easy." That mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of itself by loud laughter or sensual pleasure, or else be wholly inactive. *Steele.*

CHEERFULNESS—a Life-Inspiration.

Be cheerful, no matter what reverse obstruct your pathway, or what plagues follow in your trail to annoy you. Ask yourself what is to be gained by looking or feeling sad when troubles throng around you, or how your condition is to be alleviated by abandoning yourself to despondency? If you are a young man, nature designed you "to be of good cheer;" and should you find your road to fortune, fame, or respectability, or any other boon to

which your young heart aspires, a little thorny, consider it all for the best, and that these impediments are only thrown in your way to induce greater efforts and more patient endurance on your part. Far better spend a whole life in diligent, aye, cheerful and unremitting toil, though you never attain the pinnacle of your ambitious desires, than to turn back at the first appearance of misfortune, and allow despair to unnerve your energies, or sour your naturally sweet and cheerful disposition. If you are of the softer, fairer portion of humanity, be cheerful, though we know full well that most afflictions are sweet to you when compared with disappointment and neglect; yet let hope banish despair and ill-forebodings. Be cheerful; do not brood over fond hopes unrealised, until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought, and wound around the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain-spring of cheerfulness and social life, and not the travelling monument of despair and melancholy. *Helps.*

CHEERFULNESS—Qualities of.

Cheerfulness is health; the opposite, melancholy, is disease. *Haliburton.*

CHEERFULNESS—a Sign of Wisdom.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness. *Montaigne.*

CHEERFULNESS—in a Wife.

A cheerful temper—not occasionally, but habitually cheerful—is a quality which no wise man would be willing to dispense with in choosing a wife. It is like a good fire in winter, diffusive and genial in its influence, and always approached with a confidence that it will comfort and do good. Attention to health is one great means of maintaining this excellence unimpaired, and attention to household affairs is another. The state of body which women call bilious is most inimical to habitual cheerfulness; and that which girls call having nothing to do, but which I should call idleness, is equally so. I have always strongly recommended exercise as the first rule for preserving health; but there is an exercise in domestic usefulness which, without superseding that in the open air, is highly beneficial to the health of both mind and body, inasmuch as it adds to other benefits the happiest of all sensations, that of having rendered some assistance or done some good. Let me entreat my young readers, if they feel a tendency to causeless melancholy, if they are afflicted with cold feet and headache, but above all, with impatience and irritability, so that they can scarcely make a pleasant reply when spoken to,—let me entreat them to make a trial of the system I am recommending—not simply to run into the kitchen and trifle with the servants, but to set about doing something that will add to the general comfort of the family, and that will, at the same time, relieve some member of the family of a portion of daily toil. I fear it is a very unromantic conclusion to come to, but my firm conviction is, that half the miseries of young women, and half their ill tempers might be avoided by habits of domestic activity. *Mrs. Ellis.*

CHESS—Morals of.

Chess is so interesting in itself, as not to need the view of gain to induce engaging in it; and thence it is never played for money. Life is a kind of chess, in which we have points to gain, and competitors or adversaries to contend with, and in which there is a great variety of good and ill events, that are, in some degree, the effects of prudence and the want of it. By playing at chess, then, we learn,—1st, Foresight, which looks a little into futurity, and considers the consequences that may attend an action; for it is continually occurring to the player, "If I move this piece, what will be the advantage of my new situation? What use can my adversary make of it to annoy me? What other moves can I make to support it, and to defend myself from his attacks?" 2ndly, Circumspection, which surveys the whole chess-board, or scene of action, the relations of the several pieces and situations, the dangers they are respectively exposed to, the several possibilities of their aiding each other, the probabilities that the adversary may take this or that move, and attack this or the other piece, and what different means can be used to avoid the stroke or turn its consequences against him. 3rdly, Caution, not to make our moves too hastily. This habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game. Lastly, we learn by chess the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs, the habit of hoping for a favourable change, and that of persevering in the search of resources. *Franklin.*

CHILD—Characteristics of a.

Loving she is, and tractable, though wild;
And innocence hath privilege in her
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes;
And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock chastisement and partnership in play.
And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone
Than when both young and old sit gathered round

And take delight in its activity,
Even so this happy creature of herself
Is all-sufficient: solitude to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.
Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's,
Forth startled from the fern where she lay couched;
Unthought of, unexpected as the stir
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow flowers;
Or from before it chasing wantonly
The many-coloured images impressed
Upon the bosom of a placid lake. *Wordsworth.*

CHILD—Description of a.

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,
The motions of thy dancing limbs are sway'd
By the unceasing music of thy being!
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
'Tis ages since he made his youngest star,
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,
Whence all things flow! O bright and singing babe,
What wilt thou be hereafter! *Smith.*

CHILD—an inestimable Loan.

Good Christian people, here lies for you an inestimable loan;—take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it:—with high recompense, or else, with heavy penalty will it one day be required back. *Carlyle.*

CHILD—the Neglected.

The child, in her grief and neglect, was so gentle, so quiet, and uncomplaining, was possessed of so much affection, that no one seemed to care to have, and so much sorrowful intelligence, that no one seemed to mind or think about the wounding of. *Dickens.*

CHILD—A Sleeping.

But now, sleep on!
His cheeks are reddening into deeper smiles,
And shining lids are trembling o'er his long
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves o'er them.
Half open, from beneath them the clear blue
Laughs out, although in slumber. *Byron.*

CHILD—Sympathy of a.

A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought; what on earth can be more beautiful! Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think: speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return; it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe; whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss: whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and ingraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour. *Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

CHILD AND FATHER.

Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his father; while his little form
Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent! *Byron.*

CHILD AND FATHER—Duties of.

There stands before you
The youth and golden top of your existence,
Another life of yours: for, think your morning
Not lost, but given, pass'd from your hand to his,
The same except in place. Be then to him
As was the former tenant of your age,
When you were in the prologue of your time,
And he lay hid in you unconsciously
Under his life. And thou, my young master,
Remember there's a kind of God in him;
And, after heaven, the next of thy religion.
Thy second fears of God, thy first of man,
Are his, who was creation's delegate,
And made this world for thee, in making thee.
Beddoes.

CHILDHOOD—Development in.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day. *Milton.*

CHILDHOOD—Discipline in.

Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires, will not only more indulge in capricious desires, but will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them, and consequently will, in general, sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of princes and other great people to be attributed? It is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and

reasoning. Nothing but the practical habit of overcoming our own selfishness, and of familiarly encountering privations and discomfort on account of others, will ever enable us to do it when required. And therefore I am firmly persuaded that indulgence infallibly produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and that nothing but a pretty severe discipline and control can lay the foundation of a magnanimous character. *Lord Jeffrey.*

CHILDHOOD—Earnestness in.

When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good: myself I thought
Born to that end—born to promote all truth
And righteous things. *Milton.*

CHILDHOOD—Unconscious Education of.

A great part of the education of every child consists of those impressions, visual and other, which the senses of the little being are taking in busily, though unconsciously, amid the scenes of their first exercise; and though all sorts of men are born in all sorts of places—poets in towns, and prosaic men amid fields and woody solitudes—yet, consistently with this, it is also true that much of the original capital on which all men trade intellectually through life, consists of that mass of miscellaneous fact and imagery which they have acquired imperceptibly by the observations of their early years. *Professor Masson.*

CHILDHOOD—Innocence of.

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in mine angel infancy!
Oh! how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track,
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense. *Henry Vaughan.*

CHILDHOOD—Remembrances of.

All minds, even the dullest, remember the days of their childhood; but all cannot bring back the indescribable brightness of that blessed season. They who would know what they once were, must not merely recollect, but they must imagine the hills and valleys—if any such there were—in which their childhood played; the torrents, the waterfalls, the lakes, the heather, the rocks, the heavens' imperial dome, the raven floating only a little lower than the eagle in the sky. To imagine what he then heard and saw, he must imagine his own nature. He must collect from many vanished hours the power of his untamed heart; and he must, perhaps, transfuse also something of his maturer mind into those dreams of his former being, thus linking the past with the present by a continuous chain, which, though often invisible, is never broken. So is it too with the calmer affections that have grown within the shelter of a roof. We do not merely remember, we imagine, our father's house, the fireside, all his features then most living, now dead and buried; the very manner of his smile, every tone of his voice. We must combine with all the passionate and plastic power of imagination, the spirit of a thousand happy hours into one moment; and we must invest with all that we ever felt to be venerable, such an image as alone can fill our filial hearts. It is thus that imagination, which first aided the growth of all our holiest and happiest affections, can preserve them to us unimpaired—

"For she can bring us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest looks they wore."
Washington Irving.

CHILDHOOD—Reminiscences of.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by—to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child.
To sit, in fancy, on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll,
To pluck gay flowers;—
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconcil'd)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds; and up the lawn
Bound, with so playful and so light a step,
That the press'd daisy scarce declined her head. *Lamb.*

Childhood is the bough where slumber'd
Birds and blossoms many number'd;
Age that bough with snows encumber'd.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand. *Longfellow.*

CHILDHOOD—Scenes of.

Ah! happy hills, ah! pleasing shade,
Ah! fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,

As waving forth their gladsome wing;
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring. *Gray.*

CHILDHOOD—Thoughts of.

There was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height;
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
And rode a-horseback on blest father's knee:
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,
And Gold, and Greek, and Love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind an island fade,
And thought, "O were I on that island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet, upon the morrow, early rise,
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light.

And thought of God, the gracious, heavenly Father,
Who made me and that lovely sun on high,
And all those pearls of heaven thick strung together,
Dropped, clustering, from His hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence my young lips did say
The prayer my pious mother taught to me;
"O gentle God! O, let me strive alway
Still to be wise, and good, and follow Thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
And for my sister and for all the town:
The king I knew not, and the beggar brother,
Who bent with age, went sighing up and down.

They perished—the blithe days of boyhood perished—
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished—
God! may I never, never lose that too.
Longfellow.

CHILDREN—Answering.

If a question is asked on a subject beyond their comprehension, say at once, "You could not understand that, my dear, until you are older." If it is wrong, say that it is not a proper question. If your treatment of your children is reasonable, they will be perfectly satisfied with your word; and you must not allow them to tease you with more questions. If, on the other hand, you do not know the proper answer—for children's questions sometimes embrace a wide space—say so at once, though it may be painful to do so. Better anything than tell your child a falsehood. On the other hand, let your replies rather lead your child to further inquiry than make them satisfy it entirely. Your province is to elicit thought, gently, almost imperceptibly, yet surely. Nothing can be more foolish of a parent than to say, "Children should not ask questions. *Mrs. Pullen.*

CHILDREN—Beauties of.

In a child's voice is there not melody?
In a child's eye is there not rapture seen?
And rapture not of passion's revelry;
Calm, though impassion'd; durable, though keen!
It is all fresh, like the young spring's first green!
Children seem spirits from above descended,
To whom still cleaves heaven's atmosphere serene;
Their very wildnesses with truth are blended;
Fresh from their skiey mould, they cannot be amended.

Warm and uncalculating, they're more wise—
More sense that ecstasy of theirs denotes—
More of the stuff they have of Paradise,
And more the music of the warbling throats
Of choirs whose anthem round the Eternal floats,
Than all that bards e'er feign'd, or tuneful skill
Has e'er struck forth from artificial notes:
Theirs is that language, ignorant of ill,
Born from a perfect harmony of power and will.
Lloyd.

CHILDREN—Care of.

Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just);
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles; children learn by such
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,

And get not over-early solemnized;
But seeing as in a rosebush Love's design,
Which burns and hurts not—not a single bloom,
Become aware and unafraid of love.
Such good do mothers. *Eliz. Barrett Browning.*

CHILDREN—Comprehensions of.

Grown persons are apt to put a lower estimate than is just on the understandings of children. They rate them by what they know, and children know very little; but their capacity of comprehension is great. Hence the continual wonder of those who are unaccustomed to them, at the "old-fashioned ways" of some lone little one, who has no playfellows, and at the odd mixture of folly and wisdom in its sayings. A continual battle goes on in a child's mind between what it knows and what it comprehends. Its answers are foolish from partial ignorance, and wise from extreme quickness of apprehension. The great art of education is so to train this last faculty, as neither to depress nor over-exert it. The matured mediocrity of many an infant prodigy proves both the degree of expansion to which it is possible to force a child's intellect, and the boundary which nature has set to the success of such false culture.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

CHILDREN—Delightfulness of.

Thou little child,
Thy mother's joy, thy father's hope—thou bright
Pure dwelling, where two fond hearts keep their gladness—
Thou little potentate of love, who comest
With solemn sweet dominion to the old,
Who see thee in thy merry fancies charged
With the grave embassage of that dear past,
When they were young like thee—thou vindication
Of God—thou living witness against all men
Who have been babes—thou everlasting promise
Which no man keeps—thou portrait of our nature,
Which in despair and pride we scorn and worship—
Thou household god, whom no iconoclast
Hath broken! *Dobell.*

I am fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurors, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen, but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favourable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart: they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it was not embellished by little children! *Binney.*

Who can look at this exquisite little creature seated on its cushion, and not acknowledge its prerogative of life—that mysterious influence which in spite of the stubborn understanding masters the mind, sending it back to days long past, when care was but a dream, and its most serious business a childish frolic? But we no longer think of childhood as the past, still less as an abstraction; we see it embodied before us, in all its mirth, and fun, and glee, and the grave man becomes again a child, to feel as a child, and to follow the little enchanter through all its wiles and never-ending labyrinth of pranks. What can be real, if that is not which so takes us out of our present selves, that the weight of years falls from us as a garment; that the freshness of life seems to begin anew, and the heart and the fancy, resuming their first joyous consciousness, to launch again into this moving world, as on a sunny sea whose pliant waves yield to the touch, sparkling and buoyant, carry them onward in their merry gambols? Where all the purposes of reality are answered, if there be no philosophy in admitting, we see no wisdom in disputing it. *Allston.*

CHILDREN—Educating themselves.

There is a branch of useful training which cannot be too heedfully regarded; I mean the education *that children give themselves.* Their observation is ever alive and awake to the circumstances which pass around them; and, from the circumstances thus observed, they are continually drawing their own conclusions.

These observations and conclusions have a powerful influence in forming the character of youth. What is imparted in the way of direct instruction, they are apt to consider as official; they receive it often with downright suspicion; generally, perhaps, with a sort of undefined qualification and reserve. It is otherwise with what children discover for themselves. As matter of self-acquisition, this is treasured up, and reasoned upon; it penetrates the mind, and influences the conduct, beyond all the formal lectures that ever were delivered. Whether it be for good, or whether it be for evil, the education of the child is principally derived *from its own observation of the actions, the words, the voice, the looks, of those with whom it lives.* The fact is unquestionably so; and since the fact is so, it is impossible, surely, that the friends of youth can be too circumspect in the youthful presence to avoid every (and the least appearance of) evil. This great moral truth was keenly felt, and powerfully inculcated, even in the heathen world. But the reverence for youth of Christian parents ought to reach immeasurably further. It is not enough that they set no bad example; it is indispensable that they show forth a good one. It is not enough that they seem virtuous; it is indispensable that they be so. *Bishop Jebb.*

CHILDREN—Education of.

In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is *to conquer their will.* To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will must be done at once, *and the sooner the better:* for, by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever conquered, and not without using such severity as would be as painful to me as the child. In the esteem of the world *they* pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call *cruel* parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must afterwards be broken. When the will of a child is subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked, and others mildly reproved; but no *wilful* trangression ought to be forgiven without such chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind. *Mrs. S. Wesley.*

CHILDREN—Employment for.

Children generally hate to be idle; all the care then is, that their busy humour should be constantly employed in something of use to them. *Locke.*

CHILDREN—Gentleness with.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say; "I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthful and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amidst all let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger." *Elihu Burritt.*

CHILDREN—Moral Growth of.

Children will grow up substantially what they *are* by nature—and only that. *Mrs. Stowe.*

CHILDREN—Happiness of.

A child is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is Nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper, unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and entice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to ex-

press his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses but the emblems and mockings of men's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life which he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another. *Bishop Earle.*

CHILDREN—Happiness derived from.

Look here, and weep with tenderness and transport!
What is all tasteless luxury to this?
To these best joys, which holy love bestows!
O nature, parent nature, thou alone
Art the true judge of what can make us happy.
Thomson.

CHILDREN—Importance of.

Fragile beginnings of a mighty end.
Hon. Mrs. Norton.

CHILDREN—Light-heartedness of.

Nothing seems to weigh down their buoyant spirits long; misfortune may fall to their lot, but the shadows it casts upon their life-path are fleeting as the clouds that come and go in an April sky. Their future may, perchance, appear dark to others, but to their fearless gaze it looms up brilliant and beautiful as the walls of a fairy palace. There is no tear which a mother's gentle hand cannot wipe away, no wound that a mother's kiss cannot heal, no anguish which the sweet murmuring of her soft, low voice cannot soothe. The warm, generous impulses of their nature have not been fettered and cramped by the cold formalities of the world; they have not yet learned to veil a hollow heart with false smiles, or hide the basest purposes beneath honeyed words. Neither are they constantly on the alert to search out our faults and foibles with Argus eye; on the contrary, they exercise that blessed charity which "thinketh no evil."
Tegner.

CHILDREN—The Love of.

Next to the Creator, the mother will have the child's warmest affections; and how warm, how tender, how true are those affections, none but a mother can know. How profound and complete may be the sympathy of a little child, no words can express. How loving and tender a caress will be felt by the mother, when perhaps care and sorrow have brought a shadow on her face, and her little child sees it! How it watches the expression of her eye, the tone of her voice! How eagerly all its powers are exerted to comfort and please her! Oh! let a mother beware of harshly checking such precious manifestations of love, even if sometimes troublesome! Children are sensitive beings, far more so than those believe who have not studied them; they can reason, too, much better than we imagine; and many cling to their first impressions with a tenacity which should make us very careful what those impressions are. *Mrs. Pullen.*

CHILDREN—Love towards.

I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us. *Dickens.*

Tell me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good Germans have it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall;" tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that He has gladdened the earth with little children.
Mary Howitt.

Call not that man wretched, who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love. *Southey.*

CHILDREN—Loveliness of.

I look'd upon their loveliness,
And sought through nature for similitudes
Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss;
And fairest imagery around me thronged:
Dewdrops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,
Roses that bathe about the well of life,
Young loves, young hopes, dancing on morning's cheek,
Gems leaping in the coronet of love.
So beautiful, so full of life, they seem'd,
As made entire of beams of angel's eyes.
Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely little things!
Playing around the den of sorrow, clad
In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
And thinking man and woman! all joy,

Happy all day, and happy all the night.

. . . . . .

Living jewels dropp'd unstained from heaven.

Pollok.

CHILDREN—Prattling of.

Oh! how precious to me have been the prattlings of little children, and those subtle questions and those still subtler replies that I have heard coming from their spotless lips, and have listened to as to oracular breathings! How true the words, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength;" ay, strength of insight, to which that of most philosophers and theologians is abject weakness and folly. Almost every doctrine now "most surely believed" by me, I have heard again (sometimes without much conviction till long afterwards) from the lips of prattlers ere or after their evening prayer was said, at the hour when those acquainted with the children must have noticed how, after they are watered with the baptism for the night, and clad in their sleeping robes, their souls and bodies seem both liberated; and how, as a double portion of the child's spirit seems to fall on them, their utterances sometimes far transcend the thoughts of the highest genius.

Gilfillan.

CHILDREN—Precocity of.

It always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life when they are scarcely more than infants. It checks their confidence and simplicity, two of the best qualities that Heaven gives them, and demands that they share our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments.

Dickens.

CHILDREN—a Relief.

His cares are cased with intervals of bliss:
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night.

Dryden.

CHILDREN—Singing of.

There is something exceedingly thrilling in the voices of children singing. Though their music be unskilful, yet it finds its way to the heart with wonderful celerity. Voices of cherubs are they, for they breathe of Paradise; clear, liquid tones, that flow from pure lips and innocent hearts, like the sweetest notes of a flute, or the falling of water from a fountain!

Longfellow.

CHILDREN—not to be taught Secresy.

Do not command children under six years of age to keep anything secret, not even the pleasure you may be preparing as a surprise for a dear friend. The cloudless heaven of youthful open-heartedness should not be overcast, not even by the rosy dawn of shyness—otherwise children will soon learn to conceal their own secrets as well as yours.

Richter.

CHILDREN—Sweetness of.

I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.

Lamb.

CHILDREN—Treatment of.

I esteem it better to keep children in awe by a sense of shame, and a condescension to their inclinations, than by fear.

Tertullian.

Children should not be flattered, but they should be encouraged. They should not be so praised as to make them vain and proud, but they should be commended when they do well. The desire of praise should not be the principle from which they are taught to act, but they should feel that the approbation of parents is a desirable thing, and when they act so as to deserve that approbation, no injury is done them by their understanding it. He who always finds fault with a child; who is never satisfied with what he does; who scolds and frets and complains, let him do as he will, breaks his spirit, and soon destroys in the delicate texture of his soul all desire of doing well. The child in despair soon gives over every effort to please. He becomes sullen, morose, stupid, and indifferent to all the motives that can be presented to him, and becomes indifferent as to what he does—since all that he does meets with the same reception from the parent.

Barnes.

CHOOSING—Well.

The measure of choosing well, is whether a man likes what he has chosen.

Lamb.

CHRIST—Divine Attributes of.

Christ is a rare jewel, but men know not His value; a sun which ever shines, but men perceive not His brightness, nor walk in His light. He is a garden full of sweets, a hive full of honey, a sun without a spot, a star ever bright, a fountain ever full, a brook which ever flows, a rose which ever blooms, a foundation which never yields, a guide who never errs, a friend who never forsakes. No mind can fully grasp His glory; His beauty, His worth, His importance, no tongue can fully declare. He is the source of all good, the fountain of every excellency, the mirror of perfection, the light of heaven, the wonder of earth, time's masterpiece, and eternity's glory; the sun of bliss,

the way of life, and life's fair way. "He is altogether lovely," says the saint; a morning without clouds, a day without night, a rose without a thorn; His lips drop like the honeycomb, His eyes beam tenderness, His heart gushes love. The Christian is fed by His hands, carried in His heart, supported by His arm, nursed in His bosom, guided by His eye, instructed by His lips, warmed by His love; His wounds are his life, His smile the light of his path, the health of his soul, his rest and heaven below. *Balfern.*

In Him, the self-existent and infinite mind, the Christian beholds unceasingly an object of boundless sublimity, grandeur, beauty, and loveliness, commanding by the disclosure of His character, and exhausting all finite admiration, complacency, love, and praise, expanding every view, refining every affection, and ennobling every attribute. *Dwight.*

His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. *Isaiah.*

CHRIST—Benevolent Character of.

In the beautiful character of the blessed Jesus there was not a more striking feature than a certain sensibility, which disposed Him to take part in every one's affliction to which he was a witness, and to be ready to afford it a miraculous relief. He was apt to be particularly touched by instances of domestic distress, in which the suffering arises from those feelings of friendship, growing out of natural affection and habitual endearment, which constitute the perfection of man as a social creature, and distinguish the society of the humankind from the instinctive herdings of the lower animals. *Bishop Horsley.*

CHRIST—Divinity of.

In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. *St. Paul.*

CHRIST—Fidelity to.

We indeed may not be called upon to make any very difficult sacrifices on account of our religion, or to undergo any extremity of labour, or to incur any signal dangers in that behalf. Yet the faithful Christian will always find occasions in which he may testify his fidelity to Christ, by labouring to instruct the ignorant, and by administering assistance and comfort to his afflicted brethren. And he who engages in these works and labours of love, provided he engage in them with Christian prudence as well as Christian benevolence, is manifesting thereby a laudable attachment to Christian faith. *Bishop Mant.*

CHRIST—Gentleness of.

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
Decker.

CHRIST—and Godhead.

The moon, a softer but not less beautiful object than the sun, returns and communicates to mankind the light of the sun, in a gentle and delightful manner, exactly suited to the strength of the human eye; an illustrious and most beautiful emblem, in this and several other respects, of the divine Redeemer of mankind: who, softening the splendour of the Godhead, brings it to the eye of the understanding, in a manner fitted to the strength of the mind, so that, without being overwhelmed or distressed, it can thus behold "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." *Dwight.*

CHRIST—Benign Influence of.

He walked in Judea eighteen hundred years ago; His sphere melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men, and, being of a truth sphere melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousand-fold accompaniments and rich symphonies, through all our hearts, and modulates and divinely leads them. *Carlyle.*

CHRIST—Life of.

I find the life of Christ made up of two parts; a part I can sympathize with as a man, and a part on which I am to gaze; a beam sent down from heaven which I can see and love, and another beam shot into the infinite that I cannot comprehend. *Barr.*

CHRIST—Lowliness and Majesty of.

He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in His mien
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips
The lion would have crouch'd to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and His sandals worn;
His stature modell'd with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touch'd with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; His hair unshorn
Fell to His shoulders; and His curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
Willis.

CHRIST—the Person of.

There has appeared in this our day, a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and with the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of truth, but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases; a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear; his hair is of the colour of a filbert *full* ripe, and plain down to his ears, but from his ears downwards, somewhat curled, and more orient of colour, waving about his shoulders. In the midst of his head, goeth a seam or partition of hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead very smooth and plain; his face, nose, and mouth so framed, as nothing can be reprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable to the hair of his head for colour, not of any great length, but forked in the middle; of an innocent and mature look; his eyes grey, clear, and quick. In reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair-spoken, pleasant in speech, amidst gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, well-shaped and straight; his hands and arms most beauteous to behold; in speaking very temperate, modest, and wise; a man of singular virtue, surpassing the children of men. *Publius Lentulus.*

CHRIST—always the Same.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. *St. Paul.*

CHRISTIAN—Blessedness of being a.

I have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with all the experience that more than threescore years can give, I, now on the eve of my departure, declare to you, (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction,) that health is a great blessing—competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing—and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but, that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian. *Coleridge.*

CHRISTIAN—not to be Despised.

However the world may affect to despise the genuine Christian, it is beyond their power; they feel too sensibly the necessity of attaining that very state of feeling and disposition which is displayed in such a character, to entertain in their heart any mean or degrading opinion of the character which they apparently undervalue. Every thought which it wrung from their conscience by its unwelcome intrusion upon their contemplation, rises in judgment against their indifference—God has not permitted them to despise a true Christian; they may pass him by with a haughty and supercilious coldness: they may deride him with a taunting and sarcastic irony; but the spirit of the proudest man that ever lived will bend before the grandeur of a Christian's humility. You are at once awed, and you recoil upon your own conscience when you meet with one whose feelings are purified by the Gospel. The light of a Christian's soul, when it shines into the dark den of a worldly heart, startles and alarms the gloomy passions that are brooding within. Is this contempt? No: but all the virulence which is excited by the Christian graces can be resolved into envy, the feeling of devils when they think on the pure happiness of angels—and, to complete their confusion, what is at that moment the feeling in the Christian's heart? Pity, most unfeigned pity! *Wolfe.*

CHRISTIAN—Nobility of a.

A Christian is the highest style of man. *Young.*

CHRISTIAN—Gold in the Ore.

A Christian in this world is but gold in the ore; at death, the pure gold is melted out and separated, and the dross cast away and consumed. *Flavel.*

CHRISTIAN—Proofs of a.

He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised, and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. *Milton.*

CHRISTIAN—Virtues of a.

If these be Christian virtues, I am a Christian;
The faith that can inspire this gen'rous change
Must be divine—and glows with all its God!
Friendship and constancy, and right and pity,
All these are lessons I had learnt before;
But this unnatural grandeur of the soul
Is more than mortal, and outreaches virtues;
It draws, it charms, it binds me to be Christian.
Hill.

CHRISTIAN—Wit of a.

A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight;
Vig'rous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth;
Temp'rance and peace insure its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date.
Cowper.

CHRISTIANS—Nominal.

Many there are who, while they bear the name of Christians, are totally unacquainted with the power of their divine religion. But for *their* crimes the Gospel is in no wise answerable. Christianity is with them a geographical, not a descriptive, appellation.
Faber.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER—Faith of a.

It is more to the honour of a Christian soldier by faith to overcome the world, than by a monastical vow to retreat from it; and more for the honour of Christ, to serve Him in a city, than to serve Him in a cell.
Matthew Henry.

CHRISTIANITY—without Ceremonial.

Christianity has no ceremonial. It has forms, for forms are essential to order; but it disdains the folly of attempting to reinforce the religion of the heart by the antics of the mind. *Croly.*

CHRISTIANITY—Difficulties of.

Now you say, alas! Christianity is hard: I grant it; but gainful and happy. I contemn the difficulty, when I respect the advantage. The greatest labours that have answerable requitals, are less than the least that have no regard. Believe me, when I look to the reward, I would not have the work easier. It is a good Master whom we serve, who not only pays, but gives; not after the proportion of our earnings, but of His own mercy.
Bishop Hall.

CHRISTIANITY—Distinctions in.

The main distinction between real Christianity and the system of the bulk of nominal Christians, chiefly consists in the different place which is assigned in the two schemes to the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. These, in the scheme of nominal Christians, if admitted at all, appear but like the stars of the firmament to the ordinary eye. Those splendid luminaries draw forth, perhaps, occasionally, a transient expression of admiration when we behold their beauty, or hear of their distances, magnitudes, or properties: now and then, too, we are led, perhaps, to muse upon their possible uses; but, however curious as subjects of speculation, it must, after all, be confessed they twinkle to the common observer with a vain and "idle" lustre; and except in the dreams of the astrologer, have no influence on human happiness, or any concern with the course and order of the world. But to the *real* Christian, on the contrary, *these peculiar doctrines constitute the centre to which he gravitates! the very sun of his system! the origin of all that is excellent and lovely! the source of light, and life, and motion, and genial warmth, and plastic energy!* Dim is the light of reason, and cold and comfortless our state while left to her unassisted guidance. Even the Old Testament itself, though a revelation from Heaven, shines but with feeble and scanty rays. But the blessed truths of the Gospel are now unveiled to *our* eyes, and *we* are called upon to behold and to enjoy "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ," in the full radiance of its meridian splendour. The words of Inspiration best express our highly-favoured state; "we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." *Wilberforce.*

CHRISTIANITY—Evidences of.

As to the Christian religion, besides the strong evidence which we have for it, there is a balance in its favour from the number of great men who have been convinced of its truth after a serious consideration of the question. Grotius was an acute man, a lawyer, a man accustomed to examine evidence, and he was convinced. Grotius was not a recluse, but a man of the world, who certainly had no bias on the side of religion. Sir Isaac Newton set out an infidel, and came to be a very firm believer. *Johnson.*

CHRISTIANITY—Gifts of.

Ours is a religion jealous in its demands, but how infinitely prodigal in its gifts! It troubles you for an hour, it repays you by immortality. *Bulwer Lytton.*

CHRISTIANITY—true to the Heart.

Christianity, which is always true to the heart, knows no abstract virtues, but virtues resulting from our wants, and useful to all.
Chateaubriand.

CHRISTIANITY—Intent of.

Christianity did not come from heaven to be the amusement of an idle hour, to be the food

of mere imagination; to be "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and playeth well upon an instrument." No; it is intended to be the guide, the guardian, the companion of all our hours: it is intended to be the food of our immortal spirits; it is intended to be the serious occupation of our whole existence. *Bishop Jebb.*

CHRISTIANITY—Mission of.

Christ appeared—the career of Paganism was checked, the fate of Judaism was sealed. A character and a religion were placed before the eyes of men hitherto inconceivable, in the beauty and philosophy of their nature. Unlike all other founders of a religious faith, Christ had *no selfishness, no desire of dominance;* and His system, unlike all other systems of worship, was bloodless, boundlessly beneficent, inexpressibly pure, and—most marvellous of all—went to break all bonds of body and soul, and to cast down every temporal and every spiritual tyranny. *William Howitt.*

CHRISTIANITY—Divine Origin of.

Christianity bears all the marks of a divine original: it came down from heaven, and its gracious purpose is to carry us up thither. Its author is God; it was foretold from the beginning, by prophecies, which grew clearer and brighter as they approached the period of their accomplishment. It was confirmed by miracles, which continued till the religion they illustrated was established. It was ratified by the blood of its author; its doctrines are pure, sublime, consistent; its precepts just and holy; its worship is spiritual; its service reasonable, and rendered practicable by the offers of divine aid to human weakness. It is sanctioned by the promise of eternal happiness to the faithful, and the threat of everlasting misery to the disobedient. It had no collusion with power, for power sought to crush it; it could not be in any league with the world, for it set out by declaring itself the enemy of the world; it reprobated its maxims, it showed the vanity of its glories, the danger of its riches, the emptiness of its pleasures. This religion does not consist in external conformity to practices which, though right in themselves, may be adopted from human motives, and to answer secular purposes; it is not a religion of forms, and modes, and decencies; it is being transformed into the image of God; it is being like-minded with Christ; it is considering Him as our sanctification, as well as our redemption; it is endeavouring to live to Him here, that we may live with Him hereafter. *Hannah More.*

CHRISTIANITY—Perversion of.

It may be well said of many who would be displeased with you if you did not call them Christians, that had some of the ancient heathen sages lived to the present day, to see their abominations and vices, they would have despised that faith which produced no better works.

Alas! how has the social spirit of Christianity been perverted by fools at one time, and by knaves and bigots at another; by the self-tormentors of the cell, and the all-tormentors of the conclave. *Colton.*

CHRISTIANITY—Teaching of.

Christianity forbids no necessary occupations, no reasonable indulgences, no innocent relaxations. It allows us to use the world, provided we do not abuse it. It does not spread before us a delicious banquet, and then come with a "touch not, taste not, handle not." All it requires is, that our liberty degenerate not into licentiousness, our amusements into dissipation, our industry into incessant toil, our carefulness into extreme anxiety and endless solicitude. So far from forbidding us to engage in business, it expressly commands us not to be slothful in it, and to labour with our hands for the things that be needful; it enjoins every one to abide in the calling wherein he was called, and perform all the duties of it. It even stigmatizes those that provide not for their own, with telling them that they are worse than infidels. When it requires us "to be temperate in all things," it plainly tells us, that we *may* use *all* things temperately; when it directs us, "to make our moderation known unto all men," this evidently implies, that within the bounds of moderation we may enjoy all the reasonable conveniences and comforts of the present life. *Bishop Porteus.*

CHRISTIANITY—Treatment of.

Servile, and base, and mercenary is the notion of Christian practice among the bulk of *nominal* Christians. They give no more than they *dare* not withhold: they abstain from nothing but what they *must* not practise. When you state to them the doubtful quality of any action, and the consequent obligation to desist from it, they reply to you in the very spirit of Shylock, "they cannot find it in the bond." In short, they know Christianity only as a system of restraint. She is despoiled of every liberal and generous principle: she is rendered almost unfit for the social intercourses of life, and is only suited to the gloomy walls of a cloister, in which they would confine her. *Wilberforce.*

CHRISTIANITY—Value of.

We live in the midst of blessings, till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, *and forget entirely how large a share of all is due to Christianity.* Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws have been?—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life, there is not a familiar object round us which does not wear its mark, not a being or a thing which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian hope is on it, not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity, not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy and healthful parts to the Gospel. *Rose.*

CHRISTMAS — Pleasurable Associations of.

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart: the scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit, as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

Washington Irving.

CHRISTMAS—Day.

I love to see this day well kept by rich and poor: it is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having, as it were, the world all thrown open to you. *Ibid.*

CHURCH—The Old.

How like an image of repose it looks,
That ancient, holy, and sequester'd pile!
Silence abides in each tree-shaded aisle,
And on the grey spire caw the hermit rooks;
So absent is the stamp of modern days,
That, in the quaint carved oak, and oriel stain'd
With saintly legend, to Reflection's gaze
The Star of Eld seems not yet to have waned.
At pensive eventide, when streams the west
On moss-green pediment and tombstone grey,
And spectral Silence pointeth to Decay,
How preacheth Wisdom to the conscious breast,
Saying, "Each foot that roameth here shall rest;"
To God and Heaven, Death is the only way.

Moir.

CHURCH—Peace of the.

The way to preserve the peace of the church is to preserve the purity of it. *Matthew Henry.*

CHURCH—before the Reformation.

"Where did your Church lurk, in what cave of the earth slept she, for so many hundreds of years together, before the birth of Martin Luther?" The reply is, that she *lurked* beneath the folds of that garment of many colours, which the hands of superstition had woven and embellished for her, and wherewith she was fantastically encumbered and disguised. She *slept* in that cavern of enchantment, where costly odours and intoxicating fumes were floating around, to overpower her sense, and to suspend her faculties; till, at last, a voice was heard to cry, *Sleep no more.* And then she started up, like a strong man refreshed, and shook herself from the dust of ages. Then did she cast aside the gorgeous "leadings" which oppressed her, and stood before the world, a sacred form of brightness and of purity. *Le Bas.*

CHURCH—Reverence in.

When once thy foot enters the church, beware
God is more there than thou; for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then, beware;
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking:
Quit thy state:
All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest!
Stay not for the other pin; why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart, that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise;
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his depravity.

Let vain or busy thought have there no part;
Bring not thy plots, thy plough, thy pleasure thither,
Christ purged His temple—so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee: look to thy actions well,
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

Herbert.

CHURCH—True Riches of the.

The gifts of poverty are the richest gifts to the churches. I refer not now to the widow's mites, richer though they be than all the gifts of wealth; but to gifts richer even than the widow's mite. A few years ago, on a wintry morning, a boy in the habiliments of poverty entered an old school-house among our Western mountains, and avowed to the master his desire for an education. There was poverty laying one of her richest gifts on the altar of religion; for that boy was Jonas King. On his humble shoemaker's bench Carey laid the foundation of British Baptist Missions. John Newton found in his congregation an unfriended Scotch boy, whose soul was then glowing with new-born love to Christ. He took him to John Thornton, one of those noble merchants whose wealth, whose piety, and whose beneficence increase together. They educated him; and that boy became Claudius Buchanan, whose name India will bless, when the names of Clive and Hastings are forgotten. John Bunyan was a gift of poverty to the church. Zwingle came forth from an Alpine shepherd's cabin; Melancthon from an armourer's workshop; Luther from a miner's cottage, the Apostles, some of them, from fishermen's huts. These are the gifts of poverty to the church.

Dr. Harris.

CHURCH—The Term.

Under the name of Church I understand a body or collection of human persons, professing faith in Christ, gathered together in several places of the world, for the worship of the same God, and united into the same corporation. *Bishop Pearson.*

CHURCHES—Holy Witnesses.

How beautiful they stand,
Those ancient altars of our native land!
Amid the pasture-field and dark green woods,
Amid the mountain's cloudy solitudes;
By rivers broad that rush into the sea;
By little brooks that, with a lapsing sound,
Like playful children, run by copse and lea!
Each in its little plot of holy ground,
How beautiful they stand,
Those old grey churches of our native land!

Our lives are all turmoil;
Our souls are in a weary strife and toil,
Grasping and straining—tasking nerve and brain,
Both day and night, for gain!
We have grown worldly—have made gold our god—
Have turned our hearts away from lowly things;
We seek not now the wild flower on the sod;
We seek not snowy-folded angel's wings
Amid the summer skies—
For visions come not to polluted eyes!

Yet blessed quiet fanes!
Still piety, still poetry remains,
And shall remain, whilst ever on the air
One chapel-bell calls high and low to prayer—
Whilst ever green and sunny churchyards keep
The dust of our beloved, and tears are shed
From founts which in the human heart lie deep!
Something in these aspiring days we need
To keep our spirits lowly,
To set within our hearts sweets thoughts and holy!

And 'tis for this they stand,
The old grey churches of our native land!
And even in the gold-corrupted mart,
In the great city's heart,
They stand; and chantry dim, and organ sound,
And stated services of prayer and praise,
Like to the righteous ten which were not found
For the polluted city, shall upraise
Meek faith and love sincere—
Better in time of need than shield and spear!

L. E. Landon.

CHURCHMAN—Duties of a.

You should, my lord, be like the robes you wear,
Pure as the dye, and, like that reverend shape,
Nurse thoughts as full of honour, zeal, and purity;
You should be the cour-dial, and direct
The king with constant motion; be ever beating,
Like to clock-hammers, on his iron heart,
To make it sound clear; and to feel remorse,
You should unlock his soul, wake his dead conscience,
Which, like a drowsy sentinel, gives leave
For sin's vast army to beleaguer him:
His ruin will be ask'd for at your hands.

Rowley.

CHURCH MUSIC—Object of.

The end of church music is to relieve the weariness of a long attention, to make the mind more cheerful and composed, and to endear the offices of religion. There must be no voluntary maggots, no military tattoos, no light and galliardizing notes; nothing that may make the fancy trifling, or raise an improper thought; which would be to profane the service and to bring the playhouse into the church. Religious harmony must be moving, but noble withal,—grave, solemn, and seraphic; fit for a

martyr to play and an angel to hear. It should be contrived so as to warm the best blood within us, and to take hold of the finest part of the affections; to transport us with the beauty of holiness, to raise us above the satisfactions of life, and make us ambitious of the glories of heaven. *Southey.*

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Ritual of the.

The ritual of England breathes a divine calm. You think of people walking through ripening fields on a mild day to their church door. It is the work of a nation sitting in peace, possessing their land. It is the work of a wealthy nation, that, by dedicating a part of its wealth, consecrates the remainder—that acknowledges the fountain from which all flows. The prayers are devout, humble, fervent. They are not impassioned. A wonderful temperance and sobriety of discretion, that which in worldly things would be called good sense, prevails in them; but you must name it better in things spiritual. The framers evidently bore in mind the continual consciousness of waiting for all. Nor must it be forgotten that the received version and the book of common prayer—observe the word "common," expressing exactly what I affirm—are beautiful by the words—that there is no other such English—simple, touching, apt, venerable, hued as the thoughts are—musical—the most English that is known—of a Hebraic strength and antiquity, yet lucid and gracious as if of and for to-day. *Carlyle.*

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—The True.

We often hear that the church is in danger; and truly so it is,—in a danger it seems not to know of: for, with its tithes in the most perfect safety, its functions are becoming more and more superseded. The true Church of England, at this moment, lies in the editors of its newspapers. These preach to the people daily, weekly; admonishing kings themselves; advising peace or war with an authority which only the first Reformers and a long-past class of popes were possessed of; inflicting moral censure; imparting moral encouragement, consolation, edification; in all ways diligently "administering the discipline of the church." It may be said, too, that in private disposition the new preachers somewhat resemble the Mendicant Friars of old times; outwardly, full of holy zeal; inwardly, not without stratagem, and hunger for terrestrial things. *Ibid.*

CHURCHYARD—Adornment of the.

Erewhile, on England's pleasant shores, our sires
Left not their churchyards unadorn'd with shades
Or blossoms; and indulgent to the strong
And natural dread of man's last home, the grave.
Its frost and silence—they disposed around,
To soothe the melancholy spirit that dwelt
Too sadly on life's close, the forms and hues
Of vegetable beauty.—There the yew
Green even amid the snows of winter, told
Of immortality and gracefully
The willow, a perpetual mourner, drooped,
And there the gadding woodbine crept about,
And there the ancient ivy. From the spot
Where the sweet maiden, in her blossoming years
Cut off, was laid with streaming eyes, and hands
That trembled as they placed her there, the rose
Sprung modest, on bow'd stalk, and better spoke
Her graces, than the proudest monument.
There children set about their playmate's grave
The pansy. On the infant's little bed
Wet at its planting with maternal tears,
Emblem of early sweetness, early death,
Nestled the lowly primrose. Childless dames,
And maids that would not raise the redden'd eye—
Orphans, from whose young lids the light of joy
Fled early,—silent lovers, who had given
All that they lived for to the arms of earth,
Came often, o'er the recent graves to strew
Their offerings, rue, and rosemary, and flowers.
Bryant.

CHURCHYARD—Reflection on the.

The distant village clock struck midnight, mingling, as it were, with the ever-pealing tone of ancient Eternity. The limbs of my buried ones touched cold on my soul; I walked silently through little hamlets, and close by their outer churchyards, where crumbled upcast coffin-boards were glimmering, while the once bright eyes that had lain in them were mouldered into grey ashes. Cold thought! clutch not like a cold spectre at my heart. I look up to the starry sky, and an everlasting chain stretches thither, and over, and below; and all is life, and warmth, and light, and all is godlike, or God. *Richter.*

CHURCHYARD AND CEMETERY—Contrasted.

Oh! bury me not in the full churchyard, where
rank weeds reeking grow,
And the poisonous earth, with its thrice-filled
graves, lies festering below;
Where the grave ne'er wakes a thought of
death from the careless passers-by,
And the sexton only speaks of it as a busy
trade to ply;
Where the earth is opened every day, and the
mourners come and go
All through the busy, crowded streets, in a
mockery of woe;

Where the very ground a plague-spot seems,
that should be a Court of Peace,—
And nothing around has mark or sound to tell
of a soul's release.

But let me lie in a quiet spot, with the green
turf o'er my head,
Far from the city's busy hum, the worldling's
heavy tread;
Where the free winds blow, and the branches
wave, and the song-birds sweetly sing,
Till every mourner *there* exclaims, "O
Death! where is thy sting?"
Where in nothing that blooms around, about,
the living e'er can see
That the grave that covers my earthly frame
has won a victory;
Where bright flowers bloom through summer
time, to tell how all was given
To fade away from the eyes of men, and live
again in heaven! *Carpenter.*

CHURLISHNESS.

My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality. *Shakspeare.*

CIPHERS.

There are foure great cyphers in the world: hee that is lame among dancers, dumbe among lawyers, dull among schollers, and rude amongst courtiers. *Bishop Earle.*

CIRCUMLOCUTION.

He who goes round about in his requests, wants commonly more than he chooses to appear to want. *Lavater.*

CIRCUMSPECTION—Necessity for.

Persons who want experience should be extremely cautious how they depart from those principles which have been received generally, because founded on solid reasons; and how they deviate from those customs which have obtained long, because in their effect they have proved good: thus circumspect should all persons be, who cannot yet have acquired much practical knowledge of the world; lest, instead of becoming what they anxiously wish to become, more beneficial to mankind than those who have preceded them, they should actually, though inadvertently, be instrumental towards occasioning some of the worst evils that can befall human society.

Bishop Huntingford.

CIRCUMSTANCES (Trivial)—Design of.

Trivial circumstances, which show the manners of the age, are often more instructive, as well as entertaining, than the great transactions of wars and negotiations, which are nearly similar in all periods and in all countries of the world. *Hume.*

CITIES—Social and Moral Influence of.

If the history of cities and of their influence on their respective territories be deducted from the history of humanity, the narrative remaining would be, as we suspect, of no very attractive description. In such case, the kind of picture which human society must everywhere have presented would be such as we see in the condition, from the earliest time, of the wandering hordes of Mongolians and Tartars, spread over the vast flats of Central Asia. In those regions scarcely anything has been "made" by man. But this most happy circumstance, as it seems to be accounted—this total absence of anything reminding you of human skill and industry—has never been found to realise our poetic ideas of pastoral beauty and innocence. It has called forth enough of the squalid and of the ferocious, but little of the refined, the powerful, or the generous. If anything be certain, it would seem to be certain that man is constituted to realise his destiny from his association with man, more than from any contact with places. The great agency in calling forth his capabilities, whether for good or for evil, is that of his fellows. The picturesque, accordingly, may be with the country, but the intellectual, speaking generally, must be with the town. Agriculture may possess its science, and the farmer, as well as the landowner, may not be devoid of intelligence; but in such connexions, the science and intelligence, in common with the nourishment of the soil, must be derived, in the main, from the studies prosecuted in cities, and from the wealth realised in the traffic of cities. If pasturage is followed by tillage, and if tillage is made to partake of the nature of a study and a science, these signs of improvement are peculiar to lands in which cities make their appearance, and they become progressive only as cities become opulent and powerful. *Dr. Robert Vaughan.*

I bless God for cities. Cities have been as lamps of life along the pathway of humanity and religion. Within them science has given birth to her noblest discoveries. Behind their walls freedom has fought her noblest battles. They have stood on the surface of the earth like great breakwaters, rolling back or turning aside the swelling tide of oppression. Cities, indeed, have been the cradles of human liberty. They have been the active centres of almost all church and state reformation.

Having, therefore, no sympathy with those who, regarding them as the excrescences of a tree, or the tumours of disease, would raze our cities to the ground, I bless God for cities. *Guthrie.*

CITIES—Paving of.

Before the eleventh century none of the great cities of the present day were paved, except Rome and Cordova. Paris did not enjoy this advantage, according to Rigord, physician and historian to Philippe-Auguste, who relates that the king, being at the window of his palace which commanded a view of the Seine, perceived that the carriages passing in the mire diffused a most offensive odour, which induced him to issue an order for the paving of the streets, notwithstanding the expense of it; the dread of incurring which, he was aware, had hitherto deterred his predecessors. Since that period the city took the name of Paris, instead of Lutetia, which originated in the number of its sloughs. Even London was not paved at that time; many of its principal streets were not thus improved till the fifteenth century. Holborn was done in 1417.

Dijon commenced the paving of the streets in 1391. In 1285 an order from Philippe-le-Hardi commanded the citizens of Paris to pave and sweep the street before their houses at their own expense; but this mandate was so badly executed, that, in 1309, the city was swept at the public cost, under the inspection of the police. Till the fourteenth century the inhabitants of Paris were suffered to throw every nuisance from their windows, provided they cried out three times, "*Take care!*" This license was interdicted in 1372; and still more strictly in 1395. An order was also issued to prevent pigs running through the streets, in consequence of the accident which happened to the young king Philippe. That prince, returning from Rheims, where he went to be crowned, while passing Saint Gervais, a pig dashed between his horse's legs, and threw him down. The king fell backwards; and, in a few days, died of the injuries he had sustained in the fall.

It is rather remarkable, that the monks of the Abbaye de Saint Antoine, having pretended that they could not—without failing in the respect due to their patron saint—keep their pigs from running about the streets, it was decided that these animals should continue to wallow in the mire, provided they had each a little bell round their necks!

It appears that cleansing the streets was regarded as the most degrading occupation. It was generally poor Jews, or attendants on the public executioner, who had the care of them. *Sharpe.*

CITIZENS—of London.

There are some of these gay clerks who go down to their offices with roses at their button-holes and with cigars in their mouths; there are some who wear peg-top trowsers, chin-tufts, eye-glasses, and varnished boots. I observe—to return to the clerks who are wending citywards—that the most luxuriant whiskers belong to the Bank of England. I believe that there are even whisker clubs in that great national institution, where prizes are given for the best pair of *favoris* grown without macassar. You may, as a general rule, distinguish government from commercial clerks by the stern repudiation of the razor, as applied to the beard and moustaches, by the former; and again, I may remark, that the prize for the thinnest and most dandy-looking umbrellas must be awarded, as of right, to the clerks in the East India House—mostly themselves slim, natty gentlemen, of jaunty appearance, who are all supposed to have had tender affairs with the widows of East India colonels. You may know the cashiers in the private banking houses by their white hats and buff waistcoats; you may know the stockbrokers by their careering up Ludgate-hill in dog-carts, and occasionally tandems, and by the pervading sporting appearance of their costume; you may know the Jewish commission agents by their flashy broughams, with lapdogs and ladies in crinoline beside them; you may know the sugar bakers and the soap boilers by the comfortable double-bodied carriages with fat horses in which they roll along; you may know the Manchester warehousemen by their wearing gaiters, always carrying their hands in their pockets, and frequently slipping into recondite city taverns up darksome alleys, on their way to Cheapside, to make a quiet bet or so on the Chester Cup or the Liverpool Steeple-chase; you may know, finally, the men with a million of money, or thereabouts, by their being ordinarily very shabby, and by their wearing shocking bad hats, which have seemingly never been brushed, on the back of their heads. *Sala.*

CITY—in Early Morn.

The city now doth like a garment wear
  The beauty of the morning. . . . . .
  Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill.
  Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep;
The river glideth at its own sweet will.

Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still.
Wordsworth.

CIVILITY—Definition of.

Civility is a desire to receive civility, and to be accounted well-bred. *La Rochefoucauld.*

CIVILITY—a Hint respecting.

Whilst thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head. *Shakspeare.*

CIVILITY—Value of.

A good word is an easy obligation ; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing. *Tillotson.*

CIVILIZATION—Effects of.

With a perfect highway disappear highwaymen, crawling beggars, dirty inns and extortionate charges, lazy habits, ignorance, and waste lands. Our shops, our horses' legs, our boots, our hearts, have all benefited by the introduction of Macadam; and the eighteen modern improvements mentioned by Sidney Smith can all be traced, directly or indirectly, to the time when it fortuitously occurred to the astute Scotchman (Where are his Life and Times, in twenty volumes?) to strew our path with pulverized granite. I am convinced that our American cousins would be much less addicted to bowie-kniving, revolvering, expectorating, gin-slinging, and cow-hiding the members of their legislature, if they would only substitute trim, level, hedge-lined highways for the vile corduroy roads and railway tracks, thrown slovenly anyhow, like the clothes of a drunken man, across prairies, morasses, half-cleared forests, and dried-up watercourses, by means of which they accomplish their thousand-mile trips in search of dollars. What a dreadful though delightful place was Paris when I knew it first !—foul gutters rolling their mud-cataracts between rows of palaces ; suburban roads alternating between dust-heaps and sloughs of despond ; and boulevards so badly paved, that the out-patienced population were continually tearing them up to make barricades with. There have been no *émeutes* in Paris since boulevards were macadamized. Much of the ribbonism, landlord-stalking from behind hedges, and Skibbereen starvation of Ireland, may be attributed to the baleful roads of bygone days, which were full of holes, known as curiosities, and on which the milestones were so capriciously distributed, that whereas every squire (of the right way of thinking) had one on each side of his park-gates, unpopular localities, and villages where tithe-proctors dwelt, were left without milestones altogether. *Dickens.*

CLASS—Representation.

The popular idea is, that class representation would produce class legislation. The truth is exactly the reverse. The idea seems to be that by distributing a class in fragmentary portions among a number of constituencies you neutralise its power, and make it harmless by dilution ; just as has been sometimes done with a mutinous regiment. But, in point of fact, it is this very distribution which gives it such an enormous power of obstruction. Few members in these days hold their seats with such certainty as to be able to disregard the wishes of any tolerably influential section of their constituents. The section may be a small one, but it may be strong enough to turn a close election ; and therefore its behests must be obeyed. A small section thus wields the power of the whole constituency ; much in the way in which, some six or seven years ago, the Irish members tried to wield the power of the English government. No one can have watched the utter impotence of Parliament to raise its hand against the attorneys or the licensed victuallers, or the extreme difficulty with which even so small a body as the ecclesiastical lawyers have been dealt with, without perceiving how effectively these tactics operate. Now, if any such class had a number of members proportioned to its importance wholly given over to it, and were debarred from any other suffrage, their power in the House of Commons would be limited to that number of members. Whereas, now they command, or at least greatly influence, the vote of every member, of whose constituency some of them form a part ; and from this position it is impossible to dislodge them, until some popular ferment arouses the inert mass of the electors to overbear the active and interested few.

Lord Cecil.

CLEANLINESS—Advantages of.

With what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves and put their plumage in order ; and how perfectly neat, clean, and elegant do they appear ! Among the beasts of the field we find that those which are the most cleanly are generally the most gay and cheerful, or are distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment ; and singing birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth ; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.

Rumford.

CLEANLINESS—Definition of.

Cleanliness may be defined to be the emblem of purity of mind, and may be recommended under the three following heads; as it is a mark of politeness, as it produces affection, and as it bears analogy to chastity of sentiment. First, it is a mark of politeness, for it is universally agreed upon, that no one unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifold offence; the different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences; the more they are advanced in civilization the more they consult this part of politeness. Secondly, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of affection. Beauty commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it. Age itself is not unamiable while it is preserved clean and unsullied; like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel cankered with rust. I might further observe, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, it makes us easy to ourselves, that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices, both of mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. In the third place, it bears a great analogy with chastity of sentiment, and naturally inspires refined feelings and passions; we find from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the first appearance of what is shocking; and thus pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind. *Addison.*

CLEANLINESS—of Person.

Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid. *Thomson.*

Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.
Herbert.

CLEMENCY—Virtue of.

No attribute
So well befits th' exalted seat supreme,
And power's disposing hand, as clemency.
Each crime must from its quality be judged;
And pity there should interpose, where malice
Is not th' aggressor. *Sir William Jones.*

CLIFF—Gazing from a.

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight; the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong. *Shakspeare.*

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn,
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard. *Ibid.*

These things seem small and indistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turn'd into clouds.
Ibid.

As from a steep and dreadful precipice
The frighten'd traveller casts down his eyes,
And sees the ocean at so great a distance,
It looks as if the skies were sunk beneath him.
If then some neighb'ring shrub, how weak soever,
Peeps up, his willing eyes stop gladly there,
And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it.
Dryden.

CLOCK—A.

A clock! with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication. *Lamb.*

CLOUD—A.

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
Milton.

CLOUD—An Evening.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson touch'd its braided snow:
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.
Professor Wilson.

CLOUD—a Summer.

That look'd
As though an angel, in his upward flight,
Had left his mantle floating in mid-air.
Joanna Baillie.

CLOUDS.

Who can number the clouds in wisdom? or who can stay the bottles of heaven, when the dust groweth into hardness, and the clods cleave fast together? *Job.*

Those playful fancies of the mighty sky.
Smith.

Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,
Their basis on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. *Bryant.*

CLOWN—Characteristics of a.

A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes, that ever loved the ground;
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercised in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair.
A quarter-staff, which he ne'er could forsake,
Hung half before and half behind his back.
He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
Dryden.

COACHMAN—Characteristics of a.

He has commonly a broad full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has, in summer time, a large bouquet of flowers in his buttonhole; the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright colour, striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half-way up his legs. All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials, and notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person, which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the ostler; his duty being merely to drive them from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust in the pockets of his great-coat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of ostlers, stable-boys, shoe-blacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands. These all look up to him as an oracle, treasure up his cant phrases, echo his opinions about horses, and other topics of jockey lore; and endeavour to imitate his air and carriage.
Washington Irving.

COCK—Crowing of the.

I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. . . .
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Shakspeare.

COLD—Drowsiness from.

Very striking and curious is the story of Dr. Solander's escape, when in company with Sir Joseph Banks, among the hills of Tierra del Fuego. They had walked a considerable way through swamps, when the weather became suddenly gloomy and cold, fierce blasts of wind driving the snow before it. Finding it impossible to reach the ships before night, they resolved to push on through another swamp into the shelter of a wood, where they might kindle a fire. Dr. Solander, well experienced in the effects of cold, addressed the men, and conjured them not to give way to sleepiness, but at all costs to keep in motion. "Whoever sits down," said he, "will sleep, and whoever sleeps will wake no more." Thus admonished and alarmed, they set forth

once more; but in a little while the cold became so intense as to produce the most oppressive drowsiness. Dr. Solander was the first who found the inclination to sleep—against which he had warned the others so emphatically—too irresistible for him, and he insisted on being suffered to lie down. In vain Banks entreated and remonstrated; down he lay upon the snow, and it was with much difficulty that his friend kept him from sleeping. One of the black servants began to linger in the same manner. When told that if he did not go on he would inevitably be frozen to death, he answered that he desired nothing more than to lie down and die. Solander declared himself willing to go on, but said he must first take some sleep. It was impossible to carry these men, and they were therefore both suffered to lie down, and in a few minutes were in a profound sleep. Soon after some of those who had been sent forward to kindle a fire returned with the welcome news that a fire awaited them a quarter of a mile off. Banks then happily succeeded in awaking Solander, who, although he had not been asleep five minutes, had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the flesh was so shrunk that the shoes fell from his feet. He consented to go forward, with such assistance as could be given; but no attempts to rouse the black servant were successful, and he, with another black, died there.

Sir Joseph Banks.

COLD-BLOODED.

A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth. *Shakspeare.*

COLLISION—Moral Necessity of.

Collision is as necessary to produce virtue in men, as it is to elicit fire in inanimate matter; and chivalry is the essence of virtue.

Lord John Russell.

COMET—The.

Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale—
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!
What'er portends the front of fire
And streaming locks so lovely pale;
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail! *Hogg.*

COMETS—Ancient Notions respecting.

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars!

Shakspeare.

COMFORT—Balm of.

Sweet as refreshing dews or summer showers,
To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains,
And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains,—
Such are thy words. *Gay.*

I would bring balm and pour it into your wound,
Cure your distemper'd mind and heal your fortunes. *Dryden.*

COMFORT—Deprivation of.

Comfort—'tis for ease and quiet:
It sleeps upon the down of sweet content,
In the sound bed of industry and health.

Havard.

Your comfort
Comes, as in droughts the elemental dew
Does on the earth; it wets, but leaves no moisture,
To give the sear'd plants growth. *Glapthorne.*

COMFORT—Derived from God.

I pray Thee let Thy merciful kindness be for my comfort. *David.*

God comfort him in this necessity. *Shakspeare.*

Of all the created comforts, God is the lender; you are the borrower, not the owner.

Rutherford.

Oh, Thou! that dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We could not see by day. *Moore.*

COMFORT—Hope of.

Thy words have darted hope into my soul,
And comfort dawns upon me. *Southern.*

A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds,
Gilds the black horror, and directs my way.

Dryden.

COMFORT—Cheering Influence of.

Comfort, like the golden sun,
Dispels the sullen shade with her sweet influence,
And cheers the melancholy house of care.

Rowe.

COMFORT—in Trial.

In the exhaustless catalogue of Heaven's mercies to mankind, the power we have of finding some germs of comfort in the hardest trials must ever occupy the foremost place; not only because it supports and upholds us when we most require to be sustained, but because in this source of consolation there is something, we have reason to believe, of the Divine Spirit; something of that goodness which detects, amidst our own evil doings, a redeeming quality; something which, even in our fallen nature, we possess in common with the angels; which had its being in the old time when they trod the earth, and linger on it yet, in pity. *Dickens.*

COMFORTS OF LIFE—Enjoyment of the.

Believe me, I speak it deliberately and with full conviction, I have enjoyed many of the comforts of life, none of which I wish to esteem lightly: often have I been charmed with the beauties of nature, and refreshed with her bountiful gifts. I have spent many an hour in sweet meditation, and in reading the most valuable productions of the wisest men. I have often been delighted with the conversation of ingenious, sensible, and exalted characters: my eyes have been powerfully attracted by the finest productions of human art, and my ears by enchanting melodies. I have found pleasure when calling into activity the powers of my own mind; when residing in my own native land, or travelling through foreign parts; when surrounded by large and splendid companies—still more, when moving in the small endearing circle of my own family: yet, to speak the truth before GOD, who is my Judge, I must confess I know not any joy that is so dear to me; that so fully satisfies the inmost desires of my mind; that so enlivens, refines, and elevates my whole nature, as that which I derive from religion, from faith in GOD: as one who not only is the parent of men, but has condescended, as a brother, to clothe Himself with our nature. Nothing affords me greater delight than a solid hope that I partake of His favours, and rely on His never-failing support and protection. . . . . He, who has been so often my hope, my refuge, my confidence, when I stood upon the brink of an abyss, where I could not move one step forward; He who, in answer to my prayer, has helped me when every prospect of help vanished; that GOD who has safely conducted me, not merely through flowery paths, but likewise across precipices and burning sands;—may this GOD be thy GOD, thy refuge, thy comfort, as He has been mine! *Lavater.*

COMMAND—Harshness and Gentleness of a.

Truly a command of gall cannot be obeyed like one of sugar. A man must require just and reasonable things, if he would see the scales of obedience properly trimmed. From orders which are improper, springs resistance, which is not easily overcome. *Basil.*

COMMANDER—A Brave.

A brave captain is as a root, out of which (as branches) the courage of his soldiers doth spring. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

COMMANDER—Qualities of a.

For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
With open hand, and brow as free,
Lover of wine and minstrelsy;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower:—
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.
Sir Walter Scott.

COMMANDER—A Worthy.

He is one that accounts learning the nourishment of military virtue, and lays that as his first foundation. He never bloodies his sword but in heat of battle, and had rather save one of his own soldiers than kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vain-glorious, and suspected bounty, to be full of good words; his rewarding, therefore, of the deserver, arrives so timely, that his liberality can never be said to be gouty-handed. He holds it next his creed, that no coward can be an honest man, and dare die in it. He doth not think his body yields a more spreading shadow after a victory than before; and when he looks upon his enemy's dead body, 'tis with a noble heaviness, not insultation; he is so honourably merciful to women, in surprisal, that only that makes him an excellent courtier. He knows the hazard of battles—not the pomp of ceremonies are soldiers' best theatres, and strives to gain reputation, not by the multitude, but by the greatness of his actions. He is the first in giving the charge, and the last in retiring his foot. Equal toil he endures with the common soldier; from his example they all take fire, as one torch lights many. He understands, in wars there is no mean to err twice; the first and least fault being sufficient

to ruin an army; faults, therefore, he pardons none; they that are presidents of disorder or mutiny, repair it by being examples of his justice. Besiege him never so strictly, so long as the air is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make use of a victory as to get it; and in pursuing his enemy, like a whirlwind, carries all afore him, being assured, if ever a man will benefit himself upon his foe, then is the time, when they have lost force, wisdom, courage, and reputation. The goodness of his cause is the special motive to his valour; never is he known to slight the weakest enemy that comes armed against him on the hand of justice. Hasty and over much heat he accounts the step-dame to all great actions, that will not suffer them to thrive; if he cannot overcome his enemy by force, he does it by time. If ever he shakes hands with war, he can die more calmly than most courtiers, for his continual dangers have been, as it were, so many meditations of death! he thinks not out of his own calling, when he accounts life a continual warfare, and his prayers then best become him when armed *cap-à-pie*. He utters them like the great Hebrew general, on horseback. He casts a smiling contempt upon calumny; it meets him ▬ if glass should encounter adamant. He thinks war is never to be given over but on one of these three conditions,—an assured peace, absolute victory, or an honest death. Lastly, when peace folds him up, his silver head should lean near the golden sceptre, and die in the prince's bosom. *Sir T. Overbury.*

COMMANDER—Value of a.

It is better to have a lion at the head of an army of sheep, than a sheep at the head of an army of lions. *De Foe.*

COMMERCE—Advantages of.

I am wonderfully delighted to see a body of men thriving in their own fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous. Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to their mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the nations of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. *Addison.*

——

Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Raised the strong crane; choked up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames!
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort on either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying street between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd regular to harmony; around,
The boat light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings,
While deep the various voice of servant toil
From bank to bank increased, whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the British thunder black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.
Thomson.

COMMERCE—Civilizing Influence of.

Commerce tends to wear off those prejudices which maintain distinction and animosity between nations. It softens and polishes the manners of men. It unites them by one of the strongest of all ties—the desire of supplying their mutual wants. It disposes them to peace, by establishing in every state an order of citizens bound by their interest to be the guardians of public tranquillity. As soon as the commercial spirit acquires vigour, and begins to gain an ascendant in any society, we discern a new genius in its policy, its alliances, its wars, and its negotiations.
Robertson.

COMMONALTY—a Depraved.

A depraved commonalty is the teeming source of all moral and political disorder, and the fearful presage, if not speedily averted by an efficient system of Christian instruction, of a sweeping anarchy and great national overthrow. *Chalmers.*

COMPANIONS—Choice of.

In young minds there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships. Youth, indeed, is the season when friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last, with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propensity, therefore, is not to be discouraged, though, at the same time, it must be regulated with much circumspection and care.

Too many of the pretended friendships of youth are mere combinations in pleasure. They are often founded on capricious likings, suddenly contracted and as suddenly dissolved. Sometimes they are the effect of in-

terested complaisance and flattery on the one side, and of credulous fondness on the other. Such rash and dangerous connections should be avoided, lest they afterwards load us with dishonour.

We should ever have it fixed in our memories, that by the character of those whom we choose for our friends, our own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. We ought, therefore, to be slow and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, we must ever consider it as a sacred engagement. *Blair.*

Be cautious with whom you associate, and never give your company or your confidence to persons of whose good principles you are not certain. No person that is an enemy to God can be a friend to man. He that has already proved himself ungrateful to the Author of every blessing, will not scruple, when it will serve his turn, to shake off a fellow-worm like himself. He may render you instrumental to his own purposes, but he will never benefit you. A bad man is a curse to others; as he is secretly, notwithstanding all his boasting and affected gaiety, a burden to himself. Shun him as you would a serpent in your path. Be not seduced by his rank, his wealth, his wit, or his influence. Think of him as already in the grave; think of him as standing before the everlasting God in judgment. This awful reality will instantly strip off all that is now so imposing, and present him in his true light, the object rather of your compassion, and of your prayers—than of your wonder or imitation. *Bishop Coleridge.*

COMPANIONS—Vicious.

Wicked companions invite us to hell.
Fielding.

COMPANY—Bad.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first and second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood. *Augustine.*

There are like to be short graces where the devil plays host. *Lamb.*

COMPANY—Choice of.

There is a certain magic or charm in company, for it will assimilate, and make you like to them, by much conversation with them; if they be good company, it is a great means to make you good, or confirm you in goodness; but if they be bad, it is twenty to one but they will infect and corrupt you. Therefore be wary and shy in choosing, and entertaining, or frequenting any company or companions; be not too hasty in committing yourself to them; stand off awhile till you have inquired of some (that you know by experience to be faithful), what they are; observe what company they keep; be not too easy to gain acquaintance, but stand off and keep a distance yet awhile, till you have observed and learnt touching them. Men or women that are greedy of acquaintance, or hasty in it, are oftentimes snared in ill company before they are aware, and entangled so that they cannot easily get loose from it after, when they would.
Sir Matthew Hale.

No man can be provident of his time, who is not prudent in the choice of his company.
Jeremy Taylor.

COMPANY—Freedom in.

The freer you feel yourself in the presence of another, the more free is he. *Lavater.*

COMPARISONS.

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle;
So doth the greater glory dim the less;
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook,
Into the main of waters. *Shakspeare.*

The eagle of one house is the fool in another.
Gresset.

COMPASS—Wonders of the.

That mysterious guide,
On whose still counsels all his hopes relied,
That oracle to man in mercy given,
Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven,
Who over sands and seas directs the stray,
And, as with God's own finger, points the way.
Rogers.

COMPASSION.

Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty. *Blair.*

COMPASSION AND HUMILITY.

Oh! sweet the flow
Of grief that mourns an erring brother's woe:
Sweet is the tear that gems the downcast eye
When love implores, nor beauty dare reply:
But sweeter yet to see the warrior rude,
Iron of limb, and stern in mien and mood,
Bow to his God the strong but willing knee,
And drop the tear of meek humility.
Kinglake.

COMPETENCY—gives Complacency.

The man within the golden mean
Who can his boldest wish contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell;
And, in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state. *Francis.*

COMPLAINER—The.

The man who is fond of complaining, likes to remain amidst the objects of his vexation; it is at the moment that he declares them insupportable, that he will most strongly revolt against every means which could be proposed for his deliverance. Indecision is in his character, and the misfortune of having to decide would be to him the greatest of all; for a choice always supposes a preference for some advantage, or an inconvenience to be shunned; and this man would not wish it to be supposed. or to suppose himself, that there is a single circumstance in his life in which he is able to follow his inclinations, or meet with an advantage: that there is even one in which he is not obliged to have the greatest possible inconvenience. He therefore increases misfortune, he wishes for mishaps; the fatal influence of his destiny is his favourite topic. A power against which no act can set him free, which compels him to suffer, without being able to protect himself, and permits him to complain without the fear of obtaining justice,—this is what suits him; he asks nothing better than to sigh over his position, and to remain in it.

Fickleness of conduct ought to be the consequence of impetuosity alone; but in frivolous characters, it is the inclination that becomes exhausted, and which, incapable of any long effort, lazily lets falls that which it had at first seized with avidity. In the zeal of steady characters, it is the object alone which eludes the vigour of their grasp; it is the soap bubble that vanishes, not their ardour in the pursuit of it. Show them an object capable of supporting the opinion they have attached to it, and then they are fixed. *Guizot.*

COMPLAINING.

We lose the right of complaining sometimes by forbearing it; but we often treble the force. *Sterne.*

COMPLAINING—Habit of.

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining. *Graves.*

COMPLAINING—Self.

I will not be as those who spend the day in complaining of head-ache; and the night in drinking the wine that gives the head-ache. *Goethe.*

COMPREHENSIVENESS.

He only sees well who sees the whole in the parts, and the parts in the whole. I know but three classes of men: those who see the whole, those who see but a part, and those who see both together. *Lavater.*

COMPULSION—used by Ignorance only.

Force is the agent which Ignorance uses for making his followers do the actions to which they are disinclined by nature; and (like an attempt to make water ascend above its level) the moment the agent ceases to act, the same instant does the operation cease. Persuasion, on the other hand, is like a cut made for the stream, which has only to be introduced, and it then continues to run of its own accord, without further attention. There are only two ways of directing the operations of human nature. The one to secure the inclinations, by convincing the judgment; and the other, to force or drive the individual against his judgment or inclinations. The one method is recommended by experience, and followed by success; the other is recommended by ignorance, and attended by disappointment. When a child cries for a rattle, it is with a view of obtaining it by force. When parents beat their children, it is to make them behave well by force. When a drunken husband strikes his wife, it is with the view of improving her by force. When a criminal is punished, it is with a view of improving the world by force. When an individual sues another at law, it is with the view of making him do justice by force. When a minister of religion dwells upon the horrors of the infernal regions, it is with the view of sending his hearers to heaven by force. When one nation goes to war with another, it is with a view of gaining some favourite point by force. Though every human being wishes for success, yet ignorance has been completely successful, hitherto, in leading the world to follow the course which leads to disappointment. *Combe.*

COMPULSION—Threats of.

Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arm's end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force you. *Shakspeare.*

CONCEALMENT.

To conceal anything from those to whom I am attached, is not in my nature. I can never close my lips where I have opened my heart. *Dickens.*

CONCEIT—a Depraved Fancy.

Strong conceit is a kind of mental rudder which reason should hold for the purpose of steering the mind into its right course; but reason too frequently suffers itself to be carried away by the strong gales of a corrupt and vitiated fancy, and by the violence of those perturbations which unrestrained passions create. *Burton.*

CONCEIT—Natural to Humanity.

Little localised powers, and little narrow streaks of specialised knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had *all* his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more. . . . . I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a centre is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not differ sensibly from a straight line. *Holmes.*

CONCEIT—Impotency of.

He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence. *Lavater.*

CONCEIT—Poisonous.

Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. *Shakspeare.*

CONCEIT—Self-Importance of.

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of. *Lavater.*

CONCEIT—a Self-Imposition.

People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. *Pope.*

CONCEIT—Workings of.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. *Shakspeare.*

CONCILIATION—Immediate.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him. *St. Matthew.*

CONCILIATION—Policy of.

Quantum in nobis, we've thought good
To save the expense of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
This bloody duel without blows. *Butler.*

CONFIDENCE—Three Epochs of.

People have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first they believe him to be everything that is good, and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next, they have had experience, which has smitten down their confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and to put the worst construction upon everything. Later in life, they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that, even when there is cause to blame, there is more reason to pity than condemn; and then a spirit of confidence again awakens within them. *Miss Bremer.*

CONFIDENCE—Mutual.

It is unjust and absurd of persons advancing in years, to expect of the young that confidence should come all and only on their side; the human heart, at whatever age, opens only to the heart that opens in return. *Miss Edgeworth.*

CONFIDENCE—Self.

Confidence in oneself is the chief nurse of magnanimity; which confidence, notwithstanding, doth not leave the care of necessary furniture for it; and therefore, of all the Grecians, Homer doth ever make Achilles the best armed. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

CONFIDENCE—Withholding of.

Trust him with little, who, without proofs, trusts you with everything, or, when he has proved you, with nothing. *Lavater.*

CONFIDER—Injuring a.

Let not the quietness of any man's temper, much less the confidence he has in thy honesty and goodness, tempt thee to contrive any mischief against him; for the more securely he relies on thy virtue, and the less mistrust he has of any harm from thee, the greater wickedness will it be to entertain even the thought of doing him an injury.
Bishop Patrick.

CONFOUNDERS—Woe unto.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! *Isaiah.*

CONFUSION—Evils of.

The slack sail shifts from side to side;
The boat, untrimm'd, admits the tide;
Borne down adrift, at random toss'd,
The oar breaks short, the rudder's lost. *Gay.*

CONFUSION—General.

Never was known a night of such distraction!
Noise so confused and dreadful; justling crowds
That run, and know not whither; torches gliding
Like meteors, by each other in the streets.
Dryden.

CONGRATULATION—Compliments of.

Compliments of congratulation are always kindly taken, and cost one nothing but pen, ink, and paper. I consider them as draughts upon good breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favour of the drawer.
Chesterfield.

CONJECTURES—Uncertainty of.

Although some conjectures may have a considerable degree of probability, yet it is evidently in the nature of conjecture to be uncertain. In every case the assent ought to be proportioned to the evidence; for to believe firmly what has but a small degree of probability is a manifest abuse of our understanding. Now, though we may, in many cases, form very probable conjectures concerning the works of men, every conjecture we can form with regard to the works of God has as little probability as the conjectures of a child with regard to the works of a man.
Chalmers.

CONQUEROR—The.

They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying: Is this the man that made the earth to tremble; that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof?
Isaiah.

CONQUEST—the Reward of Merit.

Conquest is not given by chance,
But, bound by fatal and resistless merit,
Waits on his arms! *Rowe.*

CONQUEST—Right of.

I claim by right
Of conquest; for when kings make war,
No law betwixt two sov'reigns can decide.
But that of arms, where fortune is the judge,
Soldiers the lawyers, and the bar the field.
Dryden.

CONSCIENCE.

What exile from himself can flee? *Byron.*

CONSCIENCE—Approval of.

That conscience approves of and attests, such a course of action, is itself, alone, an obligation. *Butler.*

CONSCIENCE—A Bad.

The torture of a bad conscience is the hell of a living soul. *Calvin.*

CONSCIENCE—Checks of.

Colonel Gardiner was habitually so immersed in intrigues, that if not the whole business, at least, the whole happiness of his life consisted in them; and he had too much leisure for one who was so prone to abuse it. His fine constitution, than which, perhaps, there was hardly ever a better, gave him great opportunities of indulging himself in these excesses; and his good spirits enabled him to pursue his pleasures of every kind, in so alert and sprightly a manner, that multitudes envied him, and called him, by a dreadful kind of compliment, "The happy rake." Yet still the checks of conscience, and some remaining principles of so good an education, would break in upon his most licentious hours; and I particularly remember he told me, that when some of his dissolute companions were once congratulating him on his distinguished felicity, a dog happening at that time to come into the room, he could not forbear groaning inwardly, and saying to himself, Oh that I were that dog! Such was then his happiness, and such, perhaps, is that of hundreds more, who bear themselves highest in the contempt of religion, and glory in that infamous servitude which they affect to call liberty.
Doddridge.

CONSCIENCE—Convictions of.

Conscience, that in the days of fortune's favour
Securely slept, now rouses into strong
And dread conviction of her crime. I broke
The sacred oath, sworn to a dying father,
To free my country from her chains. My soul
Shakes as I roll this thought. O Providence,
Awfully just, though Guilt may shut her eye,
Thine ever wakes to mark, to trace, to punish!
Mallet.

CONSCIENCE—Defiance of.

Where are thy terrors, conscience? where thy justice?
That this bad man dare boldly own his crimes,
Insult thy sacred power, and glory in it?
Francis.

CONSCIENCE—Definitions of.

God's vicegerent in the soul. *Buchan.*

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through Gain's silence, and o'er Glory's din:
Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God! *Byron.*

The pulse of reason. *Coleridge.*

The sense of right. *Dr. Watson.*

CONSCIENCE—Delights of.

A palsy may as well shake an oak, or a fever dry up a fountain, as either of them shake, dry up, or impair the delight of conscience. For it lies within, it centres in the heart, it grows into the very substance of the soul, so that it accompanies a man to his grave,—he never outlives it; and that for this cause only, because he cannot outlive himself. *South.*

CONSCIENCE—Fear of.

In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thyself: another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand; another thou mayest avoid; thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment. *Quarles.*

CONSCIENCE—A Good.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
Shakspeare.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. *Addison.*

CONSCIENCE—A Good.

The testimony of a good conscience will make the comforts of heaven descend upon man's weary head like a refreshing dew or shower upon a parched land. It will give him lively earnests and secret anticipations of approaching joy; it will bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels. The comfort which it conveys is greater than the capacities of mortality can appreciate, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it is felt. *South.*

CONSCIENCE—A Guilty.

A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool drawing in all to itself, which would otherwise pass by. —— *Fuller.*

None have accused thee; 'tis thy conscience cries,
The witness in the soul that never dies;
Its accusation, like the moaning wind
Of wintry midnight, moves thy startled mind.
Oh! may it melt thy harden'd heart, and bring
From out thy frozen soul the life of spring.
Mrs. Hale.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
Shakspeare.

CONSCIENCE—a Guide to Integrity.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience. *Home.*

CONSCIENCE—the Minister of Justice.

Conscience is justice's best minister: it threatens, promises, rewards, and punishes, and keeps all under its control: the busy must attend to its remonstrances, the most powerful submit to its reproof, and the angry endure its upbraidings. While conscience is our friend, all is peace; but if once offended, farewell the tranquil mind. *Hon. Mrs. Montague.*

CONSCIENCE—Liberty of.

Liberty of conscience (when people have consciences) is rightly considered the most indispensable of liberties; and yet there may have been many periods when it could not be conceded without great hazard to public security. When the subjects of a state have that degree of education that they will not use their liberty of thought to take up with doctrines incompatible with the existence of society, the ruling powers can have no pretence for restraining this important attribute of humanity. It is a very natural mistake to confound liberty with popular power. Liberty has often been the result of the popular acquisition of power,

but the two are not identical. Liberty of conscience and religious observance, liberty of thought, liberty of speech, liberty of doing good to our fellows in our own way, liberty of education, liberty of choosing our occupation, liberty of using our gifts and talents to advantage, liberty of doing what we please with our own, liberty of trading, liberty of guiding our own movements—all these we may have without any vote in the appointing of the government, and we may fail in securing many of them under a popular constitution. So long as a large proportion of our fellow-citizens would abuse, to a ruinous extent, any one of these precious privileges, we must be for a time content to forego them. *Chambers.*

CONSCIENCE—an Inward Monitor.

I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it. *Shakspeare.*

CONSCIENCE—Power of.

The unanswerable reasonings of Butler never reached the ear of the gray-haired pious peasant; but he needs not their powerful aid to establish his sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality. It is no induction of logic that has transfixed the heart of the victim of deep remorse, when he withers beneath an influence unseen by human eye, and shrinks from the anticipation of a reckoning to come. In both the evidence is within, a part of the original constitution of every rational mind, planted there by Him who framed the wondrous fabric. This is the power of conscience; with an authority, which no man can put away from him, it pleads at once for his own future existence, and for the moral attributes of an omnipotent and ever-present Deity. In a healthy state of the moral feelings, the man recognises its claim to supreme dominion. Amid the degradation of guilt, it still raises its voice and asserts its right to govern the whole man; and, though its warnings are disregarded, and its claims disallowed, it proves within his inmost soul an accuser that cannot be stilled, and an avenging spirit that never is quenched. *Dr. Abercrombie.*

CONSCIENCE—Power of.

Conscience! what art thou, thou tremendous power!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourselves, another self,
A master self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave,
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds!
Make the past present, and the future frown!
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long, restless dream, which idiots hug,
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life? *Young.*

Conscience is too great a power in the nature of man to be altogether subdued; it may for a time be repressed and kept dormant; but conjunctures there are in human life which awaken it; and when once re-awakened, it flashes on the sinner's mind with all the horrors of an invisible ruler, and a future judgment. *Blair.*

Let a prince be guarded with soldiers, attended by councillors, and shut up in forts; yet if his thoughts disturb him, he is miserable. *Plutarch.*

Even in the fiercest uproar of our stormy passions, conscience, though in her softest whispers, gives to the supremacy of rectitude the voice of an undying testimony. *Chalmers.*

CONSCIENCE—Purity of.

We should have all our communications with men, as in the presence of God; and with God, as in the presence of men. *Colton.*

CONSCIENCE—a Quiet.

In all ages and all countries, man, through the disposition he inherits from our first parents, is more desirous of a *quiet* and approving, than of a vigilant and tender conscience; desirous of *security* instead of *safety;* studious to escape the *thought* of spiritual danger more than the danger itself; and to induce, at any price, some one to assure him confidently that he is safe, to prophesy unto him smooth things, "and to speak peace, even when there is no peace." *Whately.*

I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. *Shakspeare.*

CONSCIENCE—Regulation of the.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last

interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him. *Addison.*

CONSCIENCE—Remorse of.

Remorse of conscience is like an old wound; a man is in no condition to fight under such circumstances. The pain abates his vigour and takes up too much of his attention.
Jeremy Collier.

CONSCIENCE—Selling of the.

A man who sells his conscience for his interest, will sell it for his pleasure. A man who will betray his country, will betray his friend. *Miss Edgeworth.*

CONSCIENCE—Sovereignty of the.

The conscience, that sole monarchy in man,
Owing allegiance to no earthly prince;
Made by the edict of creation free;
Made sacred, made above all human laws,
Holding of Heaven alone; of most divine
And indefeasible authority;
An individual sovereignty, that none
Created might, unpunished, bind or touch,
Unbound, save by the eternal laws of God,
And unamenable to all below. *Pollok.*

CONSCIENCE—Stings of.

Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. *Shakspeare.*

Severe decrees may keep our tongues in awe,
But to our thoughts what edict can give law?
Even you yourself to your own breast shall tell
Your crimes, and your own conscience be your hell. *Dryden.*

CONSCIENCE—Struggles of.

The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
Shakspeare.

CONSCIENCE—an Inward Sunshine.

I know
Too well the miseries that hem me round;
And yet the inward sunshine of my soul,
Unclouded by their melancholy shadows,
Bathes in its deep tranquillity one image,
One only image, which no outward storm
Can ever ruffle. *Talfourd.*

CONSCIENCE—attendant on Virtue.

The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
Milton.

CONSCIENCE—the Voice of.

Conscience, that vicegerent of God in the human heart, whose "still small voice" the loudest revelry cannot drown. *Harrison.*

In the wildest anarchy of man's insurgent appetites and sins, there is still a reclaiming voice; a voice which, even when in practice disregarded, it is impossible not to own; and to which, at the very moment that we refuse our obedience, we find that we cannot refuse the homage of what ourselves do feel and acknowledge to be the best, the highest principles of our nature. *Chalmers.*

CONSCIENCE—Watchfulness of.

A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp;
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steal our embryos of iniquity.
As all rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all consuming heirs,
Thus with indulgence most severe she treats
The spendthrifts of inestimable time;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass;
Writes our whole history, which death shall read
In every pale delinquent's hapless ear,
And judgment publish, publish to more worlds
Than this, and endless age in groans resound.
Young.

CONSCIENCE—a Punishment to the Wicked.

Many a lash in the dark doth conscience give the wicked. *Boston.*

CONSIDERATION—Advantages of.

Better it is, toward the right conduct of life, to consider what will be the end of a thing, than what is the beginning of it; for what promises fair at first may prove ill, and what seems at first a disadvantage, may prove very advantageous. *Wells.*

CONSISTENCY.

Either take Christ in your lives, or cast him out of your lips; either be that thou seemest, or else be what thou art. *Dyer.*

CONSISTENCY—Characteristics of.

He who prays as he ought, will endeavour to live as he prays. He who can live in sin, and abide in the ordinary duties of prayer, never prays as he ought. A truly gracious praying frame is utterly inconsistent with the love of, or reserve for, any sin. *Owen.*

CONSISTENCY—Moral Strength.

Without consistency there is no moral strength. *Ibid.*

CONSPIRACY—Anxious Fears of.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection. *Shakspeare.*

CONSPIRACY—Evil Spirit of.

O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free! Oh then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention. *Ibid.*

CONSPIRATOR—Character of the.

For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfix'd in principle and place,
In power unpleased, impatient in disgrace.
Dryden.

CONSTABLE—Importance of the.

A constable is a viceroy in the street, and no man stands more upon't that he is the king's officer. His jurisdiction extends to the next stocks, where he has commission for the heels only, and sets the rest of the body at liberty. He is a scarecrow to that alehouse where he drinks not his morning draught, and apprehends a drunkard for not standing, in the king's name. Beggars fear him more than the justice, and as much as the whipstock, whom he delivers over to his subordinate magistrates, the bridewell-man and the beadle. He is a great stickler in the tumults of double jugs, and ventures his head by his place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace. He is never so much in his majesty as in his night watch. *Bishop Earle.*

CONSTANCY—without Change.

True constancy no time, no power can move:
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love. *Gay.*

I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion. *Shakspeare.*

CONSTANCY—Characteristics of.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure myself that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself. In short, without constancy there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue in the world. *Addison.*

CONSTANCY—Unalterable.

I know thee constant.
Sooner I'll think the sun would cease to cheer
The teeming earth, and then forget to bear;
Sooner that rivers would run back, or Thames,
With ribs of ice in June would bind his streams;
Or nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course before you alter yours. *Johnson.*

CONSTITUTION—Meaning of.

There is nothing so much talked of, and so little understood in this country, as the constitution. It is a word in the mouth of every man; and yet when we come to discourse of the matter, there is no subject on which our ideas are more confused and perplexed. Some, when they speak of the constitution, confine their notions to the law; others to the legislature; others again, to the governing and executive part; and many there are who jumble all these together in one idea. One error, however, is common to them all; for all seem to have the conception of something uniform and permanent, as if the constitution of England partook rather of the nature of the soil than of the climate, and was as fixed and constant as the former, not as changing and variable as the latter. *Fielding.*

CONSTITUTION (The Human) Beneficial Law of.

The law of our constitution, whereby the regulated activity of both intellect and feeling is made essential to sound bodily health, seems to me one of the most beautiful arrangements of an all-wise and beneficent Creator. If we shun the society of our fellow-creatures, and shrink from taking a share in the active duties of life, mental indolence and physical debility beset our path. Whereas if, by engaging in the business of life, and taking an active interest in the advancement of society, we duly exercise our various powers of perception, thought, and feeling, we promote the health of the whole corporeal system, invigorate the mind itself, and at the same time experience the highest mental gratification of which a human being is susceptible; namely, that of having fulfilled the end and object of our being, in the active discharge of our duties to God, to our fellow-men, and to ourselves. If we neglect our faculties, or deprive them of their objects, we weaken the organization, give rise to distressing diseases, and at the same time experience the bitterest feelings that can afflict humanity—ennui and melancholy. The harmony thus shown to exist between the moral and physical world is but another example of the numerous inducements to that right conduct and activity in pursuing which the Creator has evidently destined us to find terrestrial happiness.

Combe.

CONSUMPTION—Description of.

The delicate face where thoughtful care already mingled with the winning grace and loveliness of youth, the too bright eye, the spiritual head, the lips that pressed each other with such high resolve and courage of the heart, the slight figure, firm in its bearing and yet so very weak. *Dickens.*

CONSUMPTION—Watching the Progress of.

It is most sad to watch the fall
Of autumn leaves!—but worst of all
It is to watch the flower of Spring
Faded in its fresh blossoming!
To see the once so clear blue orb
  Its summer light and warmth forget,
Dark'ning beneath its tearful lid,
  Like a rain-beaten violet!
To watch the banner-rose of health
  Pass from the cheek;—to mark how plain,
Upon the wan and sunken brow,
  Become the wanderings of each vein!
The shadowy hand so thin and pale!
  The languid step, the drooping head!
The long wreaths of neglected hair!
  The lip whence red and smile are fled!—
And having watched thus, day by day,
Light, life, and colour pass away—
To see, at length, the glassy eye
Fix dull in dread mortality;
Mark the last ray, catch the last breath,
Till the grave sets its sign of death.

L. E. Landon.

CONTEMPLATION—on God's Handiwork.

I meditate on all Thy works, I muse on the works of Thy hand. *David.*

CONTEMPLATION—Pleasures of.

Last night when with a draught from that cool fountain
I had my wholesome sober supper crown'd;
As is my stated custom, forth I walk'd
Beneath the solemn gloom and glittering sky,
To feed my soul with prayer and meditation;
And thus to inward harmony composed,
That sweetest music of the grateful heart,
Whose each emotion is a silent hymn,
I to my couch retired. *Mallet.*

There is a sweet pleasure in contemplation. All others grow flat and insipid on frequent use; and when a man hath run through a set of vanities, in the declension of his age he knows not what to do with himself, if he cannot think. *Sir T. B. Blount.*

CONTEMPT—to be Avoided.

Despise not any man, and do not spurn any thing. For there is no man that hath not his hour, nor is there any thing that hath not its place. *Rabbi Ben Azai.*

CONTEMPT—Regulated by Fashion.

Contempt is frequently regulated by fashion. *Zimmerman.*

CONTEMPT—a Proof of Ignorance.

He who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
That he hath never used, and thought with him
Is in its infancy. *Wordsworth.*

CONTEMPT—Sinfulness of.

'Tis nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. Then be assured
That least of all can aught that ever owned
The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime
Which man is born to, sink, howe'er depressed,

So low as to be scorned without a sin,
Without offence to God, cast out of view.
Wordsworth.

CONTENT—Blessings of.

He that troubles not himself with anxious thoughts for more than is necessary, lives little less than the life of angels, whilst, by a mind content with little, he imitates their want of nothing. *Cave.*

CONTENT—Quiet Enjoyment of.

Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? or loweth the ox over his fodder? *Job.*

CONTENT—Soothing Influence of.

This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold;
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed;
Can rear a garden in a desert waste.
Kirke White.

CONTENT—in Poverty.

Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure;
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day when reason rules the mind.
Collins.

CONTENT AND PAIN.

But live content, which is the calmest life;
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils; and, excessive, overturns
All patience. *Milton.*

CONTENTION—Avoiding of.

Where two discourse, if the one's anger rise,
The man who lets the contest fall is wise.
Plutarch.

CONTENTION—Evil of.

Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him. *Shakspeare.*

CONTENTION—Religious.

Religious contention is the devil's harvest.
Fontaigne.

CONTENTMENT—in old Age.

Oh! this contentment shown by a man, although the sunset clouds of life were gathering around him, inspires new life into the hypochondriacal spectator or listener, whose melancholy minor chords, usually in the presence of an old man, begin to vibrate tremendously, as if he were a signpost to the grave! But in reality, a cheerful, vigorous old man, discloses to us the immortality of his being: too tough to be mown down even by death's keen scythe, and pointing to us the way into the second world. *Richter.*

CONTENTMENT—the highest Attainment.

That happy state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which we can say, "I have enough," is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness consists, not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. He who wants little always has enough.
Zimmerman.

CONTENTMENT—Benefits of.

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. *Addison.*

CONTENTMENT—with God's Blessing.

A little, with the blessing of God upon it, is better than a great deal, with the incumbrance of His curse; His blessing can multiply a mite into a talent, but His curse will shrink a talent into a mite; by Him the arms of the wicked are broken, and by Him the righteous are upholden; so that the great question is, whether he be with or against us, and the great misfortune is, that this question is seldom asked. The favour of God is to them that obtain it, a better and enduring substance, which, like the widow's barrel of oil, wasted not in the evil days of famine, nor will fail.
Bishop Horne.

CONTENTMENT—Characteristics of.

Contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire; not in multiplying of wealth, but in subtracting men's desires. Worldly riches, like nuts, tear many clothes in getting them, but fill no belly with eating them, obstructing only the stomach with toughness, and filling the bowels with windiness. Yea, your souls may sooner surfeit than be satisfied with earthly things. He that at first thought ten thousand pounds too much for any one man, will afterwards think ten millions too little for himself. *Fuller.*

CONTENTMENT—adapted to Circumstances.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances. *Hume.*

CONTENTMENT—True Element of.

Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the

cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do; loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for healthened competence, and above all for a quiet conscience. *Izaak Walton.*

CONTENTMENT—in Moderation.

May I always have a heart superior, with economy suitable, to my fortune. *Shenstone.*

Is that animal better that hath two or three mountains to graze on than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouses of heaven, clouds, and Providence? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a full urn, or drink better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble than when it wells over the green turf? *Jeremy Taylor.*

O grant me, Heav'n, a middle state,
Neither too humble, nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.
Mallet.

Happy the man who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leather purse retains
A good old shilling. *Goldsmith.*

CONTENTMENT—Moral Origin of.

My conscience is my crown;
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself;
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth;
A mean, the surest lot;
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil:
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign:
Effects attain'd, or not desired,
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin;
Well-doing is my wealth:
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I wrestle not with rage
While fury's flame doth burn;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enragèd foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
A temper'd calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

No change of fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down:
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown. *Southwell.*

CONTENTMENT—Pleasures of.

The king can drink the best of wine—
So can I;
And has enough when he would dine—
So have I;
And cannot order rain or shine—
Nor can I.
Then where's the difference—let me see—
Betwixt my lord the king and me?

Do trusty friends surround his throne
Night and day?
Or make his interest their own?
No, not they.
Mine love me for myself alone—
Bless'd be they!
And that's one difference which I see
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

Do knaves around me lie in wait
To deceive,
Or fawn and flatter when they hate,
And would grieve?
Or cruel pomps oppress my state—
By my leave?
No! Heaven be thank'd! And here you see
More difference 'twixt the king and me!

He has his fools, with jests and quips,
When he'd play;
He has his armies and his ships—
Great are they;
But not a child to kiss his lips,
Well-a-day!
And that's a difference sad to see
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

I wear the cap and he the crown—
What of that?
I sleep on straw and he on down—
What of that?
And he's the king, and I'm the clown—
What of that?
If happy I, and wretched he,
Perhaps the king would change with me!
Dr. Mackay.

Lord, who would live turmoil'd in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.
Shakspeare.

Since all great souls still make their own content,
We to ourselves may all our wishes grant;
For, nothing coveting, we nothing want.
Dryden.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content—
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent—
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of Mirth's and Music's fare.
Obscured life sits down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.
Greene.

He that from dust of worldly tumult flies,
May boldly open his undazzled eyes,
To read wise nature's books, and with delight
Survey the plants by day, the stars by night.
We need not travel, seeking ways to bliss;
He that desires contentment, cannot miss:
No garden-walls this precious flower embrace—
It common grows in ev'ry desert place.
Beaumont.

CONTENTMENT—a Pearl of great Price.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and a happy purchase. *Balguy.*

CONTENTMENT—Secret of.

As for a little more money and a little more time, why it's ten to one if either one or the other would make you a whit happier. If you had more time, it would be sure to hang heavily. It is the working man is the happy man. Man was made to be active, and he is never so happy as when he is so. It is the idle man is the miserable man. What comes of holidays, and far too often of sight-seeing, but evil? Half the harm that happens is on those days. And, as for money—Don't you remember the old saying, "Enough is as good as a feast?" Money never made a man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has, the more he wants. Instead of its filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that want another way. That was a true proverb of the wise man, rely upon it: "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure, and trouble therewith." *Rev. Dr. Doudney.*

There is scarce any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen; Providence having so ordered things, that in every man's cup, how bitter soever, there are some cordial drops—some good circumstances, which, if wisely extracted, are sufficient for the purpose he wants them—that is, to make him contented, and if not happy, at least resigned. *Sterne.*

CONTENTMENT—True.

There are thousands so extravagant in their ideas of contentment, as to imagine that it must consist in having every thing in this world turn out the way they wish—that they are to sit down in happiness, and feel themselves so at ease on all points, as to desire nothing better and nothing more. I own there are instances of some who seem to pass through the world as if all their paths had been strewed with rosebuds of delight;—but a little experience will convince us, 'tis a fatal expectation to go upon. We are born to trouble: and we may depend upon it whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions;—that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one, nor overthrown by the other, but to bear ourselves towards every thing which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. This is the true temperate climate fitted for us by

nature, and in which every wise man would wish to live. *Sterne.*

CONTRAST.

Look here, upon this picture and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
Shakspeare.

CONTROL—Mental.

When we turn our serious attention to the economy of the mind, we perceive that it is capable of a variety of processes of the most remarkable and most important nature. We find, also, that we can exert a voluntary power over these processes, by which we control, direct, and regulate them at our will; and that, when we do not exert this power, the mind is left to the influence of external impressions, or casual trains of association, often unprofitable and frivolous. We thus discover that the mind is the subject of culture and discipline, which, when duly exercised, must produce the most important results on our condition as rational and moral beings; and that the exercise of them involves a responsibility of the most solemn kind, which no man can possibly put away from him.
Dr. Abercrombie.

CONTROVERSY—Benefits of.

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies,—his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth which he holds more firmly established. If then it be profitable for him to read, why should it not at least be tolerable and free for his adversary to write? In logic, they teach that contraries laid together more evidently appear: it follows, then, that all controversy being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true; which must needs conduce much to the general confirmation of an implicit truth. *Milton.*

CONTROVERSY—best Kinds of.

As those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and the stone, so are those doctrines best and sweetest which flow from a gentle crush of the Scriptures, and are not wrung into controversies and commonplaces. *Bacon.*

CONVERSATION—Art of.

Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.
Sala.

CONVERSATION—Conduct during.

The progress of a private conversation betwixt two persons of different sexes is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very distinct perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should. *Sir Walter Scott.*

CONVERSATION—Deficiency in.

Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting, we shall find them very flat and monotonous: like hand organs, we have heard all their tunes. *Colton.*

CONVERSATION—Delights of.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive. *Plato.*

CONVERSATION—Ease in.

But conversation, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when religion leads the way,
Should flow, like waters after summer show'rs,
Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.
Cowper.

CONVERSATION—Offensive Manner of.

I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception. *Steele.*

CONVERSATION—Pith of.

The pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own superior knowledge on matters of small importance, but in enlarging, improving, and correcting the information you possess, by the authority of others.
Sir Walter Scott.

CONVERSATION—Requisites of.

Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood. *Shakspeare.*

CONVERSATION—Rudeness in.

Never hold any one by the button or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them. *Chesterfield.*

CONVERSATION—Rules in.

One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid: nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves. *Swift.*

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humour, and the fourth wit. *Sir W. Temple.*

CONVERSATION—Sparing in.

Amongst such as out of cunning hear all and talk little, be sure to talk less; or if you must talk, say little. *La Bruyère.*

CONVERSATION—Styles of.

He that would please in company must be attentive to what style is most proper. The scholastic should never be used but in a select company of learned men. The didactic should seldom be used, and then only by judicious aged persons, or those who are eminent for piety or wisdom. No style is more extensively acceptable than the narrative, because this does not carry an air of superiority over the rest of the company, and therefore is most likely to please them: for this purpose we should store our memory with short anecdotes and entertaining pieces of history. Almost every one listens with eagerness to extemporary history. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity, for he that is a hearer in one place, wishes to qualify himself to be a principal speaker in some inferior company, and therefore more attention is given to narrations than anything else in conversation. It is true, indeed, that sallies of wit and quick replies are very pleasing in conversation, but they frequently tend to raise envy in some of the company; but the narrative way neither raises this, nor any other evil passion, but keeps all the company nearly upon an equality, and if judiciously managed, will at once entertain and improve them all. *Johnson.*

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was unsociable, and even irritable, when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse, and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humour saturnine and reserved. Corneille in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying: he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company and suck *his* wine and *their* humours. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox, in conversation, never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious. Grotius was talkative. Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll. Burke was eminently entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity; he soared into every region, and was at home in all. Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could talk like running water. Dr. Johnson wrote monotonously and ponderously, but in conversation his words were close and sinewy; and if his pistol missed fire, he knocked down his antagonist with the butt of it. Coleridge, in his conversation, was full of acuteness and originality. Leigh Hunt has been well termed the philosopher of hope, and likened to a pleasant stream in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs. Fisher Ames was a powerful and effective orator, and not the less distinguished in the social circle. He possessed a fluent language, a vivid fancy, and a well-stored memory. *Chambers.*

CONVERSATION—Useful.

Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers. *St. Paul.*

CONVERSION—Mystery of.

In what way, or by what manner of working, God changes a soul from evil to good, how He impregnates the barren rock—the priceless gems and gold,—is to the human mind an impenetrable mystery, in all cases alike.
Coleridge.

CONVERSIONS—Value of.

As to the value of conversions, God alone can judge. God alone can know how wide are the steps which the soul has to take before it can approach to a community with Him, to the dwelling of the perfect, or to the intercourse and friendship of higher natures.
Goethe.

CONVICTION—Cavillers against.

The perverseness of men's dispositions, and the limited faculties we possess, whilst in our present state, will ever raise cavillers against the most clear conviction; but let us shut our ears against their writings, contenting ourselves with the study of the New Testament, and relying upon the assurances the Gospel offers; convinced that this line of conduct cannot injure us, but is likely to lead us to peace and happiness. *Wakefield.*

COQUETTE—Character of the.

A coquette is one that is never to be persuaded out of the passion she has to please, nor out of a good opinion of her own beauty: time and years she regards as things that only wrinkle and decay other women; forgets that age is written in the face, and that the same dress which became her when she was young, now only makes her look the older. Affectation cleaves to her even in sickness and pain; she dies in a high-head and coloured ribbons. *La Bruyère.*

The maid whom now you court in vain,
Will quickly run in quest of man. *Horace.*

COQUETTE—Deserts of the.

I do confess thou'rt young and fair,
And I might have been brought to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That breath could move, had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisseth everything it meets.
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with its briers, how sweet it smiles!
But pluck'd and strain'd by ruder hands,
Its sweet no longer with it dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from it, one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like faded flowers—be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh, when some will smile,
To see thy love for every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.
Herrick.

COQUETTE—The Rustic.

Mincing she was, as is a wanton colt,
Sweet as a flower, and upright as a bolt.
Chaucer.

CORRESPONDENCE (Anonymous)—Odiousness of.

Of all detestable things this is the most odious:—Friend may censure friend, foe may vent his spleen, but let it never be done under the cover of anonymous writing. It is indeed a sneaking world, a cowardly world, for it kills more from behind a shelter than it dare attack in the open plain: but what dear ties have either been sundered or loosened by this fiend of mischief; what hopes of love blighted, what deeds of charity delayed, what virtues, the most exalting and dignifying to human nature, sullied, by this foul invisible spirit! Friendships over which time could exercise no control,—which distance or poverty could not shake or alter,—have been for ever chilled by suspicion, or completely destroyed by anonymous malice. Neither shall *they* be wholly guiltless who believe these secret calumniators of a man's character. Truth, be it remembered, requires no covert, no alteration of garb, for how possibly can it assume a lovelier one than its own? Burn, then, these unauthorized epistles; look for the signature before you glance at the matter; and thus this enemy of truth and plain dealing (for such is the anonymous correspondent) will be foiled in his attempt to pervert innocence, and your own bosom will still have the satisfaction of thinking well of those friends and neighbours whom this demon of mischief would destroy. *Kemp.*

CORRUPTION—Results of.

I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'errun the stew. *Shakspeare.*

CORRUPTION—Spread of.

Corruption is a tree, whose branches are
Of an unmeasurable length: they spread
Ev'rywhere; and the dew that drops from thence
Hath infected some chairs, and stools of authority. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

CORRUPTION—of a State.

Unless corruption first deject the pride
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
All crude attempts of violence are vain;
For, firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
But soon as independence stoops the head,
To vice enslaved, and vice-created wants,
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste

Their craving lusts with fatal bounty feeds,
They fall a willing, undefended prize:
From man to man th' infectious softness runs,
Till the whole state unnerved in slavery sinks.
Thomson.

At length corruption, like a general flood,
So long by watchful ministers withstood,
Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun.
Pope.

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT—The.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee,
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' maks him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errant to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.
Burns.

COUNSEL—Good.

Fle fro the prease, and dwell with soothfastnesse,
Suffise unto thy good though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and climing tikelnesse,
Prease hath envy, and wele is blent over all,
Savour no more than thee behove shall,
Rede well thy selfe, that other folks canst rede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

Paine thee not ech crooked to redresse
In trust of her that tourneth as a ball,
Great rest standeth in little businesse,
Beware also to spurn againe a nall,
Strive not as doth a crocke with a wall,
Deme thy selfe that demest others dede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomesse,
The wrastling of this world asketh a fall,
Here is no home, here is but wildernesse,
Forth pilgrime, forth beast out of thy stall,
Looke up on high, and thanke God of all,
Weive thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lede,
And trouth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.
Chaucer.

COUNSEL—Taking.

Whoever is wise, is apt to suspect and be diffident of himself, and upon that account is willing to "hearken unto counsel;" whereas the foolish man, being in proportion to his folly full of himself, and swallowed up in conceit, will seldom take any counsel but his own, and for that very reason, because it is his own. *Balguy.*

COUNSELS.

Good counsels observed, are chains to grace, which, neglected, prove halters to strange undutiful children. *Fuller.*

COUNTENANCE—Change in.

I said, the years with change advance,
If I make dark my countenance
I shut my life from happier chance. *Tennyson.*

COUNTENANCE—Definitions of the.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books;—
I trow that countenance cannot lye,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.
Spenser.

COUNTENANCE—Expression of the.

The cheek
Is apter than the tongue to tell an errand.
Shakspeare.

COUNTENANCE—Irradiations of the.

That chastened brightness only gathered by those who tread the path of sympathy and love. *Bulwer Lytton.*

COUNTENANCE—the Reflex of Mind.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a tragic leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
Shakspeare.

COUNTENANCE—Unsophisticated.

Alas! how few of nature's faces there are to gladden us with their beauty! The cares, and sorrows, and hungerings of the world change them as they change hearts; and it is only when those passions sleep, and have lost their hold for ever, that the troubled clouds pass off, and leave heaven's surface clear. It is a common thing for the countenances of the dead, even in that fixed and rigid state, to subside into the long-forgotten expression of sleepless infancy, and settle into the very look of early life; so calm, so peaceful do they grow again, that those who knew them in their happy childhood, kneel by the coffin's side in awe, and see the angel even upon earth.
Dickens.

COUNTERACTION.

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish. *Shakspeare.*

COUNTRY—Delights of the.

Blest silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains. *Raleigh.*

COUNTRY—Fields in the.

Not all the sights your boasted garden yields
Are half so lovely as my father's fields,
Where large increase has bless'd the fruitful plain,
And we with joy behold the swelling grain!
Whose heavy ears, toward the earth reclined,
Wave, nod, and tremble to the whisking wind.
Mrs. Leapor.

COUNTRY—Happiness of the.

Ah! Prince! hadst thou but known the joys which dwell
With humble fortunes, thou wouldst curse thy royalty.
Had fate allotted to us some obscure village,
Where, with life's necessaries bless'd alone,
We might have pass'd in peace our happy days,
Free from the cares which crowns and empires bring;
No wicked statesmen would with impious arts
Have striven to wrest from us our small inheritance,
Or stir the simple hinds to noisy faction. *Rowe.*

COUNTRY—Influence of the.

There is a something in the pleasures of the country that reaches much beyond the gratification of the eye—a something that invigorates the mind, that erects its hopes, that allays its perturbations, that mellows its affections; and it will generally be found, that our happiest schemes, and wisest resolutions, are formed under the mild influence of a country scene, and the soft obscurities of rural retirement.
Roberts.

COUNTRY—Joys of the.

Hail, ye soft seats! ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flowery meads, ye vales and mazy woods!
Ye limpid floods, that ever murm'ring flow!
Ye verdant meads, where flowers eternal blow!
Ye shady vales, where zephyrs ever play!
Ye woods, where little warblers tune their lay!
Here grant me, Heav'n, to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring, as to rest;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame,
Dissolving, turns to ashes, whence it came;
While my freed soul departs without a groan,
And joyful wings her flight to worlds unknown.
Broome.

And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white impurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms: where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy. *Thomson.*

COUNTRY—Love of.

Whatever strengthens our local attachments, is favourable both to individual and national character. Our home, our birth-place, our native land,—think for awhile what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words, and if you have any intellectual eyes, you will then perceive the connection between topography and patriotism. Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice; you have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a taproot. The laws recognize this truth in the privileges they

confer upon freeholders; and public opinion acknowledges it also in the confidence which it reposes upon those who have what is called a stake in the country. Vagabond and rogue are convertible terms; and with how much propriety may any one understand who knows what are the habits of the wandering classes, such as gipsies, tinkers, and potters. *Southey.*

Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action. —— *Shakspeare.*

I fancy the proper means of increasing the love we bear our native country, is to reside some time in a foreign one. *Shenstone.*

What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—— *Addison.*

O yes, I have felt a proud emotion swell,
That I was British born; that I had lived
A witness of thy glory, my most loved
And honour'd country, and silent prayer
Would rise to Heaven, that fame, and peace, and love,
And liberty, would walk thy vales, and sing
Their holy hymns; whilst thy brave arm repell'd
Hostility, even as thy guardian rocks
Repel the dash of ocean. *Bowles.*

As a light
And pliant harebell swinging in the breeze
On some grey rock—its birth-place—so had I
Wanton'd, fast rooted in the ancient tower
Of my beloved country, wishing not
A happier fortune, than to wither there.
Wordsworth.

COUNTRY—Praises of the.

Perpetual spring our happy climate sees:
Twice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
And summer suns recede by slow degrees.
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
Nor nourishes the lion's angry seed;
Nor poisonous aconite is here produced,
Or grows unknown, or is, when known, refused:
Nor in so vast a length our serpents glide,
Or raised on such a spiry volume ride. *Dryden.*

Sunny spots of greenery. *Coleridge.*

COUNTRY—Walk in the.

For it befell in that pleasant summer time, "small birds sing and shaughs are green," that Thurnall started, one bright Sunday eve, to see a sick child at an upland farm, some miles from the town. Some miles up the turnpike road he went, and then away to the right, through the ash-woods of Trebooze, up by the rill which drips from pool to pool, over the ledges of grey slate, deep bedded in dark sedge, and broad bright burdock leaves and tall angelica, and ell-broad rings and tufts of king, and crown, and lady-fern, and all the semi-tropic luxuriance of the fat western soil, and steaming western woods; out into the boggy moor at the glen head, all fragrant with the gold-tipped gale, where the turf is enamelled with the hectic marsh violet, and the pink pimpernel, and the pale yellow leaf-stars of the butterwort, and the blue bells and green threads of the ivy-leaved campanula; out upon the steep down above, and away over the broad cattle-pastures; and then to pause a moment, and look far and wide over land and sea. It was "a day of God." The earth lay like one great emerald, ringed and roofed with sapphire; blue sea, blue mountain, blue sky overhead. *Kingsley.*

COUNTRY AND HOME—Love of.

The affections which bind a man to the place of his birth are essential in his nature, and follow the same law as that which governs every innate feeling. They are implanted in his bosom along with life, and are modified by every circumstance which he encounters from the beginning to the end of his existence. The sentiment which, in the breast of any one man, is an instinctive fondness for the spot where he drew his early breath, becomes, by the progress of mankind and the formation of society, a more enlarged feeling, and expands into the noble passion of patriotism. The love of country, the love of the village where we were born, of the field which we first pressed with our tender footsteps, of the hillock which we first climbed, are the same affection, only the latter belongs to each of us separately; the first can be known but by men united into masses. It is founded upon every advantage which a nation is supposed to possess, and is increased by every improvement which it is supposed to receive. *Chenevix.*

COURAGE—Characteristics of.

Courage is a sort of armour to the mind, and keeps an unwelcome impression from driving too deep into perception. He that stands bold and strong, is not so easily pushed down. However, when the enemy strikes hard, and a man has a great deal to grapple with, something will be felt in spite of all the bravery imaginable. To bear pain decently is a good sign of inward strength, and an undoubted proof of a great mind.

Courage, by keeping the senses quiet and the understanding clear, puts us in a condition to receive true intelligence, to make computations upon danger, and pronounce rightly upon that which threatens us.

Innocence of life, consciousness of worth, and great expectations, are the best foundations of courage.

These ingredients make a richer cordial than youth can prepare. They warm the heart at eighty, and seldom fail in operation.
Elmes.

Courage mounteth with occasion. *Shakspeare.*

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it, and conquering it.
Richter.

COURAGE—Deeds of.

All desp'rate hazards courage do create,
As he plays frankly who has least estate :
Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success.
Dryden.

COURAGE—Moral.

We should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it. *Byron.*

Yet it may be more lofty courage dwells
In one weak heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate. *Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

COURAGE (Moral)—Necessity of.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the Flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice. *Sidney Smith.*

COURAGE—Nobility of.

Make thy demands to those that own thy power!
Know, I am still beyond thee: and though fortune
Has stripp'd me of this train, this pomp of greatness,
This outside of a king, yet still my soul,
Fix'd high, and of herself alone dependent,
Is ever free and loyal! and even now,
As at the head of battle, does defy thee!
I know what power the chance of war has given,
And dare thee to the use on't. *Rowe.*

COURAGE—Perseverance of.

God has given thee, thou sayest, an abiding-place in the midst of pestilential swamps. If thou hast courage to banish by persevering toil the putrid waters, the swamps will change into fertile and beautiful fields, the deadly fever will depart, and thou wilt rejoice as a strong man in thy health. But, moreover, the curtain of vapours which was ever around thee will be rent asunder, and night after night thy eye will be gladdened and taught by the glory of the stars. *Carlyle.*

COURAGE—Personal.

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
Shakspeare.

COURAGE—Promptness in.

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Be stirring at the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution. *Ibid.*

COURAGE—Qualities of.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger. *Ibid.*

COURAGE—Requisites of.

An intrepid courage is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and

never but in cases of necessity: affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue,—I mean good-nature, are of daily use; they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life. *Dryden.*

COURAGE—True.

True courage but from opposition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty? *Brooke.*

True courage is not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,
Builds on a sandy basis his renown;
A dream, a vapour, or an ague-fit,
May make a coward of him. *Whitehead.*

True courage has so little to do with anger, that there lies always the strongest suspicion against it, where this passion is highest. True courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal bullying insolence; and in the very time of danger are found the most serene, pleasant, and free. Rage, we know, can make a coward forget himself and fight. But what is done in fury or anger can never be placed to the account of courage. *Shaftesbury.*

He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.
Cowper.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none. *Shakspeare.*

True courage is not moved by breath of words,
While the rash bravery of boiling blood
Impetuous, knows no settled principle.
A fev'rish tide, it has its ebbs and flows,
As spirits rise or fall, as wine inflames,
Or circumstances change; but inborn courage,
The gen'rous child of Fortitude and Faith,
Holds its firm empire in the constant soul,
And like the steadfast pole-star, never once
From the same fix'd and faithful point declines. *Hannah More.*

COURAGE—Truest.

The truest courage is always mixed with circumspection; this being the quality which distinguishes the courage of the wise from the hardiness of the rash and foolish.
Jones of Nayland.

COURIER—The.

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.
Shakspeare.

COURTESY—Illustrious Example of.

I would that you would all read, ladies, and consider well, the traits of an opposite character which have just come to light (to me, I am ashamed to say, for the first time) in the biography of Sidney Smith. The love and admiration which that truly brave and loving man won from every one, rich or poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to me to have arisen from the one fact that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants and the noblemen his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately; so leaving a blessing, and reaping a blessing, wheresoever he went. *Kingsley.*

COURTESY—in Courtly Halls.

Of court it seemes men courtesie doe call,
For that it there most useth to abound;
And well beseemeth that in princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill conversation;
Right so in Faery Court it did redound,
Where courteous knights and ladies most did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

But mongst them all was none more courteous knight
Then Calidore, beloved over all,
In whom it seemes that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away;
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approved in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame display.

Ne was there knight, ne was there lady found,
In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire usage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace,
Which he could wisely use and well apply,
To please the best, and th' evill to embase;
For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and steadfast honesty.
Spenser.

COURTESY—to Inferiors.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible; so the truly generous are most

pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors. *Fuller.*

COURTESY—in Humble Life.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls,
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
It cannot be that I should fear to change it.
Milton.

COURTIERS—Contempt for.

I am no courtier, no fawning dog of state,
To lick and kiss the hand that buffets me;
Nor can I smile upon my guest, and praise
His stomach, when I know he feeds on poison,
And death disguised sits grinning at my table.
Sewel.

COURTIERS—Description of.

Live loath'd and long,
You smiling, smooth, detested parasites;
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher friends, time-flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks;
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er. *Shakspeare.*

COURTIERS—Flattery of.

There, like a statue, thou hast stood besieged,
By sycophants and tools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd and censured,
For want of courtly style: related actions,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts.
Dryden.

Give me flattery,—
Flattery, the food of courts, that I may rock him,
And lull him in the down of his desires.
Beaumont.

COURTIERS—Hypocrisy of.

You are meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. *Shakspeare.*

COURTIERS—the Curse of Kings.

They are the moths and scarabs of a state,
The bane of empires, and the dregs of courts,
Who, to endear themselves to an employment,
Care not whose fame they blast, whose life endanger,
And, under a disguised and cobweb mask
Of love unto their sovereign, vomit forth
Their own prodigious malice; a pretending
To be the props and columns of their safety,
The guards unto his person and his peace,
Disturb it most, with their false, lapwing cries.
Princes, that will but hear, or give access
To such officious spies, can ne'er be safe;
They take in poison with an open ear,
And free from danger, become slaves to fear.
Ben Jonson.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law. *Shakspeare.*

COURTIERS—Objects of.

These statesmen nothing woo, but gold and power;
I'm a bold advocate for other love,
Though at their bar indicted for a fool!
Young.

COURTS—Coxcombry of.

Courts are the places where best manners flourish,
Where the deserving ought to rise, and fools
Make show. Why should I vex and chafe my spleen,
To see a gaudy coxcomb shine, when I
Have sense enough too soothe him in his follies,
And ride him to advantage as I please?
Otway.

COURTS—Dangers of.

Bred in camps,
Train'd in the gallant openness of truth,
That best becomes a soldier; thou, my friend,
Art happily a stranger to the baseness,
The infamy of courts. *Mallet.*

The court's a golden, but a fatal circle,
Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
And beckon early virtue from its centre. *Lee.*

COURTS—Unhappiness of.

Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts;

For forced compliance, or for zealous virtue,
Still odious to the monarch, or the people.
Johnson.

COURTSHIP—Definition of.

Courtship consists in a number of quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as not to be understood. *Sterne.*

COURTSHIP—Happiness of.

Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half; 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. *Blair.*

COURTSHIP—Pleasures of.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing emotions of the soul, rise in the pursuit. *Addison.*

COURTSHIP—Pluck in.

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be? *Wither.*

COVETOUSNESS.

Some men are so covetous, as if they were to live for ever; and others so profuse, as if they were to die the next moment. *Aristotle.*

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in everything, and part with nothing. *South.*

The covetous man heaps up riches, not to enjoy them, but to have them; and starves himself in the midst of plenty, and most unnaturally cheats and robs himself of that which is his own; and makes a hard shift to be as poor and miserable with a great estate, as any man can be without it. *Tillotson.*

COVETOUSNESS—Fruitlessness of.

Rich people who are covetous are like the cypress tree: they may appear well, but are fruitless; so rich persons have the means to be generous, yet some are not so; but they should consider they are only trustees for what they possess, and should show their wealth to be more in doing good, than merely in having it. They should not reserve their benevolence for purposes after they are dead; for those who give not till they die, show that they would not then, if they could keep it any longer.
Bishop Hall.

COVETOUSNESS—Idolatry of.

Covetousness, which is idolatry. *St. Paul.*

COVETOUSNESS—Injunction against.

Take heed and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. *St. Luke.*

COVETOUSNESS—Rapacity of.

He that visits the sick in hopes of a legacy, let him be never so friendly in all other cases, I look upon him in this to be no better than a raven, that watches a weak sheep only to peck out its eyes. *Seneca.*

COVETOUSNESS—Reward of.

He deservedly loses his own property who covets that of another. *Phædrus.*

COVETOUSNESS—Servitude of.

The covetous man is a downright servant, a man condemned to work in mines, which is the lowest and hardest condition of servitude; and, to increase his misery, a worker there for he knows not whom: "He heapeth up riches, and knows not who shall enjoy them;" it is only sure that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He is an indigent, needy slave; he will hardly allow himself clothes and board-wages; he defrauds not only other men, but his own genius; he cheats himself for money. But the servile and miserable condition of this wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every man's sight as well as judgment. *Cowley.*

COWARD—Character of the.

Bold at the council-board;
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword.
Dryden.

A coward; a most devout coward: religious in it. *Shakspeare.*

I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind. *Ibid.*

COWARD—Contempt for the.

Milk-liver'd man,
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrong,

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering. *Shakspeare.*

COWARD—Culpability of the.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that man should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. *Ibid.*

COWARD—Kindness of the.

A coward is the kindest animal;
'Tis the most forgiving creature in a fight.
Dryden.

CREATION—Beauties of.

Doth not the pleasantness of this place carry in itself sufficient reward for any time lost in it? Do you not see how all things conspire together to make the country a heavenly dwelling? Do you not see the blades of grass, how in colour they excel the emerald, every one striving to pass his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equal height! And see you not the rest of those beautiful flowers, each of which would require a man's wit to know, and his life to express! Do not these stately trees seem to maintain their flourishing old age, with the only happiness of their being clothed with a continued spring, because no beauty here should ever fade? Doth not the air breathe health, which the birds, delightful both to ear and eye, do daily solemnize with the sweet concert of their voices? Is not every echo thereof a perfect music? and those fresh and delightful brooks, how slowly they slide away, as loth to leave the company of so many things united in perfection, and with how sweet a murmur they lament their forced departure! *Drake*, 1629.

We cannot look around us, without being struck by the surprising variety and multiplicity of the sources of Beauty of Creation, produced by form, or by colour, or by both united. It is scarcely too much to say, that every object in nature, animate or inanimate, is in some manner beautiful, so largely has the Creator provided for our pleasures through the sense of sight. It is rare to see anything which is in itself distasteful, or disagreeable to the eye, or repulsive: while on this, however, they are alone entitled to pronounce who have cultivated the faculty in question; since, like every other quality of mind as of body, it is left to ourselves to improve that, of which the basis has been given to us, as the means of cultivating it have been placed in our power.

May I not also say, that this beauty has been conferred, in wisdom, as in beneficence? It is one of the revelations which the Creator has made of Himself to man. He was to be admired and loved: it was through the demonstrations of His character that we could alone see Him and judge of Him: and in thus inducing or compelling us to admire and love the visible works of His hand, He has taught us to love and adore Himself. This is the great lesson which the beauty of creation teaches, in addition to the pleasure which it affords; but, for this, we must cultivate that simple, and surely amiable piety, which learns to view the Father of the Universe in all the works of that universe. Such is the lesson taught by that certainly reasonable philosophy which desires to unite what men have too much laboured to dissever; a state of mind which is easily attainable, demands no effort of feeling beyond that of a simple and good heart, and needs not diverge into a weak and censurable enthusiasm. Much therefore is he to be pitied or condemned, who has not cultivated this faculty in this manner: who is not for ever looking round on creation, in feeling and in search of those beauties; that he may thus bend in gratitude and love before the Author of all Beauty. *Macculloch.*

CREATION—Diversity of.

The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon, and stars, enter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind than we, perhaps, ever think, or can possibly apprehend, without frequent and extensive investigation. This beauty and splendour of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, is not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It it therefore to be regarded as a source of pleasure, gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness, peculiarly affecting. *Dwight.*

CREATION—the Work of God.

The heavens are a point from the pen of His perfection;
The world is a rosebud from the bower of His beauty;
The sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom;
And the sky a bubble on the sea of His power.
His beauty is free from stain of sin,
Hidden in a veil of thick darkness.
He formed mirrors of the atoms of the world,
And He cast a reflection from His own face on every atom!

To Thy clear-seeing eye whatsoever is fair
When thou regardest it aright, is a reflection
from His face. *Sir William Jones.*

CREATION—Wisdom displayed in the.

We are raised by science to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness which the Creator has displayed in all His works. Not a step can we take in any direction without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design; and the skill everywhere conspicuous is calculated in so vast a proportion of instances to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of ourselves, that we feel no hesitation in concluding, that if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would appear to be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible of being able to follow the marvellous works of the Great Author of nature, and to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited by the most minute, as well as the mightiest parts of His system. *Brougham.*

CREATOR—Infinite Wisdom of the.

Researches into the springs of natural bodies and their motions, should awaken us to admiration at the wondrous wisdom of our Creator, in all the works of nature. *Watts.*

Wonderful indeed are all His works.
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes
deep?
I saw when at His word the formless mass,
The world's material mould, came to a heap;
Confusion heard His voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;
Till at His second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quintessence of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they
move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls this universe. *Milton.*

Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or
stain,
Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains, as countless as the seaside sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the
earth:
Happy who walks with Him! whom what he
finds
Of flavour or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Of what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
Cowper.

God is a worker: He has thickly strewn
Infinity with grandeur. God is love:
He shall wipe away creation's tears,
And all the worlds shall summer in His smile.
Smith.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.
David.

CREDITOR—Independence of the.

The creditor whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor, may hold his head in sunbeams and his foot on storms. *Lavater.*

CREDITORS—Memories of.

Creditors have better memories than debtors; and creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times. *Franklin.*

CREDULITY—Dangers of.

O Credulity,
Thou hast as many ears as Fame has tongues,
Open to every sound of truth as falsehood.
Havard.

Should we, by too much confidence betray'd,
Fall a defenceless prey to villany,
What could be said for us? 'Tis wrong to
trust
Those whom their very priests instruct to
keep
No faith with us.
When wicked men make promises of truth,
'Tis weakness to believe them. *Ibid.*

CREEDS—succeed according to Truth.

Mahomet's creed we call a kind of Christianity. The truth of it is imbedded in portentous error and falsehood; but the truth of

it makes it be believed, not the falsehood: it succeeded by its truth. A bastard kind of Christianity, but a living kind, with a heart-life in it; not dead, chopping, barren logic merely! Out of all that rubbish of Arab idolatries, argumentative theologies, traditions, subtleties, rumours and hypotheses of Greeks and Jews, with their idle wire-drawings, this wild man of the desert, with his wild sincere heart, earnest as death and life, with his great flashing natural eyesight, had seen into the kernel of the matter. Idolatry is nothing: "These wooden idols of yours, ye rub them with oil and wax, and the flies stick on them,—these are wood I tell you! They can do nothing for you; they are an impotent blasphemous pretence: a horror and abomination, if ye knew them. God alone is; God alone has power; He made us, He can kill us and keep us alive; '*Allah akbar*,' God is great. Understand that His will is the best for you; that howsoever sore to flesh and blood, you will find it the wisest, best; you are bound to take it so; in this world and in the next, you have no other thing that you can do!" And now, if the wild idolatrous men did believe this, and with their fiery hearts laid hold of it to do it, in what form soever it came to them, I say it is well worthy of being believed. *Carlyle.*

CRIME—engenders Crime.

Oh, how will crime engender crime! throw guilt
Upon the soul, and, like a stone cast on
The troubled waters of a lake,
'Twill form in circles round succeeding round,
Each wider than the first.
Colman the Younger.

CRIME—our worst Enemy.

Man's crimes are his worst enemies, following
Like shadows, till they drive his steps into
The pit he dug. *Creon.*

CRIME—Misgiving for.

Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.
Coleridge.

CRIME—in Thought.

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,
Contracts the danger of an actual fault.
Creech.

CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

If those whom the wisdom of our laws has condemned to die, had been detected in their rudiments of robbery, they might, by proper discipline, and useful labour, have been disentangled in their habits; they might have escaped all the temptations to subsequent crimes, and passed their days in reparation and penitence; and detected they might all have been, had the prosecutors been certain their lives would have been spared. I believe every thief will confess, that he has been more than once seized and dismissed; and that he has sometimes ventured upon capital crimes, because he knew, that those whom he injured, would rather connive at his escape than cloud their minds with the horrors of his death.
Johnson.

CRITIC (the True and False)—Characteristics of.

Fastidiousness, the discernment of defects, and the propensity to seek them, in natural beauty, are not the proofs of taste, but the evidences of its absence; it is, at least, an insensibility to beauty; it is worse than that, since it is a depravity, when pleasure is found in the discovery of such defects, real or imaginary. And he who affects this, because he considers it an evidence of his taste, is, at least, pitiably ignorant; while not seldom punished by the conversion of that affectation into a reality. And it is the same in criticism, as applied to works of literature. It is not the eye for faults, but beauties, that constitutes the real critic, in this, as in all else: he who is most discerning in the beauties of poetry, is the man of taste, the true judge, the only critic. The critic, as he is currently termed, who is discerning in nothing but faults, may care little to be told, that this is the mark of unamiable dispositions or of bad passions; but he might not feel equally easy, were he convinced that he thus gives the most absolute proofs of ignorance and want of taste. *Macculloch.*

CRITICISM—a Malignant Deity.

The malignant deity Criticism dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla: Momus found her extended in her den upon the spoils of numberless volumes half-devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hoodwinked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill Manners. *Swift.*

CRITICISM—Severity of.

The fangs of a bear, and the tusks of a wild boar, do not bite worse, and make deeper

gashes, than a goosequill sometimes: no, not even the badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his teeth meet, and the bones crack. *Howell.*

CRITICISM—Impartial Spirit of.

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit;
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep,—
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
Pope.

CRITICISM—Standard of.

Criticism, as it was first instituted by Aristotle, was meant as a standard of judging well. *Johnson.*

CRITICISM—Utility of.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them, for your friend is so much your second self that he will judge too like you. *Pope.*

CRITICS—Character of.

A poet, that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and insipid white wine makes at length excellent vinegar.
Shenstone.

Critics are like a kind of flies, that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.
Butler.

CRITICS—Qualities of.

Critics have done nearly the same in taste, as casuists have in morals; both having attempted to direct by rules, and limit by definitions, matters which depend entirely on feeling and sentiment; and which are therefore so various and extensive, and diversified by such nice and infinitely graduated shades of difference, that they elude all the subtleties of logic, and the intricacies of calculation. Rules can never be made so general, as to comprehend every possible case, nor definitions so multifarious and exact, as to include every possible circumstance or contingency.
R. P. Knight.

CRITICS—Qualities of.

'Tis necessary a writing critic should understand how to write. And though every writer is not bound to show himself in the capacity of critic, every writing critic is bound to show himself capable of being a writer; for, if he be apparently impotent in this latter kind, he is to be denied all title or character in the other.
Shaftesbury.

CRITICS—Cynical Spirit of.

He whose first emotion, on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show. *Aikin.*

CROWDS.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. *Bacon.*

CROWDS—Gaiety and Folly of.

It was that gay and splendid confusion, in which the eye of youth sees all that is brave and brilliant, and that of experience much that is doubtful, deceitful, false, and hollow; hopes that will never be gratified, promises that will never be fulfilled, pride in the disguise of humility, and insolence in that of frank and generous bounty. *Sir Walter Scott.*

CROWN—Golden in Show.

A *crown*,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns;
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Milton.

CRUELTY—True Character of.

Cruelty to dumb animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found, it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness; an intrinsic mark, which all the external advantages of wealth, splendour, and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor true civility; and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and the goodness of God, who having made the instincts of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion toward them very strong and powerful, but too refined to have any influence on the illiterate or irreligious. *Jones of Nayland.*

CRUELTY—not to be Indulged.

We ought never to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty. *Blair.*

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity forewarn'd,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
Cowper.

CUNNING.

Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom. *Bolingbroke.*

CUNNING—Contempt of.

All my own experience of life teaches me the contempt of cunning, not the fear.
Addison.

CUNNING—Knavery of.

Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery: lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning, and it is knavery. *La Bruyère.*

CUNNING AND DISCRETION.

Cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed: discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon. Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interests and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understanding; cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often taken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.
Ibid.

CUNNING AND WISDOM—Difference between.

Cunning differs from wisdom as twilight from open day. He that walks in the sunshine goes boldly forward by the nearest way; he sees that where the path is straight and even, he may proceed in security, and where it is rough and crooked, he easily complies with the turns, and avoids the obstructions. But the traveller in the dusk, fears more as he sees less; he knows there may be danger, and therefore suspects that he is never safe; tries every step before he fixes his foot, and shrinks at every noise, lest violence should approach him. Wisdom comprehends at once the end and the means, estimates easiness or difficulty, and is cautious, or confident, in due proportion. Cunning discovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty, than multiplication of stratagems and superfluity of suspicion. The man of cunning always considers that he can never be too safe, and, therefore, always keeps himself enveloped in a mist, impenetrable, as he hopes, to the eye of rivalry or curiosity.
Johnson.

CURIOSITY—Characteristics of.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.
Steele.

The over curious are not over wise. *Massinger.*

I loathe that low vice curiosity. *Byron.*

CURIOSITY—Dangers of.

Curiosity is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking.
Fuller.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity. *Pope.*

CURIOSITY—Definition of.

Curiosity is a languid principle, where access is easy and gratification is immediate: remoteness and difficulty are powerful incentives to its vigorous and lasting operations. *Monro.*

CURIOSITY—Impertinence of.

The curious, questioning eye,
That plucks the heart of every mystery.
Mellen.

CURIOSITY!
True, lady, by the roses on those lips,
Both man and woman would find life a waste
But for the cunning of—CURIOSITY!
She's the world's witch, and through the world she runs,
The merriest masker underneath the moon!

To beauties, languid from the last night's rout,
She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders wrapt
In morning shawls ; and by their pillow sits
Telling delicious tales of—lovers lost,
Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled lace !
And then *they* smile, and turn their eyes, and yawn,
And wonder what's o'clock, then sink again ;
And thus she sends the pretty fools to sleep.

She comes to ancient dames—and stiff as steel,
In hood and stomacher, with snuff in hand,
She makes their rigid muscles gay with news
Of Doctors' Commons, matches broken off,
Blue-stocking frailties, cards and ratafia ;
And thus she gives *them* prattle for the day.

She sits by ancient politicians, bowed
As if a hundred years were on her back ;
Then peering through her spectacles, she reads
A seeming journal stuff'd with monstrous tales
Of Turks and Tartars ; deep conspiracies
(Born in the writer's brain) ; of spots in the sun,
Pregnant with fearful wars. And so *they* shake,
And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn.
And thus we make the world, both young and old,
Bow down to sovereign—CURIOSITY ! *Croly.*

CURRENT—Stayed in its Course.

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
But when his fair course is not hinder'd,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean,
Shakspeare.

CURSE—Likeness of a.

A curse is like a cloud, it passes. *Byron.*

CURSING—Folly of.

This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it, therefore ; give your cause to Heaven. *Shakspeare.*

CUSTOM—Bigotry of.

Be not so bigoted to any custom as to worship it at the expense of truth.
Zimmerman.

CUSTOM—Definition of.

Custom is the law of fools. *Vanburgh.*

CUSTOM—without Truth.

Custom, though never so ancient, without truth, is but an old error. *Cyprian.*

CUSTOM—Tyranny of.

Of all tyrants, custom is that which to sustain itself stands most in need of the opinion which is entertained of its power ; its only strength lies in that which is attributed to it. A single attempt to break the yoke soon shows us its fragility. But the chief property of custom is to contract our ideas, like our movements, within the circle it has traced for us ; it governs us by the terror it inspires for any new and untried condition. It shows us the walls of the prison within which we are inclosed, as the boundary of the world ; beyond that, all is undefined, confusion, chaos ; it almost seems as though we should not have air to breathe. Women especially, liable to that fear which springs from ignorance, rather than from knowledge of what one has to fear, easily allow themselves to be governed by custom ; but when once broken, they also as easily forget it. A man has less trouble in making up his mind to a change of condition ; a woman has less in supporting it ; she accustoms herself to it for the same reason that she has hitherto done so, and will still continue to do so.

In the total overthrow which has produced so many changes of fortune among us, we have seen men extricate themselves by their courage and industry ; and some, by unremitting exertion, have been able to return to nearly their former position ; but nearly all the women, almost without exception, accommodated themselves to their new situation, and they have been quite astonished to learn so quickly and so easily, that what one woman has done, another is able to do also. *Guizot.*

CUSTOM—Usurpation of.

Custom, though but usher of the school
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,
Usurps a greater pow'r and interest
O'er man, the heir of reason, than brute beast,
That by two different instincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred,
And trains him up with rudiments more false
Than Nature does her stupid animals ;
And that's one reason why more care 's bestow'd
Upon the body than the soul 's allow'd,
That is not found to understand and know
So subtly as the body's found to grow.
Butler.

CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS — Different Manners of.

The custom-house officers of every nation I have yet travelled through have a different manner of examining your luggage. Your crusty phlegmatic Englishman turns over each article separately, but carefully; your stupid Belgian rummages your trunk as if he were trying to catch a lizard; your courteous Frenchman either lightly and gracefully turns up your fine linen, as though he were making a lobster salad, or, much more frequently, if you tell him you have nothing to declare, and are polite to him, just peeps into one corner of your portmanteau, and says, "*C'est assez.*" Your sententious German ponders deeply over your trunk, pokes his fat fore-finger into the bosom of your dress-shirts, and motions you to shut it again. But none of these peculiarities had the Russians. They had a way of their own. They twisted, they tousled, they turned over, they held writing-cases open, bottom upwards, and shook out the manuscript contents like snow-flakes; they held up coats and shirts, and examined them like pawnbrokers; they fingered ladies' dresses like Jew clothesmen; they punched hats, and looked into their linings: passed Cashmere shawls from one to the other for inspection; opened letters, and tried to read their contents (upside down); drew silk stockings over their arms; held boots by the toes, and shook them; opened bottles, and closed them again with wrong corks; left the impress of their dirty hands upon clean linen and virgin writing-papers; crammed ladies' under-garments into gentlemen's carpet-bags; forced a bootjack into the little French actress's reticule; dropped things under-foot, trod on them, tore them, and laughed; spilt eau-de-Cologne, greased silk with pomatum, forced hinges, sprained locks, ruined springs, broke cigars, rumpled muslin, and raised a cloud of puff-powder and dentrifice. *Dickens.*

CUSTOMS—New.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are followed.
Shakspeare.

CUSTOMS—Old.

The good yeoman wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having time in his buttons, but silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise, he is the sweet landmark, whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions. *Fuller.*

CUSTOMS—Reasons for.

There are not unfrequently substantial reasons underneath for customs that appear to us absurd. *Charlotte Bronté.*

CYNIC—a Beardless.

A beardless cynic is the shame of nature.
Milton.

CYNICS—Royal.

For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den. *Byron.*

D.

DANCES—Rural.

I love these rural dances,—from my heart I love them. This world, at best, is full of care and sorrow; the life of a poor man is so stained with the sweat of his brow, there is so much toil and struggling, and anguish and disappointment, here below, that I gaze with delight on a scene where all those are laid aside and forgotten; and the heart of the toil-worn peasant seems to throw off its load, and to leap to the sound of music, when merrily,

"Beneath soft eve's consenting star,
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet."
Longfellow.

DANCING—Effects of.

The gymnasium of running, walking on stilts, climbing, &c., steels and makes hardy single powers and muscles; but dancing, like a corporeal poesy, embellishes, exercises, and equalizes all the muscles at once. *Richter.*

DANCING—a Lady.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.
And oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight. *Suckling.*

DANCING—Proscription of.

Dancing is an amusement which has been discouraged in our country by many of the best people, and not without some reason. Dancing is associated in their minds with balls; and this is one of the worst forms of social pleasure. The time consumed in preparing for a ball, the waste of thought upon it, the extravagance of dress, the late hours, the exhaustion of strength, the exposure of

health, and the languor of the succeeding day,—these and other evils connected with this amusement are strong reasons for banishing it from the community. But dancing ought not therefore to be proscribed. On the contrary, balls should be discouraged for this among other reasons,—that dancing, instead of being a rare pleasure, requiring elaborate preparation, may become an every-day amusement, and may mix with our common intercourse. This exercise is among the most healthful. The body as well as the mind feels its gladdening influence. No amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth overflows spontaneously in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favour. Its end is to realize perfect grace in motion; and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the higher faculties of our nature?

W. Ellery Channing.

DANCING—Sprightliness of.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe. *Milton.*

Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and involved, a thousand sprightly ways,
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves.

Thomson.

DANCING—Voluptuousness of.

Now softly slow let Lydian measures move,
And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love,
In swimming dance on airs soft billows float,
Soft heave your bosoms with the swelling note:
With pliant arm in graceful motion vie,
Now sunk with ease, with ease now lifted high;
The lively gesture each fond care reveal,
That music can express, or passion feel.

Milton.

DANGER—Characteristics of.

For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need. *Byron.*

DANGER—Estimate of.

A man's opinion of danger varies at different times, in consequence of an irregular tide of animal spirits; and he is actuated by considerations which he dares not avow.

Smollet.

DANGER—Different Influences of a.

A timid person is frightened before a danger, a coward during the time, and a courageous person afterwards. *Richter.*

DANGER—Recklessness of.

As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Shakspeare.

DARKNESS—Description of.

The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air. *Byron.*

DASTARDS.

Dastards are a class of creatures made to be arrested; they are good for nothing else, can look for nothing else. *Carlyle.*

DAY—Blessings of the.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to-morrow.

Jeremy Taylor.

DAY—The Glance of God.

One glance of Thine creates a day. *Watts.*

DAYBREAK—Description of.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there,
To tower, and cavern, and rift, and tree,
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
Day had kindled the dewy woods
And the rocks above and the stream below,
And the vapours in their multitudes,
And the Apennines' shroud of summer snow,
And clothed with light of aery gold
The mists in their eastern caves unrolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free;
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,
And the matin-bell and the mountain bee:
Fireflies were quench'd on the dewy corn,
Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill:
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

Shelley.

DAYBREAK—Hallowing Effects of.

What soul was his when from the naked top
Of some bold headland he beheld the sun

Rise up and bathe the world in light! He look'd—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the Living God
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired;
No thanks he breathed, he proffer'd no request:
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!
Wordsworth.

DAYBREAK—Signs of.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top.
Shakspeare.

The first low fluttering breath of waking day
Stirs the wide air. Thin clouds of pearly haze
Float slowly o'er the sky to meet the rays
Of the unrisen sun—whose faint beams play
Among the drooping stars, kissing away
Their waning eyes to slumber. From the gaze
Like snow-ball at approach of vernal days,
The moon's pale circlet melts into the grey.
Glad ocean quivers to the gentle gleams
Of rosy light that touch his glorious brow,
And murmurs joy with all his thousand streams,
And earth's fair face is mantling with a glow,
Like youthful beauty's in its changeful hue,
When slumbers, rich with dreams, are bidding her adieu.
Chambers.

DAY AND NIGHT.

There came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace;
The one on palfrey black, the other white;
But Night had cover'd her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And sleep and darkness round about did trace:
But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height
The goodly sun encompass'd all with beames bright.
Spenser.

DEAD—Bliss of the.

I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad!
Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stains it had gather'd in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladden'd the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starr'd
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marr'd,
Nor the heart be flung back from its goal.
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose.
And takes from it only regret! *T. K. Hervey.*

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies,
Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchain'd it
To water that Eden where first was its source.
Moore.

DEAD—Grief for the.

The day goes by,
On which our soul's belovèd dies! The day
On which the body of the dead is stretch'd
By hands that deck'd it when alive; the day
On which the dead is shrouded; and the day
Of burial—one and all pass by! The grave
Grows green ere long; the churchyard seems a place
Of pleasant rest; and all the cottages,
That keep for ever sending funerals
Within its gates, look cheerful every one,
As if the dwellers therein never died,
And this earth slumber'd in perpetual peace.
. . . We must endure
The simple woe of knowing they are dead,
A soul-sick woe in which no comfort is,
And wish we were beside them in the dust!
That anguish dire cannot sustain itself,
But settles down into a grief that loves,
And finds relief in unreprovèd tears.
Then cometh sorrow like a Sabbath. Heaven
Sends resignation down, and faith; and last
Of all, there falls a kind oblivion

Over the going out of that sweet light
In which we had our being. *J. Wilson.*

DEAD—Immortality of the.

The dead are like the stars, by day
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky:
Spirits from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity.
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.
James Montgomery.

Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd!
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high. *Byron.*

DEAD—Numbers of the.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet, the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep: the dead reign there alone.
Bryant.

DEAD—Remembrance of the.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed. *Shakspeare.*

DEAD—Resurrection of the.

The dead! the sainted dead! why should we
weep
At the last change their settled features take?
At the calm impress of that holy sleep
Which care and sorrow never more shall break?
Believe we not His word who rends the tomb,
And bids the slumberers from that transient
gloom
In their Redeemer's glorious image wake?
Approach we not the same sepulchral bourne
Swift as the shadow fleets?—What time have
we to mourn? *Mrs. Sigourney.*

DEAD—Sacredness of the.

The dead, how sacred! sacred is the dust
Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine!
This heav'n-assumed majestic robe of earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and clothed the sun in gold.
Thomson.

DEATH—Acquiescence in.

Oh! just when Thou shalt please would I depart,
My Father and my God! I would not choose,
E'en if I might, the moment to unloose
The bonds which bind my weak and worthless
heart
From its bright home; so I but have a part,
However humble, there; it matters not
Or long or short my pilgrimage; my lot
Joyful or joyless; if the flowers may start
Where'er I tread, or thorns obstruct my path.
I look not at the present—many years
Are but so many moments, though of tears:
My soul's bright home a lovelier aspect hath—
And if it surely shall be mine—and then,
For ever mine! it matters little when.
T. R. Taylor.

DEATH—Affliction of.

Ah! surely nothing dies but something
mourns. *Byron.*

DEATH—The Angel of.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended; and with voice divine,
Whisper'd a word that had a sound like death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly, from that hush'd and darken'd room,
Two angels issued where but one went in.

All is of God! if He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, and rains fall thick and loud;
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of life and death alike are his;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?
Longfellow.

DEATH—Anticipations of.

Now death draws near, a strange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die.
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' approach of certain fate?
The wisest and the best some fear may show,
And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.
As some faint pilgrim standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loth to wade through, and lother to go round:
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and sighing, pulls it back;
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap, and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again:

So I at once
Both heavenly faith and human fear obey,
And feel before me in an unknown way.
Dryden.

DEATH—Approach of.

At Thy good time
Let Death approach; I seek not; let him come
In genuine form, not with Thy vengeance arm'd,—
Too much for man to bear. Oh! rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke.
Then shed Thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentlest of Thy looks; then deign to cheer
My fainting heart with the consoling hope
Of mercy—mercy at Thy hands. And Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from heaven
To bleed for man,—to teach him how to live,—
And oh! still harder lesson,—how to die!—
Disdain not Thou to smoothe the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain; forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops; calm all her fears,
Fix her firm trust on Thy triumphant cross,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating heaven,
Bursts from the thraldom of encum'bring clay,
And, on the wing of ecstasy upborne,
Springs into liberty, and light, and life.
Bishop Porteus.

DEATH—Awfulness of.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die, my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end!—thou hast the gulf in view—
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight.
And every lifestring bleeds at thought of parting;
For part they must,—body and soul must part;
Fond couple; link'd more close than wedded pair;
This wings its way to its Almighty source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.
. . . . . .
Death's thousand doors stand open.
. . . If there's an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then it must be an awful thing to die! *Blair.*

DEATH—Certainty of.

When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return. *Job.*

DEATH—of a Child.

To me, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding among the terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal passed under the shadow and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death, in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow, ever darkened that little one's face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled; for the prattle and smiles, and all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone for ever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence; for we are looking on death; but we do not fear for the little lovely voyager; for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its all-wise Father; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of heaven. *Leigh Hunt.*

DEATH—of the Christian.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die. *Mrs. Hemans.*

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee;
And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died. *Heber.*

Oh! beautiful beyond depicting words
To paint the hour that wafts a soul to heaven!
The world grows dim, the scenes of time depart,
The hour of peace, the walk of social joy,
The mild companion, and the deep-souled friend,
The loved and lovely—see his face no more.
The mingling spell of sun, of sea and air,
Is broken: voice and gaze, and smiles that speak
Must perish; parents take their hushed adieu;
A wife, a child, a daughter half divine,
Or son that never drew a father's tear—
Approach him, and his dying tones receive
Like God's own language! 'tis an hour of woe,
Yet terrorless, when revelations flow
From faith immortal; view that pale-worn brow,
It gleams with glory!—in his eyes there dawns
A dazzling earnest of unuttered joy.
Each pang subdued, his longing soul respires
The gales of glorified eternity;
And round him, hues ethereal, harps of light,
And lineaments of earthless beauty, throng,
As, winged on melody, the saint departs,
While heaven in miniature before him shines.
Robert Montgomery.

The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart; and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. *Isaiah.*

For the death of the righteous is like the descending of ripe and wholesome fruits from a pleasant and florid tree. Our senses entire, our limbs unbroken, without horrid tortures; after provision made for our children, with a blessing entailed upon posterity, in the presence of our friends, our dearest relative closing our eyes and binding our feet, leaving a good name behind us. *Jeremy Taylor.*

So his life has flow'd
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them. *Talfourd.*

It matters not at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep; death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven—
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.
Milman.

Death is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man, eternity is seen looking through time. *Goethe.*

DEATH—Complacency in.

From what I have observed, and what I have heard those persons say whose professions lead them to the dying, I am induced to infer that the fear of death is not common, and that, where it exists, it proceeds rather from a diseased and enfeebled mind than from any principle in our nature. Certain it is, that among the poor, the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a quiet and natural composure, which it is consolatory to contemplate, and which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief as it is from the delirious raptures of fanaticism. Theirs is a true, unhesitating faith, and they are willing to lay down the burden of a weary life, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality. *Southey.*

DEATH—Composure in.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one who had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle. *Shakspeare.*

DEATH—Consolations in.

And something I would teach thee from the grief
That thus hath fill'd those gentle eyes with tears,
The which may be thy sober, sure relief
When sorrow visits thee in after years.

I ask not whither is the spirit flown
That lit the eye which there in death is seal'd;
Our Father hath not made that mystery known,
Needless the knowledge, therefore, not reveal'd.

But didst thou know, in sure and sacred truth,
It had a place assign'd in yonder skies;
There, through an endless life of joyous youth,
To warble in the bowers of Paradise.

O think, if then the power to thee were given
In that cold clay its life to re-engage,
Wouldst thou call back the warbler from its heaven,
To be again the tenant of a cage?

Only that thou mightst cherish it again,
Wouldst thou the object of thy love recall
To mortal life, and chance, and change, and pain,
And death, which must be suffer'd once by all?

Oh, no! thou sayest: oh, surely not, not so!
I read the answer which those looks express:
For pure and true affection well I know
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

Such love of all our virtues is the gem:
We bring with us the immortal seed at birth:
Of heaven it is, and heavenly: woe to them
Who make it wholly earthly and of earth!

What we love perfectly, for its own sake
We love, and not our own; being ready thus,
Whate'er self-sacrifice is ask'd, to make:
That which is best for it, is best for us.

O Lucy! treasure up that pious thought;
It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest darts,
And with true comfort thou wilt find it fraught,
If grief should reach thee in thy heart of hearts. *Southey.*

Take them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own;
Thine image, stamp'd upon this clay,
Doth give thee that,—but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded, upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust! *Longfellow.*

This is the first heavy loss which you have ever experienced; hereafter the bitterness of the cup will have passed away, and you will then perceive its wholesomeness. This world is all to us till we suffer some such loss, and every such loss is a transfer of so much of our hearts and hopes to the next; and they who live long enough to see most of their friends go before them, feel that they have more to recover by death than to lose by it. This is not the mere speculation of a mind at ease. Almost all who were about me in my childhood have been removed. I have brothers, sisters, friends, father, mother, and child, in another state of existence; and assuredly I regard death with very different feelings from that I should have done, if none of my affections were fixed beyond the grave. To dwell upon the circumstances which, in this case, lessen the evil of separation would be idle; at present you acknowledge, and in time you will feel them. *Southey.*

DEATH—Cowardice in.

I wish to die, yet dare not death endure;
Detest the medicine, yet desire the cure.
Oh! that I'd courage but to meet my fate,
That short dark passage to a future state.
Dryden.

DEATH—Description of.

What is death? oh! what is death?
'Tis the snapping of the chain—
'Tis the breaking of the bowl—
'Tis relief from ev'ry pain—
'Tis freedom to the soul.—
'Tis the setting of the sun
To rise again to-morrow,
A brighter course to run,
Nor sink again in sorrow.
Such is death! yes, such is death!

What is death? oh! what is death?
'Tis slumber to the weary—
Tis rest to the forlorn—
"Tis shelter to the dreary—
'Tis peace amid the storm—
'Tis the entrance to our home—
'Tis the passage to that God
Who bids his children come
When their weary course is trod.
Such is death! yes, such is death! *Anon.*

What is death but a ceasing to be what we were before? we are kindled and put out, we die daily; nature that begot us, expels us, and a better and a safer place is provided for us. *Seneca.*

DEATH—Desolation caused by.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now. *Byron.*

I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains;
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins. *Campbell.*

DEATH—the Destiny of all.

I was born to die:
'Tis but expanding thought, and life is nothing.

Ages and generations pass away,
And with resistless force, like waves o'er waves,
Rolls down the irrevocable stream of time,
Into the insatiate ocean of for ever. *Rowe.*

It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little child, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit, is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt: and therefore, a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth avert the dolours of death. But, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is "Nunc dimittis," when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also—that it openeth the gate of fame, and extinguisheth envy. *Bacon.*

DEATH—a Divine Dispensation.

The hand of the Lord hath wrought this; in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. *Job.*

DEATH—Eloquence of.

O Death, all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
Pope.

DEATH—the End.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow;
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull deep pain, and constant anguish of patience! *Longfellow.*

DEATH—the last Enemy.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. *St. Paul.*

DEATH—Equality in.

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in a chimney are no epitaph of that, to tell me how high, or how large, that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, "This is the patrician, this is the noble flower, and this the yeoman, this the plebeian bran?" *Donne.*

DEATH—Eternity of.

Where all life dies, death lives. *Milton.*

DEATH—not an Evil.

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind. *Swift.*

DEATH—Fears of.

'Tis not the Stoics' lesson got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertation,
That can support thee in that hour of terror.
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it;
But when the trial comes, they start and stand aghast. *Rowe.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension.
Shakspeare.

Neither the sun nor death can be looked at steadily. *La Rochefoucauld.*

DEATH—Film before.

There is before the eyes of men, on the brink of dissolution, a glassy film, which death appears to impart, that they may have a brief prospect of eternity, when some behold the angels of light, while others have the demons of darkness before them. *Cockton.*

DEATH—of Friends.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And Faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They lose themselves in heaven's own light.
James Montgomery.

DEATH—Happiness after.

She is gone! No longer shrinking from the winter wind, or lifting her calm pure forehead to the summer's kiss; no longer gazing with her blue and glorious eyes into a far-off sky; no longer yearning with a holy heart for heaven; no longer toiling painfully along the path, upward and upward, to the everlasting rock on which are based the walls of the city of the Most High; no longer here; she is there; gazing, seeing, knowing, loving, as the blessed only see, and know, and love.

Earth has one angel less, and heaven one more, since yesterday. Already, kneeling at the throne, she has received her welcome, and is resting on the bosom of her Saviour. If human love have power to penetrate the veil (and hath it not?), then there are yet living here a few who have the blessedness of knowing that an angel loves them. *Hawthorn.*

DEATH—a quiet Haven.

What is death
To him who meets it with an upright heart?
A quiet haven, where his shatter'd bark
Harbours secure, till the rough storm is past.
Perhaps a passage, overhung with clouds
But at its entrance; a few leagues beyond
Opening to kinder skies and milder suns,
And seas pacific as the soul that seeks them.
Hurdis.

DEATH—Indifference to.

Men in general do not live as if they looked to die; and therefore do not die as if they looked to live. *Manton.*

DEATH—Inexorability of.

Death, thou art he that will not flatter princes,
That stoops not to authority, nor gives
A specious name to tyranny; but shows
Our actions in their own deformèd likeness.
Shakspeare.

Oh! just and mighty Death! What none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world have flattered, thou alone hast cast out of the world, and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all the cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet.* *Raleigh.*

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death! *Mrs. Hemans.*

DEATH—Crushing Influence of.

It is hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
Kirke White.

DEATH—Joy of.

My joy is *death!*
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity!
Shakspeare.

DEATH—the great Liberator.

Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it; it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hand. *Sterne.*

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console. *Colton.*

DEATH—Loveliness in.

No tears; for Death
Saw thee when loveliest, and his icy touch
Preserves thy look for ever. It is well:
The only things that change not are the dead.
Now thou art safe from Time's defacing hand,
From staling custom, and, sadder far than all,
From human fickleness. In after-years,
It might be—I would scarce have follow'd thee
A mourner to the grave. Thou art so fair,
That, gazing on thee, clamorous grief becomes,
For very reverence, mute. If mighty Death
Made our rude human faces by his touch
Divinely fair as thine, O never more
Would strong hearts break o'er biers. There sleeps to-night
A sacred sweetness on thy silent lips,
A solemn light upon thy ample brow,
That I can never, never hope to find
Upon a living face. *Smith.*

DEATH—Lowliness of.

How pale appear
Those clay-cold cheeks, where grace and vigour glow'd!
O dismal spectacle!—How humble now
Lies that ambition which was late so proud!
Smollet.

DEATH—the Moment of.

There lies my friend. He hastens to depart. Death is upon him. The change has well-nigh come. How little intervenes between his present humiliations and his awaiting glories! I tremble to think what in an instant he must

be! how unlike all he was! how extreme to all he is! I bend over thee, and mark thy wasted, pallid frame:—I look up, and there is ascending above me an angel's form! I stoop to thee, and just can catch thy feeble, gasping whisper:—I listen, and there floats around me a seraph's song! I take thy hand, tremulous and cold:—it is waving to me from yonder skies! I wipe thy brow, damp and furrowed:—it is enwreathed with the garland of victory! I slake thy lip, bloodless and parched:—it is drinking the living fountains, the overflowing springs of heaven!

Dr. Richard Winter Hamilton.

DEATH—Mysteries beyond.

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!
He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now—
That is to him unknown.
And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep. *Henry Vaughan.*

DEATH—Mystery of.

O Death! thou strange, mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou?

Lillo.

DEATH—Passage of.

Passing through nature to eternity.

Shakspeare.

DEATH—Peace of.

Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, nor fear,
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here. *Herbert Knowles.*

DEATH—the Pioneers of.

Our dying friends are pioneers to smoothe
Our rugged path to death, to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.

Young.

DEATH—Placidity of.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress
(Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And, but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now;
And but for that still changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon.
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!

. . . . . .

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there. *Byron.*

We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died. *Hood.*

DEATH—Premature.

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to earth!
Though earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look. *Byron.*

DEATH—Premonitions of.

What is it that sometimes speaks in the soul so calmly, so clearly, that its earthly time is short? Is it the secret instinct of decaying nature, or the soul's impulsive throb, as immortality draws on? Be it what it may, it rested in the heart—a calm, sweet, prophetic certainty that heaven was near; calm as the light of sunset, sweet as the bright stillness of autumn. There her little heart reposed, only troubled by sorrow for those who loved her so dearly. *Mrs. Stowe.*

The first symptom of approaching death with some is the strong presentiment that they are about to die.

Ozanam, the mathematician, while in apparent health, rejected pupils, from the feeling that he was on the eve of resting from his labours; and he expired soon after, of an apoplectic stroke.

Fletcher, the divine, had a dream which shadowed out his impending dissolution, and believing it to be the merciful warning of

Heaven, he sent for a sculptor and ordered his tomb. "Begin your work forthwith," he said, at parting; "there is no time to lose. And unless the artist had obeyed the admonition, death would have proved the quicker workman of the two.

Mozart wrote his Requiem under the conviction that the monument he was raising to his genius, would, by the power of association, prove a universal monument to his remains. When life was fleeting very fast, he called for the score, and musing over it, said, "Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself that I composed this death-chant?"

Another great artist, in a different department, convinced that his hand was about to lose its cunning, chose a subject emblematical of the coming event. His friends inquired the nature of his next design, and Hogarth replied, "The end of all things." "In that case," rejoined one, "there will be an end of the painter." What was uttered in jest was answered in earnest, with a solemn look and a heavy sigh: "There will," he said; "and the sooner my work is done the better." He commenced next day, laboured upon it with unremitting diligence, and when he had given it the last touch, seized his pallet, broke it in pieces, and said: "I have finished." The print was published in March, under the title of "Finis;" and in October the curious eyes which saw the manners in the face, were closed in the dust. Our ancestors, who were prone to look in the air for causes which were to be found upon the earth, attributed these intimations to various supernatural agencies.

John Hunter has solved the mystery, if mystery it can be called, in a single sentence. "We sometimes," he says, "feel within ourselves that we shall not live; for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain."

His own case has often been quoted among the marvels of which he offered this rational explanation. He intimated, on leaving home, that if a discussion which awaited him at the hospital took an angry turn, it would prove his death. A colleague gave him the lie; the coarse word verified the prophecy, and he expired almost immediately in an adjoining room. There was everything to lament in the circumstance, but nothing at which to wonder, except that any individual could show such disrespect to the great genius, a single year of whose existence was worth the united lives of his opponents. Hunter, in uttering the prediction, had only to take counsel in his own experience, without the intervention of invisible spirits. He had long laboured under a disease of the heart, and he felt the disorder had reached the point at which any sharp agitation would bring on the crisis.

Circumstances, which at another time would excite no attention, are accepted for an omen when health is failing. The order for the requiem with Mozart, the dream with Fletcher, turned the current of their thoughts to the grave.

Foote, prior to his departure for the continent, stood contemplating the picture of a brother author, and exclaimed, his eyes full of tears, "Poor Weston!" In the same dejected tone he added, after a pause: "Soon others shall say, 'Poor Foote!'" and, to the surprise of his friends, a few days proved the justice of his prognostication. The expectation of the event had a share in producing it; for a slight shock completes the destruction of prostrate energies.

The case of Wolsey was singular. The morning before he died he asked Cavendish the hour, and was answered "Past eight." "Eight of the clock!" replied Wolsey, "that cannot be;—eight of the clock, nay, nay, it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock shall you lose your master." The day he miscalculated, the hour came true. On the following morning, as the clock struck eight, his troubled spirit passed from life. Cavendish and the bystanders thought he must have had a revelation of the time of his death; and from the way in which the fact had taken possession of his mind, we suspect that he relied on astrological prediction, which had the credit of a revelation in his own esteem.

Persons in health have died from the expectation of dying. It was once common for those who perished by violence to summon their destroyers to appear, within a stated time, before the tribunal of their God: and we have many perfectly attested instances in which, through fear and remorse, the perpetrators withered under the curse, and died. Pestilence does not kill with the rapidity of terror.

The profligate abbess of a convent, the Princess Gonzaga of Cleves, and Guize, the profligate Archbishop of Rheims, took it into their heads, for a jest, to visit one of the nuns by night, and exhort her as a person who was visibly dying. While in the performance of their heartless scheme they whispered to each other, "She is just departing," she departed in earnest. Her vigour, instead of detecting the trick, sank beneath the alarm; and the profane pair discovered, in the midst of their sport, that they were making merry with a corpse.

Wakley.

DEATH—Preparations for.

No one can fear death less than I do, neither am I much attached to life; but I have never

known the feeling of an anxious longing for death; and although it be a nobler one than that of an absolute weariness of existence, it is nevertheless blamable. Life must first, for as long a period as Providence wills it, be enjoyed, or suffered; in one word, gone through, and that with a full submission, without murmuring, lamenting, or repining. There is one important law of nature which we should never lose sight of: I mean that of the ripening for death. Death is not a break in existence; it is but an intermediate circumstance, a transition from one form of our finite existence to another. The moment of maturity for death cannot be decided by any human wisdom or inward feeling, and to attempt to do so would be nothing better than the vain rashness of human pride. That decision can only be made by Him who can at once look back through our whole course; and both reason and duty require that we should leave the hour to Him, and never rebel against His decrees by a single impatient wish. The first and most important thing is, to learn to master ourselves, and to throw ourselves with peaceful confidence on Him who never changes, looking on every situation, whether pleasant or otherwise, as a source from which our interior existence and individual character may draw increasing strength; and hence springs that entire submission which few attain to, although all fancy they feel it. *Von Humboldt.*

That awful, that tremendous day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through night's dark gloom.—Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth
That lisps the fault'ring strain.—O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator. *Hodgson.*

He that always waits upon God, is ready whensoever He calls. Neglect not to set your accounts even: he is a happy man who so lives, as that death at all times may find him at leisure to die. *Feltham.*

DEATH—Repose of.

'Tis less than to be born: a lasting sleep:
A quiet resting from all jealousy:
A thing we all pursue. I know besides
It is but giving over of a gaine that must be lost. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

DEATH—Resignation in.

When I, beneath the cold red earth, am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break—
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully rushing,
Sad music make,
Will there be one, whose heart Despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining,
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay,
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
On that low mound
And wintry storms have, o'er its ruins hoary,
Its loneness crown'd,
Will there be one then, versed in Misery's story,
Pacing it round?

It may be so; but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts which bleed,
The wailings of to-day for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me, then, gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start.
It were in vain: for Time has long been knelling,
"Sad one, depart!" *Motherwell.*

I had a little blossom, its nursing-root was dead,
And in my breast I hid it, when its angel mother fled;
But at every blast I shudder'd, and I trembled day and night,
Lest some unseen destroyer my only bud should blight.

Two years of sleepless care, yet of high and sacred joy,
Brought forth in ruddy health, my lovely, blooming boy;

With the curls around his head, and the lustre
in his eye,
And the music on his lip, like a song-bird of
the sky.

. . . . . .

How still! My God! Is there no voice?
And has it come to this?
The white lip quivereth not to my impassion'd
kiss!
'Tis a coldness like the grave!—my idol! Can
it be?
O Father, from Thy throne above, in mercy
look on me!

They told me how the fever raged, and in his
broken dream,
How he call'd upon the absent, with shrill and
frantic scream;
How he set his teeth on cup and spoon, with
hated med'cine fraught:
But at his father's treasured name would take
the bitterest draught.

God gave me strength to lay him where his
young mother slept,
The fragrant vines she used to train, around
her feet had crept;
But I cut their roots away, that the bud she
loved the best,
Might spread its wither'd petals upon her
pulseless breast.

Why should I cloud my brow?—or yield to
dark despair?
All, all men are my brethren, and this fruitful
earth is fair;
For I know when Heav'n hath wounded, and
probed the bleeding breast,
Its richest healing balm is, in making others
blest.

. . . . . .

A stricken, not a mournful man, I sigh, but
not repine;
For my heart is in that land of love, with those
I hope to join. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

DEATH—the Revealer.

The body being only the covering of the soul, at its dissolution we shall discover the secrets of nature—the darkness shall be dispelled, and our souls irradiated with light and glory: a glory without a shadow, a glory that shall surround us; and from whence we shall look down, and see day and night beneath us; and as now we cannot lift up our eyes towards the sun without dazzling, what shall we do when we behold the divine light in its illustrious original? *Seneca.*

DEATH—of a Soldier.

Death's a formal thing
In jails, on scaffolds, or on beds of down;
But in the field,—there he throws off his shroud,
And, full of mettle as a courser, starts,
The comrade, not the tyrant, of the brave!
Haynes.

DEATH—a change to Eternal Spring.

The more we sink into the infirmities of age, the nearer we are to immortal youth. All people are young in the other world. That state is an eternal spring, ever fresh and flourishing. Now, to pass from midnight into noon on the sudden; to be decrepit one minute and all spirit and activity the next, must be a desirable change. To call this dying is an abuse of language. *Jeremy Collier.*

DEATH—Struggles with.

O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion. *Byron.*

DEATH—without Terrors.

Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure: and be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other. There is a spot near the village of Dauphiny where I should like to be buried. Suffer no pomp to be used at my funeral, no monument to mark the spot where I am laid; but put me quietly in the earth, place a sundial over my grave, and let me be forgotten. *John Howard.*

DEATH—Thoughts before.

It is not strange that that early love of the heart should come back, as it so often does, when the dim eye is brightening with its last light. It is not strange that the freshest fountains the heart has ever known in its wastes should bubble up anew when the life-blood is growing stagnant. It is not strange that a bright memory should come to a dying old man, as the sunshine breaks across the hills at the close of a stormy day; nor that in the light of that ray, the very clouds that made the day dark should grow gloriously beautiful. *Hawthorn.*

Who can describe the pleasure and delight, the peace of mind and soft tranquillity, which the sickly boy felt in the balmy air, and among the green hills and rich woods, of an inland village! Who can tell how scenes of

peace and quietude sink into the minds of pain-worn dwellers in close and noisy places, and carry their own freshness deep into their jaded hearts! Men who have lived in crowded, pent-up streets, through whole lives of toil, and never wished for change; men, to whom custom has indeed been second nature, and who have come almost to love each brick and stone that formed the narrow boundaries of their daily walks,—even they, with the hand of death upon them, have been known to yearn at last for one short glimpse of Nature's face; and, carried far from the scenes of their old pains and pleasures, have seemed to pass at once into a new state of being, and, crawling forth from day to day to some green sunny spot, have had such memories wakened up within them by the mere sight of sky, and hill, and plain, and glistening water, that a foretaste of heaven itself has soothed their quick decline, and they have sunk into their tombs as peacefully as the sun whose setting they watched from their lonely chamber window but a few hours before—faded from their dim and feeble sight! The memories which peaceful country scenes call up are not of this world, or of its thoughts or hopes; their gentle influence may teach us to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we loved, may purify our thoughts, and bear down before it old enmity and hatred; but beneath all this, there lingers in the least reflective mind a vague and half-formed consciousness of having held such feelings long before in some remote and distant time, which calls up solemn thoughts of distant times to come, and bends down pride and worldliness beneath it.

Dickens.

DEATH—Tranquillity of.

A death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life. *Milton.*

No earthly clinging—
No lingering gaze—
No strife at parting—
No sore amaze;
But sweetly, gently,
He pass'd away!
From the world's dim twilight
To endless day. *Anon.*

DEATH—unfolds a Truth.

Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds.

Dryden.

DEATH—like the Twilight.

The darkness of death is like the evening twilight, it makes all objects appear more lovely to the dying. *Richter.*

DEATH—Valley of.

A land of darkness, as darkness itself, and of the shadow of death; without any order, and where the light is as darkness. *Job.*

DEATH—Willingness in.

Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hour of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to the undiscovered country "from whose bourne no traveller returns!" Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but cheerful, in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a hope that my last end might be like theirs.

Sir Henry Halford.

DEATH—of the Young.

Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun. Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence before yet the morning dew was exhaled! *Richter.*

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach; but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and is a mighty, universal truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of Mercy, Charity, and Love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.

Dickens.

She was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the

hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always."

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell, was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

. . . . . .

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her never more.

It is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight; and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!

. . . . . .

When the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God. *Dickens.*

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DEATH—of the Young.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the host of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-coloured rings about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church-towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!"

By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and re-passing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would

sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

. . . . . .

"Now lay me down," he said; "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?—

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do, at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

Oh thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean! *Dickens.*

DEATH—of a Youth.

He is not lost! though closed those lustrous eyes,
Though mute those lips, and cold that classic brow,
Though on that face a deepening shadow lies,
And only that pale form is left us now.

. . . . . .

He is not lost! though we have laid him low,
With loving thoughts stood round his early grave,
Though o'er his bier the trembling grass shall grow,
And the old oak its stately branches wave.

He is not lost! though we shall lose his smile,
His ringing laugh, his merry harmless jest;
No more his fluent lips our cares beguile,
His sparkling wit amuse our hours of rest.

His rayless eyes shall kindle now no more
With mental fire o'er wisdom's written roll,
Her ample realm his tireless zeal explore,
Or from her fount refresh his thirsting soul.

Nothing is lost! for failure cannot be
Where wisdom infinite evolves the plan;
'Tis but a part, and not the whole we see;
In worlds unseen revive things dead to man.

There is recover'd all we mourn'd as fled,
There is continued all we deem'd as o'er,
There live the loved, not lost, though wept as dead,
Their soaring powers restrain'd by flesh no more.

Not to no end he lived, thought short his day,
Not fruitless all those weary weeks of pain;
Early matured for heaven, he pass'd away,
Nor death he dreaded, when to die was gain.

His parted soul with pure affection burns,
No true emotion in the dust expires,
Warm'd by each human love the soul returns,
And changes earthly for celestial fires.

His mind, now vested with its garb of light,
Shines all the brighter for its former toil!
Each studied book increased its conscious might,
And made it richer with fair learning's spoil.

And that young form, now wrapt in death's long sleep,
Waits but the day when God shall say "Restore,"
Shall rise in beauty from the mouldering heap,
Rise to new life, and live to die no more.

He is not lost! He lives, he lives for aye;
To these rent hearts this healing hope is given,
When from our sight our loved ones pass away,
All that seems lost to earth is found in heaven.
Thomas Hill.

DEATH-BED—of a Child.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee—that look—indescribable—hopeless—unmistakable—that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine. On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint—only a high and almost sublime expression—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures—the

dawning of immortal life in that childish soul! Farewell, beloved child! the bright eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh! woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold grey sky of daily life, and thou gone for ever! *Mrs. Stowe.*

DEATH-BED—of the Just.

The death-bed of the just is yet undrawn
By mortal hand,—it merits a divine.
Angels should paint it,—angels ever there,—
There on a post of honour and of joy.
A death-bed's a detector of the heart;—
Here tired Dissimulation drops her mask:
Virtue alone has majesty in death. *Young.*

DEATH-BED—Repentance on a.

"Fool! fool! fool!" were the last words of one on his dying bed, who, it is to be feared, had procrastinated his repentance too long and too fearfully; while the humble Christian, sensible of a thousand failings and imperfections, still looks with the eye of faith on his Redeemer; and his soul, like the flight of an eagle towards the heavens, soars to the regions of everlasting happiness. *Jesse.*

Whatever stress some may lay upon it, a death-bed repentance is but a weak and slender plank to trust our all upon. *Sterne.*

DEATH-BED—Secrets of the.

It is a fearful thing to wait and watch for the approach of death; to know that hope is gone, and recovery impossible; and to sit and count the dreary hours through long, long nights,—such nights as only watchers by the bed of sickness know. It chills the blood to hear the dearest secrets of the heart—the pent-up, hidden secrets of many years—poured forth by the unconscious, helpless being before you; and to think how little the reserve and cunning of a whole life will avail when fever and delirium tear off the mask at last. Strange tales have been told in the wanderings of dying men; tales so full of guilt and crime, that those who stood by the sick person's couch have fled in horror and affright, lest they should be scared to madness by what they heard and saw; and many a wretch has died alone, raving of deeds the very name of which has driven the boldest man away. *Dickens.*

DEBT—Keeping out of.

"Out of debt, out of danger," is, like many other proverbs, full of wisdom; but the word *danger* does not sufficiently express all that the warning demands.

To one that is not callous, a state of debt and embarrassment is a state of positive misery; the sufferer is as one haunted by an evil spirit, and his heart can know neither rest nor peace till it is cast out. But as example is at all times more instructive than precept, a living writer shall describe his own feelings when beset with creditors, and may he prove a beacon to the thoughtless ones who are likely to fall into the same gulf.

Quiet was never my destiny. The first involvement multiplies itself at every move. It destroys the freedom of the intellect and the heart, and drives one into a state of mistiness, which seeks extrication by the very means which augment it. It encourages self-delusions for the sake of momentary peace; and, like inebriety, buys oblivion at the expense of quickly-succeeding pain and sickness. The creditor, who thinks himself sure of his debt at last, delights in giving credit, because he has his debtor at his mercy, makes his own usurious terms with him, and gorges on his blood. He who lives on credit does not dare examine bills; and the creditor charges according to the degree of his own wide conscience. Thus there is a difference of at least cent. per cent. in every article the debtor consumes; and two thousand pounds a-year with him, will not go so far as one in the hands of him who pays ready money, and looks to his accounts.

Pecuniary embarrassment weakens and chains the mind; and, perhaps, the worst effect of all is in the indignities to which it subjects its victim. There is no rule of life, therefore, more urgent than to avoid it; nor has a careless man the slightest suspicion of what may be the effect of overlooking a comparatively slight error. *Bridges.*

DEBT—Miseries of.

Debt haunts the mind: a conversation about justice troubles it; the sight of a creditor fills it with confusion; even the sanctuary is not a place of refuge. The borrower is servant to the lender. A life at another man's table is not to be accounted for a life. It is mean to flatter the rich; it is humiliating to be the object of pity. To be the slave of unattainable desires is to be despicable and wretched. Independence, so essential to the virtues and pleasures of a man, can only be maintained by setting bounds to our desires, and owing no man anything. A habit of boundless expense undermines and destroys the virtues even in a mind where they seem to dwell. It becomes difficult, and at last impossible, to pay punctually. When a man of sensibility thinks of the low rate at which his word must henceforth pass, he is little in his own eyes; but

difficulties prompt him to study deceiving as an art, and at last he lies to his creditors without a blush. How desolate and how woful does his mind appear, now that the fence of truth is broken down! Friendship is next dissolved. He felt it once; he now insinuates himself by means of professions and sentiments which were once sincere. He seizes the moment of unsuspecting affection to ensnare the friends of his youth, borrowing money which he never will pay, and binding them for debts which they must hereafter answer. At this rate he sells the virtuous pleasures of loving and being beloved. He swallows up the provision of aged parents, and the portion of sisters and brethren. The loss of truth is followed by the loss of humanity. His calls are still importunate. He proceeds to fraud, and walks on precipices. Ingenuity, which in a better cause might have illustrated his name, is exerted to evade the law, to deceive the world, to cover poverty with the appearance of wealth, to sow unobserved the seeds of fraud. *Chartery.*

DEBTOR—and Creditor.

The greatest of all distinctions in civil life is that of debtor and creditor; and there needs no great progress in logic to know which, in that case, is the advantageous side. He who can say to another, "Pray, master," or "Pray, my lord, give me my own," can as justly tell him, "It is a fantastical distinction you take upon you, to pretend to pass upon the world for my master or lord, when, at the same time that I wear your livery, you owe me wages; or, while I wait at your door, you are ashamed to see me until you have paid my bill." *Steele.*

DEBTS—Neglect of.

A man who owes a little can clear it off in a very little time, and, if he is a prudent man, will; whereas a man who, by long negligence, owes a great deal, despairs of ever being able to pay, and therefore never looks into his accounts at all. *Chesterfield.*

DEBTS—Payment of.

Paying of debts is, next to the grace of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity. Pay your debts, and you will not have wherewithal to buy a costly toy or a pernicious pleasure. Pay your debts, and you will not have what to lose to a gamester. In short, pay your debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many indulgences that war against the spirit, and bring you into captivity to sin, and cannot fail to end in your utter destruction, both of soul and body. *Delany.*

DECEIT—Entanglement of.

Oh! what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.
Sir Walter Scott.

DECEIT—Execrated.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.
Pope.

DECEIT—Hypocrisy of.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so rare,
As to descry the crafty, cunning train
By which Deceit doth mask in visor fair,
And seem like Truth, whose shape she well can feign. *Spenser.*

Ah, that Deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
Shakspeare.

DECEIT—a Serpent.

Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world
But those who slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot that presses them?
There are who in the path of social life,
Do bask their spotted skins in fortune's sun,
And sting the soul. *Joanna Baillie.*

DECEPTION—Characteristics of.

He who attempts to make others believe in means which he himself despises, is a puffer; he who makes use of more means than he knows to be necessary, is a quack; and he who ascribes to those means a greater efficacy than his own experience warrants, is an impostor. *Lavater.*

DECEPTION—Poignancy of.

Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organisation one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.
Bulwer Lytton.

DECEPTION—Self.

It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceived ourselves. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

DECEPTION (Self)—the Worst of Frauds.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself. All sin is easy after that. *Bailey.*

DECEPTION (Self)—a Present Pleasure.

Many a man has a kind of a kaleidoscope, where the bits of broken glass are his own merits and fortunes, and they fall into harmonious arrangements, and delight him, often most mischievously and to his ultimate detriment; but they are a present pleasure. *Helps.*

DECISION—Steadfastness in.

Sighs, groans, and tears proclaim his inward pains,
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.
Dryden.

DECISION—Want of.

Men first make up their minds (and the smaller the mind the sooner made up), and seek for the reasons; and if they chance to stumble upon a good reason, of course they do not reject it. But though they are right, they are only right by chance. *Whately.*

DEFERENCE—Modesty of.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger. *Shenstone.*

DEFERENCE—Qualities of.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments, and before company is the genteelest kind of flattery. *Ibid.*

DEFINITION—Utility of.

All arts acknowledge that then only we know certainly, when we can define; for definition is that which refines the pure essence of things from the circumstance. *Milton.*

DEFORMITY—Causes of.

Deformity is either natural, voluntary, or adventitious, being either caused by God's unseen Providence (by men nicknamed chance), or by men's cruelty. *Fuller.*

DEFORMITY—of the Heart.

Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all;
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case? *Cotton.*

DEFORMITY—of Person.

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
I, that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by 'em.
Why I, in this weak, this piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away my hours,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity:
Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, and to o'erbear such
As are of happier person than myself,—
Why, then, to me this restless world's but hell,
'Till this misshapen trunk's aspiring head
Be circled in a glorious diadem—
But then 'tis fix'd on such a height: oh! I
Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul.
Shakspeare.

DEGENERACY—Public.

These our times are not the same, Aruntiu,
These men are not the same; 'tis we are base,
Poor, and degenerate from th' exalted strain
Of our great fathers:—where is now the soul
Of godlike Cato? he that durst be good,
When Cæsar durst be evil; and had power,
Scorning to live his slave, to die his master?
Or where's the constant Brutus that, being proof
Against all charm of the benefits, did strike
So brave a blow into the monster's heart,
That sought unkindly to enslave his country?
Oh! they are fled the light! those mighty spirits
Lie rack'd up with their ashes in their urns,
And not a spark of their eternal fire
Glows in a present bosom. All's but blaze,
Flashes and smoke, wherewith we labour so,
There's nothing Roman in us; nothing good
Gallant, or great; 'tis true what Cordus says,
Brave Cassius was the last of all the race.
Johnson.

DEGREES—Social Necessity of.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite a universal wolf.
So, doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce a universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. *Troilus.*

DEJECTION—Definition of.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear;
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, nor relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear. *Coleridge.*

DELAYS—Dangers of.

Shun delays, they breed remorse:
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when sooner wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last—
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure!
Seek not time when time is past—
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure:
After-wits are dearly bought:
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before;
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flees, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays. *Southwell.*

DELICACY—Destruction of.

If you destroy delicacy and a sense of shame in a young girl, you deprave her very fast. *Mrs. Stowe.*

DELL—Description of a.

Through the dell
Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
Their noon-day watch, and sail among the shades
Like vaporous shapes half seen: beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above,
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror lave
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.
Shelley.

DELUGE—Description of the.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came;
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till from the centre to the streaming clouds
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.
Thomson.

DEMOCRACY.

Your little child is your only true democrat. *Mrs. Stowe.*

DEMOCRACY—Tyranny of.

In every village there will arise a miscreant, to establish the most grinding tyranny, by calling himself *the people*. *Sir Robert Peel.*

DENIAL (Self)—The Advantages of.

They that do much themselves deny,
Receive more blessings from the sky. *Creech.*

DEPENDENCE—on Others.

In an arch, each single stone, which, if severed from the rest, would be perhaps defenceless, is sufficiently secured by the solidity and entireness of the whole fabric of which it is a part. *Hon. Robert Boyle.*

There is none made so great, but he may both need the help and service, and stand in fear of the power and unkindness, even of the meanest of mortals. *Seneca.*

DEPENDENCE—on Self.

Depend on no man, on no friend, but him who can depend on himself. He only who acts conscientiously towards himself will act so towards others, and *vice versâ*. *Lavater.*

DEPORTMENT—Advantages of.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
Churchill.

DEPRAVITY—Human.

It is easy to exclude the noon-tide light by closing the eyes; and it is easy to resist the clearest truth by hardening the heart against it. *Keith.*

DESERT—Aridity of the.

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in quest of food;
And shift their little homes' uncertain scene
With frequent farewell: strangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
May there be heard, nor sweeter liquid lapse
Of rivers, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirst,
Daily they journey to the distant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
Th' ancient walls, deep sunk by toil immense,
Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
Themselves and their posterity to serve. *Dyer*

So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away;

The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.
Addison.

DESERT—Desolation of the.

Next night—a dreary night!
Cast on the wildest of the Cyclades isles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
These ruffians left me. . . .
. . . Beneath a shade
I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
More desolate at heart than e'er I felt
Before: when Philomela o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy strain,
As piteous of my woes; till by degrees,
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
A kind but short relief. At early morn,
Waked by the chant of birds, I look'd around
For usual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks, and woods, in savage view, behind.
Thomson

DESERT—Dreariness of the.

The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not a herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue;
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view.
Collins.

Not a pool, not a bush, not a house is seen,
And the mountain-range forms a rugged screen
Round the parch'd flats, spread as a lake between.
Methuen.

DESIRE—Definition of.

Desire is the uneasiness a man finds in himself upon the absence of anything whose present enjoyment carries the idea of delight with it. *Locke.*

DESIRE—Earnestness of.

O that I might have my request; and that God would grant me the thing that I long for!
Job.

DESIRE—Dangerous Tendency of.

Every desire is a viper in the bosom, who, while he was chill, was harmless; but when warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poison.
Johnson.

DESIRES—Presentiments of Internal Faculties.

Our desires are the presentiments of the faculties which lie within us, the precursors of those things which we are capable of performing. That which we would be, and that which we desire, present themselves to our imagination, about us, and in the future. We prove our aspiration after an object which we already secretly possess. It is thus than an intense anticipation transforms a real possibility into an imaginary reality. When such a tendency is decided in us, at each stage of our development a portion of our primitive desire accomplishes itself, under favourable circumstances, by direct means; and in unfavourable circumstances, by some more circuitous route, from which, however, we never fail to reach the straight road again. *Goethe.*

DESIRES—Insatiability of.

Every desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, and novelties cease to excite surprise, until at length we cannot wonder even at a miracle. *Washington Irving.*

DESIRES—Shadows of.

The shadows of our own desires stand between us and our better angels, and thus their brightness is eclipsed. *Dickens.*

DESIRES—Use of.

The passions and desires, like the two twists of a rope, mutually mix one with the other, and twine inextricably round the heart; producing good, if moderately indulged; but certain destruction, if suffered to become inordinate. *Burton.*

DESOLATION—Gloom of.

From low to high doth desolation climb,
And sinks from high to low along the scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail.
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Wordsworth.

DESOLATION—of a House.

Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen? all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him. *Shakspeare.*

DESOLATION—of the Lone One.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys—
Society—cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless. *Thomson.*

DESPAIR—Anguish of.

A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate;
. . . . . .
My doom is closed. *Count Basil.*

DESPAIR—Characteristics of.

Despair is like froward children, who, when you take away one of their playthings, throw the rest into the fire for madness. It grows angry with itself, turns its own executioner, and revenges its misfortunes on its own head. It refuses to live under disappointments and crosses, and chooses rather not to be at all, than to be without the thing which it hath once imagined necessary to its happiness. *Charron.*

DESPAIR—Degrading to the Deity.

He that despairs, degrades the Deity, and seems to intimate that He is insufficient, or not just to His word; and in vain hath read the Scriptures, the world, and man. *Feltham.*

DESPAIR—Desolation of.

Oh! let me hunt my travail'd woes again;
Range the wide waste of desolate despair;
Start any hope. Alas! I lose myself,
'Tis pathless, dark, and barren all to me.
Southern.

Even ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a *wish* to gild the gloom. *Burns.*

All hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear.
Milton.

DESPAIR—Effects of.

Now cold despair
To livid paleness turns the glowing red;
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins.
Like water which the freezing wind constrains,
Dryden.

DESPAIR—Evils of.

Despair makes a despicable figure, and is descended from a mean original. It is the offspring of fear, laziness, and impatience. It argues a defect of spirit and resolution, and oftentimes of honesty too. After all, the exercise of this passion is so troublesome, that nothing but dint of evidence and demonstration should force it upon us. I would not despair unless I knew the irrevocable decree was passed; saw my misfortune recorded in the book of fate, and signed and sealed by necessity. *Jeremy Collier.*

DESPAIR—Horrors of.

Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I flee is hell,—myself am hell,
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.
. . . Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left!
Milton.

DESPAIR—never to be Indulged.

Though plunged in ills and exercised in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When press'd by dangers and beset by foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks o'erwhelmed with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.
Philips.

DESPAIR—Life in.

There is a very life in our despair. *Byron.*

DESPAIR—Madness of.

This pomp of horror
Is fit to feed the frenzy in my soul;
Here's room for meditation even to madness,
Till the mind burst with thinking. *Rowe.*

DESPAIR—Miseries of.

Whither shall I fly?
Where hide me and my miseries together?
O Belvidera! I'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawled on earth; now, if thou hast virtue,
Take me into thy arms, and speak the words of peace
To my divided soul, that wars within me,
And raises every sense to my confusion.
By heaven! I'm tottering on the very brink
Of ruin, and thou art all the hold I've left.
Do thou at least with charitable goodness
Assist me in the pangs of my afflictions.
Couldst thou but think how I've spent this night,
Dark and alone, no pillow to my head,
Rest in my eyes, nor quiet in my heart,
Thou wouldst not, Belvidera, sure thou wouldst not
Talk to me thus, but, like a pitying angel,
Spreading thy wings, come settle on my breast,
And hatch warm comforts there, ere sorrow freeze it.
Otway.

DESPAIR—The Last Relief of.

My life's a load, encumber'd with the charge,
I long to set the imprison'd soul at large.
For I, the most forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But doom'd to drag my loathful life in care,
For my reward must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates;
Nor art, nor nature's hand, can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief.

Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell
With youth and life; and life itself, farewell.
Dryden.

DESPAIR—Never Yield to.

Art thou low, and sick, and dreary?
Is thy spirit sunk and weary
With its fight against the ills of life, that seem to fill the air?
Gird thy loins once more, and try,—
The stout heart wins the victory,
But never dark despair.

Does temptation strong approach thee?
Does some secret wrong reproach thee,
With its conscious voice accusing thee of more than thou canst bear?
Before high Heaven cleanse thy breast;
Go, sin no more, and thou'lt find rest,
But never in despair.

Has thy love of man grown chary?
Has thy trust in him grown wary?
Hast thou coldly turn'd a deafen'd ear to sin's repentant prayer?
Think that none can enter heaven
Who has not others' sins forgiven,
And saved them from despair.
Clements.

DESPAIR—Yielding to.

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent,
Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she droop'd like a lily broke down by the hail. *Sir W. Scott.*

DESPONDENCY.

That some weighty grief
O'erhangs thy soul, thy ev'ry look proclaims;
Why then refuse it words? The heart that bleeds
From any stroke of fate or human wrongs,
Loves to disclose itself, that list'ning pity
May drop a healing tear upon the wound.
'Tis only when with inbred horror smote,
At some base act, or done, or to be done,
That the reviling soul, with conscious dread,
Shrinks back into itself. *Mason.*

DESPOT—The First.

O execrable son! so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd, from God not given.
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation;—but man over man
He made not lord, such title to himself
Preserving, human left from human free.
Milton.

DESPOTS—Government of.

Despots govern by terror. They know, that he who fears God fears nothing else; and therefore they eradicate from the mind, through their Voltaire, their Helvetius, and the rest of that infamous gang, that only sort of fear which generates true courage. *Burke.*

DESTRUCTION—Easiness of the Way to.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way;
But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labour lies.
Dryden.

DESULTORINESS AND CONNECTION.

Desultoriness may often be the mark of a full head; connection must proceed from a thoughtful one. *Danby.*

DETENTION—Unjust.

Now, by our lady, sheriff, 'tis hard reckoning,
That I, with every odds of birth and barony,
Should be detained here for the casual death
Of a wild forester, whose utmost having
Is but the brazen buckle of the belt,
In which he sticks his hedge-knife. *Beaumont.*

DETERMINATION—Settled.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
Shakspeare.

DEVOTION—Practical.

The great antique heart: how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on the earth; making all the earth a mystic temple to him, the earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover, doing God's messages among men: that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God! Wonder, miracle, encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracle; heaven's splendour over his head, hell's darkness under his feet; a great law of duty, high as these two infinitudes, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else—it was a reality, and it is one: the garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all times and all eternity! *Carlyle.*

DEVOTION—Comparison between Private and Public.

Private devotions and secret offices of religion are like the refreshing of a garden with the distilling and petty drops of a water-pot; but, addressed from the temple, are like rain from heaven. *Jeremy Taylor.*

DEVOTION—Purity of.

The immortal gods
Accept the meanest altars that are raised
By pure devotions; and sometimes prefer
An ounce of frankincense, honey, or milk,
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gems,
Offer'd in ostentation. *Massinger.*

DEVOTION—Secret.

The secret heart
Is fair Devotion's temple; there the saint,
E'en on that living altar, lights the flame
Of purest sacrifice, which burns unseen,
Not unaccepted. *Hannah More.*

Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly. *St. Matthew.*

DEVOTION—Silent.

The inward sighs of humble penitence
Rise to the ear of Heaven, when pealèd hymns
Are scatter'd with the sounds of common air.
Joanna Baillie.

DEW—The.

Those verdant hills now bathed in morning dews,
Whose every drop outvies Golconda's gem.
Lo! one hangs glittering on yon blade of grass;
Spurn not that lucid trembler, but admire
Its glorious hues, and trace them to their source;
The nice arrangements of its particles.
Draw nigh;—through microscopic lens inspect
That single drop's profound elaborateness—
Most delicate, and wonderfully wrought.
Is it a work of chance? It is a world
Replete with life, and love, and joy. Its crowds
Dart swift from verge to verge (their ocean depths)
How nervous and minute each supple fin!
What made that film-like hinge on which it plays?
What hand, what eye, save God's could fashion it? *Merritt.*

DEW—A Drop of.

See how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born
Round in itself incloses:
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames as it can its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight:
Scarce touching where it lies;
But giving back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
Andrew Marvel.

A globe of dew,
Filling in the morning new
Some eyed flower whose young leaves waken
On an unimagined world:
Constellated suns unshaken,
Orbits measureless, are furl'd
In that frail and fading sphere,
With ten millions gather'd there,
To tremble, gleam, and disappear. *Shelley.*

DEW-DROPS.

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Shakspeare.

DEWS—of Evening.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun;
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Chesterfield.

DIFFERENCES.

In all differences consider that both you and your enemy are dropping off, and that ere long your very memories will be extinguished.
Aurel.

DIFFICULTY—Extremity of.

It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Shakspeare.

DIFFICULTY—a Moral Instructor.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves; and He loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial. *Burke.*

DIFFICULTY—Overcoming.

Accustom yourself to master and overcome things of difficulty: for if you observe, the left hand for want of practice is insignificant, and not adapted to general business; yet it holds the bridle better than the right, from constant use. *Pliny.*

DIFFICULTY—a Stimulus.

What is *difficulty?* Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplish-

ing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.

Samuel Warren.

DIFFICULTY—Trials in.

It is difficulties which give birth to miracles. It is not every calamity that is a curse; and early adversity is often a blessing. Perhaps Madame de Maintenon would never have mounted a throne had not her cradle been rocked in a prison. Surmounted obstacles not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles; for virtue must be learnt, though, unfortunately, some of the vices come as it were by inspiration. The austerities of our northern climate are thought to be the cause of our abundant comforts, as our wintry nights and our stormy seas have given us a race of seamen perhaps unequalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any in the world. *Sharpe.*

DIGNITY—Characteristics of.

Well had he learn'd to curb the crowd,
By arts that veil and oft preserve the proud;
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,
That seems to shun the sight, and awes if seen;
The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,
That checks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy.

Byron.

True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aims her deadliest blow.

Beattie.

DIGRESSIONS.

Digressions incontestably are the sunshine; they are the life, the soul of reading. *Sterne.*

DILIGENCE—Effects of.

The expectations of life depend upon *diligence;* and the mechanic that would perfect his work, must first sharpen his tools.

Confucius.

Who makes quick use of the moment, is a genius of prudence. *Lavater.*

DILIGENCE—Evil of the Want of.

Take a heretic, a rebel, a person that hath an ill cause to manage; what he is deficient in the strength of his cause, he makes up with diligence; while he that hath right on his side, is cold, indiligent, lazy, inactive, trusting that the goodness of his cause will not fail to prevail without assistance. So wrong prevails, while evil persons are zealous, and the good remiss. *Jeremy Taylor.*

DINNER—Before and After.

Before dinner, men meet with great inequality of understanding; and those who are conscious of their inferiority, have the modesty not to talk: when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous; but he is not improved; he is only not sensible of his defects. *Johnson.*

DINNER—Social Chat after.

We have always thought that the one English custom which raises us immeasurably above all other races and types of humanity, is that of sitting over our wine after dinner. In what other portion of the twenty-four hours have we either time or inclination for mere talk? And is not the faculty of talk that which denotes the superiority of man over brutes? To talk, therefore, a certain part of the day must be devoted. Other nations mix their talk up with their business, and the consequence is, that neither talk nor business is done well. We, on the contrary, work while we are at it, and have all our talk out just at that very portion of our lives when it is physically, intellectually, and morally, most beneficial to us. The pleasant talk promotes digestion, and prevents the mind from dwelling on the grinding of the digestive mill that is going on within us. The satisfaction and repose which follow a full meal tend to check a disposition to splenetic argument or too much zeal in supporting an opinion; while the freedom and *abandon* of the intercourse which is thus kept up is eminently conducive to feelings of general benevolence. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that our "glorious constitution" (not only as individuals, but as a body politic) is owing to the habit which the British Lion observes, of sitting over his wine after dinner. *Jerdan.*

DINNER—A Good.

A good dinner sharpens wit, while it softens the heart. *Doran.*

DINNER-BELL—Influence of the.

Of all appeals,—although
I grant the power of pathos and of gold,
Of beauty, flattery, threats,—a shilling,—no
Method's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow
More tender, as we every day behold,
Than that all-softening, overpow'ring knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.

Byron.

DISCIPLINE (Moral)—Results of.

The law of habit when enlisted on the side of righteousness, not only strengthens and makes sure our resistance to vice, but facilitates the most arduous performances of virtue. The man whose thoughts, with the purposes and doings to which they lead, are at the bidding of conscience, will, by frequent repetition, at length describe the same track almost spontaneously,—even as in physical education, things, laboriously learnt at the first, come to be done at last without the feeling of an effort. And so, in moral education, every new achievement of principle smooths the way to future achievements of the same kind; and the precious fruit or purchase of each moral virtue is to set us on higher and firmer vantage-ground for the conquests of principle in all time coming. He who resolutely bids away the suggestions of avarice, when they come into conflict with the incumbent generosity; or the suggestions of voluptuousness, when they come into conflict with the incumbent self-denial; or the suggestions of anger, when they come into conflict with the incumbent act of magnanimity and forbearance—will at length obtain, not a respite only, but a final deliverance from their intrusion.

Conscience, the longer it has made way over the obstacles of selfishness and passion, the less will it give way to these adverse forces, themselves weakened by the repeated defeats which they have sustained in the warfare of moral discipline: or, in other words, the oftener that conscience makes good the supremacy which she claims, the greater would be the work of violence, and less the strength for its accomplishment, to cast her down from that station of practical guidance and command, which of right belongs to her. It is just, because, in virtue of the law of suggestion, those trains of thought and feeling, which connect her first biddings with their final execution, are the less exposed at every new instance to be disturbed, and the more likely to be repeated over again, that every good principle is more strengthened by its exercise, and every good affection is more strengthened by its indulgence, than before. The acts of virtue ripen into habits; and the goodly and permanent result is, the formation or establishment of a virtuous character. *Chalmers.*

DISCONTENT—Evils of.

For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase;
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
The wretch by wild impatience driven to rove,
Vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears;
With equal pains each different clime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.
Lord Lyttleton.

DISCONTENT—Public.

The state is out of tune; distracting fears
And jealous doubts jar in our public counsels;
Amidst the wealthy city murmur's rife;
Loud railings and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government: hence credit
And public trust 'twixt man and man are broken;
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artisans,
Who therefore curse the great and threat rebellion. *Rowe.*

Great discontents there are, and many murmurs,
The doors are all shut up: the wealthier sort,
With arms across, and hats upon their eyes,
Walk to and fro before their silent shops;
Whole droves of lenders crowd the bankers' doors
To call in money; those who have none, mark
Where money goes; for when they rise, 'tis plunder. *Dryden.*

DISCONTENT—Universality of.

There's discontent from sceptre to the swain,
And from the peasant to the king again.
Then whatsoever in thy will afflict thee,
Or in thy pleasure seem to contradict thee,
Give it a welcome as a wholesome friend,
That would instruct thee to a better end.
Since no condition from defect is free,
Think not to find what here can never be.
Niccholes.

DISCORD—Characteristics of.

Discord, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
With snipe-like nose and ferret-glowing eyes,
Lean sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supplied,
Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin. *Dr. Warton.*

DISCORD—Sourness of.

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept.
Shakspeare.

DISCOVERY—Historical Notices of.

At the head of the list stands that of Sir Isaac Newton, one of the greatest minds of ancient or modern times, and the bare mention of which is connected with the most sublime of sciences. That ardent but humble

spirit of inquiry, so necessary to success, was characteristic of his mind. Hence he used to speak of himself as having been all his life but "a *child* gathering pebbles on the sea-shore." This shows the spirit in which he pursued his investigations; and he was accustomed modestly to say, that "if there was any mental endowment in which he excelled the generality of men, it was that of patience in the examination of the facts and phenomena of his subject."

It was from one of the most simple incidents that Newton was enabled to disclose to the world the system of the universe—that of the *fall of an apple*—a thing that had been observed millions of times without any recognition and application of that principle which he discovered and carried out into the boundless universe. It is said to have taken place in his twenty-third year, when, during the prevalence of the plague in London, at his retreat in the country, he was one day sitting or lying under an apple-tree in his garden, and an apple fell beside him; he immediately began to reflect on the cause of the fall of the apple, which, attributing to the right principle—the attraction of gravity—he extended it to the universe, and found that it was that which kept the sun in the centre of the solar system, the planets in their orbits as they revolve around him, and their satellites in their orbits around them. The existence of gravitation, or a tendency to fall towards the centre of the earth, was already known, as affecting all bodies in the immediate vicinity of our planet; and the great Galileo had even ascertained the law, or rate, according to which their motion is accelerated as they continue their descent. But no one had as yet dreamed of the gravitation of the heavens, till the idea now first dimly rose on the mind of Newton.

The name of Galileo furnishes another illustrious example of important discovery from common occurrence, and of the triumph of science. Standing one day in the metropolitan church at Pisa, he noticed the movements of a suspended lamp, which some accidental disturbance had caused to vibrate. The application of this regular motion to the measurement of time suggested itself to him; and the invention of the *pendulum* was the result—the principle of the most perfect measure of time that we have. Now this incident had no doubt been noticed thousands of times before by others; but it was reserved for the philosophic attention of Galileo to turn it to advantage, though he was not yet twenty years of age.

"How striking an example is this for us," observes an eminent writer, "when we discover, or think we discover, any fact in the economy of nature which we have reason to believe has not previously been observed! Let it at least be verified and recorded. No truth is altogether barren; and even that which looks, at first sight, the very simplest and most trivial, may turn out fruitful in precious results."

It was from a circumstance, if not similar, yet partaking of the nature of the same simplicity, that this philosopher discovered the noble instrument which has rendered him the most illustrious, and given his name the greatest notoriety. While he was residing at Venice, a report came to that city that a Dutchman had presented to Count Maurice of Nassau an instrument by which distant objects were made to appear as if near. This was all that was stated, and this was enough for the mind of Galileo. He set himself to work, and soon found that by a certain arrangement of spherical glasses he could produce the same effect. The discovery of the *telescope* was the result.

To a very simple circumstance we owe the discovery of one of the most beautiful of modern arts. Prince Rupert one morning noticed a soldier rubbing the rust off his gun-barrel, occasioned by the dew of the night before, and that it left on the surface of the steel a collection of very minute holes, resembling a dark engraving, parts of which had, here and there, been rubbed away by the soldier. The kind of engraving called *mezzotinto* was thus suggested to him, and its invention the result of his experiments.

The waving of a linen shirt hanging before the fire, in the warm and ascending air, or the ascending of smoke in a chimney, suggested to Stephen Montgolfier the invention of the *air-balloon*.

The discovery of *galvanism* affords another of those instances of a great result from a very simple occurrence. About the year 1790, Galvani, a professor in the University of Bologna, was engaged in a series of experiments to show the intimate connection between muscular motion and electrical action. One day some dead frogs, which were intended to make soup for his lady, who was ill, were lying on a table near an electrifying machine, when a student, in the absence of Galvani, was amusing himself with the instrument, and noticed that convulsive motions took place in the muscles of one of the frogs, when touched by a piece of metal.

Madame Galvani, a lady of great intelligence, communicated it to her husband, who afterwards discovered the means of exciting these

contractions at pleasure, by merely using two wires of different metals, independent of the electrical machine. Thus was discovered *galvanism*, one of the most powerful modes of electrical action, and which has been the means of some of the most brilliant discoveries and achievements in chemical science.

There are other similar cases to these, which might be enumerated. It is in this way that many great inventions have been suggested. Printing was, no doubt, first thought of by an impression made, similar to that by a type, turned to proper advantage by genius. "It is a mark of superior genius," says Mrs. Mariet, in her *Conversations on Natural Philosophy*, "to find matter for wonder, observation, and research, in circumstances which, to the ordinary mind, appear trivial, because they are common; and with which they are satisfied, because they are natural; without reflecting that nature is our grand field of observation, that within it is contained our whole store of knowledge."

The application of the power of electricity to machinery, so as to obtain any force, and which is said recently to have been done to some extent, will be one of the most brilliant achievements ever made in human science; and that of *perpetual motion*, in self-moving machines (if it can ever be effected), will far surpass every other discovery yet made.

Dr. Howard.

DISCREPANCY.

Certain trifling flaws sit as disgracefully on a character of elegance as a ragged button on a court dress. *Lavater.*

DISCRETION—Advantages of.

There is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the power of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of men, and in common speech called "discretion,"—a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which people of the meanest intellectuals pass through the world in great tranquillity, neither giving nor taking offence. For want of a reasonable infusion of this aldermanly discretion, everything fails. Had Windham possessed discretion in debate, or Sheridan in conduct, they might have ruled their age. *Swift.*

Without discretion, people may be overlaid with unreasonable affection, and choked with too much nourishment. *Jeremy Collier.*

DISCRETION—in Speech.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence. *Bacon.*

DISCRETION—in Speech.

There are three things that ought to be considered before some things are spoken,—the *manner*, the *place*, and the *time*. *Southey.*

DISCUSSION—Advantages of.

Free and fair discussion will ever be found the firmest friend to truth. *George Campbell.*

Whoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth. *Bishop Watson.*

DISDAIN—Character of.

Disdain has swell'd him up, and choked his breath,
Sullen and dumb, and obstinate to death:
No signs of pity in his face appear;
Cramm'd with his pride, he leaves no room within,
For sighs to issue out, or love to enter in.
Dryden.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eye,
Despising what they look on. *Shakspeare.*

DISEASE—Cure of.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil. *Ibid.*

DISEASE—Strength of.

And where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt: when the mind's free,
The body's delicate. The tempest in my mind
Does from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. *Ibid.*

DISGUISE—Wickedness of.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we:
For, such as we are made of, such we be. *Ibid.*

DISHONESTY—Characteristics of.

That which is won ill, will never wear well, for there is a curse attends it, which will waste it; and the same corrupt dispositions which incline men to the sinful ways of getting, will incline them to the like sinful ways of spending. *Matthew Henry.*

DISHONESTY—Sinfulness of.

Who purposely cheats his friend, would cheat his God. *Lavater.*

DISHONOUR.

Dishonour waits on perfidy. A man
Should blush to *think* a falsehood : 'tis the crime
Of cowards. *Johnson.*

DISINTERESTEDNESS—Qualities of.

The slightest emotion of disinterested kindness that passes through the mind improves and refreshes that mind, producing generous thought and noble feeling. We should cherish kind wishes, for a time may come when we may be enabled to put them in practice.

Miss Mitford.

DISOBEDIENCE—Natural Inclination to.

Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience. *Haliburton.*

DISPOSITION (A Good)—Security of.

There is no security in a good disposition, if the support of good principles, (that is to say, of religion, of Christian faith,) be wanting. It may be soured by misfortunes, it may be corrupted by wealth; it may be blighted by neediness; it may lose all its original brightness; if destitute of that support. *Southey.*

DISTANCE—Effects produced by.

Distance in truth produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective. Objects are softened, rounded, and rendered doubly graceful; the harsher and more ordinary points of character are melted down, and those by which it is remembered, are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. There are mists, too, in the mental as in the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects; and there are happy lights to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.

Sir Walter Scott.

DISTINCTION—Effect of.

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away.

Shakspeare.

DISTINCTION—Love of.

It has often been a matter of serious consideration to me, how much the natural love of distinction in man must be flattered by the sudden celebrity to which even the worst criminal stands forth, who is eminent for nothing but the greatness of his crime. He has perhaps lived a life of obscurity and want, till by some hideous act of atrocity he becomes the temporary hero of the day. Every newspaper is then thought insipid that has not a column devoted to him; his most trifling actions become objects of intense and universal interest; we are told how he eats, and drinks, and talks, and sleeps. He is visited by the most eminent Christians; he is assured of the certainty of future blessedness. When the day of execution arrives, crowds assemble to witness his conduct and to admire his heroism. The sympathy of thousands is excited,—all gaze in breathless expectation to hear the least sound of his voice, and he dies like a martyr rather than a criminal.

There is a degree of vanity in our nature which the approach of death can scarcely overpower; and if there be a temptation to hypocrisy, or an occasion when hypocrisy is dangerous to the salvation of all, it is on such occasions as these, when a multitude beholds the greatest of criminals almost canonized as a saint;—the least relic of him is carefully treasured,—the very rope on which he was suspended becomes an object of inestimable value; and we saw, on a late occasion, that when the offender became sufficiently notorious, he was finally represented on the stage. Consider how many individuals are longing for celebrity; how willingly men will sacrifice their lives for fame, and that a few would rather be thus known for their crimes, than not known at all. *Sinclair.*

DISTRAINT—by Legal Process.

You have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.

Shakspeare.

———

They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all my fortune.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massive plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale.
There was another, making villanous jests
At thy undoing: he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient, most domestic ornaments.

Otway.

DIVINITY—Practical.

He that is most *practical* in Divine things, hath the purest and sincerest knowledge of them, and not he that is most *dogmatical*. Divinity, indeed, is a true efflux from the Eternal light, which, like the sunbeams, does not only enlighten, but heat and enliven; and, therefore our Saviour hath in his Beatitudes connext Purity of heart with the Beatifical Vision. *Smith*, 1660.

DOCILITY—Force of.

A docile disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty. *Munlius.*

DOCTORS—Extortions of.

A wealthy doctor, who can help a poor man, and will not without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a poor ruffian who kills a rich man to supply his necessities. It is something monstrous to consider a man of a liberal education tearing out the bowels of a poor family, by taking for a visit what would keep them a week. *Addison.*

The purse of the patient frequently protracts his cure. *Zimmerman.*

DOG (Poodle)—Described.

A little, old, grey-muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal, if you only look at him; his nose turns up, his mouth is drawn into wrinkles so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight, that it seems to lift his feet from the ground. This wretch is called Beauty. *Washington Irving.*

DOG—Fidelity of the.

With eye upraised, his master's looks to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
The rich man's guardian, and the poor man's friend,
The only creature faithful to the end. *Crabbe.*

DOGMATISM—Spirit of.

A dogmatical spirit inclines a man to be censorious of his neighbours. Every one of his opinions appears to him written, as it were, with sunbeams, and he grows angry that his neighbours do not see it in the same light. He is tempted to disdain his correspondents as men of low and dark understandings, because they do not believe what he does. *Watts.*

DOGMATISTS.

The people must not think a thought towards God, but as their pastors will put it into their mouths: surely they will make sheep of us. *Selden.*

DOOR—Knock at the.

Not many sounds in life (and I include all urban and all rural sounds) exceed in interest a knock at the door. It "gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated." But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within;—it is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. *Lamb.*

DOUBT.

When you doubt, abstain. *Zoroaster.*

DOUBT—Causes of.

Doubt is the effect of fear or jealousy,
Two passions which to reason give the lie;
For fear torments, and never doth assist;
And jealousy is love lost in a mist,
Both hoodwink truth, and go to blind-man's buff. *Home.*

DOUBT—and Certainties.

In contemplation, if a man begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties. *Bacon.*

DOUBT—Effects of.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. *Shakspeare.*

DOUBT—Misery of.

A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?"
Is worse to man than worse necessity.
Coleridge.

And yet
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my heart;
My flagging soul flies under her own pitch,
Like fowl in air, too damp, and lugs along,
As if she were a body in a body,
And not a mounting substance made of fire.
My senses too are dull, and stupified,
Their edge rebated; sure some ill approaches,
And some kind spirit knocks softly at my soul,
To tell me Fate's at hand. *Dryden.*

DOUBT—Modest.

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. *Shakspeare.*

DREAMING—Nature of.

Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.
Byron.

DREAMING—Rapidity of Thought in.

A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather, with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true per-

ception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated; so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. *Dr. Forbes Winslow.*

DREAMS—Augury of.

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. *Shakspeare.*

DREAMS—Balmy.

Pallas pour'd sweet slumbers on his soul;
And balmy dreams, the gift of soft repose,
Calm'd all his pains, and banish'd all his woes. *Pope.*

DREAMS—Causes of.

Let fools and cowards start at fancy's visions;
Thy well-taught spirit knows these dreams are bred
From fumes and indigestions that oppress
The mind, which thus o'erloaded, still throws off
These crudities, these ordures of the soul:
As such despise them. *Madden.*

DREAMS—Divulgements of.

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron war;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, fortins, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. *Shakspeare.*

DREAMS—Effects of.

Dreams, in their development, have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that 's gone by.
Byron.

DREAMS—Felicity of.

If we can sleep without dreaming, it is well that painful dreams are avoided. If, while we sleep, we can have any pleasing dreams, it is, as the French say, *tant gagné*, so much added to the pleasure of life. *Franklin.*

DREAMS—Illusions of.

As one who in some frightful dream would shun
His pressing foe, labours in vain to run,
And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans,
In thick short sighs, weak cries, and tender groans.
Dryden.

The fiend they found,
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Assaying by his dev'lish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams:
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal spirits, that from pure blood arise,
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure; thence raise,
At last distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blow up with high conceit, engend'ring pride.
Him thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly (for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness); up he starts.
Discover'd and surprised. *Milton.*

DREAMS—like the Mists.

Dim and faint, as the mists that break,
At sunrise, from a mountain lake. *Parker.*

DREAMS—Nature of.

Know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve;
Reason as chief: among these Fancy next
Her office holds: of all external things
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion: then retires
Into her private cell, where nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Milton.

Dreams are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;

Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind.
Shakspeare.

DREAMS—Nature of.

Dreams, where thought, in fancy's maze, runs mad. *Young.*

DREAMS—not to be Regarded.

Regard not dreams, since they are but the images of our hopes and fears. *Cato.*

DREAMS—Repeaters of Thought.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.
Tho' further toil his tired limbs refuse,
The dreaming hunter still the chase pursues.
The judge a-bed dispenses still the laws,
And sleeps again o'er the unfinish'd cause.
The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,
Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancied goal.
Me too the Muses, in the silent night,
With wonted chimes of jingling verse delight.
Claudius.

What studies please, what most delight,
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night. *Creech.*

DRESS—Advice on.

If you are a young lady, and employ a certain number of sempstresses for a given time, in making a given number of simple and serviceable dresses—suppose seven, of which you can wear one yourself for half the winter, and give six away to poor girls who have none—you are spending your money unselfishly. But if you employ the same number of sempstresses for the same number of days in making four, or five, or six beautiful flounces for your own ball dress—flounces which will clothe no one but yourself, and which you yourself will be unable to wear at more than one ball—you are employing your money selfishly. . . . I say further, that as long as there are cold and nakedness in the land around you, so long can there be no question at all but that splendour of dress is a crime. In due time, when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but, as long as there are any who have no blankets for their beds, and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket-making and tailoring we must set people to work at—not lace. *Ruskin.*

DRESS—Evil Effects of.

Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean. *Cowper.*

DRESS—Moral Effect of.

Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, he will, in all probability, find a corresponding disposition by negligence of *address*.
Sir Jonah Barrington.

DRESS—Gaudiness of.

Beauty gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughters, saying that they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable. *Zimmerman.*

DRESS—Influence of.

I have no intention to argue against gold chains, velvet caps, or sables, or anything of this nature; but, granting this furniture may be somewhat of a guard to authority, yet no public person has any reason to value himself upon it; for the design of this sort of state is only to comply with the weakness of the multitude. It is an innocent stratagem to deceive them into their duty, and to awe them into a just sense of obedience. A great man will rather contemn this kind of finery, than think himself considerable by it. He will rather be sorry that his authority needs the support of so little an artifice, and depends, in any measure, upon the use of such trifles. To stoop to the vulgar notion of things, and establish one's reputation by counterfeit signs of worth, must be an uneasy task to a noble mind. Besides, we are not to think the magistrate cannot support his office without fine clothes; for, if he is furnished with general prudence, with abilities particular to his business, and has a competent share of power, he needs not doubt his influence over the people.
Jeremy Collier.

DRESS—an Index of the Mind.

As the index tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapter, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality of the soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered, and slovenly outside. *Massinger.*

DRESS—Rules for Regulating.

Let women paint their eyes with tints of chastity, insert into their ears the word of God,

tie the yoke of Christ around their necks, and adorn their whole persons with the silk of sanctity and the damask of devotion: let them adopt that chaste and simple, that neat and elegant, style of dress, which so advantageously displays the charms of real beauty, instead of those preposterous fashions and fantastical draperies of dress which, while they conceal some few defects of person, expose so many defects of mind, and sacrifice to ostentatious finery all those mild, amiable, and modest virtues, by which the female character is so pleasingly adorned. *Tertullian.*

DRESS—no Sign of Wealth.

The person whose clothes are extremely fine, I am too apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose. *Goldsmith.*

DRINK—Excess in.

Let no company or respect ever draw you to excess in drink, for be you well assured, that if ever *that* possess you, you are instantly drunk to all the respects your friends will otherwise pay you, and shall by unequal staggering paces go to your grave with confusion of face, as well in them that love you, as in yourself: and therefore abhor all company that might entice you that way.

Lord Strafford.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. *Solomon.*

DRUNKARD—the Slave of Drink.

No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser! but does not this stupid porter-pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd pot of heavy wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this scoured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy "liberty," thou entire blockhead! *Carlyle.*

DRUNKARD—Unprofitable.

A drunkard is not profitable for any kind of good service. *Plato.*

DRUNKARDS—when to be Corrected.

Correct not your servants when they are drunk, it shews as if you were drunk yourself. *Cleobulus.*

DRUNKARDS—Woe unto.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! *Isaiah.*

DRUNKENNESS—a Dangerous Companion.

Intemperance is a dangerous companion. It throws people off their guard; betrays them to a great many indecencies, to ruinous passions, to disadvantages in fortune; makes them discover secrets, drive foolish bargains, engage in play, and often to stagger from the tavern to the stews. *Jeremy Collier.*

DRUNKENNESS—Effects of.

Destruction lurks within the poisonous dose,
A fatal fever, or a purpled nose. *Soame Jenyns.*

DRUNKENNESS—Evils of.

O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts. *Shakspeare.*

What fury of late has crept into our feasts?
What honour given to the drunk'nest guests?
What reputation to bear one glass more,
When oft the bearer is borne out of door?

Johnson.

When fumes of wine do once the brain possess,
Then follows straight an indisposèdness
Throughout, the legs so fetter'd in that case,
They cannot with their reeling trunk keep pace.
The tongue trips, mind droops, eyes stand full of water,
Noise, hiccough, brawls, and quarrels follow after.

Lucretius.

A drunkard is one that will be a man tomorrow morning, but is now what you will make him; for he is in the power of the next man; and if a friend, the better. One that hath let go himself from the hold and stay of reason, and lies open to the mercy of all temptations. . . . He is the greatest enemy to himself, and the next to his friend, and then most in the act of his kindness: for his kindness is but trying a mastery, who shall sink down first; and men come from him as a battle, wounded and bound up. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit, and business, and makes him more recklessly care-

less what becomes of all. Indeed, he dares not enter on a serious thought, or if he do, it is but such melancholy that it sends him to be drunk again. *Bishop Earle.*

DRUNKENNESS—Madness of.

A drunken man is like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and the third drowns him. *Shakspeare.*

Troops of furies march in the drunkard's triumph. *Zimmerman.*

DRUNKENNESS—Mischiefs of.

I drank; I liked it not; 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul;
To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest.
Prior.

DRUNKENNESS—Reasons for.

In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. *Johnson.*

DRUNKENNESS—Sinfulness of.

Drunkenness is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which whosoever hath, hath not himself; which whosoever doth commit, doth not commit sin, but he himself is wholly sin. *Augustine.*

Not only has Solomon, in his wisdom, pointed out the evils which attend those who tarry long at the wine, but all the precepts and denunciations against drunkenness, all the details of the flagitious arts penetrated under its influence, which are recorded in the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, are directed against the inordinate drinkers of wine. It is needless to say more respecting them, but refer them to that Sacred Volume, with the hope that it may guide them to salutary contrition and penitential sorrow. *Hodgkin.*

DRUNKENNESS—Suicidal Spirit of.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves. *Sherlock.*

DRUNKENNESS—Vice of.

The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the best that was ever preached upon that subject. *Saville.*

DRUNKENNESS—an Incurable Vice.

When this vice has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell attention to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell, too, even an attention to person: everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospects before them, and who have closed it without one ray of comfort and consolation. Young men, with good fortunes, good talents, good tempers, good hearts, and sound constitutions, only by being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for any one. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows of his outgoings or his incomings. When he will rise, or when he will lie down to rest, is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure brings pain, as hourly as the night brings the morning. Poverty and misery are in the train. To avoid these results, we are called upon to make no sacrifice. Abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it. Our own will is all that is requisite; and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace, and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion. *Cobbett.*

DUELLING—Absurdity of.

Duelling, as a punishment, is absurd, because it is an equal chance whether the punishment falls upon the offender or the person offended; nor is it much better as a reparation, it being difficult to explain in what the satisfaction consists, or how it tends to undo injury, or to afford a compensation for the damage already sustained. *Paley.*

DUELLING—Anecdote of.

I have heard a story of a general officer in our service which pleased me much. On receiving a challenge, he went to the challenger, and told him he supposed they were to fight on equal terms; "but as things now stand," said he, "the terms are very unequal: I have a wife and five children, who have nothing to subsist on but my appointments; you have a considerable fortune, and no family. To place us, therefore, on an equality, I desire you will go with me to a conveyancer, and settle upon my wife and children, if I should fall, the value of my appointments. When you have signed such a conveyance, if you insist upon it, I will then fight you." The deliberate manner in which the general said this, and the

apparent justice of the requisition, made his antagonist reflect a little on the idea of leaving a wife and five children to beggary; and as the affair could not well stand reflection, it went off. *Gilpin.*

DUELLING—Folly of.

With respect to duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more surprise. Two little visual spectra of men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the unfathomable, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon, make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder, whirl around, and simultaneously, by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into dissolution; and, off-hand, become air, and non-extant—the little spitfires! *Carlyle.*

DUELLIST—Perils of the.

Ah me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron. *Butler.*

DULNESS—Qualities of.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fates in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind. *Pope.*

DULNESS—Relief in.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is to be sure at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds. *Holmes.*

DUNGEON—of the Middle Ages.

And this place my forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot.
Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks;
And this is their best cure! Uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning, and tears,
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon.

By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies,
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd
By sights of evermore deformity!
With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods and winds, and waters!
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy,
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit heal'd and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.
Coleridge.

DUNGEON—Horrors of a.

There to lie,
Where never sunbeam pierced the solid gloom,
Where rattling chains, and doors that grind the hinge,
To let in new distress, make hideous concert.
Francis.

Then to a dungeon's depth I sent both bound,
Where stow'd with snakes and adders, now they lodge;
Two planks their bed, slipp'ry with ooze and slime,
The rats brush o'er their faces with their tails,
And croaking paddocks crawl upon their limbs.
Dryden.

Thou subterranean sepulchre of peace!
Thou home of horror! hideous nest of crimes!
Guilt's first sad stage to her dark road to hell;
Ye thick-barr'd sunless passages for air,
To keep alive the wretch that longs to die!
Ye low-brow'd arches, through whose sullen gloom
Resound the ceaseless groans of pale despair!
Ye dreadful shambles, caked with human blood!
Receive a guest from far, far other scenes.
Young.

DUTIES—Christian.

It is owing to the forbidden and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word *Christian* does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hope of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society.

Yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian. *Addison.*

DUTIES—Performance of.

Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise, blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing. *St. Peter.*

DUTIES—of the Present.

What is our duty here? To tend
From good to better—thence to best:
Grateful to drink life's cup—then bend
Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering our fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May shrine our names in memory's light;
And the blest seeds we scatter'd, bloom
A hundred-fold in days to come. *Bowring.*

DUTY—Boldness in.

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly: if it be wrong, leave it undone. *Gilpin.*

DUTY—Consolation found in.

There are a thousand things in life
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy,
As thine hath been: till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily duties paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.
Talfourd.

DUTY—Conviction of.

That we ought to do an action, is of itself a sufficient and ultimate answer to the questions, *Why* we should do it?—how we are *obliged* to do it? The conviction of duty implies the soundest reason, the strongest obligation, of which our nature is susceptible.
Whewell.

DUTY—Eternal.

Powers depart,
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat;
But by the storm of circumstance unshaken
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists: immutably survives
For our support, the measures and the forms
Which an abstract intelligence supplies;
Whose kingdom is where time and space are not. *Wordsworth.*

DUTY—Firmness in.

Stern duties need not speak sternly. He who stood firm before the thunder worshipped the "still small voice." *Dobell.*

DUTY—leads to Glory.

Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story:
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Tennyson.

DUTY—Knowledge of.

Knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy. *Whately.*

DUTY—Nature of.

Duty is far more than love. It is the upholding law through which the weakest become strong, without which all strength is unstable as water. No character, however harmoniously framed and gloriously gifted, can be complete without this abiding principle: it is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together, without which all power, goodness, intellect, truth, happiness, love itself, can have no permanence; but all the fabric of existence crumbles away from under us, and leaves us at last sitting in the midst of a ruin, —astonished at our own desolation.
Mrs. Jameson.

DUTY—Performance of.

The secret consciousness
Of duty well perform'd; the public voice
Of praise that honours virtue, and rewards it;
All these are yours. *Francis.*

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct. Nay, properly, conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that "doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action." On which ground, too, let him who gropes pain-

fully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: "*Do the duty which lies nearest thee,*" which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer. *Carlyle.*

DUTY—Perseverance in.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern. *Epictetus.*

No man has a right to say he can do nothing for the benefit of mankind, who are less benefited by ambitious projects than by the sober fulfilment of each man's proper duties. By doing the proper duty in the proper place, a man may make the world his debtor. The results of "patient continuance in well-doing," are never to be measured by the weakness of the instrument, but by the omnipotence of Him who blesseth the sincere efforts of obedient faith alike in the prince and in the cottager. *H. Thompson.*

DUTY—a Pleasure.

Duty by habit is to pleasure turn'd:
He is content who to obey has learn'd.
Sir E. Brydges.

DUTY—Preserving Power of.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou doth preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee,
are fresh and strong. *Wordsworth.*

DUTY—Reward of.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty: on the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, *purely for conscience' sake,* will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits, far beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company, can do for them. *Paley.*

DUTY—Self-Sacrifice of.

It is an impressive truth that, sometimes in the very lowest forms of duty, less than which would rank a man as a villain, there is, nevertheless, the sublimest ascent of self-sacrifice. To do less would class you as an object of eternal scorn, to do so much presumes the grandeur of heroism. *De Quincey.*

DUTY—A Sense of.

Consult duty, not events. *Annesley.*

Perish discretion, when it interferes with duty. *Hannah More.*

E.

EAGLE—Habits of the.

He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands;
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands,
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls. *Tennyson.*

An eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings. *Moses.*

EAGLES.

Eagles fly alone: they are but sheep which always herd together. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

EAR—First Awakening of the.

What was't awakened first the untried ear
Of the sole man who was all human kind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake in wonder, not in fear
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?
Coleridge.

EARS—Organization of the.

These wickets of the soul are plac'd on high,
Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft;
And that they may not pierce too violently
They are delay'd with turns and windings oft.
For, should the voice directly strike the brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
That it the organ may more gentle touch.
Davies.

EARLY-RISING—Advantages of.

The morning hour has gold in its mouth.
Franklin.

EARLY-RISING—Advantages of.

The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

Doddridge.

I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, "If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading; if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.

Lord Chatham.

Whoever has tasted the breath of morning, knows that the most invigorating and most delightful hours of the day are commonly spent in bed; though it is the evident intention of nature, that we should enjoy and profit by them. Children awake early, and would be up and stirring long before the arrangements of the family permit them to use their limbs. We are thus broken in from childhood to an injurious habit; that habit might be shaken off with more ease than it was first imposed. We rise with the sun at Christmas, it were but continuing so to do till the middle of April, and without any perceptible change, we should find ourselves then rising at five o'clock, at which hour we might continue till September, and then accommodate ourselves again to the change of season. *Southey.*

Next to temperance, a quiet conscience, a cheerful mind, and active habits, I place early rising, as a means of health and happiness. I have hardly words for the estimate I form of that sluggard, male or female, that has formed the habit of wasting the early prime of day in bed. Putting out of the question the positive loss of life, and that too of the most inspiring and beautiful part of each day, when all the voices of nature invite man from his bed; leaving out of the calculation that longevity has been almost invariably attended by early rising; to me, too late hours in bed present an index to character, and an omen of the ultimate hopes of the person who indulges in this habit. There is no mark so clear of a tendency to self-indulgence. It denotes an inert and feeble mind, infirm of purpose, and incapable of that elastic vigour of will which enables the possessor to accomplish what his reason ordains. The subject of this unfortunate habit cannot but have felt self-reproach, and a purpose to spring from his repose with the freshness of dawn. If the mere indolent luxury of another hour of languid indulgence is allowed to overrule this better purpose, it argues a general weakness of character, which promises no high attainment or distinction. These are never awarded by fortune to any trait but vigour, promptness, and decision. Viewing the habit of late rising in many of its aspects, it would seem as if no being that has any claim to rationality could be found in the allowed habit of sacrificing a tenth, and that the freshest portion of life, at the expense of health, and the curtailing of the remainder, for any pleasure that his indulgence could confer. *Flint.*

Few ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising. You rise late, and, of course, commence your business at a late hour, and everything goes wrong all day. Franklin says, that he who rises late, may trot all day, and not have overtaken his business at night. Dean Swift avers that he never knew any man come to greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning. *Todd.*

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed:
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of ev'ry flower that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps
Soon as the sun departs? Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, long ere the moon
Her oriental veil puts off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom Nature boasts
Be thus exposed to night's unkindly damp.
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compell'd to taste the rank and pois'nous steam
Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.
Give to repose the solemn hour she claims,
And from the forehead of the morning steal
The sweet occasion. O there is a charm
Which morning has, that gives the brow of age
A smack of earth, and makes the lip of youth
Shed perfume exquisite. Expect it not,
Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging feverous sleep. *Hurdis.*

EARLY-RISING—Motive to.

When you find an unwillingness to rise early in the morning, endeavour to rouse your faculties, and act up to your kind, and consider that you have to do the business of a man; and that action is both beneficial, and the end of your being. *Antoninus.*

EARLY-RISING—Pleasures of.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,

To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd and tossing through distemper'd dreams!
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?
Thomson.

EARNESTNESS—Powers of.

Earnestness alone makes life eternity.
Carlyle.

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. *Dickens.*

EARTH—Uncertain Bliss of the.

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's slender tie
Of earthly bliss: it breaks at every breeze.
Young.

EARTH—Destruction of the.

What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets welding their loose materials at the solar furnace—the volcanic eruptions of our own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling in the mausoleums, of former worlds—let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught it in the school of Revelation. *Timbs.*

EARTH—Probable End of the.

Is it not probable, it may be asked, that the time will come when the globe itself will come to an end? And if it be so, can science detect the provision that is possibly made for this consummation of all things? We have seen that the atmosphere has for long been undergoing a change; that at a very early period it was charged with carbonic acid, the carbon of which now forms part of animal and vegetable structures. We saw, also, that at first it contained no ammonia; but since vegetation and decomposition began, the nitrogen that existed in the nitrates of the earth and some of the nitrogen of the atmosphere have been gradually entering into new combinations, and forming ammonia; and the quantity of ammonia, a substance at first non-existent, has gradually increased, and as it is volatile, the atmosphere now always contains some of it. The quantity has now become so great in it that it can always be detected by chemical analysis. There is an evident tendency of it to increase in the atmosphere. Now supposing it to go on increasing up to a certain point, it forms with air a mixture that, upon the application of fire, is violently explosive. An atmosphere charged with ammonia is liable to explode whenever a flash of lightning passes through it. And such an explosion would doubtless destroy, perhaps without leaving traces of, the present order of things. *Dr. Lindley Kemp.*

EARTH—the Footstool of God.

Earth, thou great footstool of our God
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful source
Of all our raiment, life, and food,
Our house, our parent, and our nurse
Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
Drest with strong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around,
And flowery carpets spread the ground—
Thou bulky globe, prodigious map,
That hangs unpillared in an empty space,
While thy unwieldy weight hangs in the feeble air,
Bless that Almighty word that fix'd and holds thee there! *Watts.*

EARTH—Joys of.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone ere youth itself be past. *Byron.*

Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say would he name threescore. *Ibid.*

EARTH—Divinely-Fitted to Man.

The earth on which we tread, was evidently intended by the Creator to support man and other animals, along with their habitations, and to furnish those vegetable productions which are necessary for their subsistence; and, accordingly, He has given it that exact degree of consistency, which is requisite for these purposes. Were it much harder than it now is; were it, for

example, as dense as a rock, it would be incapable of cultivation, and vegetables could not be produced from its surface. Were it softer, it would be insufficient to support us, and we should sink at every step, like a person walking in a quagmire. The exact adjustment of the solid parts of our globe, to the nature and necessities of the beings which inhabit it, is an instance of Divine wisdom. *Dick.*

EARTH—our Mother.

Not on a path of reprobation runs
The trembling earth. God's eye doth follow her
With far more love than doth her maid, the moon.
Speak no harsh words of earth: she is our mother,
And few of us, her sons, who have not added
A wrinkle to her brow. She gave us birth;
We drew our nurture from her ample breast:
And there is coming for us both an hour
When we shall pray that she will ope her arms
And take us back again. *Smith.*

EARTH—our Nursing-Mother.

It is this earth that, like a kind mother, receives us at our birth, and sustains us when born; it is this alone of all the elements around us that is never found an enemy to man. The body of waters deluge him with rain, oppress him with hail, and drown him with inundations; the air rushes in storms, prepares the tempest, or lights up the volcano: but the earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers and his table with plenty; returns with interest every good committed to her care, and, though she produces the poison, she still supplies the antidote; though constantly teased more to furnish the luxuries of man than his necessities, yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and when life is over, she piously covers his remains in her bosom. *Pliny.*

EARTH—a Vestibule.

I believe this earth on which we stand
Is but the vestibule to glorious mansions,
Through which a moving crowd for ever press.
Joanna Baillie.

EARTHQUAKE—The.

She quakes at His approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps
And fiery caverns roars beneath His foot.
The hills move lightly and the mountains smoke,
For He has touch'd them. From the extremest point
Of elevation down into the abyss,
His wrath is busy and His frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong and the valleys rise;
The rivers die into offensive pools,
And, charged with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was, by transformation strange
Grows fluid, and the fix'd and rooted earth
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on every side,
And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
Migrates uplifted, and with all its soil
Alighting in far-distant fields, finds out
A new possessor, and survives the change.
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and upwrought,
To an enormous and o'erbearing height,
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice
Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore
Resistless. Never such a sudden flood,
Upridged so high, and sent on such a charge,
Possess'd an inland scene. *Cowper.*

EARTHQUAKE—Nature's convulsive Efforts.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. *Shakspeare.*

EATING—Love of.

Some men are born to feast, and not to fight;
Whose sluggish minds, e'en in fair honour's field,
Still on their dinner turn. *Joanna Baillie.*

EATING—Moderation in.

For the sake of health, medicines are taken by weight and measure; so ought food to be, or by some similar rule. *Skelton.*

EATING—of the Rich and Poor.

The difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats when he pleases, and the latter when he can get it.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

EATING AND DRINKING—Moderation in.

Be very moderate in eating and drinking. Drunkenness is the great vice of the time; and by drunkenness I do mean, not only gross drunkenness, but also tippling, drinking excessively and immoderately, or more than is convenient or necessary: avoid those companies that are given to it; come not into those places that are devoted to that beastly vice, namely, taverns and ale-houses; avoid and refuse those devices that are used to occasion

it, as drinking and pledging of healths; be resolute against it, and when your resolution is once known, you will never be solicited to it. The Rechabites were commanded by their father not to drink wine, and they obeyed it, and had a blessing for it. My command to you is not so strict; I allow you the moderate use of wine and strong drink at your meals; I only forbid you the excess, or unnecessary use of it, and those places and companies, and artifices, that are temptations to it.

Sir Matthew Hale.

ECCENTRICITY.

He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks. *Selden.*

Learned men oft greedily pursue
Things that are rather wonderful than true,
And in their nicest speculations choose
To make their own discoveries strange news,
And natural history rather a gazette
Of rarities stupendous and far-fet;
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
That are not strongly vast and overgrown,
And strive to explicate appearances,
Not as they're probable, but as they please,
In vain endeavour nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

Butler.

ECHO—An.

It seem'd as if every sweet note that died here,
Was again brought to life in an airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain,
That had ceased upon earth, was awaking again.

Moore.

ECHO—Definition of an.

The Jews of old called an echo "the daughter of the voice." *Bathkeel.*

She who in other's words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.

Addison.

ECHO—Poetic Influence of an.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy aëry shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Milton.

ECHO—Reverberations of an.

Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the stream,
Repeats the accents,—We shall part no more.

Akenside.

ECHO—Superstition respecting an.

So plain is the distinction of our words,
That many have supposed it a spirit
That answers. *Webster.*

ECONOMY—Advantages of.

All to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the salutary arts of contracting expense; for *without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor.* The mere power of saving what is already in our hands must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practise it with success.

Johnson.

ECONOMY—in small Expenditure.

Beware of little expenses: a small leak will sink a great ship. *Franklin.*

ECONOMY—preferable to Extravagance.

I had rather see my courtiers laugh at my avarice, than my people weep at my extravagance. *Louis XII.*

ECONOMY—due to the Wisdom of a Father.

He that is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom, than he that has a great deal left him, does to his father's care. *Penn.*

ECONOMY—Intellectual.

The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busy in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast, or faster, than they are received, it must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still without utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I be covetous; nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor. *Bishop Hall.*

ECONOMY—Maxims of.

No man is rich whose expenditure exceeds his means; and no one is poor, whose incomings exceed his outgoings. *Haliburton.*

ECONOMY—Maxims of.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good waggoner that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance is the praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little, than how to make it more. *Bishop Hall.*

Let honesty and industry be thy constant companions, and spend one penny less than thy clear gains: then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind, and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the sons of fortune walk at thy right hand; for independency, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and places thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh, then, be wise, and let industry walk with thee in the morning, and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny, when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid: then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds. *Franklin.*

ECONOMY—in the Use of Time.

Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away, let them run like sand through their fingers, as long as they think they have an almost countless number of them to spend; but when they find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they will at once make a very wise use of them; but, unluckily, they have by that time no notion how to do it. *Gotthelf.*

ECONOMY—Virtues of.

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health: and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with "irons that enter into their souls." *Johnson.*

ECONOMY—Worth of.

Economy is of itself a great revenue. *Cicero.*

EDUCATION—Advantages of.

Virtue and talents, though allowed their due consideration, yet are not enough to procure a man a welcome wherever he comes. Nobody contents himself with rough diamonds, or wears them so. When polished and set, then they give a lustre. *Locke.*

EDUCATION — better than outward Beauty.

I cannot understand the importance which certain people set upon outward beauty or plainness. I am of opinion that all true education, such at least as has a religious foundation, must infuse a noble calm, a wholesome coldness, an indifference, or whatever people may call it, towards such-like outward gifts, or the want of them. And who has not experienced of how little consequence they are in fact for the weal or woe of life? Who has not experienced how, on nearer acquaintance, plainness becomes beautified, and beauty loses its charm, exactly according to the quality of the heart and mind? And from this cause am I of opinion, that the want of outward beauty never disquiets a noble nature or will be regarded as a misfortune. It never can prevent people from being amiable and beloved in the highest degree; and we have daily proof of this. *Frederika Bremer.*

EDUCATION—a distinguished Blessing.

Of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance, or bears a heavenlier aspect, than education. It is a companion which no misfortunes can depress—no clime destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave—at home a friend—abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace—in society an ornament—it chastens vice—it guides virtue—it gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage? vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God and the degradations of passions participated with brutes, and in the accident of their alternate ascendancy, shuddering at the terrors of an hereafter, or hugging the horrid hope of annihilation. *Phillips.*

EDUCATION—of Boys.

Honour, honesty, firm will, truthfulness, advancing in spite of threatening wounds, endurance of misfortune (of the blows of fate), frankness, self-respect, self-equipoise, contempt of opinion, justice, and perseverance—all these and similar words denote only one-half of the moral nature—moral strength and elevation. The second half includes all that refers to the lives of the kingdom of love, gentleness, beneficence; these may be called moral beauty. *Richter.*

They who provide much wealth for their children, but neglect to improve them in virtue, do like those who feed their horses high, but never train them to the manage. *Socrates.*

EDUCATION—Cant in.

Teach a child there is harm in everything, however innocent, and so soon as it discovers the cheat, it won't see no sin in anything. That's the reason deacons' sons seldom turn out well, and preachers' daughters are married through a window. Innocence is the sweetest thing in the world, and there is more of it than folks generally imagine. If you want some to transplant, don't seek it in the inclosures of cant, for it has only counterfeit ones; but go to the gardens of truth and sense. Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark—open the door, and it's off for ever. The bird that roams through the sky and the groves unrestrained, knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself; but the caged one, the moment it leaves its bars and bolts behind, is pounced upon by the fowler or the vulture. *Haliburton.*

EDUCATION—College.

A college education shows a man how little other people know. *Ibid.*

EDUCATION—of the Working Classes.

I have no sympathy whatever with those who would grudge our workmen and our common people the very highest acquisitions which their taste, or their time, or their inclinations, would lead them to realize; for, next to the salvation of their souls, I certainly say that the object of my fondest aspirations is the moral and intellectual, and, as a sure consequence of this, the economical, advancement of the working classes—the one object, which, of all others in the wide range of political speculation, is the one which should be the dearest to the heart of every philanthropist and every true patriot. *Chalmers.*

EDUCATION—Modern Cultivation of.

Of late years education has become a subject of general care and attention. But there may be excess even in so amiable a feeling as the devotion of a parent to a child; that very devotion may be productive of mischief to its object. No pains are spared in cultivating talents, in giving graces, accomplishments, useful information, deep learning; but it may be a question whether the wholesome training of the feelings is as judiciously attended to as that of the understanding. May not the very importance attached to all concerning the young lead them to think too much of themselves? Unless they are early taught to consider the feelings of others, is not one strong motive for controlling their own (that most difficult and most necessary of all lessons) utterly neglected? *Mrs. Sullivan.*

EDUCATION—Early.

Precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little and there a little. *Isaiah.*

If our early years were passed in laying up store for futurity, in practising the affections within the circle of those whom God has given to be our nearest and dearest ties, in cultivating intellect, and acquiring useful knowledge, we should need no further security against the mistakes of after-life. Religion, virtue, wisdom, and good taste, would be our guides as well as our protectors. *Mrs. Bruce.*

I too acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture; hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide-shadowing tree! either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth, it is the duty of all men, especially of all philosophers, to note down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their education,—what furthered, what hindered, what in any way modified it. *Carlyle.*

Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I shewed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds." "O," I replied, "*that* is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries." *Coleridge.*

EDUCATION—Early.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
Pope.

At his first aptness the maternal love
Those rudiments of wisdom did improve;
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to the artificer, the laboured mind
With ease was pious, generous, just, and kind;
Till virtue, with long exercise, grew hard;
With every act confirmed and made at last
So durable as not to be effaced,
It turned to habit; and from vices free,
Goodness resolved into necessity. *Dryden.*

EDUCATION—Mental Epochs of.

Intellectual education now, to be worthy of the time, ought to include in its compass elements contributed to it in every one of the great epochs of mental energy which the world has seen. In this respect, most especially, we are, if we know how to use our advantages, inheritors of the wealth of all the richest times; strong in the power of the giants of all ages; placed on the summit of an edifice which thirty centuries have been employed in building.
Whewell.

EDUCATION—and Self-Education.

The rich have not so great an advantage over the poor, in respect of education, as is commonly supposed. The ways of Providence are not so unequal, after all. The young oak that is nurtured in the greenhouse will never become the monarch of the woods on the exposed hillside. They are parasitical plants that stunt and choke the tree they seem to shelter. Men so brought up are too often deficient in elasticity of intellect; their minds have no spring; and they frequently want that moral quality which breathes life and vigour into all the intellectual faculties, the absence of which no others can compensate, even by their presence in excess; I mean that unflinching determination not to be borne down by difficulties—that enduring perseverance not to be overmastered by defeat. *Booth.*

EDUCATION—by the Eye.

I remember well that for many years of my life the only notion I had of the look of a Greek knight was complicated between recollection of a small engraving in my pocket Homer, and reverent study of the Horse Guards. And though I believe that most boys collect their ideas from more varied sources, and arrange them more carefully than I did, still, whatever sources they seek must always be ocular; if they are clever boys they will go and look at the Greek vases and sculptures in the British Museum, and at the weapons in our armouries—they will see what real armour is like in lustre, and what Greek armour was like in form, and so put a fairly true image together, but still, in ordinary cases, a very living and interesting one. Now, the use of your decorative painting would be, in myriads of ways, to animate their history for them, and to put the living aspect of past things before their eyes as faithfully as intelligent invention can; so that the master shall have nothing to do but at once to point to the schoolroom walls, and for ever afterwards the meaning of any word would be fixed in a boy's mind in the best possible way. Is it a question of classical dress,—what a tunic was like, or a chlamys, or a peplus? At this day you have to point to some vile woodcut, in the middle of a dictionary page, representing the thing hung upon a stick; but then you would point to a hundred figures wearing the actual dress, in its fiery colours, in all actions of various stateliness or strength; you would understand at once how it fell round the people's limbs as they stood, how it drifted from their shoulders as they went, how it veiled their faces as they wept, how it covered their heads in the day of battle. Now, if you want to see what a weapon is like, you refer, in like manner, to a numbered page, in which there are spear heads in rows, and sword hilts in symmetrical groups; and gradually the boy gets a dim mathematical notion how one scimitar is hooked to the right and another to the left, and one javelin has a knob to it and another none; while one glance at your good picture would show him—and the first rainy afternoon in the schoolroom would for ever fix in his mind—the look of the sword and the spear as they fell or flew, and how they pierced, or bent, or shattered—how men wielded them, and how men died by them. But far more than all this, is it a question, not of clothes, or weapons, but of men; how can we sufficiently estimate the effect on the mind of a noble youth, at the time when the world opens to him, of having faithful and touching representations put before him of the acts and presence of great men,—how many a resolution, which would alter and exalt the whole course of his after life, might be formed, when in some dreamy twilight he met, through his own tears, the fixed eyes of those shadows of the great dead, unescapable and calm, piercing to his soul; or fancied that their lips moved in dread reproof or soundless exhortation. And if but for one out of many this were true,—if yet, in a few, you could be sure that such influence had indeed changed their

thoughts and destinies and turned the eager and reckless youth, who would have cast away his energies on the race horse or the gambling table, to that noble life race, that holy life hazard, which should win all glory to himself and all good to his country,—would not that, to some purpose, be "political economy of art?" *Ruskin.*

EDUCATION—Exalting Influence of.

In exalting the faculties of the soul, we annihilate, in a great degree, the delusion of the senses. *Aimé Marten.*

EDUCATION—Moral Influence of.

I think we may assert that in a hundred men, there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received. It is on education that depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy, have consequences very important, and of a long duration. It is with these first impressions, as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn, by different canals, in quite opposite courses; so that from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions; and at last arrives at places far distant from each other: and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please. *Locke.*

EDUCATION—of Ladies.

I have observed that most ladies who have had what is considered an education, have no idea of an education progressing through life. Having attained a certain measure of accomplishment, knowledge, manners, &c., they consider themselves made up, and so take their station: they are pictures, which, being quite finished, are now put in a frame,—a gilded one, if possible,—and hung up in permanence of beauty!—Permanence—that is to say, till old Time, with his rude and dirty fingers, soils the charming colours. *Foster.*

EDUCATION—an Intellectual Light.

Were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a rush-light into every dark corner? *Bacon.*

EDUCATION—of Man.

Every man has two educations—that which is given to him, and the other that which he gives to himself. Of the two kinds, the latter is by far the most valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in a man, he must work out and conquer for himself. It is this that constitutes our real and best nourishment. What we are merely *taught*, seldom nourishes the mind like that which we teach ourselves. *Tynman.*

EDUCATION—of the Morals.

Bid him, besides, his daily pains employ
To form the tender manners of a boy,
And work him like a waxen babe, with art,
To perfect symmetry in every part. *Dryden.*

Begin the education of the heart not with the cultivation of noble propensities, but with the cutting away of those that are evil. When once the noxious herbs are withered and rooted out, then the more noble plants, strong in themselves, will shoot upwards. The virtuous heart, like the body, becomes strong and healthy more by labour than nourishment. *Richter.*

EDUCATION—Neglected.

Where education has been entirely neglected, or improperly managed, we see the worst passions ruling with uncontrolled and incessant sway. Good sense degenerates into craft, and anger rankles into malignity. Restraint, which is thought most salutary, comes too late, and the most judicious admonitions are urged in vain. *Parr.*

EDUCATION—Early Prejudices of.

All of us, who are worth anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes, of our youth. *Shelley.*

EDUCATION—Moral Principles of.

A father inquires whether his boy can construe Homer, if he understands Horace, and can taste Virgil; but how seldom does he ask, or examine, or think whether he can restrain his passions; whether he is grateful, generous, humane, compassionate, just, and benevolent. *Lady Hervey.*

EDUCATION—Self.

Costly apparature and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. As a man is in all circumstances, under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can only grow by its own action: it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must therefore educate himself. His books and teacher are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in an emergency, his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect its proposed object. It is not the man who has seen the most, or read

the most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigour and capacity. The greatest of all warriors who went to the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow; but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it. *Webster.*

EDUCATION—by the State.

O, for the coming of that glorious time,
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself, by statute, to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains,
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised—so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop,
By timely culture unsustain'd; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilized,
A servile band among the lordly free.
Wordsworth.

EDUCATION—Superficial.

Real education is the formation and training of the mind. To train the mind, requires hard, patient, and independent thinking and work; the mere crude teaching a youth a bundle of facts, which he acquires with no labour, and, only retaining, neither digests nor assimilates, is no training at all; they no way nourish his mind, but, deposited there, are utterly as raw and undigested as he swallowed them. He may be a full man, but it is the fulness of a bottle, which will pour out what has been previously poured in, whether vinegar or claret; he may be a convenient depository of other men's thoughts,—he may have sufficient capacity for holding them;—but to call such a man educated is a misuse of terms, and to trust men to his superintendence is a misuse of humanity; he plunges into the arena of politics, the sea of literature, or the fury of a revolution, unchecked by any glimmering suspicion of his own folly, and hurls thrones to the ground, sees the people massacred, and Europe in conflagration, without feeling compunction or remorse; he is as insensitive as a bottle, or a bag: take away what it is filled with, and what remains!
Cayley.

EDUCATION—Refining Tendencies of.

Whatever expands the affections, or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies,—whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe, "and all that it inherits," in time and in eternity, to the great and beneficent Cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature, and elevate us in the scale of being. *Channing.*

EDUCATION—the Handmaid of Truth.

Unless the people can be kept in total darkness, it is the wisest way for the advocates of truth to give them full light. *Whately.*

EDUCATION—Unconscious.

Every man is to himself what Plato calls the Great Year. He has his sowing time and his growing time, his weeding, his irrigating, and his harvest. The principles and ideas he puts into his mind in youth lie there, it may be, for many years, apparently unprolific. But nothing dies. There is a process going on unseen, and by the touch of circumstances the man springs forth into strength, he knows not how, as if by a miracle. But after all, he only reaps as he had sown. *J. A. St. John.*

EGOTISM—Selfishness of.

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of. *Lavater.*

EGOTISM—Vanity of.

Egotism is more like an offence than a crime, though 'tis allowable to speak of yourself, provided nothing is advanced in favour; but I cannot help suspecting that those who abuse themselves are, in reality, angling for approbation. *Zimmerman.*

ELECTION—Doctrine of.

It is not by the rapture of feelings, and by the luxuriance of thought, and by the warmth of those desires which descriptions of heaven may stir up within us, that I can prove myself predestined to a glorious inheritance. If I would find out what is hidden, I must follow what is revealed. The way to heaven is disclosed; am I walking in that way? It would be a poor proof that I were on my voyage to India; that, with glowing eloquence and thrilling poetry, I could discourse on the palm-groves and spice-isles of the East. Am I on the waters? Is the sail hoisted to the wind? and does the land of my birth look blue and faint in the distance? The doctrine of election may have done harm to many, but only because they have fancied themselves elected to the end, and have forgotten that those whom Scripture calls elected are elected to the means. The Bible never speaks of men

elected to be saved from the shipwreck, but only as elected to tighten the ropes, and hoist the sails, and stand to the rudder. Let a man search faithfully; let him see that when Scripture describes Christians as elected, it is as elected to faith, as elected to sanctification, as elected to obedience; and the doctrine of election will be nothing but a stimulus to effort. It cannot act as a soporific. I shall cut away the boat, and let drive all human devices, and gird myself, amid the fierceness of the tempest, to steer the shattered vessel into port. *Melvill.*

ELOQUENCE—Abuse of.

God gave you that gifted tongue of yours, and set it between your teeth, to make known your true meaning to us, not to be rattled like a muffin-man's bell. *Carlyle.*

ELOQUENCE—Affectation in.

In oratory, affectation must be avoided; it being better for a man by a native and clear eloquence to express himself, than by those words which may smell either of the lamp or inkhorn. *Lord Herbert.*

ELOQUENCE—Depth and Danger of.

Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.
Dryden.

ELOQUENCE—of Lovers.

I'll try
To change the soldier's to the lover's style,
Use all the strongest eloquence that art,
Or the sharp anguish of my soul, can frame,
To plead my passion and promote my love.
Beckingham.

ELOQUENCE—of Nature.

Great is the power of eloquence; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears. *Sterne.*

The following is extracted from a late speech before the governor of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, by the chief of the Menomonis. It has all the figurative energy of Indian eloquence:—"Brother, we see your council-house, it is large and beautiful; but the council-house of the red man is much larger: the earth is the floor, the clear sky is the roof, a blazing fire is the chair of the chief orator, and the green grass the seats of our chiefs: you speak by papers, and record your words in books; but we speak from our hearts, and memory records our words in the hearts of our people."

ELOQUENCE—Power of.

In whom does it not enkindle passion? Its matchless excellence is applicable everywhere, in all classes of life. The rich and the poor experience the effects of its magic influence. It excites the soldier to the charge and animates him to the conflict. The miser it teaches to weep over his error, and to despise the degrading betrayer of his peace. It convicts the infidel of his depravity, dispels the cloud that obscures his mind, and leaves it pure and elevated. The guilty are living monuments of its exertion, and the innocent hail it as the vindicator of its violated rights and the preserver of its sacred reputation. How often in the courts of justice does the criminal behold his arms unshackled, his character freed from suspicion, and his future left open before him with all its hopes of honours, station and dignity! And how often, in the halls of legislation, does Eloquence unmask corruption, expose intrigue, and overthrow tyranny! In the cause of mercy it is omnipotent. It is bold in the consciousness of its superiority—fearless and unyielding in the purity of its motives. All opposition it destroys: all power it defies. *Melvill.*

Whene'er he speaks, Heaven, how the list'ning throng
Dwell on the melting music of his tongue!
His arguments are the emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though serene:
And when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here lightning strikes you, there soft breezes sigh. *Garth.*

ELOQUENCE—Seductiveness of.

When he spoke, what tender words he used!
So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,
They melted as they fell. *Dryden.*

ELOQUENCE—not mere Talking.

It is but poor eloquence which only shows that the orator can talk. *Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

ELOQUENCE AND SONG—Power of.

Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense. *Milton.*

ELYSIUM—Beauties of

Loose breezes on their airy pinions play,
And with refreshing sweets perfume the way.
Cold streams through flowery meadows gently glide,
And as they pass, their painted brooks they chide.
These blissful plains no blight nor mildews fear;
The flowers ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles here. *Garth.*

EMOTIONS AND SENSATIONS—Classification of.

Agreeable emotions and sensations may be divided into three orders;—those of pleasure, which refer to the senses; those of harmony, which refer to the mind; and those of happiness, which are the natural result of a union between harmony and pleasure; the former being exercised in virtue, the latter in temperance. Harmony is principally enjoyed by those men who possess, what has analogically been termed, taste; which Mr. Melmoth defines, "that universal sense of beauty, which every man in some degree possesses, rendered more exquisite by genius, and more correct by cultivation." "It is very remarkable," says Dr. Akenside, "that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to that of the imagination;—that those who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral;—while those who are charmed rather with the delicacy and sweetness of colours, forms, and sounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue, and the sympathies of a domestic life." Exciting a love of true glory, and an admiration of every nobler virtue. Taste exalts the affections, and purifies our passions;—clothes a private life in white, and a public one in purple. Adding a new feature, as it were, to the pomp, the bloom, and the exuberance of Nature, it enables the mind to illumine what is dark, and to colour what is faded; giving a lighter yellow to the topaz, a more celestial blue to the sapphire, and a deeper crimson to the ruby; it imparts a higher brilliance to the diamond, and a more transparent purple to the amethyst.

Bearing a price which only the heart and the imagination can estimate, and being the mother of a thousand chaste desires and a thousand secret hopes:—Taste strews flowers in the paths of literature and science; and, breathing inexpressive sounds, and picturing celestial forms, qualifies the hour of sorrow, by inducing that secret sense of cheerfulness, which, in its operation,

Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
And joining nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds,
The harmony of human souls. *Mrs. Chapone.*

EMPIRE—Extended.

Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.
Johnson.

EMPLOYMENT—Advantage of.

Assure yourself, that employment is one of the best remedies for the disappointments of life. Let even your calamity have the liberal effect of occupying you in some active virtue, so shall you in a manner remember others, till you forget yourself. *Pratt.*

EMPLOYMENT—Happiness of.

To be employed is to be happy. *Gray.*

Employment is nature's physican, and is essential to human happiness. *Galen.*

EMPLOYMENT—Rational.

Be always employed about some rational thing, that the devil find thee not idle.
Jerome.

EMPLOYMENT and Repose.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair Consort th' hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eyelids; other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemployed, and less need rest:
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our present labour, to reform
Yon flowery harbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.
Milton.

EMPLOYMENT—Variety of.

We have employments assigned to us for every circumstance in life. When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; and in company, our tongues.
Hannah More.

EMULATION—Difficulty of.

There is a long and wearisome step between admiration and imitation. *Richter.*

EMULATION—Laudable.

Worldly ambition is founded on pride or envy, but emulation (or laudable ambition) is

actually founded in humility; for it evidently implies that we have a low opinion of our present attainments, and think it necessary to be advanced; and, especially in religious concerns, it is so far from being pride for a man to wish himself spiritually better, that it is highly commendable, and what we are strongly exhorted to in many parts of the Bible.

Bishop Hall.

ENCAMPMENT—of an Army.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch;
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighings,
Piercing the night's dull ear. Hark, from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With clink of hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation; while some,
Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
With patience sit, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger. *Shakspeare.*

ENDURANCE.

Prolong'd endurance tames the bold. *Byron.*

ENEMY—The Thoughtless.

"No one's enemy but his own," happens generally to be the enemy of everybody with whom he is in relation. The leading quality that goes to make this character is a reckless imprudence and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all consequences. "No one's enemy but his own," runs rapidly through his means; calls in a friendly way on his friends, for bonds, bail, and securities; involves his nearest kin, leaves his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphans upon the public; and after enjoying himself to his last guinea, entails a life of dependence upon his progeny, and dies in the ill-understood reputation of harmless folly, which is more injurious to society than some positive crimes.

Mrs. Jameson.

ENGLAND—Natural Beauty of.

England is, picturesquely speaking, a superb country. There are trees in England a thousand years old, many five hundred years old; and there are whole forests of the age of Henry VIII. whose trees are never touched but to prolong the life of the old giants who have survived so many generations. As the English do not cut down trees for fuel, they are cherished and fostered. The art of surgery is called in to their aid. They cauterize their wounds, they close their chinks, they bandage the lame branches. The country where coals are burned is a lucky one for trees. In every country artists make more of nature than we can believe. They cannot withdraw themselves from that which surrounds them. When we come to live in a country, we begin to perceive that the local artists have properly represented it. That which at a distance seemed full of singularity, a mixture of ridiculous errors and false interpretations, we ourselves become eye-witnesses of. In England, in this island, which is almost like a great ship afloat, the atmosphere is always wintry and a little opaque; but when we walk in the country at a distance from the towns; when we see the sun, piercing this sea vapour, irradiate a healthy and vigorous vegetation, illuminate the matted branches of trees growing in perfect liberty, and then at its setting, burning between masses of cloud, always interposed between the blue ether and the English sun, we learn to comprehend the brusque contrasts and almost crude oppositions common to English landscape-painters. In the same way, when we have attended English meetings and fêtes, among ornaments, colours, and costumes the most discordant, we cease to be astonished at the taste and style of English painters in general. *Burger.*

ENGLAND—Blessings of.

Oh, *England!* decent abode of comfort, and cleanliness, and decorum! Oh, blessed asylum of all that is worth having upon earth! Oh, sanctuary of religion and of liberty for the whole civilised world! It is only in viewing the state of other countries, that thy advantages can be duly estimated! May thy sons, who have "fought the good fight," but know and guard what they possess in thee! Oh, land of happy firesides, and cleanly hearths, and domestic peace; of filial piety, and parental love, and connubial joy; "the cradle of heroes, the school of sages, the temple of law, the altar of faith, the asylum of innocence," the bulwark of private security and of public honour!

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee!"

Clarke.

ENGLAND—Description of.

That pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,

That water-wallèd bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king. *Shakspeare.*

ENGLAND—Freedom of.

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, with pomp of waters unwithstood,
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish! and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.
Wordsworth.

Hail to the crown by freedom shaped—to gird
An English sovereign's brow! And to the throne
Whereon he sits. Whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the people's love;
Whose steps are equity, whose seal is law.
Ibid.

The land where girt by friend or foe
A man may speak the thing he will. *Tennyson.*

ENGLAND—Greatness of.

O England, model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
Shakspeare.

ENGLAND—Homes of.

Aye, there in truth they are, the quiet homes
And hallow'd birth-spots of the English race,
Scatter'd at will beneath the crag's rude face,
While springs rush round, and near the ocean foams:
What finds he like to these afar who roams?
Tall trees o'ershade them, creepers fondly grace
Lattice and porch, and sweetest flowers embrace
Each rock and pathway; out on stately domes!
The offspring of these roofs deserve a land
Thus rich and fair, men may be proud indeed,
'Mid all their history's long and glorious band,
To own the blood of England's peasant seed.
Lowly, yet strong, these brown-thatch'd cabins stand,
And such the spirits of the sons they breed.
Elbert.

ENGLAND—Invincibility of.

England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.
Shakspeare.

ENGLAND—Lanes of.

They passed, then, from the high road into a long succession of green pastures, through which a straight public path conducted them into one of those charming lanes never seen out of this bowery England,—a lane deep sunk amidst high banks, with overhanging oaks, and quivering ash, gnarled with elm, vivid holly, and shaggy brambles, with wild convolvulus and creeping woodbine forcing sweet life through all. Sometimes the banks opened abruptly, leaving patches of green-sward, and peeps through still sequestered gates, or over moss-grown pales, into the park or paddock of some rural thane; new villas or old manor-houses on lawny uplands, knitting, as it were, together England's feudal memories with England's freeborn hopes—the old land with its young people; for England is so old, and the English are so young!
Bulwer Lytton.

ENGLAND—A Text for.

There is not a chapter in all the book we profess to believe, more specially and directly written for England than the second of Habakkuk, and I never in all my life heard one of its practical texts preached from. I suppose the clergymen are all afraid, and know that their flocks, while they will sit quite politely to hear syllogisms out of the Epistle to the Romans, would get restive directly if they ever pressed a practical text home to them. But we should have no mercantile catastrophes, and no distressful pauperism, if we only read often, and took to heart, those plain words:—"Yea, also, because he is a proud man, neither keepeth at home, who enlargeth his desire as hell, and cannot be satisfied,—shall not all these take up a parable against him, and a taunting proverb against

him, and say, Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his, and to him that ladeth himself with thick clay; woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness that he may set his nest on high; woe to him that buildeth a town with blood." *Ruskin.*

ENGLAND—Wants of.

Oftentimes, in contemplating the history of this empire; the greatness of its power; the peculiarity of its condition; its vast extent, one arm resting on the East, the other on the West; its fleets riding proudly on every sea; its name and majesty on every shore; the individual energy of its people; their noble institutions, and, above all, their reformed faith—we are tempted to think that Heaven's high Providence has yet in store for us some high and arduous calling. The long-suffering of the Almighty invites us to repentance; evils that have engulfed whole nations, suspended over us for a while, and then averted, exhibit the mercy—and the probable termination of it:—

"Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike—"

Open, therefore, your treasury, erect churches, send forth the ministers of religion; reverse the conduct of the enemy of mankind, and sow wheat among the tares—all hopes are groundless, all legislation weak, without this alpha and omega; it will give content instead of bitterness, raise purity from corruption, and "life from the dead"—but there is no time to be lost.

Let us catch at this proffered opportunity, which may never return: betake ourselves with eagerness to do the first works; and, while we have yet strength, and dominion, and wealth, and power, "break off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor, if it may be a lengthening of our tranquillity. *Chalmers.*

ENGLAND—should be Studied by the Young.

Oh, Young England, Young England! You who are born into these racing railroad times, when there's a great exhibition or some monster sight every year, and you can get over a couple of thousand miles for three pound ten in a five weeks' holiday, why don't you know more of your own birthplaces? You are all in the ends of the earth, it seems to me, as soon as you get your necks out of the education collar; going round Ireland with a return ticket in a fortnight; dropping your copies of Tennyson on the tops of Swiss mountains, or pulling down the Danube in Oxford racing-boats; and when you get home for a quiet fortnight, lie on your backs in the paternal garden, surrounded by the last batch of books of Mudie's library, and half-bored to death. Well—well! I know it has its good side. . . . All I say is, you don't know your own woods and fields. Though you may be chock full of science, not one in twenty of you knows where to find the wood-sorrel, or bee-orchis, which grow in the next wood, or on the down three miles off; or what the bog-bean and wood-sage are good for. And as for the country legends, the stories of the old gable-ended farm-houses, the place where the last skirmish was fought in the civil wars, where the parish butts stood, where the last highwayman turned to bay, where the last ghost was laid by the parson—they're gone out of date altogether. Now, in my time, when we got home by the old coach, which put us down at the four cross-roads, and had been driven off by the family coachman, singing *dulce domum* at the top of our voices, here we were, fixtures, till Black Monday came round. We had to cut our own amusements within a walk or a ride of home. And so we got to know all the country-folk, and their ways, and songs, and stories by heart; and went over the woods, and fields, and hills, again and again, till we made friends of them all. We were Berkshire, or Gloucestershire, or Yorkshire boys; and you're young cosmopolites, belonging to all counties and no counties. No doubt, it's all right; I dare say it is. This is the day of large views and glorious humanity, and all that; but I wish back-sword play had not gone out in the Vale of White Horse, and that the Great Western had not carried away Alfred's Hill for an embankment. *Hughes.*

ENGLISH—Individuality of the.

The English are to be distinguished from the Americans by greater independence of personal habits. Not only the institutions, but the physical condition of our own country, has a tendency to reduce us all to the same level of usages. The steamboats, the overgrown taverns, the speculative character of the enterprises, and the consequent disposition to do all things in common, aid the tendency of the system in bringing about such a result. In England a man dines by himself, in a room filled with other hermits; he eats at his leisure; drinks his wine in silence; reads the paper by the hour; and in all things encourages his individuality, and insists on his particular humours. The American is compelled to submit to a common rule; he eats when others eat; sleeps when others sleep; and he is lucky indeed if

he can read a paper in a tavern without having a stranger looking over each shoulder.

Fenimore Cooper.

ENGLISH—Mental Peculiarities of the.

They have no fancy, and never are surprised into a covert or witty word, such as pleased the Athenians and Italians, and was convertible into a fable not long after; but they delight in strong earthy expression, not mistakable, coarsely true to the human body, and, though spoken among princes, equally fit and welcome to the mob. This homeliness, veracity, and plain style appear in the earliest extant works, and in the latest. It imparts into songs and ballads the smell of the earth, the breath of cattle, and, like a Dutch painter, seeks a household charm, though by pails and pans. They ask their constitutional utility in verse. The kail and herrings are never out of sight. The poet nimbly recovers himself from every sally of the imagination. The English muse loves the farmyard, the lane, and market. She says, with De Stael, "I tramp in the mire with wooden shoes whenever they would force me into the clouds." For the Englishman has accurate perceptions; takes hold of things by the right end, and there is no slipperiness in his grasp. He loves the axe, the spade, the oar, the gun, the steam-pipe; he has built the engine he uses. He is materialist, economical, mercantile. He must be treated with sincerity and reality—with muffins, and not the promise of muffins; and prefers his hot chop with perfect security and convenience in the eating of it, to the chances of the amplest and Frenchiest bill of fare, engraved on embossed paper. When he is intellectual, and a poet, or a philosopher, he carries the same hard truth and the same keen machinery into the mental sphere. His mind must stand on a fact. He will not be baffled, or catch at clouds, but the mind must have a symbol palpable and resisting. What he relishes in Dante is the vice-like tenacity with which he holds a mental image before the eyes, as if it were a scutcheon painted on a shield. Byron "liked something craggy to break his mind upon." A taste for plain, strong speech—what is called a biblical style—marks the English. It is in Alfred, and the Saxon Chronicle, and in the Sages of the Northmen. Latimer was homely. Hobbs was perfect in the "noble vulgar speech." Donne, Bunyan, Milton, Taylor, Evelyn, Pepys, Hooker, Cotton, and the translators, wrote it. How realistic or materialistic in treatment of his subject is Swift! He describes his fictitious persons as if for the police. Defoe has no insecurity or choice. Hudibras has the same hard mentality, keeping the truth at once to the senses and to the intellect. It is not less seen in poetry. Chaucer's hard painting of his Canterbury pilgrims satisfies the senses. Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton, in their loftiest ascents, have this national grip and exactitude of mind. This mental materialism makes the value of English transcendental genius; in these writers, and in Herbert, Henry Moore, Donne, and Sir Thomas Browne. The Saxon materialism and narrowness, exalted into the sphere of intellect, makes the very genius of Shakspeare and Milton. When it reaches the pure element, it treads the clouds as securely as the adamant. Even in its elevations materialistic, its poetry is common sense inspired, or iron raised to white heat. *Emerson.*

ENGLISH—National Peculiarities of the.

They love the lever, the screw, and pulley; the Flanders draught-horse, the waterfall, windmills, tide-mills; the sea and the wind to bear their freight-ships. More than the diamond koh-i-noor, which glitters among their crown jewels, they prize the dull pebble, which is wiser than a man, and whose poles turn themselves to the poles of the world, and whose axis is parallel to the axis of the world. Now, their toys are steam and galvanism. They are heavy at the fine arts, but adroit at the coarse; not good in jewellery or mosaics, but the best iron-masters, colliers, wool-combers, and tanners in Europe. They apply themselves to agriculture, to draining, to resisting encroachments of sea-wind, travelling sands, cold and wet subsoil! to fishery, to manufacture of indispensable staples,—salt, plumbago, leather, wool, glass, pottery, and brick,—to bees and silkworms; and by their steady combinations they succeed. A manufacturer sits down to dinner in a suit of clothes which was wool on a sheep's back at sunrise. You dine with a gentleman on venison, pheasant, quail, pigeons, poultry, mushrooms, and pineapples, all the growth of his estate. They are neat husbands for ordering all their tools pertaining to house and field. All are well kept. There is no want and no waste. They study use and fitness in their building, in the order of their dwellings, and in their dress. The Frenchman invented the ruffle; the Englishman added the shirt. The Englishman wears a sensible coat, buttoned to the chin, of rough but solid and lasting texture. If he is a lord, he dresses a little worse than a commoner. They have diffused the taste for plain substantial hats, shoes, and coats through Europe. They think him the best-dressed man, whose dress is so fit for his use, that you cannot notice, or remember, or describe it. They secure the essentials in their diet, in their arts, and manufactures. Every article of cutlery shows, in its shape,

thought and long experience of workmen. They put the expense in the right place; as in their sea steamers, in the solidity of their machinery, and the strength of the boat. The admirable management of their Arctic ships carries London to the pole. They build roads, aqueducts, warm and ventilate houses. And they have impressed their directness and practical habit on modern civilization. *Emerson.*

ENGLISH—Superiority of the.

The English, by reason of their temperate climate, mild air, plenty of wholesome food, and the use of beer rather than wine, are commonly tall and big of stature. If compared with southern nations, they are fair, especially the women, whose beauties are lasting, shapes fine, mien agreeable, air sweet and charming. Both sexes are here well-proportioned in body, and graceful in carriage, grave, well spoken, prudent, modest, free, sincere, pleasant, ingenuous. The men are strong, courageous, warlike, resolute, enterprising, constant, not knowing how to fly in battle, liberal to prodigality, open-hearted, hard to be provoked, yet, when exasperated, stomachful till satisfaction be given, and then easy to be reconciled, sumptuous and splendid, great lovers of hospitality, magnanimous and beneficent, learned, sagacious, grateful. They are thought to be wanting in industry (excepting mechanics, wherein they are, of all nations, the greatest improvers), caution, suspicion, craft, obsequiousness, and which is more than all to be deplored, contentedness. But these wants are supplied by many eminent qualifications, as dexterity, sagacity, eloquence, fidelity, friendship, and public spiritedness. The daringness of the soldier, the profoundness of the scholar, the magnificence of the gentry, the robustness of the labourer, are not surpassed, if equalled, by any people in the world. The women are tender, chaste, constant, prudent, loyal, industrious, passionately loving to their relations, especially their husbands and children, even to fondness. They are not without vanity, pretensions to satire, raillery, and the like; but no women outdo them in modesty, patience, charity, providential care, temperance, wit, good humour, cleanliness, and that which crowns all the rest, in the sincerity and zeal of religious devotion. Good-nature is a qualification peculiar to the English, so peculiar that, as a noble writer observes, there is no word for it in any other language. To conclude, the inhabitants of England are generally of a warm and elevated genius, of brisk and solid parts, apprehensive and subtle, successful in finding out new discoveries, but most of all in improving of old, especially mechanics, there being few curiosities of art brought here from beyond sea, but are here improved to a greater height. *Written temp. Queen Anne.*

ENGLISH LANGUAGE—Powers of the.

The English language has a veritable power of expression, such as, perhaps, never stood at the command of any other language of men. Its highly spiritual genius and wonderfully happy development and condition, have been the result of a surprisingly intimate union of tke two noblest languages in modern Europe, the Teutonic and the Romaic. It is well known in what relation these two stand to one another in the English tongue; the former supplying, in far larger proportion, the material groundwork; the latter, the spiritual conceptions. In truth, the English language, which by no mere accident has produced and upborne the greatest and most predominant poet of modern times, as distinguished from the ancient classical poetry (I can, of course, only mean Shakspeare), may, with all right, be called a world language, and, like the English people, appears destined hereafter to prevail with a sway more extensive even than its present, over all the portions of the globe. For in wealth, good sense, and closeness of structure, no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it, not even our German, which is torn, even as we are torn, and must first rid itself of many defects before it can enter boldly into the lists as a competitor with the English. *Grimm.*

ENGLISHMAN—Social Advantages of an.

In the social world an Englishman to-day has the best lot. He is a king in a plain coat. He goes with the most powerful protection, keeps the best company, is armed by the best education, is seconded by wealth; and his English name and accidents are like a flourish of trumpets announcing him. This, with his quiet style of manners, gives him the power of a sovereign without the inconveniences which belong to that rank. I much prefer the condition of an English gentleman, of the better class, to that of any potentate in Europe, whether for travel or for opportunity of society, or for access to means of science or study, or for mere comfort and easy healthy relation to people at home. *Emerson.*

ENGLISHMAN—Vigour of an.

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in their shoes. They have in themselves what they value in their horses,—mettle and bottom. On the day of my arrival in Liverpool, a gentleman, in describing the lord lieutenant of Ireland, happened to say,

"Lord Clarendon has pluck like a cock, and will fight till he dies;" and what I heard first I heard last; and the one thing the English value, is—pluck. The cabmen have it; the merchants have it; the bishops have it; the women have it; the journals have it; the *Times* newspaper, they say, is the pluckiest thing in England. . . . . It requires, men say, a good constitution to travel in Spain. I say as much of England, for other cause, simply on account of the vigour and brawn of the people. Nothing but the most serious business could give one any counter-weight to these Baresarks, though they were only to order eggs and muffins for their breakfast. The Englishman speaks with all his body. His elocution is stomachic, as the American's is labial. The Englishman is very petulant and precise about his accommodation at inns, and on the roads; a quibble about his toast and his chop, and every species of convenience, and loud and pungent in his expressions of impatience at any neglect. His vivacity betrays itself at all points,—in his manners, in his respiration, and the inarticulate noise he makes in clearing the throat; all significant of burly strength. He has stamina; he can take the initiative in emergencies. He has that *aplomb* which results from a good adjustment of the moral and physical nature, and the obedience of all the powers to the will; as if the axes of his eyes were united to his backbone, and only moved with the trunk. *Emerson.*

ENJOYMENT—of a Good Conscience.

Light as a gossamer is the circumstance which can bring enjoyment to a conscience which is not its own accuser.

William Carleton.

ENJOYMENT—the Gift of Heaven.

It is something to look upon enjoyment, so that it be free and wild, and in the face of nature, though it is but the enjoyment of an idiot. It is something to know that Heaven has left the capacity of gladness in such a creature's breast; it is something to be assured that, however lightly men may crush that faculty in their fellows, the great Creator of Mankind imparts it even to His despised and slighted work. Who would not rather see a poor idiot happy in the sunlight, than a wise man pining in a darkened jail?

Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown, read in the Everlasting Book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in black and sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music—save when ye drown it—is not in sighs and groans, but songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million voices in the summer air, and find one dismal as your own. Remember, if ye can, the sense of hope and pleasure which every glad return of day awakens in the breast of all your kind who have not changed their nature; and learn some wisdom even from the witless, when their hearts are lifted up they know not why, by all the mirth and happiness it brings.

Dickens.

ENJOYMENT—limited by Providence.

Providence has fixed the limits of human enjoyment by immovable boundaries, and has set different gratifications at such a distance from each other, that no art or power can bring them together. This great law it is the business of every rational being to understand, that life may not pass away in an attempt to make contradictions consistent, to combine opposite qualities, and to unite things which the nature of their being must always keep asunder. *Johnson.*

ENJOYMENT—Rational Pursuit of.

All solitary enjoyments quickly pall, or become painful, so that, perhaps, no more insufferable misery can be conceived than that which must follow incommunicable privileges. Only imagine a human being condemned to perpetual youth while all around him decay and die. Oh! how sincerely would he call upon death for deliverance! What, then, is to be done? Are we to struggle against all our desires? Luckily, we should strive in vain, or, could we succeed, we should be fools for our pains. To strangle a natural feeling is a partial suicide; but there is no need to extinguish the fertility of the soil lest the harvest should be unwholesome. Is it not better far to root up the weeds, and to plant fruits and flowers instead? Were but a tithe of the time and thought usually spent in learning the commonest accomplishments bestowed upon regulating our lives, how many evils would be avoided or lessened! how many pleasures would be created or increased!

Sharpe.

All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make man happy; they have always had the power of doing these—they never will have power to do more. *Ruskin.*

ENNUI—Dissipating.

Give me to drink, Mandragora,
That I may sleep away this gap of time.
Shakspeare.

ENNUI—an awful Yawn.

For ennui is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language:—we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.
Byron.

ENTERPRISE—Delay in.

How slow the time
To the warm soul, that, in the very instant
It forms, would execute a great design.
Thomson.

ENTHUSIASM—Contagiousness of.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus: it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.
Bulwer Lytton.

ENTHUSIASM—turned into Ridicule.

When once enthusiasm has been turned into ridicule, everything is undone, except money and power. *Corinne.*

ENTHUSIASM—Triumphs of.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm. *Emerson.*

ENTREATY—in Extremity.

If thou hast any love of mercy in thee,
Turn me upon my face, that I may die!
Joanna Baillie.

Once more into the breach, dear friends; once more! *Shakspeare.*

ENVIER—never Envied.

Thou enviest all; but no man envies thee.
R. Wynne.

ENVY—is Blind.

Envy is blind, and has no other quality but that of detracting from virtue. *Livy.*

ENVY—Corruptiveness of.

As rust corrupts iron, so envy corrupts man.
Antisthenes.

ENVY—conquered only by Death.

Envy is not to be conquered but by death.
Horace.

ENVY—Destructiveness of.

Envy the rottenness of the bones. *Solomon.*

ENVY—Destructiveness of.

O envy! hide thy bosom, hide it deep:
A thousand snakes, with black envenomed mouths,
Nest there, and hiss, and feed through all thy heart! *Pollok.*

ENVY—admits of no Excuse.

Every other sin hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of some excuse; but envy wants both: we should strive against it, for if indulged in, it will be to us as a foretaste of hell upon earth. *Burton.*

ENVY—Feelings of.

Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You've Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find your fit rewards. *Shakspeare.*

ENVY—implies Inferiority.

We ought to be guarded against every appearance of envy, as a passion that always implies inferiority, wherever it resides. *Pliny.*

ENVY—Mendacity of.

Lo! ill-rejoicing Envy, wing'd with lies,
Scattering calumnious rumours as she flies,
The steps of miserable men pursue,
With haggard aspect, blasting to the view.
Elton.

ENVY—Mistakes of.

We are often infinitely mistaken, and take the falsest measures, when we envy the happiness of rich and great men; we know not the inward canker that eats out all their joy and delight, and makes them really much more miserable than ourselves. *Bishop Hall.*

ENVY—Detestable Qualities of.

Envy is a weed that grows in all soils and climates, and is no less luxuriant in the country than in the court; is not confined to any rank of men or extent of fortune, but rages in the breasts of all degrees. Alexander was not prouder than Diogenes; and it may be, if we would endeavour to surprise it in its most gaudy dress and attire, and in the exercise of its full empire and tyranny, we should find it in schoolmasters and scholars, or in some country lady, or the knight, her husband; all which ranks of people more despise their neighbours than all the degrees of honour in which courts abound; and it rages as much in a sordid affected dress as in all the silks and embroideries which the excess

of the age and the folly of youth delight to be adorned with. Since then it keeps all sorts of company, and wriggles itself into the liking of the most contrary natures and dispositions, and yet carries so much poison and venom with it, that it alienates the affections from heaven, and raises rebellion against God himself; it is worth our utmost care to watch it in all its disguises and approaches, that we may discover it in its first entrance, and dislodge it before it procures a shelter or retiring-place to lodge and conceal itself.

Lord Clarendon.

ENVY—coupled with Revenge.

The greatest flood has the soonest ebb; the sorest tempest the most sudden calm; the hottest love the coldest end; and from the deepest desire oftentimes ensues the deadliest hate. A wise man had rather be envied for providence, than pitied for prodigality. Revenge barketh only at the stars, and spite spurns at that she cannot reach. An envious man waxeth lean with the fatness of his neighbours. Envy is the daughter of pride, the author of murder and revenge, the beginner of secret sedition, and the perpetual tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul; a venom, a poison, or quicksilver which consumeth the flesh, and drieth up the marrow of the bones. *Socrates.*

ENVY—Demon Spirit of.

Glouting with sullen spite, the fury shook
Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look;
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant scrolls,
Where Fame the acts of demigods enrols;
She blazens in dread smiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm.

Garth.

Envy at last crawls forth from hell's dire throng,
Of all the direfull'st! Her black locks hung long,
Attired with curling serpents; her pale skin
Was almost dropp'd from her sharp bones within;
And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting heart both night and day,
Sucking black blood from thence, which to repair,
Both day and night they left fresh poisons there.
Her garments were deep-stain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore
A knotted whip and bowl, which to the brim
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim;
With which, when she was drunk, she furious grew,
And lash'd herself: thus from the accursèd crew
Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents,
Envy, good only when she herself torments.

Cowley.

ENVY—Detracting Spirit of.

When men are full of envy, they disparage everything, whether it be good or bad.

Tacitus.

In some unlucky dispositions, there is such an envious kind of pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth for excellent: so when they hear one justly praised, they will either seek to dismount his virtues: or, if they be like a clear night, eminent, they will stab him with a *but* of detraction: as if there were something yet so foul, as did obnubilate even his brightest glory. Thus when their tongue cannot justly condemn him, they will leave him in suspected ill, by silence. Surely, if we considered detraction to be bred of envy, nested only in deficient minds, we should find that the applauding of virtue would win us far more honour than the seeking slyly to disparage it. That would show we loved what we commended, while this tells the world we grudge at what we want in ourselves. *Feltham.*

ENVY—an Ill-natured Vice.

Envy is an ill-natured vice, and is made up of meanness and malice. It wishes the force of goodness to be strained, and the measure of happiness abated. It laments over prosperity, and sickens at the sight of health. It oftentimes wants spirit as well as good-nature.

Jeremy Collier.

EPIGRAMMATIST—The.

An epigrammatist is a poet of small wares, whose muse is short-winded, and quickly out of breath. She flies like a goose, that is no sooner upon the wing, but down again. He was originally one of those authors that used to write upon white walls, from whence his works, being collected and put together, pass in the world, like single money among those who deal in small matters. His wit is like fire in a flint, that is nothing while it is in, and nothing again as soon as it is out. He is a kind of vagabond writer, that is never out of his way, for nothing is beside the purpose with him, that purposes none at all. His works are like a running banquet, that have much variety but little of a sort; for he deals in nothing but scraps and parcels, like a tailor's broker. *Butler.*

EPITHET—Proper Use of an.

An epithet or metaphor drawn from nature ennobles art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from art degrades nature. *Johnson.*

EQUALITY—in the Future.

In the gates of Eternity, the black hand and the white hold each other with an equal clasp. *Mrs. Stowe.*

EQUALITY—Impossibility of.

Let us suppose a case in which the equality in the circumstances of the individuals of a society is not positive and absolute, but in which the association is only one of comparative equality. Such a system has been summed up in a famous formula:—

From every one according to his aptitudes.
To every one according to his needs.

In plainer words, every one shall be required to give to the association all that his powers of whatever kind enable him to give; and every one shall receive from the association all that his wants need for their satisfaction. *The man with most ability shall give most; the man with least ability shall receive most. Sala.*

EQUALITY (Political)—Arrogant Spirit of.

Equality is one of the most consummate scoundrels that ever crept from the brain of a political juggler;—a fellow who thrusts his hand into the pocket of honest industry or enterprising talent, and squanders their hard-earned profits on profligate idleness or indolent stupidity. *Langstaff.*

EQUANIMITY.

My days, though few, have pass'd below
In much of joy, though more of woe;
Yet still, in hours of love or strife,
I've 'scaped the weariness of life. *Byron.*

EQUITY.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. *St. Matthew.*

EQUIVOCATION—the Murder of Truth.

A sudden lie may be sometimes only manslaughter upon truth; but by a carefully constructed equivocation, truth always is with malice aforethought deliberately murdered. *Morley.*

ERROR—Means of Avoiding.

The great means of guarding against the errors which surround us, is the diligent, obedient, devout, teachable study of God's word. Errors in doctrine, errors in practice, errors which are floating in the atmosphere in which we live, and which nothing but familiarity with God's Word, and the having our minds impregnated with it, will preserve us from imbibing. Only let us remember that it is not merely head-knowledge that we want; it is such a knowledge as is acquired by prayer, and is turned as we acquire it into practice. *Heartley.*

ERROR—Headlong Career of.

Once upon the inclined road of error, and there is no swiftness so tremendous as that with which we dash adown the plane, no insensibility so obstinate as that which fastens on us through the quick descent. The start once made, and there is neither stopping nor waking until the last and lowest depth is sounded. Our natural fears and promptings become hushed with the first impetus, and we are lost to everything but the delusive tones of sin, which only cheat the senses and make our misery harmonious. Farewell all opportunities of escape—the strivings of conscience—the faithful whisperings of shame, which served us even when we stood trembling at the fatal point! Farewell the holy power of virtue, which made foul things look hideous, and good things lovely, and kept a guard about our hearts to welcome beauty and frighten off deformity! Farewell integrity—joy—rest—and happiness. *Melvill.*

ERROR—Encouragement of.

Before we permit our severity to break loose upon any fault or error, we ought surely to consider how much we have countenanced or promoted it. We see multitudes busy in the pursuit of riches at the expense of wisdom and virtue; but we see the rest of mankind approving their conduct and exciting their eagerness, by paying that regard and deference to wealth which wisdom and virtues can only deserve. We see women universally jealous of the reputation of their beauty, and frequently look with contempt on the care with which they study their complexions, endeavour to preserve or supply the bloom of youth, regulate every ornament, twist their hair into curls, and shade their faces from the weather. We recommend the care of their nobler part, and tell them how little addition is made by all their arts to the graces of the mind. But where was it known that female goodness or knowledge was able to attract that officiousness or inspire that ardour which beauty produces whenever it appears? And with what hope can we endeavour to persuade the ladies that the time spent at the toilet-table is lost in vanity, when they have every moment some new conviction

that their interest is more effectually promoted by a fine riband well disposed than by the brightest act of heroic virtue? *Johnson.*

ERROR—Excusable.

I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.
Roscommon.

ERROR—Evil Genius of.

O hateful Error—Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived!
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.
Shakspeare.

ERROR—Liability to.

Our understandings are always liable to error; Nature and certainty are very hard to come at, and infallibility is mere vanity and pretence. *Antoninus.*

ERROR—Devious Path of.

When in a wood we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, though we various stray,
Some to the left, and some to th' other side.
Francis.

ERROR—in Science.

In all science error precedes the truth, and it is better it should go first than last.
Horace Walpole.

ERROR—Tenacity of.

It is a melancholy fact, verified by every day's observation, that the experience of the past is totally lost both upon individuals and nations. A few persons, indeed, who have attended to the history of former errors, are aware of the consequences to which they invariably lead, and lament the progress of national violence in the same way as they do the career of individual intemperance. But, upon the great mass of mankind—the young, the active, and the ambitious—such examples are wholly thrown away. Each successive generation plunges into the abyss of passion, without the slightest regard to the fatal effects which such conduct has produced upon their predecessors; and lament, when too late, the rashness with which they slighted the advice of experience, and stifled the voice of reason. *Steele.*

ERRORS—Serious Consequence of.

Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
Will be of serious consequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
Roscommon.

ERRORS—Perpetually made.

There will be mistakes in divinity while men preach, and *errors* in governments while men govern. *Sir Dudley Carlton.*

ERRORS—like Straws.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below. *Dryden.*

ESTEEM—of Men.

We must never prefer the esteem of men to the approbation of God. Every day this sacred rule is transgressed, by sacrificing virtue and conscience to false honour and popular renown.
Jortin.

ESTEEM—preferred to Reputation.

The consideration we are held in is owing to the effect which our personal qualities have on others. If these be great and exalted, they excite admiration; if amiable and endearing, they create friendship. We enjoy esteem much more than we do reputation: the one affects us nearly, the other lies more at a distance; and, though greater, we are less sensible of it, as it seldom comes close enough to become a real possession. We acquire the love of people, who, being in our proximity, are presumed to know us; and we receive reputation (or celebrity) from such as are not personally acquainted with us. Merit secures to us the regard of our honest neighbours, and good fortune that of the public. Esteem is the harvest of a whole life spent in usefulness; but reputation is often bestowed upon a chance action, and depends most on success.
Sala.

ESTRANGEMENT.

There is not so agonizing a feeling in the whole catalogue of human suffering as the first conviction that the heart of the being whom we most tenderly love is estranged from us.
Bulwer Lytton.

ETERNITY—always fronting God.

Eternity stands always fronting God;
A stern colossal image, with blind eyes,
And grand dim lips, that murmur evermore
"God, God, God!" *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

ETERNITY—Immeasurability of.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty Word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison and devour this frame,
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,

Thou shalt be: still, as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought, divine eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man. *Gay.*

The longest time that man may live,
The lapse of generations of his race,
The continent entire of time itself,
Bears not proportion to eternity;
Huge as a fraction of a grain of dew,
Co-measured with the broad unbounded ocean!
There is the time of man—his proper time,
Looking at which this life is but a gust,
A puff of breath, that's scarcely felt ere gone!
Sheridan Knowles.

ETERNITY—Incomprehensibility of.

None can comprehend eternity but the eternal God. Eternity is an ocean, whereof we shall never see the shore; it is a deep, where we can find no bottom; a labyrinth, from whence we cannot extricate ourselves, and where we shall ever lose the door. *Boston.*

ETERNITY—believed in by all great Minds.

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls. *Cicero.*

ETERNITY—Preparing for.

It is not in the heyday of health and enjoyment,—it is not in the morning sunshine of his vernal day, that man can be expected feelingly to remember his latter end, and to fix his heart upon eternity. But in after-life many causes operate to wean us from the world: grief softens the heart; sickness searches it; the blossoms of hope are shed; death cuts down the flowers of the affections; the disappointed man turns his thoughts toward a state of existence where his wiser desires may be fixed with the certainty of faith; the successful man feels that the objects which he has ardently pursued fail to satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit; the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, that he may save his soul alive. *Southey.*

ETERNITY—Prospects of.

I feel
Upon this giddy margin of two worlds,
That there is nothing beautiful in this
The passion'd soul has clasp'd, but shall partake
Its everlasting essence; not a scent
Of rain-drench'd flower, nor fleece of evening cloud,
Which blended with a thought that rose to heaven,
Shall ever die; but, link'd with joy that drew
Colour and shape from this fair world, shall shed
Familiar sweetness through the glorious frame
After a thousand ages. *Talfourd.*

ETERNITY—Reflections on.

Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Addison.

ETIQUETTE—Extravagances of.

Nothing is etiquette. It is not etiquette to use a handkerchief—to spit—to sneeze. What is to be done? Is it etiquette to have a cold? It is not etiquette to speak loud, even in the houses of Parliament: to walk in the middle of the street; to run in order to escape the wheel of a carriage. Prefer to be run over! It is not etiquette to close a letter with a wafer, because this is to send people your saliva; nor to write without an envelope. It is not etiquette to go to the opera with the smallest sprig upon the waistcoat or the cravat; to take soup twice; to salute a lady first; to ride in an omnibus; to go to a party before ten or eleven o'clock, or to a ball before midnight; to drink beer at table without giving back your glass at once to the servant. It is not etiquette to refrain a day from shaving; to have an appetite; to offer anything to drink to a person of high rank; to appear surprised when the ladies leave the table at dessert time—that hour which is so charming with us. It is not etiquette to dress in black in the morning, nor in colours in the evening. It is not etiquette to address a lady without adding her Christian name; to speak to a person, on any pretext, without having been presented; to knock at a door quietly; to have the smallest particle of mud upon the boot, even in the most unfavourable weather; to have pence in your pocket; to wear the hair cut close; to have a white hat; to exhibit a decoration or two; to wear braces, or a small or large beard; to do any of these things is to

forget etiquette. But that which violates etiquette in England more than anything else is—want of nerve to ruin yourself—run into debt—nobody will wonder; but, above all, be a spendthrift. If, when a foreigner arrives in London, it becomes known that he lodges in one of the economical hotels near Leicester Square, he is lost to certain society. Never will an equipage, nor even the card of a lord, wander thither. The respectablity for which the English contend means simply material advantages — it has no relation to moral qualities. *Jerrold.*

EVASIONS.

Evasions are the common shelter of the hard-hearted, the false and impotent, when called upon to assist; the real great alone plan instantaneous help, even when their looks or words presage difficulties. *Lavater.*

EVENING—Appearances of.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign. *Gray.*

EVENING—Approach of.

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing, with departing light;
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.
Pope.

The sun has lost his rage, his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth;
And vital lustre, that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds—those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy. *Thomson.*

While from the sky the ruddy sun descends,
And rising night the evening shade extends;
While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field,
And closing flowers reviving odours yield;
Let us beneath these spreading trees recito
What from our hearts our muses may indite.
Mrs. Rowe.

Now to the main the burning sun descends,
And sacred Night her gloomy veil extends.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day.
Addison.

EVENING—in Autumn.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood;
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand,
And all the winds slept soundly; Nature seem'd,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker: now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On lake and vale, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself. *Pollok.*

EVENING—Calmness of.

How calm the evening! see the falling day
Gilds ev'ry mountain with a ruddy ray!
In gentle sighs the softly whisp'ring breeze
Salutes the flowers, and waves the trembling trees. *Broome.*

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied—for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk—all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung.
Silence was pleased. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
Milton.

EVENING—Delights of.

There are two periods in the life of man in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth and in old age. In youth, we love it for its mellow moonlight, its million of stars, its thin, rich, and shooting shades, its still serenity; amid those who can commune with our loves, or twine the wreaths of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens and the spirits that hold their endless sabbath there—or look into the deep bosom of creation, spread abroad like a canopy above us, and look and listen till we can almost see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other worlds. To youth, evening is

delightful; it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the fervour of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. Evening is, also, the delight of virtuous age; it seems an emblem of the tranquil close of busy life—serene, placid, and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet wings over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

Bulwer Lytton.

EVENING—Hues of.

A paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all
is gray. *Byron.*

EVENING—Mildness of.

The outgoings of mild eve! the folded rose;
Soft slumber settling on the lily's bell;
The solemn forest lull'd to deep repose,
While restless winds no more its murmurs swell;
The stars emerging from their secret cell,
A silent night-watch o'er the world to keep;
And then the queenly moon, attended well,
Who o'er the mighty arch of heaven doth sweep,
Speaking of Nature's King in language still
and deep. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

EVENING—Music of.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear. *Byron.*

EVENING—Picture of.

The tamarind closed her leaves; the marmoset
Dream'd on his bough, and played the mimic yet.
Fresh from the lake the breeze of twilight blew,
And vast and deep the mountain-shadows grew.

Rogers.

EVENING—the Hour for Reflection.

Then is the time
For those whom wisdom and whom nature
charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

Thomson.

EVENING—Scenes of.

Lead me to the mountain brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling healthful the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many bleating flock
Of various cadence, and his sportive lambs
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth, when swift, the signal given,
They start away and sweep the mossy mound
That runs around the hill, the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times.

Thomson.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's
close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive to the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering
wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had
made. *Goldsmith.*

EVENING—Silence of.

Silence hath set her finger with deep touch
Upon creation's brow. Like a young bride,
the moon
Lifts up night's curtains, and with countenance mild
Smiles on the beauteous earth, her sleeping
child.
For joy the night-flowers weep—soft incense,
such
As steals from herbs midst pleasant fields in
June,
Freights the night air. Each light tree's
waving tress
Is edged with silver—flocks lie motionless.
How sweet an hour spent in such scenes as
this,
When Peace looks down from heaven in plaintive mood
And Earth in deep tranquillity of bliss
Becomes a suitor to fair Solitude!
What noble actions spring to flowery prime,
Spring from the seeds thought sows in such a
time!

Briggs.

Where are the blooms of summer? in the
west
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild eve by sudden night is prest
Like tearful Proserpine—snatch'd from her
flowers
To a most gloomy breast. *Hood.*

An eve intensely beautiful; an eve,
Calm as the slumber of a lovely girl
Dreaming of hope. The rich autumnal woods,

With their innumerable shades and colourings,
Are like a silent instrument at rest :
A silent instrument—whereon the wind
Hath long forgot to play. *Houseman.*

EVENING—Sweets of.

Sweet is the evening,—soft the spicy wind
Breathes o'er the flow'ret and the slumb'ring wave,
That leaves a soothing melody behind,
Where rudely-sculptured cross the humble grave
Of some poor sinner marks. The lily white
Bends on a fragile stalk her fairy bell,
Turn'd to the setting sun, with petals bright,
That seem to have a world of love to tell,
Then dips her cup within the crystal stream,
And with the daisy sleeps, to wake at day again.
The evening star now lifts, as daylight fades,
His golden circlet in the deep'ning shades ;
Stretch'd at his ease the weary lab'rer shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares ;
At once in silence sink the sleeping gales,
The masts they drop, and furl the flagging sails. *Broome.*

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace ;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long !
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step, slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day :
Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night ; of clustering gems,
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee,—save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Cowper.

EVENTS—Coming.

Coming events cast their shadows before.
Campbell.

EVIDENCE—Advantages of.

Hear one side, and you will be in the dark ; hear both sides, and all will be clear.
Haliburton.

EVIL—Consequence of.

He who will fight the devil with his own weapon must not wonder if he finds him an over-match. *South.*

EVIL—Deeds of.

Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.
Byron.

EVIL—No Excuse for Doing.

The doing evil to avoid an evil cannot be good. *Coleridge.*

EVIL—Extinction of.

It is certain that all the evils in society arise from want of faith in God, and of obedience to His laws ; and it is no less certain, that by the prevalence of a lively and efficient belief, they would all be cured. If Christians in any country, yea, if any collected body of them, were what they might, and ought, and are commanded to be, the universal reception of the Gospel would follow as a natural and a *promised* result. And in a world of Christians, the extinction of physical evil might be looked for, if moral evil, that is, in Christian language, sin, were removed. *Southey.*

EVIL—Forbearance in.

Where evil may be *done*, 'tis right
To ponder ; where only suffer'd, know,
The shortest pause is much too long.
Hannah More.

EVIL—Genius of.

Evil into the mind of god or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind. *Milton.*

Farewell hope ! and with hope, farewell fear !
Farewell remorse ! all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold.
Ibid.

EVIL—Moral.

By the very constitution of our nature, moral evil is its own curse. *Chalmers.*

EVIL—not a Necessity.

As surely as God is good, so surely there is no such thing as necessary evil. For by the religious mind, sickness, and pain, and death are not to be accounted evils. Moral evils are of your own making ; and undoubtedly, the greater part of them may be prevented. Deformities of mind, as of body, will sometimes occur. Some voluntary cast-aways there will always be, whom no fostering kindness and no parental care can preserve from self-destruction : but if any are lost for want of care and culture, there is a sin of omission in the society to which they belong. *Southey.*

EVIL—Propagating Power of.

This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
Coleridge.

EVIL—Natural Propensity to.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil. *Jeremiah.*

EVIL—of a Word.

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Shakspeare.

EVILS—Imaginary.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied. *Swift.*

EXAMPLE—A Bad.

Whatever parent gives his children good instruction, and sets them at the same time a bad example, may be considered as bringing them food in one hand, and poison in the other. *Balguy.*

EXAMPLE—Effects of.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt. *Lord Clarendon.*

EXAMPLE—Force of.

Example is a motive of very prevailing force on the actions of men. *Rogers.*

Example is a living law, whose sway
Men more than all the written laws obey.
Sedley.

Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that's good or bad to human nature,
By which the world's corrupted and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be saved, and studies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise.
Butler.

Much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample than by rule. *Spenser.*

EXAMPLE—A Good.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. *St. Matthew.*

In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works. *St. Paul.*

EXCELLENCE—Difficulty of acquiring.

Those who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one common pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms.
Johnson.

It is certain that if every one could early enough be made to feel how full the world is already of excellence, and how much must be done to produce anything worthy of being placed beside what has already been produced, of a hundred youths who are now poetizing, scarcely one would feel enough courage, perseverance, and talent to work quietly for the attainment of a similar mastery. Many young painters would never have taken their pencils in hand, if they could have felt, known, and understood, early enough, what really produced a master like Raphael. *Goethe.*

EXCELLENCE—Highest Quality of.

A man that is desirous to excel, should endeavour it in those things that are in themselves most excellent. *Epictetus.*

EXCELLENCE—a Reward.

Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labour. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.
Sir Joshua Reynolds.

EXCELLENCIES—Concealment of.

Rare qualities may sometimes be prerogatives without being advantages; and though a needless ostentation of one's excellencies may be more glorious, a modest concealment of them is usually more safe; and an unseasonable disclosure of flashes of wit, may sometimes do a man no other service, than to direct his adversaries how they may do him a mischief. *Boyle.*

EXCESS—Acts of.

To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smoothe the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or, with taper-light,
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *Shakspeare.*

EXCESS—Evils of.

Every *inordinate* cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil. *Ibid.*

EXCESS—Different Kinds of.

The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can man or angels come into danger by it. *Bacon.*

EXCESSES—Evils of.

The body oppressed by excesses bears down the mind, and depresses to the earth any portion of the Divine Spirit we had been endowed with. *Horace.*

EXCESSES—of Youth.

The excesses of our youth are draughts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date. *Colton.*

EXCUSE—worse than a Lie.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded. *Pope.*

EXECRATION.

Let heaven kiss earth, now let Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined: let order die;
And let the world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.
Shakspeare.

EXECRATION—Shame of.

Let ignominy brand thy hated name;
Let modest matrons at thy mention start;
And blushing virgins when they read our annals,
Skip o'er the guilty page that holds thy legend,
And blots the noble work. *Ibid.*

EXECRATION—Violence of.

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man! *Ibid.*

EXECUTION—The.

A darker departure is near;
The death-drum is muffled, and sable the bier.
Campbell.

Sweetly, oh sweetly! the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die.
Alack! that ever so fair a sun
As that which its course had now begun,
Should rise on such scene of misery,—
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal dark-frowning gallows tree:
And hark! a sound comes big with fate,
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes eight:
List to that low, funereal bell,
It is tolling, alas! a *living man's* knell:
And see! from forth that opening door
They come—He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more;—
God! 'tis a fearsome sight to see
That pale wan man's meek agony,
The glare of that wild, despairing eye
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,
As though 'twere scanning in doubt and in fear
The path of the spirit's unknown career;
Those pinion'd arms, those hands which ne'er
Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer—
The heaving chest! Enough—'tis done,
The bolt has fallen! The spirit is gone:
For weal or for woe is known but to One.
Oh! 't was a fearsome sight! Ah me!
A deed to shudder at—*not to see.* *Barham.*

EXERCISE—Advantages of.

In those vernal seasons of the year when the air is soft and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out and see her riches, and partake of her rejoicings with heaven and earth. *Milton.*

EXERCISE—Mental.

By looking into physical causes, our minds are opened and enlarged; and in this pursuit, whether we take or whether we lose the game, the chase is certainly of service. *Burke.*

EXERCISE—Necessity of.

The benefits of exercise to those whose occupation does not lead them to make any physical exertion cannot be too highly estimated. The body must undergo a certain

amount of fatigue to preserve its natural strength, and maintain all the muscles and organs in proper vigour. This activity equalizes the circulation, and distributes the blood more effectually through every part. Cold feet, or a chill anywhere, shows that the circulation is languid there. The muscles during exercise press on the veins, and help forward the currents by quickening every vessel into activity. The valves of the heart are in this way aided in the work of sending on the stream, and relieved of a certain amount of labour. When exercise is neglected, the blood gathers too much about this central region, and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of spirits, anxiety and heaviness, numerous aches and stitches are evidences of this stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise, because they fancy they want breath, and feel weak. But the very effort would free the heart from this burthen, by urging the blood forward to the extremities; it would ease their breathing by liberating the lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and light, as the effect of equalized circulation and free action. *Mailler.*

EXERCISE—Out-of-Door.

In Mr. Greeley's last letter from Europe to the *New York Tribune*, he speaks of the English women, and commends their perfection of figure. He attributes this to the English lady's habit of out-of-door exercise. We had thought that this fact was well known; that it was known years ago, and that our fair countrywomen would catch a hint from it that would throw colour into their cheeks and fulness into their forms. And yet, sadly enough, our ladies still coop themselves in their heated rooms, until their faces are like lilies, and their figures, like lily-stems. We have alluded to the matter now, not for the sake of pointing a satire surely, but for the sake of asking those one or two hundred thousand ladies, who every month light our passage with their looks, if they do indeed prize a little unnatural pearliness of hue and delicacy of complexion, beyond that ruddy flush of health (the very tempter of a kiss!) and that full development of figure, which all the poets, from Homer down, have made one of the chiefest beauties of a woman? If not, let them make themselves horsewomen; or bating that, let them make acquaintance with the sunrise; let them pick flowers with the dew upon them; let them study music of nature's own orchestra. Vulgarity is not essential to health; and a lithe, classic figure does not grow in hot-houses. For ourselves, we incline heartily to the belief, that if American women have a wish to add to the respect, the admiration, the love, and (if need be) the fear of the men, they will find an easier road toward that gain, in a little vigorous out-of-door exercise and a uniform attention to the great essentials of health, than in any new-fangled costumes, or loudly-applauded "rights."

Harper.

EXERCISE—Recommended.

Often try what weight you can support,
And what your shoulders are too weak to bear.

Roscommon.

EXERTION—ordained by God.

If God had so pleased, He could undoubtedly have rendered every being He has formed completely happy. He could have made them incapable even of rendering themselves miserable. He could have made them necessary instead of voluntary agents; and compelled them to act in the way that would infallibly have produced felicity; or He might have contrived men in such a manner that they must have been happy in whatever way they acted. He has not ordered matters in such a way; and therefore we may be sure that He never intended to do so. Everything is so conducted that His creatures arise to greater and greater degrees of happiness, in consequence of their own exertions, and in consequence of the improvement which, by His appointment, follows from their exertions. The more wise and virtuous they become, the more happy they are of consequence. It is evident, therefore, though the Deity intended to communicate happiness, and has done so in the most liberal manner, yet this was not the only end He had in view. He intended to make man happy; but it was in a particular manner, which He knew would at last contribute to the greatest general felicity of the species.

Professor Arthur.

EXERTION—Good and Evil of.

With every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

Washington Irving.

EXHIBITION OF ARTS—An old Idea of the.

His majesty and I conceived a thought of appointing a large room with its first range to make a magazine for models of whatever is most curious in machinery, relating to war, arts, trades, and all sorts of exercises, noble, liberal, and mechanical; that all those who aspired to perfection might improve themselves without trouble in this silent school. *Sully.*

EXILE—The.

What exile from himself can flee? *Byron.*

EXISTENCE—not in Vain.

Let me not deem that I was made in vain,
Or that my being was an accident.
Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
Hath its own mission, and is duly sent
To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent
'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.
The very shadow of an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it stay'd,
Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
Proved that the sun was shining by its shade.
Coleridge.

EXPECTATION—Deferred.

How slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a stepdame, or a dowager.
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Shakspeare.

EXPECTATION—fed by Hope.

When will occasion smile upon our wishes
And give the torture of suspense a period?
Still must we linger in uncertain hope,
Still languish in our chains, and dream of freedom,
Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death shoots through our wither'd limbs? *Johnson.*

EXPECTATION—Impatience of.

How the time
Loiters in expectation! Then the mind
Drags the dead burthen of a hundred years
In one short moment's space. The nimble heart
Beats with impatient throbs,—sick of delay,
And pants to be at ease. *Havard.*

EXPECTATION—Weight of.

With what a heavy and retarding weight
Does expectation load the wing of time.
Mason.

EXPEDITION—Necessity of.

Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury's herald for a king. *Shakspeare.*

EXPEDITION—Urgency to.

If thou lov'st me,
Mount thy horse, and hide thy spurs in him.
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again, that I may rest assured
Whether yon troops are friends or enemies.
Ibid.

EXPERIENCE—Dearness of.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that; for it is true, we may give *advice*, but we cannot give *conduct*. Remember this: they that will not be counselled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason, she will rap your knuckles. *Franklin.*

EXPERIENCE—achieved by Industry.

He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Shakspeare.

EXPERIENCE—Limits to.

Human experience, like the stern-lights of a ship at sea, illumines only the path which we have passed over. *Coleridge.*

EXPERIENCE—Tedium of.

He hazardeth much who depends for his learning on experience. An unhappy master, he that is only made wise by many shipwrecks; a miserable merchant, that is neither rich nor wise till he has been bankrupt. By experience we find out a short way by a long wandering. *Ascham.*

EXPERIENCE—Want of.

Ah! the youngest heart has the same waves within it as the oldest; but without the plummet which can measure their depths.
Richter.

All is but lip-wisdom which wants experience.
Sir Philip Sidney.

EXPLOSION.

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud.
Thomson.

EXTREMES—to be Avoided.

Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight. *Solomon.*

Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects: extreme heat mortifies, like extreme cold; extreme love breeds satiety as well as extreme hatred; and too violent rigour tempts chastity as much as too much license.
Chapman.

EXTREMES—Evils of.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,

And in the taste confounds the appetite;
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Shakspeare.

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much,
As they that starve with nothing; therefore it
Is no mean happiness to be seated
In the mean; superfluity comes sooner
By white hairs, but competency lives longer.
Ibid.

EXTREMES—Fate of.

The fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations, which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake,
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein;
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss,
That each from other differs, first confess;
Next that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life. *Pope.*

EYE—The.

Takes in at once the landscape of the world
At a small inlet which a grain might close,
And half creates the wondrous world we see.
Young.

EYE—in Death.

Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
Byron.

EYE—Expression of the.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about us; and I believe the story of Argus implies no more, than that the eye is in every part; that is to say, every other part would be mutilated, were not its force represented more by the eye than even by itself. *Addison.*

EYES—like those of a Demon.

His eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming. *E. A. Poe.*

EYES—Talismanic Effect of the.

A pair of bright eyes with a dozen glances suffice to subdue a man; to enslave him, and inflame; to make him even forget; they dazzle him so, that the past becomes straightway dim to him; and he so prizes them, that he would give all his life to possess them. What is the fond love of dearest friends compared to his treasure? Is memory as strong as expectancy, fruition as hunger, gratitude as desire?
Thackeray.

Large eyes were admired in Greece, where they still prevail. They are the finest of all, when they have the internal look; which is not common. The stag or antelope eye of the orientals is beautiful and lamping, but is accused of looking skittish and indifferent. "The epithet of stag-eyed," says Lady Wortley Montague, speaking of a Turkish love-song, "pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes." We lose in depth of expression, when we go to inferior animals for comparisons with human beauty. Homer calls Juno ox-eyed; and the epithet suits well with the eyes of that goddess, because she may be supposed, with all her beauty, to want a certain humanity. Her large eyes look at you with a royal indifference. Shakspeare has kissed them, and made them human. Speaking of violets, he describes them as being—

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

This is shutting up their pride, and subjecting them to the lips of love. Large eyes may become more touching under this circumstance than any others, because of the field which the large lids give for the veins to wander in, and the trembling amplitude of the ball beneath. Little eyes must be good tempered, or they are ruined. They have no other resource. But this will beautify them enough. They are made for laughing, and should do their duty.
Leigh Hunt.

EYES—an Index of the Feelings.

That fine part of our constitution, the eye, seems as much the receptacle and seat of our passions, appetites, and inclinations, as the mind itself; and at least it is the outward portal to introduce them to the house within, or rather the common thoroughfare to let our affections pass in and out. Love, anger, pride, and avarice, all visibly move in those little orbs. *Addison.*

EYES—Grey.

Men with grey eyes are generally keen, energetic, and at first cold; but you may depend upon their sympathy with real sorrow. Search the ranks of our benevolent men, and you will agree with me. *Dr. Leask.*

EYES—Power of the.

Oh those eyes!—those deep, unutterable eyes, with "down-falling eyelids, full of dreams and slumber," and within them a cold, living

light, as in mountain lakes as evening, or in the river of Paradise, for ever gliding,

"With a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon."

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a steady, lambent light,—are luminous, not sparkling. *Longfellow.*

EYES OF WOMEN—Inspiring Influence of the.

Long while I sought to what I might compare
Those powerful eyes which lighten my dark spright,
Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th' image of their godly light.
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
Nor to the moon, for they are changèd never;
Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning, for they still persever;
Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
Nor unto crystal, for nought may them sever;
Nor unto glass; such baseness mought offend her.
Then to the Maker's self they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.
Spenser.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.
Shakspeare.

F.

FABLES—Moral Effects of.

Fables take off from the severity of instruction, and enforce it at the same time that they conceal it. *Addison.*

FABULOUS—Teaching of the.

Oh! never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is love's world—his house, his birthplace;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring.
Or chasms and watery depths: all these have vanish'd,
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language; still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover,
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down; and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair.
Coleridge.

FACE—Beauty of the.

Fire burns only when we are near it; but a beautiful face burns and inflames, though at a distance. *Xenophon.*

Read o'er the volume of his lovely face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several lineament,
And what obscure in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
Shakspeare.

FACE—Changes of the.

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden!
How long her face is drawn! How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold! Mark you her eyes?
Ibid.

FACE—A Fascinating.

Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. At times, it wore an expression of seriousness, of sorrow even; and then seemed to make the very air bright with what the Italian poets so beautifully call the "lampeggiar dell' angelico riso,"—the lightning of the angelic smile. *Longfellow.*

FACE—not always an Index of the Heart.

Every man in this age has not a soul
Of crystal, for all men to read their actions through;

Men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that
They hold no intelligence.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

FACETIOUSNESS—Lawful.

Such facetiousness is not unreasonable or unlawful, which ministereth harmless divertisement and delight to conversation; harmless, I say, that is, not intrenching upon piety, nor infringing charity or justice, nor disturbing peace. For Christianity is not so tetrical, so harsh, so envious, as to bar us continually from innocent, much less from wholesome and useful pleasure, such as human life doth need or require. And if jocular discourse may serve to good purposes of this kind; if it may be apt to raise our drooping spirits, to allay our irksome cares, to whet our blunted industry, to recreate our minds, being tired and cloyed with graver occupations; if it may breed alacrity, or maintain good-humour among us; if it may conduce to sweeten conversation and endear society, then it is not inconvenient or unprofitable. If for these ends we may use other recreations, employing on them our ears and eyes, our hands and feet, our other instruments of sense and motion, why may we not so well accommodate our organs of speech and interior sense? Why should those games which excite our wit and fancies be less reasonable, since they are performed in a manly way, and have in them a smack of reason; seeing, also, they may be so managed as not only to divert and please, but to improve and profit the mind, rousing and quickening it, yea, sometimes enlightening and instructing it, by good sense, conveyed in jocular expression. *Barrow.*

FACTION—to be Avoided.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
The busy, buzzing, talking harden'd knave;
The quaint smooth rogue that sins against his reason,
Calls saucy loud sedition public zeal,
And mutiny the dictates of his spirit. *Otway.*

FACTION—Dangers of.

Seldom is faction's ire in haughty minds
Extinguish'd but by death; it oft, like flame
Suppress'd, breaks forth again, and blazes higher. *May.*

Faction is the excess and the abuse of party—it begins when the first idea of private interest, preferred to public good, gets footing in the heart. It is always dangerous, yet always contemptible; and in vain would the men who engage in it hide their designs—their secret prayer is, "Havoc do thy worst." *Chenevix.*

That talking knave
Consumes his time in speeches to the rabble,
And sows sedition up and down the city;
Picking up discontented fools, belying
The senators and government; destroying
Faith amongst honest men, and praising knaves. *Otway.*

FACTS—Food to the Mind.

Facts are to the mind the same thing as food to the body. On the due digestion of facts depends the strength and wisdom of the one, just as vigour and health depend on the other. The wisest in council, the ablest in debate, and the most agreeable companion in the commerce of human life, is that man who has assimilated to his understanding the greatest number of facts. *Burke.*

FAILURE—a Practical Lesson.

It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must recommence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth. *Whewell.*

FAILURE—in Great Objects.

There is not a fiercer hell than failure in a great object. *Keats.*

FAIRIES—Departure of the.

They are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherish'd—they are flown,
Before the wand of science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so bless'd the sight
In the old days romantic. Naught is heard
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And waterfall; the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high—
And immortal music, men of ancient times
Heard, ravish'd oft, are flown! O ye have lost
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs

That dwelt in your green solitudes, and fill'd
The air, the fields, with beauty, and with joy
Intense—with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!
The very streams
Brighten'd with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charm'd waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp pass'd to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Look'd on their revels all the luscious night;
And, unreproved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved
Voluptuous, to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian. *Carrington.*

FAIRIES—Fountain of the.

There is a fountain in the forest called
The Fountain of the Fairies. When a child,
With most delightful wonder, I have heard
Tales of the elfin tribe, that on its banks
Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
The goodliest of the forest, grows beside;
It ever has been deem'd their fav'rite tree.
They love to lie and rock upon its leaves,
And bask them in the sunshine. Many a time
Hath the woodman shown his boy where the dark round
On the green sward beneath its boughs bewrays
Their nightly dance, and bid him spare the tree.
Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
And made it holy; and the villagers
Would say that never evil thing approach'd
Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful pleasure
That fill'd me by that solitary spring
Ceased not in riper years; and now it woke
Deeper delight, and more mysterious awe.
Southey.

FAIRIES—Gambols of the.

Oft fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while o'erhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Milton.

FAIRIES—Gambols of the.

About this spring, if ancient fame say true,
The dapper elves their moonlight sports renew;
Their pigmy king and little fairy queen
In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.
Pope.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown,
The king of elves and little fairy queen
Gamboll'd on heaths, and danced on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground;
Nor darkling did they dance,—the silver light
Of Phœbe served to guide their steps aright,
And, with their tripping pleased, prolong'd the night.
Her beams they follow'd where at first she play'd,
Not longer than she shed her horns they stay'd:
From thence with airy flight to distant parts convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revell'd half the year.
I speak of ancient times, for now the swain,
Returning late, may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train.
Dryden.

FAIRIES—Retreat of the.

This nook the tiny theatre has been
Where elves have acted plays; such as they took
From the fond legends of old fairy book.
Their tiring room beneath these hollows green,
While clust'ring glowworms lighted up the scene.
Their orchestra these hanging boughs, which shook
With music, such as lulls the nightly brook.
Their audience twinkling stars and moon serene.
Their strains inaudible to ear unblest,
But the sweet lark, listening the live-long night,
Against a reedy tuft hath lean'd her breast,
And borne them to heaven's gate at morning light;
And birds that elves most love, with emulous throats,
Do catch in leafy glens sweet fairy notes.
Eagles.

FAIRY-LAND.

Wherever is love and loyalty, great purposes and lofty souls, even though in a hovel or a mine, there is Fairy-land. *Kingsley.*

FAITH—Benefits of.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word, (by whom *light* as well as immortality was brought into the world) which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart,—which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions. *Coleridge.*

There never was found in any age of the world, either philosopher or sect, or law or discipline, which did so highly exalt the public good as the Christian faith. *Bacon.*

FAITH—Definition of.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. *St. Paul.*

Faith is the soul going out of itself for all its wants. *Boston.*

FAITH—Discipline of.

Thy God hath said, 'tis good for thee
To walk by faith, and not by sight,
Take it on trust a little while;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
In the bright sunshine of His smile. *Keble.*

FAITH—Happiness of.

None live so easily, so pleasantly, as those that live by faith. *Matthew Henry.*

FAITH—the Link between God and Man.

Religion is the true Philosophy!
Faith is the last great link 'twixt God and man.
There is more wisdom in a whispered prayer
Than in the ancient lore of all the schools:
The soul upon its knees holds God by the hand,
Worship is wisdom as it is in heaven;
"I do believe! Help thou my unbelief!"
Is the last greatest utterance of the soul.
Bigg.

FAITH—Grounded on Principle.

"We live by faith," says the philosophic apostle; but faith without principles (on which to ground our faith and our hope) is but a flattering phrase for wilful positiveness or fanatical bodily sensations. Well, and with good right, therefore, do we maintain (and with more zeal than we should defend body or estate,) a deep and inward conviction, which is as a *moon* to us; and like the moon, with all its massy and deceptive gleams, it yet lights us on our way (poor travellers as we are, and benighted pilgrims.) With all its spots and changes, and temporary eclipses—with all its vain haloes and bedimming vapours—it yet reflects the light that *is* to rise upon us, which even now is *rising*, though intercepted from our immediate view by the mountains that enclose and frown over the whole of our mortal life. *Coleridge.*

FAITH—the Repose of Reason.

Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.
Young.

FAITH—Reliance in.

As through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show;
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
(Its feeble eye intent on things above),
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams and promises of day:
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight,
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light. *Prior.*

FAITH—the Pencil of the Soul.

Faith is the pencil of the soul,
That pictures heavenly things. *Burbidge.*

FAITH—The Steps of.

The steps of faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath. *Whittier.*

FAITH—The Strength of.

The Christian beam
Illuminates my faith, and bids me trust
All that may happen to the will of Heaven.
New force inspires me and my strengthen'd soul
Feels energy divine; the fair example
Of steadfast martyrs and of dying saints
Has warn'd me to better thoughts: I now
Can with a smile behold misfortune's face,
And think the weight of miseries a trial.
The heavenly precepts brighten to my mind,
No useful part of duty left behind.
Here the consenting principles unite,
A beam divine directs our steps aright,
And shows the mortal in the Christian light.
Havard.

FAITH—The Strength of.

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.
Job.

FAITH—Supremacy of.

All faiths are to their own believers just;
For none believe because they will, but must:
Faith is a force from which there's no defence,
Because the reason it does first convince;
And reason conscience into fetters brings,
And conscience is without the power of kings.
Dryden.

FAITH—in Divine Things.

In philosophy, where truth seems doubly-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in divinity I love to keep the road; and though not in an implicit, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheel of the church, by which I move, not reserving any proper poles or motions from the epicycle of my own brain; by these means I leave no gap for heresy, schisms, or errors.
Sir Thomas Brown.

FAITH—in the Time of Trouble.

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation. *Habakkuk.*

FAITH—Want of.

When men cease to be faithful to their God, he who expects to find them so to each other, will be much disappointed. The primitive sincerity will accompany the primitive piety in her flight from the earth, and then interest will succeed conscience in the regulation of human conduct, till one man cannot trust another further than he holds him by that tie: hence, by the way, it is, that although many are infidels themselves, yet few choose to have their families and dependents such; as judging—and rightly judging—that true Christians are the only persons to be depended on for the exact discharge of their social duties.
Bishop Horne.

FAITH—the Root of Good Works.

Faith is the root of all good works. A root that produces nothing is dead. *Bishop Wilson.*

FAITH—without Works.

Works without *faith*, are like a fish without water; it wants the element it should live in. A building without a basis cannot stand; faith is the foundation, and every good action is as a stone laid. *Feltham.*

FAITH and HOPE.

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essay'd to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toil'd
With patient art; but, ere her work was crown'd,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoil'd,
And dash'd it to the ground,

She found the ruin wrought;
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hands, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toil'd again; and, last night hearing calls,
I look'd, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What trust is here, O man!
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on!
Southey.

FAITH and WORKS.

Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous,
Even as the day does the sun: the right from the good is an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
Animate faith and love, as flowers are the animate spring-tide. *Longfellow.*

FALSEHOOD—Culpability of.

A lie should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere, when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me.
Carlyle.

FALSEHOOD—Illimitable in its Effects.

Every lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but Omniscience can fathom. *Reade.*

FALSEHOOD—Mischiefs of.

Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth; and no opinions so fatally mislead us as those that are not

wholly wrong, as no watches so effectually deceive the wearers as those that are sometimes right. *Colton.*

FALSEHOOD and DISSIMULATION —Evil of.

Whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted, when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood. *Steele.*

FAME—the Spur to Action.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed. *Milton.*

FAME—Aspirations of.

Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in Time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!—
Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there;
A name that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place? *Moore.*

FAME—a Burden.

Fame is an ill you may with ease obtain,
A sad oppression to be borne with pain;
And when you would the noisy clamour drown,
You'll find it hard to lay your burthen down. *Cooke.*

FAME—Characteristics of.

Refuge of hope, the harbinger of truth,
Handmaid of heaven, virtue's skilful guide,
The life of life, the ages' springing youth;
Triumph of joy, eternity's fair bride,
The virgin's glory, and the martyr's pride;
The courage's immortal raising fire,
The very height to which great thoughts aspire;
The stair by which men to the stars do climb,
The mind's first mover, greatness to express;
Faith's armour and the vanquisher of time;
A pleasant sweet against death's bitterness,
The study which doth heavenly things impart,
The joy amidst the tedious ways of art;
Learning's green laurel, justice's glorious throne,
The muses' chariot, memory's true food;
The poet's life, the gods' companion,
The fire-reviving Phœnix' sun-nursed brood,
The spirit's eternal image, honour's good;
The balsam which cures the soldier's scars;
The world-discovering seaman's happy stars. *Drayton.*

FAME—not to be Coveted.

Be not liquorish after fame, found by experience to carry a trumpet, that doth for the most part congregate more enemies than friends. *Osborn.*

FAME—Difficulties of.

How constantly has mortification accompanied triumph: with what secret sorrow has that praise been received from strangers, denied to us by our friends. Nothing astonishes me more than the envy which attends literary fame, and the unkindly depreciation which waits upon the writer. Of every species of fame, it is the most ideal and apart: it would seem to interfere with no one. It is bought by a life of labour; generally, also, of seclusion and privation. It asks its honours only from all that is most touching and most elevated in humanity. What is the reward that it craves?—to lighten many a solitary hour, and to spiritualize a world, that were else too material. What is the requital that the Athenians of the earth give to those who have struggled through the stormy water, and the dark night, for their applause?—Both reproach and scorn. If the author have—and why should he be exempt from?—the faults of his kind, with what greedy readiness are they seized upon and exaggerated! How ready is the sneer against his weakness or his error! What hours of feverish misery have been passed, what bitter tears have been shed, over the unjust censure, and the personal sarcasm! The imaginative feel such wrong far beyond what those of less sensitive temperament can dream. *L. E. Landon.*

FAME—acquired by Acts of Duty.

What shall I do to be for ever known?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet sleep unknown—
Oh, never!—never!

Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown,
Whom *thou* know'st not?
By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blown;—
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?—
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife;
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled;
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead. *Schiller.*

FAME—a Prattling Gossip.

A prattling gossip, on whose tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung;
Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass,
Like her own trumpet, made of brass;
Who, with a hundred pair of eyes,
The vain attacks of sleep defies;
Who, with a hundred pair of wings,
News from the farthest quarters brings;
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that she knows, and ten times more.
Churchill.

FAME—Illusiveness of.

Who grasp'd at earthly fame,
Grasp'd wind, nay worse, a serpent grasp'd, that through
His hand slid smoothly, and was gone; but left
A sting behind which wrought him endless pain.
Pollok.

FAME—Insignificance of.

'Tis as a snowball, which derives assistance
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow;
But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow.
Byron.

FAME—Literary.

The helm may rust, the laurel bough may fade,
Oblivion's grasp may blunt the victor's blade.
But that bright, holy wreath which learning gives
Untorn by hate, uncharm'd by envy lives—
Lives through the march of tempest and of time,
Dwells on each shore, and blooms in every clime,
Wide as the space that fills yon airless blue,
Pure as the breeze and as eternal too,
Fair as the night-star's eve-awaken'd ray,
But with no morn to chase its fires away.
Graham.

FAME—Love of.

I am not covetous for gold;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
Shakspeare.

FAME—Over-care for.

It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting, to hear the echoes of our own voices. *Longfellow.*

FAME—Possessors of.

Among the writers of all ages, some deserve fame, and have it; others neither have nor deserve it; some have it, not deserving; others, though deserving, yet totally miss it, or have it not equal to their deserts. *Milton.*

FAME—Posthumous.

Fame to our ashes comes, alas! too late:
And praise smells rank upon the coffin plate.
Martial.

FAME—Animating Power of.

O! who shall lightly say, that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm;
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?
O! who shall lightly say that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When, but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,
A desert bare, a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what hath been.
O! who shall lightly say that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality? *Joa. na Baillie.*

FAME—Way to Silence.

Fame may be compared to a scold; the best way to silence her is to let her alone, and she will at last be out of breath in blowing her own trumpet. *Fuller.*

FAME—A Niche in the Temple of.

In Fame's temple there is always a niche to be found for rich dunces, importunate scoundrels, or successful butchers of the human race. *Zimmerman.*

FAME—Transiency of.

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;

On both his wings, one black, the other white,—
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
Milton.

Some when they die, die all: their mould'ring clay
Is but an emblem of their memories:
The space quite closes up through which they pass'd.
That I have lived, I leave a mark behind
Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
And give it whole to late posterity. *Young.*

FAME—Waywardness of.

Fame, like a wayward girl, will still be coy
To those who woo her with two slavish knees,
But makes surrender to some thoughtless boy,
And dotes the more upon a heart at ease;
She is a Gipsy,—will not speak to those
Who have not learnt to be content without her;
A Jilt, whose ear was never whispered close,
Who thinks they scandal her who talk about her;
A very Gipsy is she, Nilus-born,
Sister-in-law to jealous Potiphar;
Ye love-sick Bards! repay her scorn for scorn;
Ye artists love-lorn! madmen that ye are!
Make your best bow to her and bid adieu,
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.
Keats.

FAMILIES—Decline of.

The most lasting families have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength. They have their Spring and Summer sunshine glare, their wane, decline, and death; they flourish and shine, perhaps, for ages; at last they sicken: their light grows pale, and, at a crisis when the offsets are withered, and the old stock is blasted, the whole tribe disappears. There are limits ordained to everything under the sun. Man will not abide in honour. Of all human vanities, family-pride is one of the weakest. Reader, go thy way; secure thy name in the Book of Life, where the page fades not, nor the title alters nor expires—leave the rest to heralds and the parish register. *Borlase.*

FAMILIES—Ties of.

The ties of family and of country were never intended to circumscribe the soul. Man is connected at birth with a few beings, that the spirit of humanity may be called forth by their tenderness; and, whenever domestic or national attachments become exclusive, engrossing, clannish, so as to shut out the general claims of the human race, the highest end of Providence is frustrated, and home, instead of being the nursery, becomes the grave of the heart. *W. Ellery Channing.*

FAMILY—A Well-regulated.

To see a well-regulated family acting as if they were one body informed by one soul; to see those who are embarked together in one bottom, whose interests are inseparably united, and, therefore, whose hearts ought to be so too, acting in concert, adopting each other's cares, and making them their own, uniting their friendly beams, and jointly promoting the common happiness, is a beautiful scene, and amiable even in the sight of that Being who maketh *men to be of one mind in a house.* To have those who will receive us with an open-hearted cheerfulness, to whom we can discharge the fulness of the soul, to whom we can unburden our cares; and by unburdening we lessen them; (for sorrow, like a stream, grows weaker, by being divided into several channels:) to have those, with whom we can share our joys; (and joy, like light, by communicating grows greater, and burns brighter;) this is a happiness, which a forlorn individual must be in a great measure a stranger to, who stands single in life, without any support to lean upon. *Seed.*

FAMINE—Horrors of.

Famine so fierce that what's denied men's use,
Ev'n deadly plants, and herbs of poisonous juice,
Wild hunger eat; and to prolong our breath,
We greedily devour our certain death.
The soldier in th' assault of famine falls,
And ghosts, not men, are watching on the walls.
Dryden.

This famine has a sharp and meagre face;
'Tis death in an undress of skin and bone,
Where age and youth, their landmark ta'en away,
Look all one common sorrow. *Ibid.*

FAN—Sentimentality of a.

There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. *Addison.*

FANATICISM—in the 16th Century.

In Paris the close of Lent was a stimulus to the prevailing excitement. A series of processions took place which were begun, inno-

cently enough, by children, girls and boys, who walked two by two, with tapers, chanting hymns and litanies prepared for them by the priests. . . . . Then came parish processions in which all the parishioners of whatever age, sex, or quality, joined; some of the most devout walking to do penance as though in their shifts. Still a new impetus was wanting. It was necessary to warm the popular heart by a great theatrical display. A priest came forward and declared that in these processions over the hard pavements of Paris, nothing could be more meritorious, nothing more agreeable to God, than that women should walk with their delicate little feet bare, however it might cause them to suffer. Immediately, many an enthusiastic young girl devoted herself to this new mortification, and appeared, not with bare feet only, but almost naked—wearing only a slight linen drapery, not too carefully covering her form. These weeping and dishevelled Magdalenes produced more laughter than edification. At length, the Duchess of Montpensier, the Judith of the League, decided to act her part without hesitation. She abandoned robes and petticoats, and dispensed with the light drapery of the penitents, even over her bosom, with the exception of a simple veil of lace. The people rushed to see her. Crowded and pressed, the heroine was by no means disconcerted. She had set the fashion. Matrons and maidens followed it. *Michelet.*

FANATICISM—Definition of.

Fanaticism is such an overwhelming impression of the ideas relating to the future world as disqualifies for the duties of life.
Robert Hall.

FANATICISM—Fatal Hold of.

And they believe him—oh, the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his heart away;
The babe may cease to think that it may play
With heaven's rainbow; alchemists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out;—
But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.
Moore.

FANATICISM—Demon Spirit of.

Demons, who impair
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom. *Byron.*

FANCY—Characteristics of.

Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!
Shakspeare.

FANCY—Fantasies of.

So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical. *Ibid.*

FANCY—Fecundity of.

Most marvellous and enviable is that fecundity of fancy which can adorn whatever it touches, which can invest naked fact and dry reasoning with unlooked-for beauty, make flowerets bloom even on the brow of the precipice, and, when nothing better can be had, can turn the very substance of rock itself into moss and lichens. This faculty is incomparably the most important for the vivid and attractive exhibition of truth to the minds of men. *Fuller.*

FANCY—Illusions of.

Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of th' created mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove,
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green.
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and valleys smile,
And spring diffusive decks the enchanted isle.
Collins.

FANCY—Imaginings of.

Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves,
To distant shores, and she would sit and weep

At what a sailor suffers. Fancy, too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
Cowper.

FANCY—Indulgence of.

Fancy and humour, early and constantly indulged, may expect an old age overrun with follies. *Watts.*

FAREWELL—to my Native Land.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good night. *Byron.*

FAREWELL—Anguish associated with the Word.

But still her lips refused to say "Farewell!"
For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair. *Ibid.*

When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell;
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell!

When hope is chidden,
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell;
When fetter'd by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
Of them that bid farewell. *Heber.*

The bitter word, which closed all earthly friendships,
And finished every feast of love—farewell.
Pollok.

Farewell! There is a spell within the word
Methinks I never heard it sound so mournful;
Oh, thou subdued, oft scarce articulate sound,
How powerful thou art, how strong to move
The hidden strings that guide us puppet mortals!
Pass-word of memory—of by-gone day—
Thou everlasting epitaph—is there
A land in which thou hast no dwelling place?
Wherein may be nor pageantry nor pride,

Nor altars, save the pure one of the heart.
Nor tombs, except for sorrow; and no tears?
There is a world, O God, where human lips
May say, Farewell! no more. *Dilnot Sladden.*

I never spoke the word farewell!
But with an utterance faint and broken;
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it should never more be spoken.
Caroline Bowles.

FASCINATION—Bewitchments of.

She's outwardly
All that bewitches sense, all that entices;
Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it.
Beaumont.

FASCINATION—Powers of.

Yes, I must speak. My secret would have perish'd,
Even with the heart it wasted, as a brand
Fades in the dying flame, whose life it cherish'd;
But that no human bosom can withstand
Thee, wondrous lady! *Shelley.*

FASHION—Fop of.

A fop of fashion is the mercer's friend;
The tailor's fool, and his own foe. *Lavater.*

FASHION—Influence of.

As the world leads, we follow. *Seneca.*

FASHION—Man of.

Of all useless beings, the mere man of fashion is perhaps the most useless; and, of all modes of living, the most idle and unsatisfactory is the life of those who spend their days in ambitious endeavours to maintain themselves in a higher position of society than their station and their attainments warrant. *Gresley.*

FASHION—Moderation respecting.

Be neither too early in the fashion, nor too long out of it; nor at any time in the extremes of it. *Lavater.*

FASHION—Purchase of.

See the wild purchase of the bold and vain,
Where every bliss is bought with equal pain!
Juvenal.

FASHION—Resisting.

He alone is a man, who can resist the genius of the age, the tone of fashion, with vigorous simplicity and modest courage. *Lavater.*

FASHION—Use of.

Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use
Their knavery and folly to excuse. *Churchill.*

FASHION—Vanities of.

Without depth of thought, or earnestness of feeling, or strength of purpose, living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the fictitious for the natural, mistaking a crowd for society, finding its chief pleasure in ridicule, and exhausting its ingenuity in expedients for killing time, fashion is among the last influences under which a human being who respects himself, or who comprehends the great end of life, would desire to be placed.

W. Ellery Channing.

FASHION—Variableness of.

Fashions that are now call'd new
Have been worn by more than you;
Elder times have worn the same,
Though the new ones got the name.

Middleton.

Our dress, still varying, nor to forms confined,
Shifts like the sands, the sport of every wind.

Propertius.

FASHIONABLE LIFE—Stiff Formalities of.

There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety,—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behaviour, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture, and gracefulness in every position; not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and gaiety of social intercourse; the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it; the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint. *Chalmers.*

FASTIDIOUSNESS—Definition of.

Fastidiousness is the envelope of indelicacy.

Haliburton.

FASTIDIOUSNESS—Inconsistency in.

Like other things spurious, fastidiousness is often inconsistent with itself: the coarsest things are done, the cruellest things said, by the most fastidious people. Horace Walpole was a proverb of epicurean particularity of taste; yet none of the vulgarians whom he vilified had a keener relish for a coarse allusion or a malicious falsehood. Beckford, of Fonthill, demanded that life should be thrice winnowed for his use; but what was his life? Louis XIV. was "insolently nice" in some things; what was he in others? If we observe a person proud of a reputation for fastidiousness, we shall always find that the egotism which is its life will at times lead him to say or do something disgusting. We need expect from such people no delicate, silent self-sacrifice, no tender watching for others' tastes or needs, no graceful yielding up of privileges in unconsidered trifles, on which wait no "flowing thanks." They may be kind and obliging to a certain extent, but when the service required involves anything disagreeable, anything offensive to the taste on which they pride themselves, we must apply elsewhere. Their fineness of nature sifts common duties, selecting for practice only those which will pass the test; and conscience is not hurt, for unsuspected pride has given her a bribe. *Mrs. Kirkland.*

FATE—Disbelief in.

Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.

Schiller.

FATE—Hand of.

But now the hand of Fate is on the curtain,
And gives the scene to light. *Dryden.*

FATE—Hidden.

But God has wisely hid from human sight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night:
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late. *Ibid.*

FATE—Impatience at.

Yet 'tis the curse of mighty winds oppress'd,
To think what their state is, and what it should be:
Impatient of their lot, they reason fiercely,
And call the laws of Providence unequal.

Rowe.

FATE—Eternal Justice of.

And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous knowledge,
And wisdom early planted in thy soul,
That thou mightst know to rule thy fiery passions,
To bind their rage, and stay their headlong course;
To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to struggle with adversity;
To wait the leisure of the righteous gods
Till they, in their own good appointed hour,
Shall bid thy better days come forth at once,
A long and shining train; till thou, well pleased,

Shalt bow, and bless thy fate, and say the gods are just. *Rowe.*

FATE—Stroke of.

Fate steals along with ceaseless tread,
And meets us oft when least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with threatening brow,
Yet in the sunshine strikes the blow. *Cowper.*

How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind;
But they who 'gainst stiff sales laveering go,
Must be at once resolved and skilful too.
Dryden.

FATE and NECESSITY.

A strict belief in fate, is the worst of slavery; imposing upon our necks an everlasting lord, or tyrant, whom we are to stand in awe of, night and day: on the other hand, there is some comfort, that God will be moved by our prayers; but this imports an inexorable necessity. *Epicurus.*

All things are in fate, yet all things are not decreed by fate. *Plato.*

God over-rules all mutinous accidents, brings them under his laws of fate, and makes them all serviceable to his purpose. *Antoninus.*

What must be, shall be; and that which is a necessity to him that struggles, is little more than choice to him that is willing. *Seneca.*

We should consider, that though we are tied to the chains of *fate*, there are none but rational creatures have the privilege of moving freely, and making necessity a choice; all other things are forced onward, and dragged along to their doom. *Antoninus.*

FATHERS—Theological Use of the.

Some divines make the same use of fathers and councils, as our beaux do of their canes, not for support or defence, but mere ornament and show; and cover themselves with fine cobweb distinctions, as Homer's gods did with a cloud. *Hughes.*

FAULT—Finding.

Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.
Lavater.

FAULTS—Advantage of Overcoming.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind, as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place where they grow, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.
Swift.

FAULTS—Reminding of.

It's only your friends and your enemies that tell you of your faults. *Haliburton.*

FAVOURITES—Evils of.

How gross your avarice, eating up whole families!
How vast are your corruptions and abuse
Of the king's ear! At which you hang a pendant,
Not to adorn, but ulcerate; while the honest
Nobility, like pictures in the arras,
Serve only for court ornaments; if they speak,
'Tis when you set their tongues; which you wind up
Like clocks, to strike at just the hour you please. *Shirley.*

FEAR—Absurdity of.

There needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear,
That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,
That's both a prisoner to itself, and jail;
Draws more fantastic shapes than in the grains
Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,
Are only in the insides of their skulls. *Butler.*

FEAR—Agony of.

Oh! that fear
When the heart longs to know, what it is death to hear. *Croly.*

FEAR—Beginnings of.

In politics, what begins in fear usually ends in folly.

Coleridge.

In morals, what begins in fear usually ends in wickedness; in religion, what begins in fear usually ends in fanaticism. Fear, either as a principle or a motive, is the beginning of all evil. *Mrs. Jameson.*

FEAR—Characteristics of.

Fear is the last of ills:
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Shakspeare.

I feel my sinews slacken'd with the fright,
And a cold sweat trills down all o'er my limbs.
As if I were dissolving into water. *Dryden.*

FEAR—Characteristics of.

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.
Sewell.

The weakness we lament, ourselves create.
Instructed from our infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till affectation, ripening to belief,
And folly, frighted at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul. *Johnson.*

Fear, though blind, is swift and strong.
Dr. Mackay.

FEAR—often Concealed.

Fear is often concealed by a show of daring.
Lucan.

FEAR—Definition of.

Fear is the white-lipp'd sire
Of subterfuge and treachery. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

FEAR—Effect of.

What see you there
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance? *Shakspeare.*

FEAR—Evils of.

Fear naturally represses invention, benevolence, ambition; for, in a nation of slaves, as in the despotic governments of the East, to labour after fame is to be a candidate for danger. *Goldsmith.*

FEAR—Influence of.

Fear sometimes adds wings to the heels, and sometimes nails them to the ground, and fetters them from moving. *Montaigne.*

There is a virtuous fear, which is the effect of faith; and there is a vicious fear, which is the product of doubt. The former leads to hope as relying on God, in whom we believe: the latter inclines to despair, as not relying on God, in whom we do not believe. Persons of the one character fear to lose God; persons of the other character fear to find him. *Pascal.*

FEAR—cast out by Love.

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment.
St. John.

FEAR—Painfulness of.

Fear is far more painful to cowardice, than death to true courage. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

FEAR—Troubles of.

The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, and with good reason, that passion alone in the trouble of it exceeding all other accidents. *Montaigne.*

FEAR—Without.

Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear. *Job.*

FEARS—Absurdity of.

Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves
Than all their nurseries of elves.
For fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which. *Butler.*

FEASTING—Abundance of.

There's no want of meat, sir;
Portly and curious viands are prepared,
To please all kinds of appetites. *Massinger.*

FEASTING—consists not in Feeding.

It is not the quantity of the meat but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast. *Lord Clarendon.*

FEASTING—the Way to the Heart.

The turnpike-road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their mouths: or I mistake mankind. *Dr. Warton.*

FEASTING—none without Peace.

Where there is no peace there is no feast.
Lord Clarendon.

FEASTING—Public.

'Twas at a public feast—and public day,
Quite full—right dull—guests hot, and dishes cold;
Great plenty—much formality—small cheer,
And everybody out of their own sphere.
Byron.

FEATURES.

Features—the great soul's apparent seat.
Bryant.

FEATURES—Hereditary.

A peculiar thickness of the under lip has been hereditary in the Imperial House of Hapsburgh ever since the marriage, some centuries ago, with the Polish family of

Jagellon, whence it came. In our own royal family a certain fulness of the lower and lateral parts of the face is conspicuous in the portraits of the whole series of sovereigns from George I. to Victoria, and has been equally marked in other members of the family. The females of the ducal house of Gordon have long been remarkable for a peculiar elegant conformation of the neck. The Clackmannanshire Bruces, who are descended from a common stock with the famous Robert Bruce of Scotland, are said to have that strongly-marked form of the cheekbones and jaws which appears on the coins of that heroic monarch, as it did in his actual face when his bones were disinterred at Dunfermline, about thirty years ago. The prevalent tallness of the inhabitants of Potsdam, many of whom are descended from the guards of Frederick I.; the Spanish features observable in the people of the county of Galway, in which, some centuries ago, several Spanish settlements were made; and the hereditary beauty of the women of Prague—are well-known facts which have frequently attracted the attention of chronologists. The burgesses of Rome (the most invariable portion of every population) exhibit at the present day precisely the same type of face and form as their ancestors, whose busts may be seen carved in relief on the ancient sarcophagi; and the Jewish physiognomies portrayed upon the sepulchral monuments of Egypt are identical with those which may be observed among modern Jews in the streets of any of our great cities. *Mantell.*

FEELING—Debasing.

Who can all sense of others' ills escape,
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape. *Tate.*

FEELING—Over-sensibility of.

To feel is amiable; but to feel too keenly is injurious both to mind and body; and a habit of giving way to sensibility, which we should endeavour to regulate, though not to eradicate, may end in a morbid weakness of mind, which may appear to romantic persons very gentle and very interesting, but will undoubtedly render its victims very useless in society. Our feelings were given us to excite to action, and when they end in themselves, they are impressed to no one good purpose that I know of. *Bishop Sandford.*

FEELING—Transiency of.

Feeling is in its very nature transient. It is at best the meteor's blaze, shedding strong but momentary day; while principle, the true principle, be it faint at first, as the star whose ray hath newly reached our earth, is yet the living light of a higher heaven, which never more will leave us in utter darkness, but lend a steady beam to guide our path. *Miss Austin.*

FEELINGS—Inexplicability of the.

Some feelings are quite untranslatable; no language has yet been found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty all at once, as glow-worms, which gleam with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought in where the candles are lighted, are found to be only worms, like so many others. *Longfellow.*

FEELINGS—Influence of the.

There are, certainly, moments in life when, though we may wish, may labour, to be common-place in our sensations, and matter-of-fact in our conduct, we cannot succeed. A tide of feeling will rush upon us, too powerful for the dikes and mounds raised up by reason and philosophy. Our minds sink under the flood of weakness, if it be so, which flows warmly over, impregnating, and probably purifying, every thought; for these moments may surely be considered as our best, the true intervals of enjoyment, when we throw off the thraldom of social restrictions, and revel alone in a boundless realm of freedom and romance. It is at such times that the imagination fixes on some object with an interest more than real,—an exaggerated intensity, creating an atmosphere around, and giving to the meanest things within its influence a character not properly their own, as the fragrance of the rose envelops, and might seem to breathe from, the veriest weed that crawls beneath it. *Grattan.*

The kind heart speaks with words so kindly sweet,
That kindred hearts the catching tones repeat;
And love, therewith, his soft sigh gently blending,
Makes pleasing harmony; thus softly sending
Its passing cheer across the stilly main,
While in the sounding water dips the oar,
And glad response bursts from the nearing shore,
Comes to our ears the home-bound seamen's strain,
Who from the lofty deck hail their own land again. *Joanna Baillie.*

FEELINGS—without Vigorous Reason.

Fine feelings, without vigour of reason, are in the situation of the extreme feathers of a peacock's tail—dragging in the mud. *Foster.*

FEELINGS—Training of the.

As a gladiator trained the body, so must we train the mind, to self-sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny road as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly-recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

Charles Bray.

FEELINGS—tincturing the internal World.

I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.
O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live:
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!

Coleridge.

FEELINGS—of Youth.

Feeling in the young precedes philosophy, and often acts with a more certain aim.

William Carleton.

FESTIVALS—Benefits of.

Festivals, when duly observed, attach men to the civil and religious institutions of their country: it is an evil, therefore, when they fall into disuse. For the same reason the loss of local observances is to be regretted: who is there that does not remember their effect upon himself in early life? *Southey.*

FEVER.

The heaving sighs through straiter passes blow,
And scorch the painful palate as they go;
The parch'd rough tongue night's humid vapour draws,
And restless rolls within the clammy jaws.

Rowe.

FEVER—Violence of.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and Thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

David.

FEVER and DELIRIUM.

When I say my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint, then Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions. I am a burden to myself.

Job.

FICTION—Morality of.

We must remember, that fiction is not falsehood. If a writer puts abstract virtues into book-clothing, and sends them upon stilts into the world, he is a bad writer; if he classifies men, and attributes all virtue to one class and all vice to another, he is a false writer. Then, again, if his ideal is so poor that he fancies man's welfare to consist in immediate happiness; if he means to paint a great man and paints only a greedy one, he is a mischievous writer; and not the less so, although by lamp-light and among a juvenile audience his coarse scene-painting should be thought very grand. He may be true to his own fancy, but he is false to nature. A writer of course cannot get beyond his own ideal; but at least he should see that he works up to it; and if it is a poor one, he had better write histories of the utmost concentration of dulness, than amuse us with unjust and untrue imaginings. *Helps.*

FIDELITY—Devotedness of.

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Though the herd hath fled from thee, thy home is still here.—
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last!

Moore.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Shakspeare.

FIEND—Portraiture of the.

Satan,—the impersonation of that mixture of the bestial, the malignant, the impious, and the hopeless, which constitute the fiend,—the enemy of all that is human and divine.

Mrs. Jameson.

FINIS.

My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finished, here the story ends;
'Tis to be wish'd it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

Byron.

FIRE—Friendliness of a.

A fire's a good companionable friend,
A comfortable friend, who meets your face
With welcome glad, and makes the poorest shed
As pleasant as a palace. Are you cold?
He warms you—weary? he refreshes you—
Hungry? he doth prepare your food for you—
Are you in darkness? he gives light to you—
In a strange land? he wears a face that is
Familiar from your childhood. Are you poor?
What matters it to him. He knows no difference

Between an emperor and the poorest beggar!
Where is the friend, that bears the name of man,
Will do as much for you? *Mary Howitt.*

FIRE—Phosphoric.

With scarce inferior lustre gleamed the sea,
Whose waves were spangled with phosphoric fire,
As though the lightnings there had spent their shafts,
And left the fragments glittering on the field.
James Montgomery.

FIRESIDE—Definition of the.

The cat's Eden. *Southey.*

FIRESIDE—Social Importance of the.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the wool of childhood, gives form and colour to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honours of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid picture of after-years. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after-design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside,—the great institution of Providence for the education of man.
Goodrich.

FIRMNESS—Definition of.

That profound firmness which enables a man to regard difficulties but as evils to be surmounted, no matter what shape they may assume. *Cockton.*

FIRMNESS—Estimation of.

Firmness, both in sufferance and exertion, is a character which I would wish to possess. I have always despised the whining yelp of complaint, and the cowardly feeble resolve.
Burns.

FIRST and LAST.

First must give place to last, because last must have his time to come; but last gives place to nothing, for there is not another to succeed. *Bunyan.*

FISH—Varieties of.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch, with fins of various dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.
Pope.

FISHING—Requisites for Successful.

A day with not too bright a beam,
A warm but not a scorching sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, master, half our work is done.
There, whilst behind some bush we wait,
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey:
And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.
Izaak Walton.

FLATTERERS—No Confidence in.

Meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips. *Solomon.*

FLATTERERS—Different Kinds of.

Some praises proceed merely of flattery; and if he be an ordinary flatterer, he will have certain common attributes which may serve every man; if he be a cunning flatterer, he will follow the arch-flatterer, which is a man's self; but if he be an impudent flatterer, look wherein a man is conscious to himself that he is most defective, and is most out of countenance in himself, that will the flatterer entitle him to, perforce. *Bacon.*

FLATTERERS—the Lowest of Mankind.

Hold!
No adulation!—'tis the death of virtue!
Who flatters, is of all mankind the lowest,
Save him who courts the flattery.
Hannah More.

FLATTERERS—Meeting of.

When flatterers meet the devil goes to dinner. *De Foe.*

FLATTERERS—Shame caused by.

Great lords, by reason of their flatterers, are the first to know their own virtues, and

the last to know their own vices: some are made ashamed by comparison, because their ancestors were so great; and others are ashamed of their ancestors, because they were so little. *Selden.*

FLATTERERS — the Worst Kind of Traitors.

Take care thou be not made a fool by flatterers, for even the wisest men are abused by these. Know therefore, that flatterers are the worst kind of traitors; for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint all thy vices and follies, as thou shalt never, by their will, discern evil from good, or vice from virtue: and because all men are apt to flatter themselves, to entertain the additions of other men's praises, is most perilous. Do not therefore praise thyself, except thou wilt be counted a vainglorious fool, neither take delight in the praise of other men, except thou deserve it, and receive it from such as are worthy and honest, and will withal warn thee of thy faults; for flatterers have never any virtue, they are ever base, creeping, cowardly persons. A flatterer is said to be a beast that biteth smiling; it is said by Isaiah in this manner: *My people, they that praise thee, seduce thee, and disorder the paths of thy feet:* and David desired God to cut out the tongue of a flatterer. But it is hard to know them from friends, they are so obsequious and full of protestations; for as a wolf resembles a dog, so doth a flatterer a friend. A flatterer is compared to an ape, who because she cannot defend the house like a dog, labour as an ox, or bear burdens as a horse, doth therefore yet play tricks, and provoke laughter. *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

FLATTERY—a Sneaking Art.

No flattery, boy! an honest man can't live by't;
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole, and soften fools withal.
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with't,
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive!
Otway.

FLATTERY—Caution against.

Beware of flattery; 'tis a flowery weed
Which oft offends the very idol vice
Whose shrine it would perfume. *Fenton.*

FLATTERY—a Base Currency.

Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency. *La Rochefoucauld.*

FLATTERY—Danger of.

Flattery is an ensnaring quality, and leaves a very dangerous impression. It swells a man's imagination, entertains his vanity, and drives him to a doting upon his own person. *Jeremy Collier.*

FLATTERY—Deceitfulness of.

People generally despise where they flatter, and cringe to those they would gladly overtop; so that truth and ceremony are two things. *Antoninus.*

FLATTERY—Dislike of.

Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame, a flatterer. *Johnson.*

FLATTERY—Easiness of.

Men find it more easy to flatter than to praise. *Richter.*

FLATTERY—Evils of.

'Tis the fate of princes, that no knowledge
Comes pure to them; but, passing through the eyes
And ears of other men, it takes a tincture
From every channel, and still bears a relish
Of flattery, or private ends. *Denham.*

FLATTERY—Influence of.

When I tell him he hates flattery,
He says he does, being then most flatter'd.
Shakspeare.

FLATTERY—Insipid.

This barren verbiage current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
Tennyson.

FLATTERY—Offensiveness of.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest. *Swift.*

FLATTERY—Potency of.

All-potent Flattery, universal lord!
Reviled, yet courted; censured, yet adored!
How thy strong spell each human bosom draws,
The very echo to our self-applause!
'Tis thine to smoothe the furrow'd brow of Pique,
Wrinkle with smiles the sour reluctant cheek,
Silence the wrathful, make the sullen speak,
Disarm a tyrant, tame a father's curse,
Wring the slow farthing from the miser's purse,
Subdue Lucretia, even when gold shall fail,
And make Apicius smile o'er cheese and ale!
Pope.

FLATTERY—Penalty of.

He who can listen pleased to such applause,
Buys at a dearer rate than I dare purchase,
And pays for idle air with sense and virtue.
Mallet.

FLATTERY—Seductiveness of.

No vizor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery. *Shakspeare.*

FLATTERY—only for Show.

Flattery is like a painted armour; only for show, not use. *Socrates.*

FLATTERY—Vice of.

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds.
Pernicious Flatt'ry, thy malignant seeds.
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffused o'er Virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.
Prior.

Do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Should the poor be flatter'd? *Ibid.*

FLOWERS—Associations of.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage-altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far-east delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far-west claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scriptures of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange-flowers are a bridal crown with us,—a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreath before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually-renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.
Mrs. Child.

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts He drew,
Eternal, universal as the sky;
Then in the bosom of your purity
A voice He set, as in a temple shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drown'd,
And the loud steps of vain, unlist'ning haste,
Yet the great lesson hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hush'd hour,
Than yours, meek lilies, chosen thus, and graced. *Mrs. Hemans.*

Lovely flowers are the smiles of God's goodness.
Wilberforce.

They bring me tales of youth, and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely and all die,
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,
And not reproach'd me; the ever sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
Walter Savage Landor.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by the most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.
And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.
Longfellow.

Who does not look back with feelings which he would in vain attempt to describe, to the delightful rambles which his native fields and meadows afforded to his earliest years? Flowers are among the first objects that forcibly attract the attention of young children, becoming to them the source of gratifications which are among the purest of which our nature is capable, and of which even the indistinct recollection imparts often a fleeting pleasure to the most cheerless moments of after-life.
Kidd.

FLOWERS—Beauty of.

The flowers are nature's jewels, with whose wealth
She decks her summer beauty: primrose sweet,
With blossoms of pure gold; enchanting rose,
That like a virgin queen, salutes the sun,
Dew-diadem'd. *Croly.*

FLOWERS—Cultivation of.

The cultivation of flowers is of all the amusements of mankind the one to be selected and approved as the most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others: the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but, probably, more good-will has arisen, and friendships been founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatsoever. The pleasures, the ecstasies of the horticulturist, are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes his triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days: an employ which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and, teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will. *Jesse.*

FLOWERS—Fading of.

Fade, flowers, fade,—nature will have it so,
'Tis what *we* must in our autumn do!
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that loved them found;
So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Miss'd by some few that loved our company,
But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve. *Waller.*

FLOWERS—Lessons from.

If thou wouldest attain to thy highest, go look upon a flower; what that does willessly, that do thou willingly. *Schiller.*

FLOWERS—the Gems of Nature.

Gems of the changing autumn, how beautiful ye are!
Shining from your glossy stems like many a golden star;
Peeping through the long grass, smiling on the down,
Lighting up the dusky bank, just where the sun goes down;
Yellow flowers of autumn, how beautiful ye are!
Shining from your glossy stems like many a golden star. *Campbell.*

FLOWERS—on the Rocks.

Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs,
With brows so pure, and incense breathing lips,
Whence are ye?—Did some white-winged messenger
On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?
—Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there *ye* stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribb'd ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanch'd amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands
Blesses your pencill'd beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-wing'd gale,
And freer dreams of heaven. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

FLOWERS—Scent of.

Whence is this delicate scent in the rose and the violet? It is not from the root,—that smells of nothing; not from the stalk,—that is as scentless as the root; not from the earth whence it grows, which contributes no more to these flowers than to the grass that grows by them; not from the leaf, not from the bud, before it be disclosed, which yields no more fragrance than the leaf, or stalk, or root; yet here I now find it: neither is there any miraculous way but in an ordinary course of nature, for all violets and roses of this kind yield the same redolence; it cannot be but that it was potentially in that root and stem from which the flowers proceed; and there placed and thence drawn by that Almighty Power which hath given these admirable virtues to several plants, and induces them, in His due season, to these excellent perfections. *Bishop Hall.*

FOLLY—Taking Advantage of.

No man should so act as to take advantage of another's folly. *Cicero.*

FOLLY—Definition of.

Folly consists in the drawing of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles. *Locke.*

FOLLY and INNOCENCE.

Folly and Innocence are so alike,
The diff'rence, though essential, fails to strike;
Yet Folly ever has a vacant stare,
A simp'ring countenance, and a trifling air;
But Innocence, sedate, serene, erect,
Delights us by engaging our respect. *Cowper.*

FOOD—Pulse most Nutritious.

The flesh-yielding qualities of all the pulse—or bean, pea, and lentil family—are very notable, but by no means a modern discovery. If Esau paid dearly for his mess of pottage, he had at least the advantage of a bowlful of the very best vegetable food for the support of his fleshy, hairy body; inasmuch as Esau's "red pottage" was made of "lentils," as appears from Genesis xxv. 30—34. Listen, too, ye patronisers of the "Arabic" Revelanta—Relevanta—Ervelanta—and all the other change-ringing in the pulse—the pea, bean, and lentil—line, to the words of Daniel on this special subject:—"Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat and water to drink: then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat. . . . And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and *fatter* in FLESH than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. Thus Melzar took away the portion of the meat and the wine that they should drink, and gave them pulse." And thus, too, pulse appears to be "a dainty dish" not only fit "to set before a king," but better than all the king's meat and all the king's wine! And, moreover, with reference to modern chemical analysis and its results, so far as regards this precise description of food, and considering the difference between heat-giving, which, in fact, is a sort of fat-yielding material, and actual solid *flesh*-yielding substance, how peculiarly and strictly, and even chemically, correct is the expression "fatter in flesh," when the *flesh*-yielding, rather than the merely *fat*-yielding, quality of the food is considered!

Pocock.

FOOD—The Purpose of.

For what is food given? To enable us to carry on the necessary business of life, and that our support may be such as our work requires. This is the use of food. Man eats and drinks that he may work, therefore, the idle man forfeits his right to his daily bread; and the apostle lays down a rule both just and natural, that "if any man will not work, neither shall he eat:" but no sooner do we fall into abuse and excess, then we are sure to suffer for it in mind and in body, either with sickness, or ill temper, or vicious inclinations, or with all of them at once. Man is *enabled* to work by eating what is sufficient; he is *hindered* from working, and becomes heavy, idle, and stupid, if he take too much. As to the bodily distempers that are occasioned by excess, there is no end of them.

Jones of Nayland.

FOOL—Characteristic of a.

His brain
Is as dry as the remainder-biscuit
After a voyage. *Shakspeare.*

FOOL-HARDINESS.

Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. *Ibid.*

FOOLS—Assumption of.

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself, and in his greatest concern thinks certainly he knows that which he has least studied, and of which he is most profoundly ignorant. *Shaftesbury.*

FOOLS—advanced by Fortune.

Fortune can, for her pleasure, fools advance,
And toss them on the whirling wheels of chance. *Dryden.*

FOOLS—incapable of Improvement.

Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. *Solomon.*

FOOLS—Rights of.

People have no right to make fools of themselves, unless they have no relations to blush for them. *Haliburton.*

FOOLS—Solemn.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclined?
The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot—
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool when I behold the screen;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Young.

FOOLS—Thievery of.

Of all thieves fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper. *Goethe.*

FOP—Always a.

Foppery is never cured; it is the bad stamina of the mind, which, like those of the body, are never rectified; once a coxcomb, and always a coxcomb. *Johnson.*

FOP—Character of a.

A fop, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as himself. *Hughes.*

FOP—Description of a.

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, tho' not so light as he:
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask;
The solemn fop; significant and fudge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.
Cowper.

A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait:
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it seemed, tho' of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread,
O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.
Churchill.

In form so delicate, so soft his skin,
So fair in feature, and so smooth his chin,
Quite to unman him nothing wants but this;
Put him in coats, and he's a very miss.
Horace.

Touching dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a dandy specially is. A dandy is a clothes-wearing man,—a man whose trade, office, and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse, and person, is heroically consecrated to this one object,—the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that, as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of clothes, ... has sprung up in the intellect of the dandy, without effort, like an instinct of genius: he is inspired with cloth, a poet of cloth.
Carlyle.

A coxcomb is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman. *Johnson.*

FOP—his own Maker.

Nature has sometimes made a fool; but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.
Addison.

FOP—Manners of a.

This is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms.
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations. *Shakspeare.*

FOP—Manners of a.

He was perfumèd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose; and still he smiled and talked. *Shakspeare.*

FOPS.

Fops take a world of pains
To prove that bodies may exist *sans* brains;
The former so fantastically dress'd,
The latter's absence may be safely guess'd.
Churchill.

FORBEARANCE—Christian.

Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.
St. Matthew.

FORBEARANCE—Necessity of.

Use every man after his deserts, and who shall 'scape whipping. *Shakspeare.*

FORBEARANCE—towards Others.

It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, but to proclaim his virtues upon the house-top. *South.*

FORBEARANCE and TOLERATION—Reasons for.

If the peculiarities of our feelings and faculties be the effect of variety of excitement through a diversity of organization, it should tend to produce in us *mutual forbearance and toleration.* We should perceive how nearly impossible it is that persons should feel and think exactly alike upon any subject. We should not arrogantly pride ourselves upon our virtues and knowledge, nor condemn the errors and weakness of others, since they may depend upon causes which we can neither produce nor easily counteract. No one, judging from his own feelings and powers, can be aware of the kind or degree of temptation or terror, or the seeming incapacity to resist them, which may induce others to deviate.
Abernethy.

FORCE—Ineffectiveness of.

Who overcomes by force,
Hath overcome but half his foe. *Milton.*

FORESIGHT.

To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.
Shakspeare.

FOREST—The.

The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees;
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales,
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. *Thomson.*

FOREST SCENE—Pleasures of a.

Sometimes outstretch'd in very idleness,
Naught doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, their dances upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the wood-berries and worms provide
Without their pains, when Earth hath naught beside
To answer their small wants.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop and gaze, then turn they know not why,
Like bashful younkers in society.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be!
Lamb.

FORETHOUGHT—Happiness of.

Happy are those,
That knowing, in their births, they are subject to
Uncertain changes, are still prepared and arm'd
For either fortune: a rare principle,
And with much labour learn'd in wisdom's school. *Massinger.*

FORGIVENESS—the Act of the Brave.

The brave only know how to forgive—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions; cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave—it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness. *Sterne.*

FORGIVENESS—Half a.

When a man but half forgives his enemy, it is like leaving a bag of rusty nails to interpose between them. *Latimer.*

FORGIVENESS—to be sought from Heaven.

If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconciled, as yet, to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight. *Shakspeare.*

FORGIVENESS—Necessity of.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven. *Lord Herbert.*

FORGIVENESS—to Others.

It is in vain for you to expect, it is impudent for you to ask of God forgiveness on your own behalf, if you refuse to exercise this forgiving temper with respect to others. *Hoadley.*

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself. *Ausonius.*

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another. *Richter.*

FORGIVENESS—Prerogative of.

To have the power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative,
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,
To grant a pardon than condemn. *Butler.*

FORGIVENESS—Spirit of.

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation: our weaknesses are thus indemnified, and are not too costly, being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness; and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm, that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl. *Richter.*

FORGIVENESS—a Necessary Virtue.

Man has an unfortunate readiness, in the evil hour, after receiving an affront, to draw together all the moon-spots on the other person into an outline of shadow, and a night-piece, and to transform a single deed into a whole life; and this only in order that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love, he has fortunately the opposite faculty of crowding together all the light parts and rays of its object into one focus, by means of the burning glass of imagination, and letting its sun burn without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved and often censured being is already beyond the skies. In order, however, that we should do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Winckelmann, but only in another way. As he, namely, set aside a particular half-hour or each day for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence in

Rome, so we ought daily or weekly to dedicate and sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families, our wives, our children, and our friends, and viewing them in this beautiful crowded assemblage of their good qualities. And, indeed, we should do so for this reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the beloved beings are already departed hence, and are beyond our reach. *Richter.*

FORMALIST—The.

His house is as empty of religion as the white of an egg is of savour. *Bunyan.*

FORMS—Dissolution of.

The dissolution of *forms* is no loss in the mass of matter. *Pliny.*

FORMS—Utility of.

Of what use are forms, seeing at times they are empty?—Of the same use as barrels, which at times are empty too. *Hare.*

FORMULAS—Realities of.

Formulas, too, as we call them, have a reality in human life. They are real as the very skin and muscular tissue of a man's life, and a most blessed, indispensable thing, so long as they have vitality withal, and are a living skin and tissue to him! No man, or man's life, can go abroad and do business in the world without skin and tissues. No; first of all, these have to fashion themselves, as indeed they spontaneously and inevitably do. Foam itself—and this is worth thinking of—can harden into oyster-shell: all living objects do by necessity form to themselves a skin. *Carlyle.*

FORMULAS—Utility of.

What we call formulas are not in their origin bad; they are indispensably good. Formula is method, habitude, found wherever man is found. Formulas fashion themselves as paths do, as beaten highways, leading towards some sacred or high object, whither many men are bent. Consider it. One man, full of heartfelt, earnest impulse, finds out a way of doing somewhat, were it of uttering his soul's reverence for the Highest, were it but of fitly saluting his fellow-man. An inventor was needed to do that,—a poet; he has articulated the dim struggling thought that dwelt in his own and many hearts. This is his way of doing that; these are his footsteps, the beginning of "a path." And now see: the second man travels naturally in the footsteps of his foregoer: it is the easiest method. In the footsteps of his foregoer; yet with improvements, changes, where such seem good; at all events with enlargements, the path ever widening itself as more travel it, till at last there is a broad highway, whereon the whole world may travel and drive. Formulas all begin by being full of substance; you may call them the skin, the articulation into shape, into limbs and skin, of a substance that is already there: they had not been there otherwise. Idols, as we said, are not idolatrous till they become doubtful, empty for the worshipper's heart. Much as we talk against formulas, I hope no one of us is ignorant withal of the high significance of true formulas; that they were, and will ever be, the indispensablest furniture of our habitation in this world. *Carlyle.*

FORTITUDE.

To bear is to conquer our fate. *Campbell.*

FORTITUDE—in Adversity.

Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
Shakspeare.

Let him not imagine, who aims at greatness, that all is lost by a single adverse cast of fortune; for if fortune has at one time the better of courage, courage may afterwards recover the advantage. He who is prepossessed with the assurance of overcoming, at least overcomes the fear of failure; whereas, he who is apprehensive of losing, loses, in reality, all hopes of subduing. Boldness and power are such inseparable companions, that they appear to be born together; and, when once divided, they both decay and die at the same time. *Venn.*

FORTITUDE—Armour of.

Who fights
With passions and o'ercomes, that man is arm'd
With the best virtue,—passive fortitude.
Webster.

FORTITUDE—of a Christian.

The fortitude of a Christian consists in patience, not in enterprises which the poets call heroic, and which are commonly the effects of interest, pride, and worldly honour. *Dryden.*

FORTITUDE—in great Exploits.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants and that wisdom guides.
Addison.

FORTITUDE—Nobleness of.

Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves;
There is a nobleness of mind that heals
Wounds beyond salves. *Cartwright.*

FORTITUDE—Perseverance in.

As a pine
Rent from Œta's top by sweeping tempests,
Jointed again and made a mast, defies
Those angry winds that split him: so will I,
Pieced to my never-failing strength and fortune,
Steer through these swelling dangers;
Plough their prides up, and bear like thunder
Through their loudest tempest.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

But, prince, remember thou
The vows, the noble uses of affliction;
Preserve the quick humanity it gives,
The pitying social sense of human weakness;
Yet keep thy stubborn fortitude entire,
The manly heart that to another's woe
Is tender, but superior to its own.
Learn to submit, yet learn to conquer fortune;
Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
And offices of life: to life itself,
With all its vain and transient joys, sit loose.
Ibid.

FORTITUDE—a Support in Sorrow.

The human race are sons of sorrow born;
And each must have its portion. Vulgar minds
Refuse, or crouch beneath their load; the brave
Bear theirs without repining. *Mallet.*

FORTITUDE—Virtues of.

With such unshaken temper of the soul,
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune: in adversity
The mind grows rough by buffeting tempests;
But, in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness. *Rowe.*

Thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are they
Whose blood and judgment mingled are so well,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please. *Shakspeare.*

It is true fortitude to stand firm against
All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die
In fear to suffer more calamity. *Massinger.*

FORTUNE—Acquisition of.

Many have been ruined by their fortunes; many have escaped ruin by the want of fortune. To obtain it, the great have become little, and the little, great. *Zimmerman.*

FORTUNE—A Broken.

A broken fortune is like a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it has to sustain. *Ovid.*

FORTUNE—Caprices of.

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty. *Shakspeare.*

FORTUNE—Chances and Changes of.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
Ibid.

Fortune makes quick despatch, and in a day
May strip you bare as beggary itself.
Cumberland.

Be ready for all changes in thy fortune;
Be constant when they happen; but above all,
Mostly distrust good fortune's soothing smile;
There lurks the danger, though we least suspect it:
Hunt for no offices!—accept them offer'd!—
But never to the wrong of suffering merit,
Or thy own virtue—there may chance a time
When by refusing honours you most gain them.
Havard.

Who would trust slippery Chance?
They that would make
Themselves her spoil, and foolishly forget
When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey.
Fortune thou hast no deity, if men
Had wisdom; we have placed thee so high,
By fond belief in thy felicity. *Johnson.*

There is nothing keeps longer than a middling fortune, and nothing melts away sooner than a great one. Poverty treads upon the heels of great and unexpected riches.
La Bruyère.

On fickle wings the minutes haste,
And Fortune's favours never last. *Seneca.*

Fortune is like the market, where, many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall. *Bacon.*

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food,—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
Shakspeare.

FORTUNE—Chances and Changes of.

The old Scythians
Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with wings,
To show her gifts come swift and suddenly,
Which, if her favourite be not swift to take,
He loses them for ever. *Chapman.*

The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within himself, I shall to-day be uppermost! *Confucius.*

FORTUNE—Creating our own.

To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast in the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy, of which they were previously unsusceptible. *Franklin.*

FORTUNE—Defects of.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune, for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. *Cowley.*

FORTUNE—Favours of.

'Tis she that gives (so mighty is her power)
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
She is the wretch's wish, the fool's pretence,
The sluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence.
Souls heavenly-born her faithless boons defy;
The brave is to himself a deity. *Garth.*

FORTUNE—Gifts of.

Receive the gifts of fortune without pride, and part with them without reluctance. *Antoninus.*

Fortune gives too much to many, but to none enough. *Martial.*

FORTUNE—Grappling with.

We are sure to get the better of fortune, if we do but grapple with her. *Seneca.*

FORTUNE—the Companion of Industry.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six. *Goldsmith.*

FORTUNE—Kindness of.

Fate's dark recesses we can never find,
But fortune at some hours to all is kind;
The lucky have whole days which still they choose,
Th' unlucky have but hours, and those they lose. *Dryden.*

FORTUNE—Men of.

Their folly pleads the privilege of wealth. *Horace.*

FORTUNE—Power of.

Fortune, to show us her power in all things, and to abate our presumption, seeing she could not make fools wise, she has made them fortunate. *Montaigne.*

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit. *Swift.*

FORTUNE—ruled by Prudence.

It is a madness to make Fortune the mistress of events, because in herself she is nothing, but is ruled by prudence. *Dryden.*

FORTUNE—Inconvenience of a Small.

The worst inconvenience of a small fortune is, that it will not admit of inadvertency. *Shenstone.*

FORTUNE—Smiles of.

Pleasure has been the business of my life,
And every change of fortune easy to me,
Because I still was easy to myself. *Dryden.*

What real good does an addition to a fortune already sufficient procure! Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement. *Goldsmith.*

FORTUNE—Welcomeness of.

Good fortune that comes seldom, comes more welcome. *Dryden.*

FORTUNE—Whims of.

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways to enrich her followers:
To some she honour gives without deserving;
To other some, deserving, without honour;
Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without wealth;
Some wealth without wit; some nor wit nor wealth,
But good smock faces, or some qualities
By nature, without judgment; with the which
They live in sensual acceptation,
And make show only without touch of substance. *Chapman.*

FORTUNE—Wings of.

Fortune's wings are made of Time's feathers, which stay not whilst one may measure them. *Lilly.*

FORTUNE and HAPPINESS—Distinct Ideas.

What avails all the pomp and parade of life which appear abroad, if, when we shift the gaudy flattering scene, the man is unhappy where happiness must begin at home! Whatever ingredients of bliss Providence may have poured into his cup, domestic misfortunes will render the whole composition distasteful. Fortune and happiness are two very distinct ideas; however some who have a false idea of life and a wrongness of thinking may confound them. *Seed.*

FORTUNE-TELLER—The.

A savage wilderness round him hung,
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure, and his mien
A savage character was seen,
Of mountain and of dreary moors. *Wordsworth.*

A hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse.
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. *Shakspeare.*

FORTUNE-TELLER—Encampment of the.

Again, the country was enclosed, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side;
Where, lo! a hollow on the left appear'd,
And there a gipsy tribe their tent had rear'd.
'Twas open spread to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat
The early traveller with their prayers to greet.
Within, the father, who from fences nigh
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watch'd now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by.
On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork, negligently dress'd,
Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast.
In her wild face some touch of grace remain'd
Of vigour palsied, and of beauty stain'd,
Her blood-shot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid; her mother there
With gipsy state engross'd the only chair.
Solemn and dull her look; with such she stands,
And reads the milkmaid's fortune in her hands,
Tracing the lines of life; assumed through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears.
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging, pinches their intruding brood.
Last in the group the worn-out grandsire sits
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits;
Useless, despised, his worthless labours done,
And half-protected by the vicious son,
Who half-supports him; he, with heavy glance,
Views the young ruffians who around him dance;
And, by the sadness in his face appears
To trace the progress of their future years;
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat;
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain—
Ere they, like him, approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend.
Crabbe.

FORTUNE-TELLER—Life of the.

I see a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd
From his accustom'd perch. Hard-faring race
They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
Strange! that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature; and, though capable of arts
By which the world might profit, and himself,
Self-banish'd from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil! *Cowper.*

FORTUNE-TELLING—Influence of.

Of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. *Mackenzie.*

FOUNDLING—A.

What extenuation is not authorized by the position of a foundling! Without parents, or friends, or early teachers to direct him, his little bark set adrift on the ocean of life, to take its chance among the rude billows and breakers, without one friendly hand stretched forth to steer or save it! The name of "found-

ling" comprehends an apology for much, very much, that is wrong in after-life. *Prescott.*

FOUNTAIN—A.

It was a well
Of whitest marble, white as from the quarry;
And richly wrought with many a high relief,—
Greek sculpture;—in some earlier days perhaps
A tomb, and honour'd with a hero's ashes.
The water from the rock filled, overflow'd it;
Then dash'd away, playing the prodigal,
And soon was lost—stealing, unseen, unheard,
Through the long grass, and round the twisted roots
Of aged trees—discovering where it ran
By the fresh verdure. Overcome with heat,
I threw me down, admiring as I lay.
That shady nook—a singing-place for birds,
That grove so intricate, so full of flowers,
More than enough to please a maid a-Maying.
Rogers.

'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day,
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground. *Byron.*

FOUNTAIN—in the Desert.

This sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
Such tents the patriarchs loved? O long unharm'd
May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a fairy's page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount,
Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
Coleridge.

FRANCE—in Olden Times.

A monarchy tempered by songs. *Champfort.*

FREEDOM—Battle of.

Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won. *Byron.*

FREEDOM—in Debate.

Pray you use your freedom, and so far, if it please you, allow me mine to hear you, only not to be compelled to take your moral potions. *Massinger.*

FREEDOM—Existing with Foreknowledge.

Man (ingenious to contrive his woe.
And rob himself of all that makes this vale
Of tears bloom comfort) cries, If God foresees
Our future actings, then the objects known
Must be determined, or the knowledge fail;
Thus liberty's destroyed, and all we do
Or suffer, by a fatal thread is spun.
Say, fool, with too much subtlety misled,
Who reasonest but to err, does Prescience change
The property of things? Is aught thou seest
Caused by thy vision, not thy vision caused
By forms that previously exist? To God
This mode of seeing future deeds extends,
And freedom with foreknowledge may exist.
Bally.

FREEDOM—Power of.

For, O! her softest breath, that might not stir
The summer gossamer tremulous on its throne,
Makes the crown'd tyrants start with realmless looks! *Gerald Massey.*

FREEDOM—the Use of all Human Powers.

For what is freedom, but the unfettered use
Of all the powers which God for use had given?
But chiefly this, Him first, Him last to view
Through meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as through clouds that veil His blaze. *Coleridge.*

FREEDOM—Spirit of.

The greatest glory of a free-born people
Is to transmit that freedom to their children.
Havard.

FREEDOM—associated with Virtue.

If with streamy radiance God
Had dazzling beamed upon his creatures' eyelids,
And shown Himself to their unbandaged view,
And with a voice divine to us had spoken,
Destroying in our hearts the wondrous balance,
(Man ceasing to be man had lost his *freedom*)
Our soul would not have struggled with our senses,
And void of freedom what would virtue be?
Lamartine.

FREE-MEN—Qualities of.

Who are the free?
They who have scorn'd the tyrant and his rod,
And bow'd in worship unto none but God;
They who have made the conqueror's glory dim—

Unchain'd in soul, though manacled in limb—
Unwarp'd by prejudice—unawed by wrong;
Friends to the weak, and fearless of the strong.
They who could change not with the changing hour.
The self-same men in peril and in power;
True to the law of right, as warmly prone
To grant another's as maintain their own;
Foes of oppression whereso'er it be—
These are the proudly free!
Prince.

FREE-WILL.

Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Milton.

FREE-WILL—Responsibility of.

They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-ruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree,
Of high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all,
Both what they judge and what they choose.
Ibid.

Grace leads the right way: if you choose the wrong,
Take it and perish, but restrain your tongue;
Charge not, with light sufficient, and left *free*,
Your wilful suicide on God's decree. *Cowper.*

FRIEND—Character of a.

Concerning the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence, when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and, instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your "tale of symptoms," and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer—but, depend upon it, he is not your friend. *Enfield.*

FRIEND—Conduct towards a.

Chide a friend in private, and praise him in public. *Solon.*

FRIEND—Counsel concerning a.

Take heed of a speedy professing friend; love is never lasting which flames before it burns. *Feltham.*

FRIEND—Countenance of a.

The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth, as proudest palaces have cause to envy the gilding. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

FRIEND—A Faithful.

Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but nought was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen
In darkest day; and many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Pollok.

A faithful friend is better than gold,—a medicine for misery, an only possession.
Burton.

As a true friend is the sweetest contentment in the world, so in his qualities he well resembleth honey, the sweetest of all liquors. Nothing is more sweet to the taste, nothing more sharp and cleansing, when it meets with an exulcerate sore. For myself, I know that I

have faults; and therefore I care not for that friend that I never smart by. For my friends, I know they cannot be faultless; and therefore as they shall find me sweet in their praises and encouragements, so sharp in their censure. Either let them abide me no friend to their faults or no friend to themselves. *Bishop Hall.*

FRIEND—A Prudent.

A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one. *Addison.*

FRIEND—a Sun.

Every friend is to the other a sun, and a sunflower also. He attracts and follows. *Richter.*

FRIEND—Talking with a.

Talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud. *Addison.*

FRIEND—A True.

A true friend is distinguished in the crisis of hazard and necessity; when the gallantry of his aid may show the worth of his soul and the loyalty of his heart. *Ennius.*

Thou mayst be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults, is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike, and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind. *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen: fixing, fix;—
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Young.

A friend loveth at all times; and a brother is born for adversity. *Solomon.*

Not so with me—for I had other friends,
Whose presence gilds the scene of my retreat
With light perpetual;—friends not such as those
That swarm in every corner, whom to please
Reluctance must submit to swallow down
Inflaming draughts—whose converse must be bought
With nights of riot, and with mornings spent
In sickness and in shame; these friends of mine
Are quiet, gentle, rational, polite,
And unassuming; never tire the ear
With cold formality's unmeaning phrase;
Are not offended at a slight neglect;
Come at a call, and at a nod retire;

In diff'rent climes and diff'rent ages born,
They, with the harmony of various tongues,
Nervous or soft, can charm the list'ning ear;
Can suit each humour, whether grave or gay,
With correspondent themes; of love and war
Can talk with equal ease; of public life,
And rural quiet; trifles of a day,
And things of weight eternal; ev'ry tale
Of private virtue or domestic woe
To them is fully known, as are the deeds
Of mightiest heroes, or the fates of kings.
Alexander Thomson.

FRIENDS—Choice of.

We ought always to make choice of persons of such worth and honour for our friends, that, if they should ever cease to be so, they will not abuse our confidence, nor give us cause to fear them as enemies. *Addison.*

True happiness
Consists not in a multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice. *Ben Jonson.*

FRIENDS—in Unequal Condition.

If thy friends be of better quality than thyself, thou mayest be sure of two things: the first, that they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast: the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for that which thou dost possess. *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

FRIENDS—not always best Counsellors.

A long life may be passed without finding a friend, in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for its justness and sincerity. A weak man, however honest, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counsel. Friends are often chosen for similitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failings because they are his own. Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain; or they are interested, and fearful to offend. *Johnson.*

FRIENDS—in Heaven.

All are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;
And many friendships in the days of Time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still.
Pollok.

FRIENDS—Keeping our.

Procure not friends in haste, and when thou hast a friend part not with him in haste. *Solon.*

FRIENDS—Loss of.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?

To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroyed.
Byron.

FRIENDS—Making.

It is better to decide a difference between our enemies, than our friends; for one of our friends will most likely become our enemy; but on the other hand, one of our enemies will probably become our friend. *Bias.*

FRIENDS—Many.

He who hath many friends, hath none.
Aristotle.

FRIENDS—Memory of.

Sweet is the memory of distant friends! Like the mellow rays of the departing sun, it falls tenderly, yet sadly, on the heart.
Washington Irving.

FRIENDS—Paucity of.

Friends, but few on earth, and therefore dear. *Pollok.*

FRIENDS—Necessary Qualities of.

A man that is fit to make a friend of, must have conduct to manage the engagement, and resolution to maintain it. He must use freedom without roughness, and oblige without design. Cowardice will betray friendship, and covetousness will starve it. Folly will be nauseous, passion is apt to ruffle, and pride will fly out into contumely and neglect.
Jeremy Collier.

FRIENDS—True.

When true friends meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower;
A watery ray an instant seen,
The darkly closing clouds between.
Sir Walter Scott.

FRIENDS—the Time for Trying.

Friends are much better tried in bad fortune than in good. *Aristotle.*

FRIENDS—Moral Uses of.

The noblest part of a friend is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of a fault, aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful; wise, in spying that which I see not; faithful, in a plain admonishment, not tainted with flattery.
Feltham.

We learn our virtues from the bosom friends who love us; our faults from the enemy who hates us. We cannot easily discover our real form from a friend. He is a mirror, on which the warmth of our breath impedes the clearness of the reflection. *Richter.*

FRIENDS—Want of.

He that has no friend and no enemy, is one of the vulgar, and without talents, power, or energy. *Lavater.*

FRIENDSHIP—Advantages of.

Friendship improves happiness, and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and the dividing of our grief. *Cicero.*

FRIENDSHIP—Candour of.

Reproach, or mute disgust, is the reward
Of candid friendship, that disdains to hide
Unpalatable truth. *Smollet.*

FRIENDSHIP—gradually Cemented.

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth;
Though planted in esteem's deep-fix'd soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection. *Joanna Baillie.*

FRIENDSHIP—Constancy of.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues.
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. *Shakspeare.*

FRIENDSHIP—Contracts of.

Friendship contracted with the wicked decreases from hour to hour, like the early shadow of the morning; but friendship formed with the virtuous will increase like the shadow of evening, till the sun of life shall set.
Herder.

FRIENDSHIP—loses nothing by Death.

The friendship of high and sanctified spirits loses nothing by death but its alloy; failings disappear, and the virtues of those, whose "faces we shall behold no more," appear greater and more sacred when beheld through the shades of the sepulchre. *Robert Hall.*

FRIENDSHIP—Definition of.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of each other. *Addison.*

FRIENDSHIP—Devotedness of.

Friendship is power and riches all to me;
Friendship 's another element of life:
Water and fire not of more general use
To the support and comfort of the world,
Than friendship to the being of my joy:
I would do everything to serve a friend.
Southern.

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure:
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.
Addison.

He loved me well; so well he could but die
To show he loved me better than his life:
He lost it for me. *Dryden.*

FRIENDSHIP—without Discretion.

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion; even a prudent enemy is preferable. *La Fontaine.*

FRIENDSHIP—Early.

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.
Shakspeare.

FRIENDSHIP—Empire of.

He doth mainly vary from my sense,
Who thinks the empire gain'd by violence,
More absolute and durable than that
Which gentleness and friendship do create.
Terence.

FRIENDSHIP—Esteem Advances.

There is perhaps no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others. *Sir Walter Scott.*

FRIENDSHIP—Fairness of.

Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscape of the spring?
In the bright eye of Hesper in the morn,
In nature's fairest forms is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? *Akenside.*

FRIENDSHIP—False.

False friendship, like the ivy, decays and ruins the walls it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports. *Burton.*

FRIENDSHIP—of slow Growth.

Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit. *Chesterfield.*

Let friendship creep gently to a height,—if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath. *Fuller.*

FRIENDSHIP—Improvement of.

There cannot be a more worthy improvement of friendship than in a fervent opposition to the sins of those whom we profess to love.
Bishop Hall.

FRIENDSHIP—Instability of.

The instability of friendship furnishes one of the most melancholy reflections suggested by the contemplation of human life; and few of us have travelled far upon our pilgrimage, without having had occasion to lament the loss of some companion who has parted from our side upon the first rumour that we have wandered from the fountains of the desert.
Willmott.

FRIENDSHIP—of a Good Man.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longest to be retained, and indeed never to be parted with, unless he ceases to be that for which he was chosen.
Jeremy Taylor.

FRIENDSHIP—Motives to.

The two firm rocks on which all friendships stand,
Are love of freedom, and our country's glory;
Piety, valour, and paternal love
Form the arising pile: the other virtues,
Candour, beneficence, and moral trust,
Are superstructures, and adorn the dome.
Havard.

FRIENDSHIP—Mutability of.

That friendship's raised on sand,
Which every sudden gust of discontent,
Or flowing of our passions, can change,
As if it ne'er had been. *Massinger.*

FRIENDSHIP—Occasions of.

There is such a natural principle of attraction in man towards man, that having trod the same tract of land, having breathed in the same climate, barely having been born in the same artificial district or division, becomes the occasion of contracting acquaintances and familiarities many years after: for any thing may serve the purpose. Thus, relations merely nominal, are sought and invented, not by governors, but by the lowest of the people, which are found sufficient to hold mankind together in little fraternities and copartnerships; weak ties, indeed, and what may afford fund enough for ridicule, if they are absurdly

considered as the *real principles* of that union; but they are, in truth, merely the *occasions*, as anything may be, of any thing to which our nature carries us on, according to its own previous bent and bias; which occasion, therefore, would be nothing at all, were there not this prior bias or disposition of nature. *Butler.*

FRIENDSHIP—Objects of.

Friendship requires actions. *Richter.*

FRIENDSHIP—How to Obtain.

Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend, who is an animal that is never caught nor tamed, but by kindness and pleasure. Excite them by your civilities, and show them that you desire nothing more than their satisfaction; oblige, with all your soul, that friend who has made you a present of his own. *Socrates.*

FRIENDSHIP—Over-zeal in.

He that doth a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together. *Jeremy Taylor.*

FRIENDSHIP—Power of.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And to dispart the heart with power extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance down: to wit,
The dear affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to woman-kind,
Or zeal of friends, combined by virtues meet;
But of them all, the band of virtuous mind,
Methinks, the gentle heart shall most assurèd
bind. *Spenser.*

FRIENDSHIP—not to be Purchased.

Purchase not friends by gifts: when thou ceasest to give, such will cease to love. *Fuller.*

FRIENDSHIP—Qualities of.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother. *Lord Clarendon.*

FRIENDSHIP—Reminiscences of.

I had a friend that loved me;
I was his soul: he lived not but in me.
We were so closed within each other's breast,
The rivets were not found that joined us first,
That do not reach us yet: we were so mix'd,
As meeting streams; but to ourselves were lost.
We were one mass; we could not give or take
But from the same; for he was I, I he.
Return my better half, and give me all myself,
For thou art all.
If I have any joy when thou art absent,
I grudge it to myself: methinks I rob
Thee of thy part. *Dryden.*

FRIENDSHIP—Rarity of.

Rare is true love: true friendship is still rarer.
La Fontaine.

FRIENDSHIP—Solace of.

Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much: thou hast deserved of me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay. *Blair.*

FRIENDSHIP—Strengthening of.

Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life. *La Fontaine.*

FRIENDSHIP—Sympathy of.

Friendship is one of the greatest boons God can bestow on man. It is a union of our finest feelings; an uninterested binding of hearts, and a sympathy between two souls. It is an indefinable trust we repose in one another, a constant communication between two minds, and an unremitting anxiety for each other's souls. What, then, is the root, the cause, of friendship?—Sympathy. Sympathy conceives friendship; friendship, love. Love is friendship. The tree that bears love, bears also friendship. Where friendship exists between two persons, there is also, always, hope; in adversity there is always a support, a refuge, a knowledge of there still remaining some succour; and as a babe cries for its mother for nourishment, so do we in adversity run to friendship for advice, fully relying on some means by which it may release us from the troubles of the world. And in true friendship there is cultivated such a love of God, such a devotion for the Creator of the world, that the chains become adamant. Friendship having thus a righteous appreciation of the Almighty's goodness and power, and a knowledge of His injunctions to the righteous, and the reward they may expect hereafter, it spreads around, everywhere, joy and happiness, causing not only fresh unions, but, with praiseworthy Christian exertion and love, rendering them inflexible. *J. Hill.*

FRIENDSHIP—Tests of.

True friends visit us in prosperity only when invited, but in adversity they come without invitation. *Theophrastus.*

FRIENDSHIP —Transiency of.

For my own part, I found such friendships, though warm enough in their commencement, surprisingly liable to extinction; and of seven or eight whom I had selected for intimates out of about three hundred, in ten years' time not one was left me. The truth is that there may be, and often is, an attachment of one boy to another that looks very like friendship, and while they are in circumstances that enable them mutually to oblige and assist each other, promises well and bids fair to be lasting—but they are no sooner separated from each other, by entering into the world at large, than other connections and new employments, in which they no longer share together, efface the remembrance of what passed in earlier days, and they become strangers to each other for ever. Add to this, the man frequently differs so much from the boy—his principles, manners, temper, and conduct, undergo so great an alteration—that we no longer recognise in him our old playfellow, but find him utterly unworthy and unfit for the place he once held in our affections. *Cowper.*

FRIENDSHIP—in Time of Trouble.

It is in the time of trouble, when some, to whom we may have looked for consolation and encouragement, regard us with coldness, and others, perhaps, treat us with hostility, that the warmth of the friendly heart and the support of the friendly hand acquire increased value, and demand additional gratitude.
Bishop Mant.

FRIENDSHIP—True.

Friendship, which, once determined, never swerves,
Weighs ere it trusts, but weighs not ere it serves;
And soft-eyed Pity, and Forgiveness bland,
And melting Charity, with open hand;
And artless Love, believing and believed,
And honest Confidence, which ne'er deceived;
And Mercy, stretching out, ere Want can speak,
To wipe the tear which stains Affliction's cheek. *Hannah More.*

FRIENDSHIP—Union of.

Friendship is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies. *Aristotle.*

FRIENDSHIP—Usefulness of.

Friendship is the only thing in the world, concerning usefulness in which all mankind are agreed. *Cicero.*

FRIENDSHIP—Violation of.

He who maliciously takes advantage of the unguarded moments of friendship, is no farther from knavery than the latest moment of evening from the first of night. *Lavater.*

The amity that Wisdom knits not, Folly
May easily untie. *Shakspeare.*

FROST—The.

Artist unseen! that, dipp'd in frozen dew,
Hast on the glittering glass thy pencil laid,
Ere from yon sun the transient visions fade,
Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew!
Thy towers and palaces of diamond hue,—
Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,—
And, hung in air, hoar trees of branching shade,
That liquid pearl distil: thy scenes renew,
Whate'er old bards or later fictions feign,
Of secret grottos underneath the wave,
Where Nereids roof with spar the amber cave;
Or bowers of bliss, where sport the fairy team,
Who, frequent by the moonlight wanderer seen,
Circle with radiant gems the dewy green.
Sotheby.

The frost is God's plough, which He drives through every inch of ground in the world, opening each clod, and pulverizing the whole.
Fuller.

FROST—Architecture of the.

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak,
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled in like sleet in the wanderer's cheek:
It had carried a shiver everywhere;
From the unleaved boughs and pastures bare.
The little brook heard it, and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof:
All night, by the white stars' frosty gleams,
He groined his arches, and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars,
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight,
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes, the roof no fretwork knew,
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved, in sharp relief,
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf,
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heav'n to shine through; and here

He had caught the nodding bulrush tops,
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry,
By the elfin builders of the frost. *Lowell.*

FROST—Secret Influence of the.

The frost performs its secret ministry
Unhelp'd by any wind. *Coleridge.*

FROST—Phenomena of the.

When stormy Winter from the frozen North,
Borne on his icy chariot issues forth,
The blasted groves their verdant pride resign,
And waters, harden'd into crystal, shine;
Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
And the broad floods, as with a breastplate, binds.
E'en the proud seas forget in tides to roll
Beneath the freezings of the northern pole;
There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
And Alps of ice invade the wondering skies;
While gulfs below, and slippery valleys lie,
And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye.
Broome.

FRUGALITY—Necessity of.

It appears evident that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expense; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expense, there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly, and to save meanly: having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.
Johnson.

FRUGALITY—Pedigree of.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption.
Ibid.

FUNERAL—The Rustic.

Yet, surely, when the level ray
Of some mild eve's descending sun
Lights on the village pastor, grey
In years ere ours had well begun—
As there—in simplest vestment clad,
He speaks, beneath the churchyard tree,
In solemn tones,—but yet not sad,—
Of what Man is—what Man shall be!
And clustering round the grave half hid
By that same quiet churchyard yew,
The rustic mourners bend, to bid
The dust they loved a last adieu—
That ray, methinks, that rests so sheen
Upon each briar-bound hillock green,
So calm, so tranquil, so serene,
Gives to the eye a fairer scene,—
Speaks to the heart with holier breath
Than all the pageantry of death. *Barham.*

FUTURE—The.

The future—the last evangel, which has included all others. *Its* cathedral the dome of immensity,—hast thou seen it? Coped with the star-galaxies; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean; and for altar, verily, the star-throne of the Eternal! Its litany and psalmody the noble arts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the valiant of the sons of men. Its choir-music, the ancient winds and oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of destiny and history, supernal ever as of old, between two great Silences:

'Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.' *Carlyle.*

FUTURE—Consideration of the.

Planters of trees ought to encourage themselves, by considering all future time as present; indeed, such consideration would be a useful principle to all men in their conduct of life, as it respects both this world and the next.
Bishop Watson.

FUTURE—Disappointments in the.

The future is always fairy-land to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But, by degrees, as we advance, the trees grow bleak; the flowers and butterflies fail; the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived, to reach a desert waste; in the centre, a stagnant and Lethean lake, over which wheel and shriek the dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the past.
Sala.

FUTURE—to be met without Fear.

Look not mournfully into the past,—it comes not back again; wisely improve the present,—it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart.
Longfellow.

FUTURE—Gloominess of the.

O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
Shakspeare.

FUTURE—Hidden.

God will not suffer man to have the knowledge of things to come: for if he had prescience of his prosperity, he would be careless: and understanding of his adversity, he would be senseless. *Augustine.*

FUTURE—Brilliant Hopes of the.

Oh! that this ceaseless current of years and of seasons were teaching us wisdom; that we were numbering our days; that we were measuring our future by our past; that we were looking back on the twinkling rapidity of the months and the weeks which are already gone; and so improving the futurity that lies before us, that when death shall lay us in our graves, we may, on the morning of the resurrection, emerge into a scene of bliss too rapturous for conception, and too magnificent for the attempts of the loftiest eloquence.
Hanna.

FUTURE—comes from the Past.

The future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind over our heads. *Ruhel.*

FUTURE—Prospects of the.

Interesting as has been the past history of our race, engrossing, as must ever be, the present,—the future, more exciting still, mingles itself with every thought and sentiment, and casts its beams of hope, or its shadows of fear, over the stage both of active and contemplative life. In youth, we scarcely descry it in the distance. To the stripling and the man, it appears and disappears like a variable star, showing in painful succession its spots of light and of shade. In age, it looms gigantic to the eye, full of chastened hope and glorious anticipation; and at the great transition, when the outward eye is dim, the image of the future is the last picture which is effaced from the retina of the mind. *Sir David Brewster.*

The present is a point to which but little thought appertains, while the mind hovers backwards and forwards between the past and the future, expending the store of its regret upon the one, and wasting all its wishes upon the other. *James.*

FUTURITY—Veil of.

The veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy. *Bulwer Lytton.*

G.

GAMING—Condemnation of.

The exercises I wholly condemn are dicing and carding, especially if you play for any great sum of money, or spend any time in them, or use to come to meetings in dicing-houses, where cheaters meet and cozen young gentlemen out of all their money.
Lord Herbert.

I look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice-box desperately in his hand, and all that follows in his career from that fatal time is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart.
Cumberland.

GAMING—Ruinous Consequences of.

Sports and gaming, whether pursued from a desire of gain or love of pleasure, are as ruinous to the temper and disposition of the party addicted to them, as they are to his fame and fortune. *Burton.*

Curst is the wretch enslaved to such a vice,
Who ventures life and soul upon the dice.
Horace.

By gaming we lose both our time and treasure; two things most precious to the life of man. *Feltham.*

GAMING—Evils of.

Gaming finds a man a cully, and leaves him a knave. *Hughes.*

Play not for gain, but sport; who plays for more
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart,
Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore.
George Herbert.

Gambling-houses are temples where the most sordid and turbulent passions contend: there no spectator can be indifferent; a card, or a small square of ivory, interests more than the

loss of an empire, or the ruin of an unoffending group of infants and their nearest relatives.
Zimmerman.

GAMING—Profession of.

It is possible that a wise and good man may may be prevailed on to game; but it is impossible that a professed gamester should be a wise and good man. *Lavater.*

GAMING—Wretched Spirit of.

What meaner vice
Crawls there than that which no affections urge,
And no delights refine; which from the soul
Steals mounting impulses which might inspire
Its noblest ventures, for the arid quest
Of wealth 'mid ruin; changes enterprise
To squalid greediness, makes heaven-born hope
A shivering fever, and in vile collapse
Leaves the exhausted heart without one fibre
Impell'd by generous passion? *Tulfourd.*

GARDEN—Laying out of a.

In every garden, four things are necessary to be provided for—flowers, fruit, shade, and water; and whoever lays out a garden without all these, must not pretend to any perfection. It ought to lie to the best parts of the house, or to those of the master's commonest use; so as to be but like one of the rooms out of which you step into another. The part of your garden next your house (besides the walks that go round it), should be a parterre for flowers, or grass-plots, bordered with flowers; or if, according to the newest mode, it be cast all into grass-plots and gravel walks, the dryness of these should be relieved with fountains, and the plainness of those with statues; otherwise, if large, they have an ill effect upon the eye. However, the part next the house should be open, and no other fruit but upon the walls. If this take up one-half of the garden, the other should be fruit-trees, unless some grove for shade lie in the middle: if it take up a third part only, then the next third may be dwarf trees, and the last standard fruit; or else the second part fruit-trees, and the third all sorts of winter-greens, which provide for all seasons of the year. I will not enter upon any account of flowers, having only pleased myself with seeing or smelling them, and not troubled myself with the care, which is more the ladies' part than the men's; but the success is wholly in the gardener. *Sir W. Temple.*

GARDEN—Pleasures of a.

When Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleasure was the chiefest good
(And was perhaps in the right, if rightly understood),
His life he to his doctrines brought,
And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure sought:
Whoever a *true* Epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Cowley.

GARDEN—Value of a.

I hold that any farmer, who is worthy of the name, will prepare a small plot of ground for his wife and daughters, and that he will, out of love to them, make it all they can wish or desire. It is these little things that make home pleasant and happy; and it has been the lack of these that has driven many a loving heart out into the world, and away from a sterile barren home. Give the wife and daughters a place to plant, tend, and rear their flowers; help them, if needs be, although it may take an hour sometimes that is hard to spare, and you will a thousand times bless God for so ordering your mind that you did it. What husband or father, rugged though his nature may be, does not fondly linger round a home made so bright and cheerful by the fairy hands of his wife and daughters, scattering, as it were, in his way, the beauties of their little plot? What son or brother ever forgets his home, who has found his room daily perfumed with flowers, which have been raised by the hand of a fond mother or gentle loving sisters, and placed there through the promptings of their own affectionate hearts? What daughter ever forgets the home where she has cultivated her little garden, and year after year been so happy in the blossoms which have been borne upon the plants she has watered and tended with such patient care? Parents, brothers, sisters, the dear old home—all come back to her, though years may have passed away in the scent or bloom of every flower. The family is seldom unhappy whose dwelling is surrounded with shady trees, and whose garden is gay with cultivated plants. Do not, then, I beseech you, forget the little flower-garden.
Peter.

GARDENING—English.

The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes. *Washington Irving.*

GARDENING—Pleasures of.

As gardening has been the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers, so it has

been the common favourite of public and private men; a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest; and, indeed, an employment and a possession, for which no man is too high nor too low. *Sir W. Temple.*

Hast thou not oft, in unfrequented ground,
A region full of wild enchantment found,
Which stays your steps; and e'en when left behind,
With its sweet memories cheers the pensive mind? *Abbé de Ville.*

GENERAL—The Best.

A valiant and brave soldier seeks rather to preserve one citizen, than to destroy a thousand enemies, as Scipio the Roman said; therefore an upright soldier begins not a war lightly, or without urgent cause. True soldiers and captains make not many words, but when they speak, the deed is done. *Luther.*

GENERALS—Noble Characteristics of.

Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let them cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them — brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night:
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty,
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. *Shakspeare.*

GENERALS—Skill of.

He in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid;
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
Addison.

GENEROSITY—Unbounded.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas.
That grew the more by reaping. *Shakspeare.*

GENEROSITY—Wisdom of.

The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.
Home.

GENIUS—Alliance of.

Genius is allied to a warm and inflammable constitution, delicacy of taste to calmness and sedateness. Hence it is common to find genius in one who is a prey to every passion; but seldom delicacy of taste. Upon a man possessed of this blessing, the moral duties, no less than the fine arts, make a deep impression, and counterbalance every irregular desire; at the same time, a temper calm and sedate is not easily moved, even by a strong temptation.
Lord Kaimes.

GENIUS—Attributes of.

The three indispensables of genius are understanding, feeling, and perseverance.

The three things that enrich genius are contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and exercising the memory.
Southey.

Nothing is a surer proof of genius than the choice of a subject at once new and natural; and *The Loves of the Poets* is of that character. There is no such thing as chance in the spiritual world. A bagman may find on the road a pocket-book full of bank-notes, which had nearly upset his gig, or a ditcher dig up a hoard of gold guineas; but no blockhead ever yet stumbled upon a fine thought, either on the royal roads or by-ways of imagination. If you find one in his possession, you may be sure that he has purloined it from the brain-treasury of a rich man, or received it in charity. He does not know its value, and he offers it in exchange for the most worthless articles, such as beads or small beer. You see blockheads labouring all life long to say something good, or fine, or rich, or rare; and sometimes you are surprised to notice productions of theirs not by any means so very much amiss in a small way. But it won't do; a certain air of stupidity, however slight, breathes over every paragraph; their gaudiest compositions are but a bed of indifferent poppies; one anemone, or auricula, or ranunculus, or pink, or carnation, or violet, to say nothing of the lily or the rose, is worth the whole flaunting show,—nay, you sigh even for the dandelion. Genius, however mild and moderate, if true, produces ever and anon some sweet tame or wild flower or another, and presents you with a small bouquet, which you place in your button-hole, or in a jar on the chimneypiece.
Professor Wilson.

GENIUS—Communicativeness of.

It is the prerogative of genius to confer a measure of itself upon inferior intelligences. In reading the works of Milton, Bacon, and Newton, thoughts greater than the growth of our own minds are transplanted into them; and feelings more profound, sublime, or comprehensive are insinuated amidst our ordinary train; while, in the eloquence with which they are clothed, we learn a new language, worthy of the new ideas created in us. . . . By habitual communion with superior spirits, we are not only enabled to think their thoughts, speak their dialect, feel their emotions, but our own thoughts are refined, our scanty language is enriched, our common feelings are elevated; and though we may never attain their standard, yet by keeping company with them, we shall rise above our own; as trees growing in the society of a forest are said to draw each other up into shapely and stately proportion, while field and hedge-row stragglers, exposed to all weathers, never reach their full stature, luxuriance, or beauty. *James Montgomery.*

GENIUS—Consciousness of.

Many talk of the vanity of genius self-sufficient, thinking itself above every thing. It is not so. Without a certain consciousness of innate talent, a man would be unequal to any great attempt; his very soul would sink within him, thinking of his weakness and inferiority. As well might a lovely woman look daily in her mirror, yet not be aware of her beauty, as a great soul be unconscious of the powers with which heaven has gifted him; not so much for himself, as to enlighten others;—a messenger from God Himself, with a high and glorious mission to perform. Woe unto him who abuses that mission! *Chambers.*

GENIUS—requires Cultivation.

The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste, with fitful glare.
Wilcox.

GENIUS—Definition of.

The faculty of growth. *Coleridge.*

GENIUS—Dicta of.

The dicta of a man of genius and sincerity are invaluable; the arguments of a wit only shine to lead astray: we may have been exhilarated for a moment, but we quit them abased and comfortless, as if nothing was fixed, and as if wisdom and truth were only empty names. *E. Brydges.*

GENIUS—Eccentricity of.

Your friend is passionate; perhaps unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit:
His hair ill-cut, his robe that awkward flows,
Or his large shoes, to raillery expose
The man—
But underneath this rough uncouth disguise
A genius of extensive knowledge lies. *Francis.*

GENIUS—Fertility of.

Almost all poets of a first-rate excellence—dramatic poets above all—have been nearly as remarkable for the quantity as the quality of their compositions; nor has the first injuriously affected the second. Witness the seventy dramas of Æschylus, the more than ninety of Euripides, the hundred and thirteen of Sophocles. And if we consider the few years during which Shakspeare wrote, his fruitfulness is not less extraordinary. The vein has been a large and a copious one, and has flowed freely forth, keeping itself free and clear by the very act of its constant ebullition. And the fact is very explicable; it is not so much they that have spoken, as their nation that has spoken by them. *Trench.*

GENIUS—Generosity of.

Genius always gives its best at first, prudence at last. *Lavater.*

GENIUS—a Gift.

Genius! thou gift of Heaven! thou light divine!
Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine.
Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,
Oft damp thy vigour, and impede thy course;
And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
Thy nobler efforts to contend with pain;
Or want, sad guest! within thy presence come,
And breathe around her melancholy gloom.
To life's low cares will thy proud thoughts confine,
And make her sufferings, her impatience, thine. *Crabbe.*

GENIUS—A Great.

His genius quite obscured the brightest ray
Of human thought, as Sol's effulgent beams,
At morn's approach, extinguish all the stars.
R. Wynne.

GENIUS—Haunts of.

Some writer has remarked, with equal force and beauty, that, by a visit to those places which we know to have been the haunt of genius, we are more affected than when we hear of their actions or read their works; and this remark is founded on a thorough knowledge of human nature. The room where Newton was born at Wynford, and the cham-

ber in which Shakspeare saw the light at Avon; the churchyard where Gray wrote his *Elegy*, and the study where Johnson wrote his immortal *Rasselas*, must always possess a spell for those to whom learning and genius are dear. *Whychcotte.*

GENIUS—Calm Influence of.

Who hath not felt the peaceful calm of night
Breathe o'er the soul, a soothing, soft delight;
The passions lull, each meaner feeling quell,
Ease the torn heart, or check the purpose fell?
All is so hush'd, so still, and if a breeze
Ripples the stream, and curls the dewy leaves,
Plays o'er the face, or rustles through the grove,
Its voice is low, and seems to whisper love.
Who but hath felt the spirits' lively flow,
The pulse of life, the full tumultuous glow
That thrills the frame, when morn, on sapphire wings,
Bursts the dread pale which held all living things,
Lights the bold hill, illumes the modest dale,
Threads the dark wood, and rends fair Nature's veil?
E'en thus does Genius agitate the mind,
With power more ample, sway more unconfin'd,
Thus move to various impulses the heart,
Impell'd, restrain'd, and moulded by its art.
Close.

GENIUS—with Learning.

Without a genius, learning soars in vain;
And, without learning, genius sinks again:
Their force united, crowns the sprightly reign.
Elphinston.

GENIUS—of Great Men.

His substance is not here:
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity;
But were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
Shakspeare.

GENIUS—Mistakes of.

It is no uncommon thing for some, who excel in one thing, to imagine they may excel in everything, and, not content with that share of merit which every one allows them, are still catching at that which doth not belong to them. Why should a good orator affect to be a poet? Why must a celebrated divine set up for a politician? or a statesman affect the philosopher? or a mechanic the scholar? or a wise man labour to be thought a wit? This is a weakness that flows from self-ignorance, and is incident to the greatest men. Nature seldom forms an universal genius, but deals out her favours in the present state with a parsimonious hand. Many a man, by this foible, hath weakened a well-established reputation. *Mason.*

GENIUS—Divine Plan concerning.

To regard the appearance of men of genius as mere chance, or dependent on material causes alone, will be impossible to any one who views man's history, not as a vast chaos, but as the scheme of an intelligent superintending Power. There remains, then, only this alternative: to refer the appearance of every single individual to a special act of divine will and creative energy; or to recognize, in the whole succession of such individuals, *one* great act of the same will, expressed in an eternal, inviolable law. Each supposition has much on its side; the former seems, at first, more honourable to God, as well as to men of genius, who thus appear to derive their being more directly from an act of free will on His part; the other corresponds more to the general course of Providence, and suggests more clearly the idea of a great spiritual choir, extending in harmonious succession, through the whole history of human progress. If, however, we examine more closely, we shall find that the two sides of the dilemma are not contradictions, but different views of one great truth. Free will and necessity are, when used of God, two ways of expressing the same idea. Looking, according to our imperfect conceptions, at each separate manifestation of the Divine will, we may truly say, that by a special exercise of creative power, the heaven-born gift of genius has been bestowed on the world at such a period and among such a people. But we must guard well against representing to our minds the Divine will as a series of unconnected resolutions; it is, on the contrary, an all-embracing plan, eternal, unchanging: and thus the idea of a law, by which the periodical appearance of men of genius is regulated and fore-appointed, and the progressive intellectual development of the human race secured, harmonizes fully with what our previous conceptions would lead us to expect.
Allman.

GENIUS—Different Qualities of.

Every man should examine his own genius, and advise with himself what is proper to apply himself to; for nothing can be more distant from tranquillity and happiness, than to be engaged in a course of life for which nature has rendered thee unfit; for an active life is not to be undertaken by an unactive person; nor an unactive life by an active person; to one, rest is quiet and action labour; to another, rest is labour and action quiet; a mild and timorous man should avoid a military

life, a bold and impatient man the easy; for one cannot brook war, nor the other peace.
Epicurus.

GENIUS—Rarity of.

The proportion of genius to the vulgar, is like one to a million; but genius without tyranny, without pretension, that judges the weak with equity, the superior with humanity, and equals with justice, is like one to ten millions. *Lavater.*

GENIUS—without Religion.

Genius, without religion, is only a lamp on the outer gate of a palace. It may serve to cast a gleam of light on those that are without, while the inhabitant sits in darkness.
Hannah More.

GENIUS—True.

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below. *Cowley.*

GENIUS—Wives of Men of.

There is an ordinance of nature at which men of genius are perpetually fretting, but which does more good than many laws of the universe which they praise; it is, that ordinary women ordinarily prefer ordinary men. "Genius," as Hazlitt would have said, "puts them out." It is so strange; it does not come into the room as usual. It says "such things." Once it forgot to brush its hair. The common female mind prefers usual tastes, settled manners, customary conversation, defined and practical pursuits. And it is a great good that it should be so. Nature has no wiser instinct. The average woman can make happy the average man; good health, easy cheerfulness, common charms, suffice. *Harris.*

GENIUS—Unconsciousness of.

As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue. *Lowell.*

GENIUS and CHARACTER.

Oftentimes as I have lain swinging on the water, in the swell of the Chelsea ferryboats, in that long, sharp-pointed black cradle in which I love to let the great mother rock me, I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by some invisible tow-line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails hung unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toiling steam tug, with heart of fire and arms of iron, that was hugging it close, and dragging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high decked, full freighted, wide sailed, gay pennoned, that, but for the bare toiling arms, and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife, that nestled close in his shadow, and clung to him, so that no wind nor wave could part them, and dragged him on against all the tide of circumstance, would soon have gone down the stream and been heard of no more. No, I am too much a lover of genius, I sometimes think, and too often get impatient with dull people, so that, in their weak talk, where nothing is taken for granted, I look forward to some future possible state of development, when a gesture passing between a beautiful human soul and an archangel shall signify as much as the complete history of a planet, from the time when it curdled to the time when its sun was burned out. And yet, when a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold. It takes a very *true* man to be a fitting companion for a woman of genius, but not a very great one. I am not sure she will not embroider her ideal better on a plain ground than on one with a brilliant pattern already worked in its texture. But as the very essence of genius is truthfulness, contact with realities (which are always ideas behind shows of form or language), nothing is so contemptible as falsehood and pretence in its eyes. Now it is not easy to find a perfectly true woman, and it is very hard to find a perfectly true man. And a woman of genius, who has the sagacity to choose such an one for her companion, shows more of the divine gift in so doing than in her finest talk or her most brilliant work of letters or of art. *Holmes.*

GENIUS and HOME.

Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius; a mind and sentiments of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties. *Wordsworth.*

GENIUSES—Idolizing.

Mankind, from the earliest ages, have been prone almost to idolize those to whom they were indebted for any weighty benefits, or to whom they looked up as inventors of useful

arts, or masters of hitherto occult sciences. Gratitude indeed demands that great and original geniuses, whom God has enriched with extraordinary talents, by the due exercise of which they have become benefactors of the human race, should be loved and valued highly for their services; but when we look only at the instrument, and see not the hand of Supreme Benevolence that employs it for our benefit, we then overvalue man, and undervalue God; putting the former into the place of the latter, and making an idol of him; and if any will not worship this idol, a clamour is raised against them, and they are almost persecuted.

Kirby.

GENTILITY—Assumption of.

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin, or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel. *Hazlitt.*

GENTILITY—with Virtue.

How weak a thing is gentility, if it wants virtue. *Fuller.*

GENTLEMAN—Characteristics of the.

His years are young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Shakspeare.

I am a gentleman: and by my birth,
Companion with a king: a king's no more.
I am possess'd of many fair revenues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman.
Touching my mind, I'm studied in all arts;
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,
Have been a good proficient. *Heywood.*

I am
A gentleman free-born; I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals: I never crouch'd
To the offal of an office-promised
Reward for long attendance, and then miss'd.
I read no difference between this huge,
This monstrous big word, lord, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds. For aught I learn
The latter is as noble as the first,
I'm sure more ancient. *John Ford.*

The true gentleman is extracted from ancient and worshipfull parentage. When a pepin is planted on a pepin-stock, the fruit growing thence is called a renate, a most delicious apple, as both by sire and damme well descended. Thus his blood must needs be well purified who is gentilely born on both sides.

Fuller.

For your behaviour, let it be free and
Negligent; not clogg'd with ceremony
Or observance; give no man honour, but
Upon equal terms; for look how much thou
Giv'st any man above that, so much thou
Tak'st from thyself: he that will once give the
Wall, shall be quickly thrust into the kennel.
Measure not thy carriage by any man's eye;
Thy speech by no man's ear; but be resolute
And confident in doing and saying;
And this is the grace of a right gentleman.

Chapman.

He is a noble gentleman: withal
Happy in's endeavours: the general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And every fair demeanour an example:
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his title.

John Ford.

GENTLEMAN—A Country.

There is no character more deservedly esteemed than that of a country gentleman who understands the station in which Heaven and Nature have placed him. He is a father to his tenants, a patron to his neighbours, and is superior to those of lower fortune more by his benevolence than his possessions. He justly divides his time between solitude and company, so as to use the one for the other. His life is employed in the good offices of an advocate, a referee, a companion, a mediator, and a friend.

Addison.

GENTLEMAN—An English.

I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the man of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreation of the country. *Washington Irving.*

The man within whose reach Heaven has placed the greatest materials for making life happy, is an English country *gentleman.*

Emperor Alexander.

GENTLEMAN—a rare Person.

Perhaps a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle, men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its

degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles, and have shot into the very centre and bull's-eye of fashion; but of gentlemen, how many? Let us take a little scrap of paper, and each make out his list. *Thackeray.*

GENTLEMAN—Qualifications of the.

The taste of beauty, and the relish of what is decent, just, and amiable, perfects the character of the gentleman. *Shaftesbury.*

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble? *Thackeray.*

GENTLEMAN—Requisites of the.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection, must finish him. *Locke.*

GENTLEMAN—The True.

Tis not the gently graceful gait,
  Well made clothes, well put on,
  The softly-measured tone,
Still talking of the rich and great,
  That makes the gentleman.

But 'tis the heart in danger true,
  The honour free from stain,
  The soul which scorns the vain,
Holding the world but at its due,
  That makes the gentleman.

He who is doubtful of himself,
  His station or his heart,
  Will tend his outward part,
Will talk of rank, and worship pelf,—
  He is no gentleman.

But he who heaven's true patent bears
  Within his noble breast,
  Whose deeds his claim attest,
Free from such idle cares or fears,—
  He is the gentleman.
Bandinell.

GENTLENESS.

Gently I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn forgave;—Do thou the same.

A wrong done to thee think a cat's-eye spark
Thou wouldest not see, were not thine own heart dark.
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear that—the spark self-kindled from within,
Which blown upon will blind thee with its glare,
Or smother'd stifle thee with noisome air.
Clap on the extinguisher, pull up the blinds,
And soon the ventilated spirit finds
Its natural daylight. If a foe have kenn'd,—
Or worse than foe, an alienated friend,—
A rib of dry rot in thy ship's stout side,
Think it God's message, and in humble pride
With heart of oak replace it; thine the gains—
Give him the rotten timber for his pains!
Coleridge.

GENTLENESS—Definition of.

Gentleness, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants. It removes no just right from fear; it gives up no important truth from flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value. *Blair.*

GENTLENESS—in Greatness.

A crystal river,
Diaphanous because it travels slowly:
Soft is the music that would charm for ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.
Wordsworth.

GENTLENESS—the Divine Source of Greatness.

Thou hast also given me the shield of Thy salvation; and Thy gentleness hath made me great. *Samuel.*

GENTLENESS—Power of.

An accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
  Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
  Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride.
Tennyson.

GENTLEWOMAN—Description of the.

Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue,
Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it
Is like a singular musician
To a sweet instrument, or else as doctrine
Is to the soul, that puts it into act,
And prints it full of admirable forms,
Without which 'twere an empty, idle flame.
Her eminent judgment to dispose those parts
Sits on her brow, and holds a silver sceptre,

With which she keeps time to the several musics
Placed in the sacred concert of her beauties;
Love's complete armoury is managed in her,
To stir affection, and the discipline
To check and to affright it from attempting
Any attaint might disproportion her,
Or make her graces less than circular;
Yet even her carriage is as far from coyness
As from immodesty; in play, in dancing,
In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness,
In use of places, hours, and companies,
Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted;
As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,
And constant as the centre to observe them;
Ruthful and bounteous, never fierce nor dull;
In all her courses ever at the full. *Chapman.*

She is of the best blood, yet betters it
With all the graces of an excellent spirit;
Mild as the infant rose, and innocent
As when Heaven lent her us. Her mind, as well
As face, is yet a Paradise untainted
With blemishes, or the spreading weeds of vice.
Baron.

GEOLOGIST—Poet's View of the.

You may trace him oft
By scars, which his activity has left
Beside our road and pathways, though, thank Heaven!
This covert nook reports not of his hand.
He, who with pocket-hammer smites the edge
Of luckless rocks, or prominent stone, disguised
In weather-stains, or crusted o'er by Nature
With her first growths, detailing by the stroke
A chip or splinter—to resolve his doubts;
And, with that ready answer satisfied,
The substance classes by some barbarous name,
And hurries on; or from the fragments picks
His specimen, if but haply interveined
With sparkling mineral, or should crystal cube
Lurk in its cells—and thinks himself enriched,
Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before.
Wordsworth.

GEOLOGY and RELIGION.

So long as phenomena are simply recorded, and only the natural and obvious causes drawn from them, there can be no fear that the results of the study may prove hostile to religion. How much wiser was the counsel of Gamaliel, and how applicable to those who impugned these pursuits—"Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if the work be of men it will fall to nothing; but if of God ye are not able to destroy it." If the representations they have given of nature are the fictions of men, they cannot stand against the progress of science; if they truly picture the works of God, they must be easily reconcilable with his revealed manifestations.
Cardinal Wiseman.

GHOST—Hamlet's Address to the.

Tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? Why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped its ponderous jaws
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dread corse,
Revisitest thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous. *Shakspeare.*

GHOST—Terror Inspired by a.

Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice. *Job.*

GHOSTS—Fear of.

Oh! 'tis a fearful thing to be no more.
Or if it be, to wander after death;
To walk, as spirits do, in brakes all day;
And when the darkness comes, to glide in paths
That lead to graves; and in the silent vault,
Where lies your own pale shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden corpse.
Dryden.

GHOSTS—Natural Fear of.

How should the recital of that which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all? Or

"Names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not?"

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury? O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body, or without the body, they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied, following him?

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual: that it is strong in proportion as it

is objectless upon earth; that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy, are difficulties the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence. *Lamb.*

GIFT—Manner of bestowing a.

The manner of giving, shews the character of the giver, more than the gift itself. *Lavater.*

GIFT—Every Man hath received a.

Every man have received some gift—no man all gifts; and this, rightly considered, would keep all in a more even temper; as, in nature, nothing is altogether useless, so nothing is self-sufficient. This, duly considered, would keep the meanest from repining and discontent—even him that hath the lowest rank in most respects; yet something he hath received that is not only a good to himself, but rightly improved, may be so to others likewise. And this will curb the loftiness of the most advanced, and teach them not only to see some deficiencies in themselves, and some gifts in far meaner persons which they want; but, besides the simple discovery of this, it will put them upon the use of lower persons, not only to stoop to the acknowledgment, but even withal to the participation and benefit of it; not to trample upon all that is below them—but to take up and use things useful, though lying at their feet. Some flowers and herbs that grow very low are of a very fragrant smell and healthful use. *Leighton.*

GIFTS—when most Acceptable.

Presents which our love for the donor has rendered precious, are ever the most acceptable. *Ovid.*

GIFTS—freely Bestowed.

Give freely to him that deserveth well and asketh nothing; and that is a way of giving to thyself. *Fuller.*

GIFTS—ungraciously Conferred.

There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers. *Seneca.*

GIFTS—Failure of.

Your gift is princely, but it comes too late,
And falls like sunbeams on a blasted blossom.
Suckling.

GIFTS—Influence of.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind. *Shakspeare.*

GIFTS—Useless.

He was one of those men, moreover, who possess almost every gift except the gift of the power to use them. *Kingsley.*

GIFTS—Proportionate Value of.

And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed,
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again: for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
Shakspeare.

GIFTS—Valued.

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me;
A little flower—a faded flower,
But it was done reluctantly. *L. E. Landon.*

GLORY—Characteristics of.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man. *Addison.*

Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves;
And without that the conqueror is nought.
But the first slave. *Thomson.*

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.
Goldsmith.

GLORY—Definitions of.

Glory is the fair child of peril. *Smollet.*

Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Johnson.

GLORY—Impartiality of.

Glory darts her soul-pervading ray
On thrones and cottages, regardless still
Of all the artificial, nice distinctions
Vain human customs make. *Hannah More.*

GLORY—True.

True glory takes root, and even spreads: all false pretences, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.
Tully.

GLUTTON—The.

Honour's a thing too subtle for his wisdom;
If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

Such, whose sole bliss is eating, who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.
Juvenal.

GLUTTON—Character of the.

He was a kind and thankful toad, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating, as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of unimaginable luxury.

Washington Irving.

GLUTTONY—Evils of.

He that prolongs his meals, and sacrifices his time, as well as his other conveniences, to his luxury, how quickly does he outsit his pleasure; and then, how is all the following time bestowed upon ceremony and surfeit! until at length, after a long fatigue of eating and drinking and babbling, he concludes the great work of dining genteelly, and so makes a shift to rise from table, that he may lie down upon his bed; where, after he has slept himself into some use of himself, by much ado, he staggers to his table again, and there acts over the same brutish scene: so that he passes his whole life in a dozed condition, between sleeping and waking, with a kind of drowsiness and confusion upon his senses, with what pleasure it can be, is hard to conceive. All that is of it dwells upon the tip of his tongue, and within the compass of his palate. A worthy prize for a man to purchase with the loss of his time, his reason, and himself. *South.*

As houses well stored with provisions are likely to be full of mice; so the bodies of those that eat much are full of diseases. *Diogenes.*

Gluttony and drunkenness have two evils attendant on them; they make the carcass smart, as well as the pocket. *Antoninus.*

GLUTTONY—Physical Evils of.

Gluttony is the source of all our infirmities, and the fountain of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural heat of the body destroyed by intemperate diet. *Burton.*

GLUTTONY—a disgusting Propensity.

Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted, base ingratitude,
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. *Milton.*

GOD—Adoration of.

While earthly objects are exhausted by familiarity, the thought of God becomes to the devout man continually brighter, richer, vaster; derives fresh lustre from all that he observes of nature and Providence, and attracts to itself all the glories of the universe. The devout man, especially in moments of strong religious sensibility, feels distinctly that he has found the true happiness of man. He has found a Being for his veneration and love, whose character is inexhaustible, who, after ages shall have passed, will still be uncomprehended in the extent of his perfections, and will still communicate to the pure mind stronger proofs of His excellence, and more intimate signs of His approval. *Channing.*

GOD—All in all.

It is a poor philosophy and a narrow religion, which does not recognise God as all in all. Every moment of our lives, we breathe, stand, or move in the temple of the Most High; for the whole universe is that temple. Wherever we go, the testimony to His power, the impress of His hand, are there. Ask of the bright worlds around us, as they roll in the everlasting harmony of their circles; and they shall tell you of Him, whose power launched them on their courses. Ask of the mountains, that lift their heads among and above the clouds; and the bleak summit of one shall seem to call aloud to the snow-clad top of another, in proclaiming their testimony to the Agency which has laid their deep foundations. Ask of ocean's waters; and the roar of their boundless waves shall chant from shore to shore a hymn of ascription to that Being, who hath said, 'Hitherto shall ye come and no further.' Ask of the rivers; and, as they roll onward to the sea, do they not bear along their ceaseless tribute to the ever-working Energy, which struck open their fountains and poured them down through the valleys? Ask of every region of the earth, from the burning equator to the icy pole, from the rock-bound coast to the plain covered with its luxuriant vegetation; and you will not find on them *all* the record of the Creator's presence; Ask of the countless tribes of plants and animals: and shall they not testify to the action of the great Source of Life? Yes, from every portion, from every department of nature, comes the same voice: everywhere we hear Thy name, O God; everywhere we see Thy love. Creation, in all its length and breadth, in all its depth and height, is the manifestation of Thy Spirit, and without Thee the world were dark and dead. The universe is to us as the burning bush which the Hebrew leader saw: God is

ever present in it, for it burns with His glory, and the ground on which we stand is always holy.

How then can we speak of that Presence as peculiarly in the sanctuary, which is abroad through all space and time? *Francis.*

GOD—Appeal to.

Give me, O Father, to Thy throne access,
Unshaken seat of endless happiness!
Give me, unveil'd, the source of good to see!
Give me Thy light, and fix mine eyes on Thee!
Boethius.

GOD—the Fountain of Beatitude.

Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!
From Thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.
For this is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, O! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art, of all Thy gifts, Thyself the crown!
Give what Thou canst; without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich; take what Thou wilt away.
Cowper.

GOD—An Indian's Conceptions of.

Who is it that causes the rain to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at His pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it.

Quoted by Lord Erskine.

GOD—Confidence in.

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world—of Him who has created, and who provides for the joys even of insects, as carefully as if He were their father! *Richter.*

GOD—Clemency of.

God! who is the Father of spirits, is the most tolerant. Man! who is the first of animals, is the most oppressive—yet he calls himself the shadow of the Almighty. Man becomes angry, and punishes for every little affront; God bears with all the insults and vices of man, who daily and hourly is employed in endeavouring to offend Him. Man pretends to admire the benign nature of the Deity; yet when he sees another imitate His clemency and good-nature, he calls him a fool. So much for man's consistency. *Jerdan.*

GOD—the Creator.

He hath made the earth by His power, He hath established the world by His wisdom, and hath stretched out the heavens by His discretion. *Jeremiah.*

GOD—Decrees of.

For men to judge of their condition by the decrees of God which are hid from us, and not by His word which is near us and in our hearts, is as if a man wandering in the wide sea, in a dark night when the heaven is all clouded about, should yet resolve to steer his course by the stars which he cannot see, but only guess at, and neglect the compass, which is at hand, and would afford him a much better and more certain direction. *Tillotson.*

GOD—Duty to.

I cannot but take notice of the wonderful love of God to mankind, who, in order to encourage obedience to His laws, has annexed a present as well as a future reward to a good life; and has so interwoven our duty and happiness together, that, while we are discharging our obligations to the one, we are, at the same time, making the best provision for the other. *Melmoth.*

GOD—Eternity of.

Even as darkness, self-impregned, brings forth
Creative light, and silence, speech; so beams,
Known through all ages, hope and help of man,
One God omnific, sole, original,
Wise wonder-working wielder of the whole,
Infinite, inconceivable, immense,
The midst without beginning, and the first
From the beginning, and of all Being last.
Bailey.

GOD—in Everything.

One Spirit—His
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows—
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with Him; whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In Nature, from the broad majestic oak,
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
Cowper.

GOD—in Everything.

There is no creature in the world, wherein we may not see enough to wonder at: for there is no worm of the earth, no spire of grass, no leaf, no twig, wherein we see not the footsteps of a Deity: the best visible creature is man; now what man is he that can make but an hair, or a straw, much less any sensitive creature, so as no less than an infinite power is seen in every object that presents itself to our eyes: if, therefore, we look only on the outside of these bodily substances, and we do not see God in everything, we are no better than brutish; make use merely of our sense without the least improvement of our faith or our reason. Contrary, then, to the opinion of those men, who hold that a wise man should admire nothing, I say that a truly wise and good man should admire everything, or rather that infiniteness of wisdom and omnipotence which shows itself in every visible object.

Bishop Hall.

GOD—Existence of.

And can there be who doubt there is a God,
And life eternal!—When the river flows,
Deny the fountain-head who will, the wave,
That, curling, murmurs farthest from its source,
That source attests. Show me some well-wrought work
Of matter or of mind; though you produce
No author, I conclude that such there was,
Or this had never been, and give him praise.
And why should sense demur? When the poor slave,
Doom'd by some tyrant's hard decree to starve,
Wakes in his dungeon, on his rocky bed,
From sleep, then wildly casts his eyes around,
As if in search of death, let him espy
In osier frame sweet herbage of the field
To greet his famish'd lip, and from the spring,
In earthern jar, the lucid draught to cheer
His parching tongue; will he not straight exclaim
That some kind hand hath oped his prison door,
And brought this bounty? Will he not invoke
A blessing on the donor as he tastes,
And feels the temperate tide of health return
To cool the heated vessels of his heart,
And pacify the fever in his brain?
Tell him 'twas chance:—but no;—you could not thus
Abuse his ear, nor wound his swelling soul
In presence of the angel Gratitude. *Cowper.*

GOD—Argument for the Existence of.

There is no greater, at least no more palpable and convincing, argument of the existence of a Deity, than the admirable art and wisdom that discovers itself in the make and constitution, the order and disposition, the ends and uses, of all the parts and members of this stately fabric of heaven and earth. For if in the works of art, as for example a curious edifice or machine, counsel, design, and direction to an end, appearing in the whole frame, and in all the several pieces of it, do necessarily infer the being and operation of some intelligent architect or engineer, why shall not also in the works of nature, that grandeur and magnificence, that excellent contrivance for beauty, order, use, &c., which is observable in them, wherein they do as much transcend the effects of human art as infinite power and wisdom exceeds finite, infer the existence and efficiency of an Omnipotent and All-wise Creator. *Ray.*

GOD—Nature demonstrating the Existence of.

Little facts and circumstances, in the economy of Almighty God, have irresistible charms for me, and serve, like others more prominent, to show the perfect and beautiful manner in and for which, every thing has been created. In contemplating them, what a delightful lesson may we not learn! We may find in them the strongest testimonies of the truth of revelation, and the superintendence of an all-wise and benevolent Creator. It has been well said, that in the book of Nature is written in the plainest characters the existence of a God which Revelation takes for granted; of a God how full of contrivance! how fertile in expedients! how benevolent in His ends! At work everywhere, everywhere too, with equal diligence; leaving nothing incomplete; finishing "the hinge in the wing of an insect," as perfectly as if it were all He had to do; unconfounded by the multiplicity of objects, undistracted by their dispersion, unwearied by their incessant demands on Him, fresh as on that day when the morning-stars first sang together, and all nature shouted for joy. *Jesse.*

GOD—Necessity for the Existence of.

Notwithstanding the consequences which may justly be dreaded by sinful and incorrigible beings, it is certainly of all things most desirable that there should be a God. Social order, and civil government, with all the sublime contemplations of religion, its dignifying effect, and powerful consolations, clearly depend on the grand principle, that there is a Being who made and who governs the universe. Such a Being must be infinitely worthy of the adoration of His rational creatures; He must have a claim on their implicit obedience; and to Him they must all be accountable. Here lie the foundations of human happiness, and

particularly of that moral excellence, which even in this life approximates the rational creature to its highest attainable perfection; here too are the securities, and the only effective securities, of every constitution calculated to promote the present or the future felicities of man. *Duncan.*

GOD—Creation Glorifies.

Every created thing glorifies God in its place, by fulfilling His will, and the great purpose of His providence: but man alone can give tongue to every creature, and pronounce for all a general doxology. *Kirby.*

GOD—Holiness of.

Had not the covenant of mercy been infinitely holy, man could never have been saved. We stand in need of holiness as well as mercy. The grace of God in the child of God is infinitely more glorifying to God than the sun which shines by day, or the moon and stars which govern the night. Holiness raises man more highly above his fellow-men, than reason elevates him above the brute creation. The holiness of God reigns in hell, and ever will reign there: nor is the holiness of God less glorified in the condemnation of the wicked than in the salvation of the righteous. The law which executes the criminal is just as holy as the law which declares, "Thou shalt not kill." *Howels.*

GOD—Immutability of.

Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment: as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed: but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end. *David.*

GOD—Majesty and Justice of.

With God is terrible majesty. Touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out: He is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of justice: He will not afflict. Men do therefore fear Him. *Job.*

GOD—Kindness of.

Because He hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known My name. He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him and shew him My salvation. *David.*

GOD—Living Without.

The high and the low, the young and the old, the busy and the idle, alike shun acquaintance with God, as if His very name brought uneasiness, and disturbed our comfort and repose. If we mention God to the young, we too often seem to be troubling them with what they had rather forget in such early days: while the aged dislike to be reminded of their misfortune, that their time on earth is drawing near to an end. If we mention God to the gay and happy, we appear to be interfering with their pleasures. If we mention Him to the great and to the learned, they will intimate that such subjects belong rather to a humbler class and station. But the poor and laborious, on their part, refer us to those who have more information and more leisure. Thus a large portion of mankind, in all classes, strive to keep God out of their thoughts, and to live, so far as in them lies, without Him in the world. Yes, without Him, who, as the Apostle says, *is not far from any one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.* Why should they act so strangely and unreasonably, if they believed that acquaintance with God would give them peace. *Bishop Sumner.*

GOD—the Creator of Light.

And God said, Let there be light, and there was light. *Moses.*

GOD—Love of.

It is the nature of every artificer to tender and esteem his own work; and if God should not love His creature, it would reflect some disparagement upon His workmanship, that He should make anything that He could not own. God's power never produces what His goodness cannot embrace. God oftentimes, in the same man, distinguishes between the sinner and the creature; as a creature, He can love him, while as a sinner He does afflict him. *South.*

GOD—Celestial Love of.

Celestial love, with the affections of good and truth, and the perceptions thence derived, and at the same time with the delights of these affections and the thoughts thence derived, may be compared to a tree with beautiful branches, leaves, and fruits; the life's love is that tree; the branches, with the leaves, are the affections of good and truth, with their perceptions; and the fruits are the delights of the affections, with their thoughts. *Swedenborg.*

GOD—Universal Love of.

Canst thou believe the vast eternal mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan sands confined?

That He would choose this waste, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave His truth in wilds and deserts drown'd? *Rowe.*

There is an Eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an Ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an Arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

That Eye is fix'd on seraph throngs;
That Ear is fill'd with angels' songs;
That Arm upholds the worlds on high;
That Love is throned beyond the sky. *Heber.*

The perfect love of God knoweth no difference between the poor and the rich.
Pacuvius.

GOD—Blessedness of Loving.

Unto them that love him, God causeth all things to work for the best. So that with Him, by the heavenly light of steadfast faith, they see life even in death; with Him, even in heaviness and sorrow, they fail not of joy and comfort; with Him even in poverty, affliction, and trouble, they neither perish, nor are forsaken. *Coverdale.*

GOD—Beauty of the Name of.

There is a beauty in the name appropriated by the Saxon nations to the Deity, unequalled, except by His most venerated Hebrew appellation. They called Him "GOD," which is literally "THE GOOD." The same word thus signifying the Deity, and His most endearing quality.
Turner.

GOD—Omnipotence of.

Who guides below, and rules above:
The great Disposer, and the mighty King:
Than He none greater, next Him none,
That can be, is, or was:
Supreme, He singly fills the throne. *Horace.*

Power is that glorious attribute of God Almighty, which furnishes the rest of His perfections. 'Tis His omnipotence that makes His wisdom and goodness effectual, and succeed to the length of His will. Thus, His decrees are immutable, and His counsels stand; this secures His prerogative, and guards the sovereignty of His being; 'twas His power which made His ideas fruitful, and struck the world out of His thought. 'Twas this which answered the model of the creation, gave birth to time and nature, and brought them forth at His first call: thus, He spake the word, and they were made; He commanded, and they were created. 'Tis the divine power which is the basis of all things; which continues the vigour of the second causes, and keeps the sun and moon in repair. This holds everything constant to appointment, and true to the first plan; thus, the revolutions of the seasons, the support of animals, the perpetuity of species, is carried on and maintained. Without this, things would soon run riot, and ramble out of distinction; the succours of life would be cut off, and nature drop into decay. Omniscience and goodness without a correspondent power would be strangely short of satisfaction; to know everything without being able to supply defects, and remedy disorders, must prove an unpleasant speculation; to see so many noble schemes languish in the mind and prove abortive; to see the most consummate wisdom, the most generous temper, fettered and disarmed, must be a grievance; but when omnipotence comes into the notion, the grandeur is perfect and the pleasure entire. *Jeremy Collier.*

GOD—Omnipresence of.

O Lord, Thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee. *David.*

God is everywhere! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the world our home.
Coleridge.

What can 'scape the eye
Of God, all-seeing, or deceive His heart
Omniscient! *Milton.*

What would you say, if wherever you turned, whatever you were doing, whatever thinking, whether in public or private, with a

confidential friend, telling your secrets, or alone planning them, if, I say, you saw an eye constantly fixed on you, from whose watching, though you strove ever so much, you could never escape; and even if you closed your own eye to avoid, you still fancied that to get rid of was impossible,—that it could perceive your every thought? The supposition is awful enough. There *is* such an Eye, though the business and struggles of the world too often prevent us from considering this awful truth. In crowds we are too much interrupted, in the pursuit of self-interest we are too much perverted, in camps we are struggling for life and death, in courts we see none but the eye of a human sovereign; nevertheless, the Divine eye is always upon us, and when we least think of it, is noting all, and, whatever we may think of it, will remember all. *De Vere.*

There is something in the thought of being surrounded, even upon earth, by the Majesty on high, that gives a peculiar elevation and serenity of soul. To be assured in the loneliest hour of unknown or neglected sorrow, that every sigh ascends to the eternal Throne, and every secret prayer can be heard in heaven; to feel that, in every act of conscious rectitude, the heart can appeal, amidst all the contradictions of sinners, to One who seeth not as man seeth, produces a peace which the world can never give. Feeling itself, like Enoch walking with God, the heart perceives a spirituality and purity in every joy, a mercy and a balm in every sorrow, and, exalted above the intrusions of an intermeddling world, has its "conversation in heaven." *Mathew.*

GOD—Omniscience of.

Though all the doors are sure, and all our servants
As sure bound with their sleeps, yet there is One
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind.
He sees through doors, and darkness, and our thoughts;
And therefore, as we should avoid with fear,
To think amiss ourselves before His search,
So should we be as curious to shun
All cause, that others think not ill of us.
Chapman.

GOD—Presence of.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads. *Milton.*

GOD—Loving Presence of.

God is the light which, never seen itself, makes all things visible, and clothes itself in colours. Thine eye feels not its ray, but thine heart feels its warmth. *Richter.*

GOD—Protection of.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them. *David.*

GOD—Providence of.

Must not the conduct of a parent seem very unaccountable to a child when its inclinations are thwarted; when it is put to learn letters; when it is obliged to swallow bitter physic; to part with what it likes, and to suffer, and do, and see many things done, contrary to its own judgment? Will it not, therefore, follow from hence, by a parity of reason, that the little child *man*, when it takes upon itself to judge of parental providence—a thing of yesterday to criticise the economy of the *Ancient of Days*—will it not follow, I say, that such a judge of such matters must be apt to make very erroneous judgments, esteeming those things in themselves unaccountable which he cannot account for; and concluding of some things, from an appearance of arbitrary carriage towards him, which is suited to his infancy and ignorance, that they are in themselves capricious or absurd, and cannot proceed from a wise, just, and benevolent God?
Berkeley.

GOD—Belief in the Superintendence of.

When any one acknowledges a moral governor of the world; perceives that domestic and social relations are perpetually operating, and seem intended to operate, to retain and direct men in the path of duty; and feels that the voice of conscience, the peace of heart which results from a course of virtue, and the consolations of devotion, are ever ready to assume their office, as our guides and aids in the conduct of all our actions;—he will probably be willing to acknowledge also that the means of a moral government of each individual are not wanting: and will no longer be oppressed or disturbed by the apprehension that the superintendence of the world may be too difficult for its Ruler, and that any of His subjects and servants may be overlooked. He will no more fear that the moral than that the physical laws of God's creation should be forgotten in any particular case: and as he knows that every sparrow which falls to the ground contains in its structure innumerable marks of the Divine care and kindness, he will be persuaded that every man, however apparently humble and insignificant, will have his moral being dealt with according to the laws of God's wisdom and love; will be enlightened, supported, and raised, if he use the appointed means which God's administration of the world of moral light and good offers to his use.
Whewell.

GOD—Necessity for the Superintendence of.

Our existence is dependent on a succession of changes, which are taking place at every moment in ourselves, over which we have no power whatever, but of which, each one involves the necessity of the existence, and the superintending power, of the Deity. The existence of the whole material universe is of the same nature. Now, each of these changes is, with infinite skill, adapted to the relative conditions of all the beings whom they affect, and they are subjected to laws, which are most evident expressions of Almighty power, of unsearchable wisdom, and exhaustless goodness. Now, were we merely intellectual beings, it would not be possible for us to consider anything more than these laws themselves; but, inasmuch as we are intellectual and also *moral* beings, we are capable not only of considering the laws, but also the attributes, of the Creator from whom such laws are the emanations. As everything which we can know teaches a lesson concerning God; if we connect that lesson with everything we learn, everything will be resplendent with the attributes of Deity. By using, in this manner, the knowledge which is everywhere spread before us, we shall habitually cultivate a devout temper of mind. Thus, "the heavens will declare unto us the glory of God, and the firmament will show His handy work;" thus, "day unto day will utter speech, and night unto night show forth *knowledge of Him*."

Wayland.

GOD—Supremacy of.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth, is Thine; Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as head above all.

David.

Thou, even Thou, art Lord alone; Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens with all their host, the earth and all things that are therein, the seas and all that is therein, and Thou preservest them all. *Nehemiah.*

GOD—Will of.

I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, and an elephant, ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their inward forms, and having past that general visitation of God, who saw that all that He had made was good, that is, conformable to His will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty. *Sir Thomas Brown.*

GOD—Perfection of the Works of.

What an immense workman is God! in miniature as well as in the great. With the one hand, perhaps, He is making a ring of one hundred thousand miles in diameter, to revolve round a planet like Saturn, and with the other is forming a tooth in the ray of the feather of a humming-bird, or a point in the claw of the foot of a microscopic insect. When He works in miniature, every thing is gilded, polished, and perfect, but whatever is made by human art, as a needle, &c., when viewed by a microscope, appears rough, and coarse, and bungling. *Bishop Law.*

GOD—Worship of.

God is the source and fountain of love, and which may be divided into three parts—the receiving from Him, the conforming to Him, and the reposing and trusting in Him. *Burton.*

It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief, and the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. *Bacon.*

GODLINESS—Power of.

The power of godliness, among other things, hath these three advantages.

It makes a man do everything strongly and mightily; and whatever might take a man off from duty, or distract or distrust him in it, all falls to nothing before this power.

It makes a man inflexible in the ways of God, that he shall neither turn to the right hand nor to the left, but take straight steps towards the mark set before him.

It makes a man invincible from all evils and enemies, because all the power against him is but the power of the creature, but the power in him is the power of God. And the power of God easily overcomes the mightiest power of the creature, but is never overcome by it.

To conclude: *the power of godliness* is the doer of every duty in God's kingdom, the subduer of every sin, the conqueror of each tribulation and temptation, the life of every performance, the glory of each grace, the beauty of a Christian's life, the stability of his conversation, the lustre of his religion, his great honour and excellency both in doing and suffering; yea, it is the very glory of God Himself in the church of God; for by faith the Lord arises on us, and by this power of godliness His glory is seen upon us. *W. Dell.*

GODLINESS—Promises of.

Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. *St. Paul.*

GOOD—when to be Done.

That which is good to be done, cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all. *Bishop Mant.*

GOOD—in Everything.

The man
Who, in right spirit, communes with the forms
Of Nature—who with understanding heart
Doth know and love such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply, that unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures, and a kindred joy.
Accordingly, he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion soften'd down;
A holy tenderness pervades his frame,
His sanity of reasoning not impaired,
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear fountain flowing—he looks around,
And seeks for good, and finds the good he seeks;
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name: and if he hear
From other mouths the language which they speak,
He is compassionate, and has no thought,
No feeling which can overcome his love.
Wordsworth.

GOOD—from Evil.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill—
To pangs of nature—sins of will,
Defect of doubt and taint of blood;
That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroy'd
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete.
Tennyson.

GOOD and EVIL—Operation of.

Health, beauty, vigour, riches, and all the other things called goods, operate equally as evils to the vicious and unjust, as they do as benefits to the just. *Plato.*

GOOD-BREEDING—Advantages of.

We see a world of pains taken, and the best years of life spent, in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life; and, after all, the man so qualified shall hesitate in his speech to a good suit of clothes, and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is that wisdom, valour, justice, and learning, cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed with these excellences, if he wants that inferior art of life and behaviour called good-breeding. *Steele.*

GOOD-BREEDING—Caricatures of.

Some young people do not sufficiently understand the advantages of natural charms, and how much they would gain by trusting to them entirely. They weaken these gifts of Heaven, so rare and fragile, by affected manners and an awkward imitation. Their tones and their gait are borrowed; they study their attitudes before the glass until they have lost all trace of natural manner, and, with all their pains, they please but little. *La Bruyère.*

Good-breeding and refinement, or rather the externals of these qualities, are generally considered as wholly precluding those vulgar manifestations of ill-temper, rudeness, impertinence, and similar feelings, which the unsophisticated display with such perfect frankness. But it does not thence follow, that the well-bred and refined have not their little spites, little envious feelings, little assumptions of consequence to gratify; indeed, they do gratify them very freely; all the difference lies in the manner; for there is a finish, a delicacy of touch in the polite impertinence of the well-bred, which the under-bred may envy, but must never hope to attain. The slight that can be conveyed in a glance, in a gracious smile, in a wave of the hand, is often the *ne plus ultra* of art. What insult is so keen, or so keenly felt, as the polite insult, which it is impossible to resent? *Nathalie.*

GOOD-BREEDING—Manifestation of.

Good-breeding shows itself most where, to an ordinary eye, it appears the least. *Addison.*

GOOD-BREEDING—Necessity of.

Good-breeding is as necessary a quality in conversation, to accomplish all the rest, as grace in motion and dancing. *Sir W. Temple.*

GOOD-BREEDING—Objects of.

One principal point of good-breeding is to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men,—our superiors, our equals, and those below us. *Swift.*

GOOD-NATURE.

Good-sense and good-nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good-nature, by which I mean beneficence and candour, is the product of right reason, which, of necessity, will give allowance to the failings of others, by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce candour in the judge. *Dryden.*

GOOD-NATURE—the Gift of Heaven.

That inexhaustible good-nature, which is the most precious gift of Heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather. *Washington Irving.*

GOOD-NATURE—the Beauty of the Mind.

Good-nature is the beauty of the mind, and, like personal beauty, wins almost without anything else, sometimes, indeed, in spite of positive deficiencies. *Hanway.*

GOOD-NATURE—Qualities of.

'Tis good nature only wins the heart:
It moulds the body to an easy grace,
And brightens every feature of the face:
It smoothes th' unpolish'd tongue with eloquence,
And adds persuasion to the finest sense.
Stillingfleet.

GOODNESS—Acme of.

To love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interest of the whole world, as far as lies within our power, is the height of goodness, and makes that temper which we call divine. *Shaftesbury.*

GOODNESS—known by Association.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad. *Lavater.*

GOODNESS—Awfulness of.

So spake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is. *Milton.*

GOODNESS—Characteristics of.

Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing. *Bacon.*

GOODNESS—Immortality of.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more—Why? they do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spake, could be recalled; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name, in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year: you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven. *Chalmers.*

There is nothing, no, nothing innocent or good, that dies, and is forgotten: let us hold to that faith, or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it; and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Forgotten! oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection, would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves. *Dickens.*

GOODNESS—Joy resulting from.

The joy resulting from the diffusion of blessings to all around us, is the purest and sublimest that can ever enter the human mind, and can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. Next to the consolations of Divine grace, it is the most sovereign balm to the miseries of life, both in him who is the object of it, and in him who exercises it; and it will not only soothe and tranquillize a troubled spirit, but inspire a constant flow of good-humour, content, and gaiety of heart. *Bishop Porteus.*

GOODNESS—a Principle.

He that is a good man is three-quarters of

his way towards the being a good Christian, wheresoever he lives, or whatsoever he is called. *South.*

GOODNESS—Rewards of.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love: pleasure bestowed upon a grateful mind was never sterile, but generally gratitude begets reward. *Basil.*

GOOD-NIGHT.

Day is past!
Stars have set their watch at last,
Founts that thro' the deep woods flow,
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,
Flowers have shut with fading light—
Good night!

Go to rest!
Sleep sit, dove-like, on thy breast!
If within thy secret cell,
One dark form of memory dwell,
Be it mantled from thy sight—
Good night!

Joy be thine!
Kind looks o'er thy slumber shine!
Go, and in the spirit land
Meet thy home's long parted band,
Be their eyes all love and light—
Good night!

Peace to all!
Dreams of heaven on mourners fall!
Exile! o'er thy couch may gleams
Pass from thine own mountain streams;
Bard! away to worlds more bright—
Good night! *Mrs. Hemans.*

GOSPEL—Grace of the.

The Gospel comes to the sinner at once, with nothing short of complete forgiveness as the starting-point of all his efforts to be holy. It does not say, "Go and sin no more, and I will not condemn thee;" it says at once, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." *Horatius Bonar.*

GOSPEL—Glorious Hope of the.

The Gospel's glorious hope.
Its rule of purity, its eye of prayer,
Its feet of firmness on temptation's steep,
Its bark that fails not, mid the storm of death.
Mrs. Sigourney.

GOSPEL—Divine Power of the.

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. *St. Paul.*

GOSPEL—Radiancy of the.

But, oh! the mellow light that pours
From God's pure throne—the light that saves!
It warms the spirit as it soars,
And sheds deep radiance round our graves.
Mellen.

GOSPEL—Good Tidings of the.

I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. *St. Luke.*

GOVERNMENT—Religious Elements of.

It seems to me a great truth, that human things cannot stand on selfishness, mechanical utilities, economics, and law courts; that if there be not a religious element in the relations of men, such relations are miserable, and doomed to ruin. *Carlyle.*

GOVERNMENT—by Fear.

Power is detested, and miserable is the life of him who wishes rather to be feared than to be loved. *Nepos.*

GOVERNMENT—Dropping the Prerogative of.

The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative. *Hughes.*

GOVERNMENT—Unfitness for.

He who too much fears hatred, is unfit to reign. *Seneca.*

GRACE—Attributes of.

Grace, like beauty, is one of those spontaneous inherent qualities which, though felt and acknowledged by all, yet have never been satisfactorily explained. Like beauty, too, it is only to be found in that nice, that hair-breadth calculation, so precisely situated between the *poco più o meno*, equally avoiding the tameness of insipidity and the affectation of grimace. Grace can never properly be said to exist without beauty, for it is only in the elegant proportions of beautiful forms that can be found that harmonious variety of line and motion, which is the essence and charm of grace. Propriety is an indispensable accompaniment of grace. The best of the antique statues have ever been considered as models of grace; and nowhere is this harmony more conspicuous than in them. The grace of the Apollo depends not alone on the due proportion and poise of each limb, or the elegant sway and easy motion of the figure; it consists too in the noble dignity of the action.

which harmonizes so beautifully with the character stamped on the face and figure, and which completes one of the most sublime and poetic works that art has ever produced.

Winkelman.

GRACE—of Person.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind. *La Rochefoucauld.*

GRACE and ELEGANCE.

Grace is in a great measure a natural gift, elegance implies cultivation, or something of more artificial character. A rustic uneducated girl may be graceful, but an elegant woman must be accomplished and well trained. It is the same with things as with persons: we talk of a graceful tree, but of an elegant house or other building. Animals may be graceful, but they cannot be elegant. The movements of a kitten, or a young fawn, are full of grace; but to call them "elegant" animals would be absurd. Lastly, "elegant" may be applied to mental qualifications, which "graceful" never can. Elegance must always imply something that is made or invented by man. An imitation of nature is not so; therefore we do not speak of an "elegant picture," though we do of an elegant pattern for a gown, an elegant piece of work. The general rule is, that elegance is the characteristic of art, and grace of nature. *Whately.*

GRACEFULNESS—a Simile.

Graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and still
As the mute swan that floats adown the stream,
And on the waters of th' unruffled lake
Anchors her quiet beauty. *Wordsworth.*

GRASSES—Uses of.

Grasses are Nature's care. With these God clothes the earth; with these sustains its inhabitants. Cattle feed upon their leaves, birds upon their smaller seeds, men upon the larger; for few readers need be told that the plants which produce our bread-corn belong to this class. In those tribes which are more generally considered as grasses, their extraordinary means and powers of preservation and increase, their hardiness, their almost unconquerable disposition to spread, their properties of reproduction, coincide with the intention of Nature concerning them. They thrive under a treatment by which other plants are destroyed. The more their leaves are consumed, the more their roots increase; the more they are trampled upon, the thicker they grow. Many of the seemingly dry and dead leaves of grasses revive, and renew their verdure in the spring. In lofty mountains, where the summer heats are not sufficient to ripen the seeds, grasses abound which are able to propagate themselves without seed. It is an observation, likewise, which has often been made, that herb-eating animals attach themselves to the leaves of grasses, and, if at liberty in their pastures to range and choose, leave untouched the straws which support the flowers. *Paley.*

GRATITUDE—Agreeableness of.

Which makes each generous impulse of my nature
Warm into ecstasy. *Joanna Baillie.*

GRATITUDE—Aids to.

Amongst the many acts of gratitude we owe to God, it may be accounted one, to study and contemplate the perfections and beauties of his works of creation. Every new discovery must necessarily raise in us a fresh sense of the greatness, wisdom, and power of God. He hath so ordered things that almost every part of the creation is for our benefit, either to the support of our being, the delight of our senses, or the agreeable exercise of the rational faculty. If there are some few poisonous animals and plants fatal to man, these may serve to heighten the contrary blessings; since we could have no idea of benefits, were we insensible of their contraries; and seeing God has given us reason, by which we are able to choose the good, and avoid the evil, we suffer very little from the malignant parts of the creation. *Edwards.*

GRATITUDE—Necessity of.

He that has nature in him must be grateful;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law,
That links the chain of beings to each other,
Joining the greater to the lesser nature,
Tying the weak and strong, the poor and powerful.
Subduing men to brutes, and even brutes to men. *Madan.*

GRATITUDE—of Generous Poverty.

I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter.
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Shakspeare.

GRATITUDE—too Profuse.

There is a selfishness even in gratitude, when it is too profuse; to be over thankful for one favour is in effect to lay out for another.
Cumberland.

GRATITUDE—Sweetness of.

What is grandeur, what is power?—
Heavier toil, superior pain!
What the bright reward we gain?—
The grateful mem'ry of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude. *Gray.*

GRATITUDE—an Easy Virtue.

As gratitude is a necessary, and a glorious, so also is it an obvious, a cheap, and an easy virtue; so obvious, that wherever there is life there is place for it; so cheap, that the covetous man may be gratified without expense; and so easy, that the sluggard may be so likewise without labour. *Seneca.*

GRAVE—The.

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,—
Legions of angels can't confine me there!
Young.

The most magnificent and costly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb;
No spot on earth but has supplied a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
Ibid.

GRAVE—Peaceful Associations of the.

It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies mouldering before him? *Washington Irving.*

GRAVE—of the Beloved.

With fairest flowers
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, which, not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath; the ruddock would
With charitable bill, bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse. *Shakspeare.*

GRAVE—of a Child.

Thy fragrant bosom, earth, unfold,
And lightly lay thy softest mould.
We bring a slumberer full of charms,
To lodge her in thy gloomy arms.
Let roses shed unfading bloom,
And lilies flourish round her tomb;
Roses and lilies best could show
The beauteous face that fades below.
May no rude step disturb the ground
Where this reposing babe is found;
While cherubs here there vigils keep,
And guard her dust, and soothe her sleep.
But think not, Grave, that we resign
This treasure, as for ever thine;
We only ask a transient stay,
Till Heaven unfolds eternal day!
Then shall this mouldering frame of flesh
Spring forth in blooming life afresh,
And Death, that swallows all, shall be
Swallow'd himself in victory! *Gibbons.*

GRAVE—appears Distant.

As a tract of country narrowed in the distance expands itself when we approach, thus the way to our near grave appears to us as long as it did formerly when we were far off. *Richter.*

GRAVE—the Leveller of all Distinctions.

The reconciling grave
Swallows distinction first, that made us foes:
There all lie down in peace together. *Southern.*

What will they then avail him in the grave?
His various policies, refined devices,
His subtle wit, his quick capacious thought?
Will they go with him to the grave!—No, no!
Why then should he be proud? *Martyn.*

GRAVE—The Lonely.

It was a solitary mound,
Which two spears'-length of level ground
Did from all other graves divide;
As, if in some respect of pride,
Or melancholy's sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighbourhood,
Or guilt, that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness. *Wordsworth.*

GRAVE—an earthly Release.

There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master. *Job.*

GRAVE—a Sermon to the Soul.

A grave, wherever found, preaches a short and pithy sermon to the soul. *Hawthorn.*

GRAVE-DIGGER—The.

The houses that he makes, last till doomsday. *Shakspeare.*

GRAVITY—Dislike of.

For, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity; not to gravity as such; for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together; but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appears a cloak for ignorance, or for folly; and then, whenever it fell into his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter. *Sterne.*

GRAVITY—Laws of.

It is a mathematical fact, that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the universe. *Southey.*

GRAVITY—joined with Pleasantry.

As in a man's life, so in his studies, I think it is the most beautiful and humane thing in the world, so to mingle gravity with pleasure, that the one may not sink into melancholy, nor the other rise up into wantonness. *Pliny.*

GREATNESS—Anxieties of.

'Tis meet
The great should have the fame of happiness,
The consolation of a little envy.
'Tis all their pay for those superior cares,
Those pangs of heart their vassals ne'er can feel. *Young.*

GREATNESS—Arrogance of.

He doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Shakspeare.

GREATNESS—Cost of.

What millions died that Cæsar might be great!
Campbell.

GREATNESS—a Curse.

Greatness, with private men
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom from our high births they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves.
Happy the golden mean. *Massinger.*

GREATNESS—Disgust at.

I now begin to loathe all human greatness:
I'll fly all courts, and love shall be my guide,—
Love, that's more worth than all the world beside.
State grows uneasy when it hinders love;
A glorious burthen which the wise remove.
Whom Heav'n would bless, from pomp it will remove.
And make their wealth in privacy and love.
Dryden.

GREATNESS—Duties of.

Since by your greatness you
Are nearer Heaven in place, be nearer it
In goodness. Rich men should transcend the poor,
As clouds the earth; raised by the comfort of
The sun, to water dry and barren grounds.
Tourneive.

That they are great, and worthy to be so,
Hide not their rays from meanest plants that grow.
Why is the sun set on a throne so high,
But to give light to each inferior eye?
His radiant eyes distribute lively grace
To all according to their worth and place;
And from the humble ground these vapours drain,
Which are sent down in fruitful drops of rain.
Beaumont.

GREATNESS—Fall of.

Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. *Shakspeare.*

My little ones, come to your sire's embrace,
'Tis all we can bestow; in them behold
What human grandeur is. *Mallet.*

GREATNESS—Goodness attendant on.

Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good, and partaking of God's holiness. *Matthew Henry.*

GREATNESS—Habits of.

He only is great who has the habits of great-

ness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Samson, and "tells neither father nor mother of it." *Lavater.*

GREATNESS—Human.

We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near; the light which enlightens, which has enlightened, the darkness of the world; and this, not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary, shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness, in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. *Carlyle.*

GREATNESS—Misfortunes of.

It is the curse of greatness
To be its own destruction. So we see
That mountain cedars have the least defence
'Gainst storms, when shrubs confront their violence. *Nabb.*

GREATNESS—Solemn Mockery of.

What a scene
Of solemn mockery is all human grandeur!
Thus worshipp'd, thus exalted by the breath
Of adulation, are my passions soothed,
My secret pangs assuaged? The peasant hind,
Who drives his camel o'er the burning waste,
With heat and hunger smote, knows happier days
And sounder nights than I. *Mallet.*

GREATNESS—Prerogative of.

'Tis, alas! the poor prerogative
Of greatness, to be wretched and unpitied. *Congreve.*

GREATNESS—a Torment.

Greatness, thou gaudy torment of our souls,
The wise man's fetter, and the rage of fools. *Otway.*

GREATNESS—True.

Who are the great?
Those who have boldly ventured to explore
Unsounded seas, and lands unknown before—
Soar'd on the wings of science, wide and far,
Measured the sun, and weighed each distant star—
Pierced the dark depths of ocean and of earth,
And brought uncounted wonders into birth—
Repell'd the pestilence, restrain'd the storm,
And given new beauty to the human form.
Waken'd the voice of reason, and unfurl'd
The page of truthful knowledge to the world:
They who have toil'd and studied for mankind—
Aroused the slumbering virtues of the mind—
Taught us a thousand blessings to create:—
These are the nobly great. *Prince.*

He, who, in questions of right, virtue, or duty, sets himself above all ridicule, is truly great, and shall laugh in the end with truer mirth than ever he was laughed at. *Lavater.*

GREATNESS—Worth of.

The great high-road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful: success treads on the heels of every right effort. *Smiles.*

GREATNESS and MEANNESS—Distinction between.

What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty, better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude. *Emerson.*

GRIEF—Anguish of.

I felt no sorrows then; but now my grief,
Like festering wounds, grown cold, begins to smart;
The raging anguish gnaws, and tears my heart. *Rochester.*

The sun that with one look surveys the globe,
Sees not a wretch like me; and could the world
Take a right measure of my state within,
Mankind must either pity me or scorn me. *Dryden.*

I saw her
Cast on the ground: in mourning weeds she lies;
Her torn and loosen'd tresses shade her round,
Through which her face, all pale as she were dead,
Gleams like a sickly moon: too great her grief
For words or tears; but ever and anon,
After a dreadful, still, insidious calm,
Collecting all her breath, long, long suppress'd,
She sobs her soul out in a lengthen'd groan,
So sad, it breaks the heart of all that hear. *Young.*

Her stiff'ning grief,
Who saw her children slaughter'd all at once,
Is dull to mine. *Dryden.*

GRIEF—Avarice of.

We know
There oft is found an avarice in grief,
And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze
Upon its secret hoard of treasured woes
And pine in solitude. *Mason.*

GRIEF—Canker of.

That eating canker grief, with wasteful spite,
Preys on the rosy bloom of youth and beauty.
Rowe.

GRIEF—Depth of.

There are thoughts that lie and glitter deep; tearful pearls beneath life's sea, that surges still and rolls sunlit, whatever it may hide. Common woes, like fluids, mix all round. Not so with that other grief. Some mourners load the air with their lamentations; but the loudest notes are struck from hollows. Their tears flow fast, but the deep spring only wells. *Mardi.*

GRIEF—Effects of.

What a rich feast the canker grief has made;
How has it suck'd the roses of thy cheeks!
And drunk the liquid crystal of thy eyes.
Sewell.

No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,
Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes;
But haggard Grief, lean-looking, sallow Care,
And pining Discontent—a rueful train—
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.
Rowe.

GRIEF—Eloquence of.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which shames all-clam'rous Sorrow. *Lee.*

GRIEF—Excess of.

Awhile she stood,
Transform'd by grief to marble, and appear'd
Her own pale monument! but when she breathed
The secret anguish of her wounded soul,
So moving were the plaints, they would have soothed
The stooping falcon to suspend his flight,
And spare his mourning prey. *Fenton.*

Excess of grief for the deceased is madness; for it is an injury to the living, and the dead know it not. *Xenophon.*

GRIEF—The First.

It is a bitter consciousness—(none can tell how bitter but those to whom it has been given)—when we are wakened from our youthful dream of happiness by some stern reality, and know that from henceforth it may never be indulged again—when an all-powerful, though all-merciful hand has passed over the beautiful vision we so fondly cherished, and its dazzling colours have faded beneath the touch, and we see that the form is the same, but the lustre can never be recalled. We may have thought that our minds are ready for the change,—we may have pictured it to ourselves, and sorrowed for the inevitable hour, and even prayed for strength to bear it,—but the experience of one real grief will teach us what no preparation will impart. It will show us our own weakness, and the vastness of that mercy which stooped to share a nature endowed with such capacities for suffering. It will force us to look upon the unknown future with a chastened and a thoughtful eye; and whilst it bids us bear thankfully in our hearts the remembrance of our early joy, as the type granted us by God of the blessings reserved for us in heaven, it will tell us that from henceforth the warfare of human life must be ours; and that, till the grave has closed upon our heads, we may hope but for few intervals of rest. *Sewell.*

GRIEF—not to be Fostered.

Time heals all griefs, even the bitterest, and it is well that it should be so. A long-indulged sorrow for the dead, or for any other hopeless loss, would deaden our sympathies for those still left, and thus make a sinful apathy steal over the soul, absorbing all its powers, and causing the many blessings of life to be felt as curses. As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of winter; so does the heart, (in spite of all that melancholy poets write,) feel many renewed springs and summers. It is a beautiful and a blessed world we live in, and whilst that life lasts, to lose the enjoyment of it is a sin. *Chambers.*

GRIEF—of the Bleeding Heart.

Weep I cannot;
But my heart bleeds. *Shakspeare.*

GRIEF—of the Young Heart.

Oh! grief beyond all griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it loved to live, or fear'd to die.
Lorn as the hung-up lute that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master chord was broken.
Moore.

GRIEF—Heaviness of.

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
Cleanse the foul bosom of the perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart. *Shakspeare.*

Trembling lips,
Tuned to such grief that they say bright
words sadly. *Dobell.*

GRIEF—Honourable.

I am not prone to weeping as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which *burns*
Worse than tears drown. *Shakspeare.*

GRIEF—Inconsolable.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one, whose wrongs do suit with
mine.
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine;
And bid him speak of patience,
Measure his woe the length and breadth of
mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem when he should
groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune
drunk
With caudle-water; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no such man. *Shakspeare.*

GRIEF—Intensity of.

I felt a tightness grasp my throat,
As it would strangle me: such as I felt—
I knew it well—some twenty years ago,
When my good father shed his blessing on me:
I hate to weep, and so I came away.

——— *Joanna Baillie.*

Like a pent-up flood, swoln to the height,
He pour'd his grief into my breast with tears,
Such as the manliest men in their cross'd lives
Are sometimes forced to shed. *Ibid.*

Tears from the depth of some divine despair.
Tennyson.

GRIEF—Internal.

My soul lies hid in shades of grief;
Whence, like the bird of night, with half-shut
eyes,
She peeps and sickens at the sight of day.

——— *Dryden.*

The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. *Shakspeare.*

Her big swoln grief surpass'd
The power of utterance. *Ovid.*

GRIEF—the Pensiveness of Joy.

Grief, madam! 'Tis the pensiveness of joy,
Too deep for language,—too serene for mirth,
Makes me seem sad.

. . . . . .

The mist of heavy years—is joy so hearted,
That it can find no colour in the range
Of gladness to express it:—so accept
A solemn hue from grief. *Talfourd.*

GRIEF—not Lasting.

Every grief we feel,
Shortens the destined number; every pulse
Beats a short moment of the pain away.
And the last stroke will come. By swift
degrees.
Time sweeps us off; and soon we shall arrive
At life's sweet period. Oh! celestial point
That ends this mortal story! *Watts.*

GRIEF—difficult to Master.

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.
Shakspeare.

GRIEF—of a Bereaved Mother.

Const. Father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see, and know our friends in
heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit!
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of Heaven,
I shall not know him; therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of
grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your
child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent
child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts.
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Shakspeare.

GRIEF—Uniting Power of.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.
Lamartine.

GRIEF—Relief from.

'Tis long ere time can mitigate your grief;
To wisdom fly, she quickly brings relief.
Grotius.

GRIEF—Secret.

There is a calm when Grief o'erflows,
A refuge from the worst of woes;
It comes when Pleasure's dream is o'er,
And Hope, the charmer, charms no more.
'Tis where the heart is wrung till dry,
And not a tear bedews the eye,
'Tis where we see the vacant gaze,
While not a smile the lip betrays. *Moore.*

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break. *Shakspeare.*

GRIEF—Sighs of.

He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. *Ibid.*

GRIEF—Silent.

My grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul:
There lies the substance. *Ibid.*

GRIEF—Solitude of.

Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men;
As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immovable,
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light. *W. S. Landor.*

GRIEF—the Voice of.

From them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Tennyson.

GROTTO—A.

It was a sounding grotto, vaulted, vast,
O'erstudded with a thousand thousand pearls,
And crimson-mouth'd shells, with stubborn curls
Of every shape and size, even to the bulk
In which whales harbour close to brood and sulk
Against a coming storm. *Keats.*

GUILT—Betrayal of.

Be sure your sin will find you out. *Moses.*

GUILT—Consciousness of.

However vauntingly men may bear themselves in the hour of prosperous villany, proofs enough have existed of the fears of guilt, when the hour of calamity approaches. Why did our first parents hide themselves after their sin, when they heard the voice of the Lord in the garden? Why did Cain alarm himself at being pursued by the people of the earth? Why shrunk Belshazzar from the handwriting on the wall? Adam had before heard the voice of the Lord, and trembled not: Cain knew that no witness of the murder of his brother existed: Belshazzar understood not the meaning of the writing upon the wall:—and yet they all, after the commission of their several deeds of sin, trembled at the voices that were heard, and the signs that were seen. Whence, then, was this? It was because conscience told them, that there is an Eye to which all hearts are open, and whispered the important truth, which has since been proclaimed aloud to all the world, that, "doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth." *Mathew.*

Oh, conscious guilt!
How dumb thy voice, unlook'd for, strikes the bold. *J. Hill.*

Their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing.
St. Paul.

And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one.
St. John.

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still.
Shakspeare.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul.
Ibid.

GUILT—Cowardice of.

If *one* know them, they are in the terrors of the shadow of death. *Job.*

GUILT—Defilement of.

Their mind and conscience is defiled. *St. Paul.*

GUILT—Excess of.

Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt. *Dryden.*

GUILT—Fate of.

Such is the fate of guilt to make slaves tools
And then to make 'em masters—by our secrets.
Havard.

GUILT—Fears arising from.

From the body of one guilty deed
A thousand ghostly fears and haunting thoughts proceed. *Wordsworth.*

GUILT—Fury of.

That I grieve, that's true;
But 'tis a grief of fury, no despair;
And if a manly drop or two fall down,
It scalds along my cheeks, like the green wood
That, sputtering in the flame, works outward
Into tears. *Dryden.*

GUILT—Manifestation of.

Behold her guilty looks; for guilt will speak,
Though tongues were out of use. *Shakspeare.*

GUILT—of Mind.

The guilty mind
Debases the great image that it wears,
And levels us with brutes. *Havard.*

GUILT—Operations of.

How guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
Johnson.

GUILT—Pangs of.

And oh! that pang where more than madness lies!
The worm that will not sleep, and never dies.
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light:
That winds around, and tears the quivering heart,
Ah! wherefore not consume it and depart?
Byron.

GUILT—Presence of.

Who has a heart so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations awful? *Shakspeare.*

GUILT—Progressiveness of.

They, who once engage in iniquitous designs, miserably deceive themselves, when they think that they will go so far, and no further; one fault begets another, one crime renders another necessary; and thus they are impelled continually downward into a depth of guilt, which, at the commencement of their career, they would have died rather than have incurred.
Southey.

GUILT—Punishment of.

Where shall I find a refuge?
No barbarous nation will receive a guilt
So much transcending theirs; but drive me out;
The wildest beasts will hunt me from their dens,
And birds of prey molest me in the grave.
Lee.

——

When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heaven shall guide it to the guilty heart.
Johnson.

GUILT—Reproaches of.

Who can awake the dead?
'Tis hence these speeches shock my midnight thoughts,
And nature's laws are broke to discompose me;
'Tis I that whirl these hurricanes in air,
And shake the earth's foundation with my guilt. *Young.*

——

Late, too late, I find
Nor faith, nor gratitude, nor friendly trust;
No force of obligations can subsist
Between the guilty. *Brooke.*

GUILT—Shamelessness of.

He who puts on guilt, must cast off shame.
J. Hill.

GUILT—in Sickness.

Sickness and suffering come with double force upon guilt; anguish of mind lessens the strength, as well as increases the smart; 'tis like a wound in the sword hand; the man is disabled in that which should defend him; he drops his guard, and his heart lies open to the next pass. We ought to summon in all our force upon this occasion, and to fortify ourselves with recollection and good practice,—to animate our courage from the topics of honour and interest, from all the weighty considerations of this world and the next,—to take in the auxiliaries of religion, and implore the assistance of Heaven, that pain may never force us to outlive our patience or our honesty,—that we may stand firm against the last assault, of what kind soever, and meet death with resolution, as it lies in the order of Providence; in short, that we may die without being conquered, carry a good conscience along with us, and leave a useful precedent behind us. *Jeremy Collier.*

GUILT—the Source of Sorrow.

Guilt is the source of sorrow, 'tis the fiend—
Th' avenging fiend—that follows us behind
With whips and stings. *Rowe.*

GUILT—First Step in.

Let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice,
Whose steep descent in lost perdition ends.
Young.

GUILT—Terrors of.

What a state is guilt,
When everything alarms it! Like a sentinel
Who sleeps upon his watch, it wakes in dread
E'en at a breath of wind.
When apprehension can form naught but fears,
And we distrust security itself. *Havard.*

'Tis guilt alone,
Like brain-sick frenzy in its feverish mood,
Fills the light air with visionary terrors,
And shapeless forms of fear. *Francis.*

GUILT—Timorousness of.

Guilt is a timorous thing, ere perpetration
Despair alone makes guilty men be bold.
Coleridge.

GUILT—Unhappiness of.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness. The evident consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor. The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.
Sir Walter Scott.

When at first from virtue's path we stray,
How shrinks the feeble heart with sad dismay!
More bold at length, by powerful habit led,
Careless and sered, the dreary wilds we tread;
Behold the gaping gulf of sin with scorn,
And plunging deep, to endless death are borne.
James Scott.

GYMNASTICS—Benefits derived from.

Gymnastics open the chest, exercise the limbs, and give a man all the pleasures of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves. *Addison.*

H.

HA and AH!—Difference betwixt.

Ha! is the interjection of laughter—Ah! is an interjection of sorrow. The difference betwixt them is very small, as consisting only in the transposition of what is no substantial letter, but a bare aspiration. How quickly, in the age of a minute, in the very turning of a breath, is our mirth changed into mourning!
Fuller.

HABIT—Force of.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. *Colton.*

HABIT—a Law of Human Nature.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also, in certain circumstances, our miserablest weakness. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way;—it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal fundamental law,—habit and imitation,—there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, of all practice, and all learning in this world. *Carlyle.*

HABIT—Persistency of.

A new cask will long preserve the tincture of the liquor with which it is first impregnated.
Horace.

HABIT—a Plague.

In the great majority of things, habit is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt; in religious character, it is a grand felicity.
Foster.

HABIT—Power of.

That balancing moment, at which pleasure would allure, and conscience is urging us to refrain, may be regarded as the point of departure, or divergency, whence one or other of the two processes (towards evil, or towards good), take their commencement. Each of them consists in a particular succession of ideas, with their attendant feelings; and whichever of them may happen to be described once, has, by the law of suggestion, the greater chance, in the same circumstances, of being described over again. Should the mind dwell on an object of allurement, and the considerations of principle not be entertained, it will pass onward from the first incitement to the final and guilty indulgence, by a series of

stepping-stones, each of which will present itself more readily in future, and with less chance of arrest or interruption by the suggestions of conscience than before.

But should these suggestions be admitted, and, far more, should they prevail, then, on the principle of association, will they be all the more apt to intervene, on the repetition of the same circumstances, and again break that line of continuity, which, but for this intervention, would have led, from a temptation, to a turpitude or a crime. If, on the occurrence of a temptation, formerly conscience did interpose, and represent the evil of a compliance, and so impress the man with a sense of obligation, as led him to dismiss the fascinating object from the presence of his mind, or to hurry away from it; the likelihood is, that the recurrence of a similar temptation will suggest the same train of thoughts and feelings, and lead to the same beneficial result; and this is a likelihood ever increasing with every repetition of the process. The train which would have terminated in a vicious indulgence, is dispossessed by the train which conducts to a resolution and an act of virtuous self-denial.

The thoughts which tend to awaken emotions and purposes on the side of duty, find readier entrance into the mind; and the thoughts which awaken and urge forward the desire of what is evil, more readily give way. The positive force on the side of virtue is augmented, by every repetition of the train which leads to a virtuous determination. The resistance to this force, on the side of vice, is weakened in proportion to the frequency wherewith that train of suggestions, which would have led to a vicious indulgence, is broken and discomfited. It is thus that, when one is successfully resolute in his opposition to evil, the power of making the achievement, and the facility of the achievement itself, are both upon the increase, and Virtue makes double gain to herself by every separate conquest which she may have won. The humbler attainments of moral worth are first mastered and secured, and the aspiring disciple may pass onward, in a career that is quite indefinite, to nobler deeds and nobler sacrifices.

Chalmers.

HABITS—must be Conquered.

Those who are in the power of evil habits must conquer them as they can; and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained: but those who are yet subject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom: they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer. *Johnson.*

HABITS—Contraction of.

All habits gather, by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

Dryden.

Like flakes of snow, that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue. *Bentham.*

HABITS—Formation of.

The habit of virtue cannot be formed in a closet. Habits are formed by acts of reason, in a persevering struggle through temptation.

Gilpin.

HABITS—Importance of.

It is very true that precepts are useful, but practice and imitation go far beyond them; hence the importance of watching early habits, that they may be free from what is objectionable; and of keeping before our mind, as much as possible, the necessity of imitating the good and the wise; without settled principle and practical virtue, life is a desert; without Christian piety, the contemplation of the grave is terrible. *Sir William Knighton.*

HABITS—Vicious.

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he were sure they would be always concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

Cicero.

HAIR—The.

Hair! 'tis the robe which curious nature weaves
To hang upon the head, and does adorn
Our bodies; in the first hour we are born,
God does bestow that garment: when we die,
That, like a soft and silken canopy,
Is still spread over us; in spite of death,
Our hair grows in the grave, and that alone
Looks fresh, when all our other beauty's gone.

Decker.

HAIR—Curious Fashions regarding.

Among the many strange customs which mark the Breton peasants, there is none more remarkable than that of wearing the hair; for

while the men cultivate long tresses hanging down to their waists, and of which they are very proud, the women do not show a single lock, and the girl who might be tempted by the beauty of her *chevelure* to allow a ringlet to escape from beneath her closely-fitting cap, would not only lose all chance of obtaining a lover, but would be regarded by the young men as a *fille perdue*, that is, a coquettish girl unworthy of their affections. To this strange custom many London and Paris ladies are indebted for the magnificent hair which adorns their heads, but which was grown in the wilds of Brittany. *Weld.*

HAIR—A Lock of.

Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that, with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature—may almost say: "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now." *Leigh Hunt.*

HAIRS—Grey.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. *Solomon.*

HAIRS (Grey)—Warning of.

These hairs of age are messengers
  Which bid me fast, repent and pray;
They be of death the harbingers
  That do prepare and dress the way;
Wherefore I joy that you may see
  Upon my head such hair to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
  How far my race was for to run;
They say my youth is fled with strength,
  And now old age is well begun:
The which I feel, and you may see
  Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
  Whose music is harmonical;
Their tunes, declare, a time from ground
  I came and how thereto I shall;
Wherefore I joy that you may see
  Upon my head such strings to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have
  No worse them take than I have meant
That after they be laid in grave
  Their souls to joy, their lives well spent,
God grant likewise that you may see
Upon your head such hairs to be. *Lord Vaux.*

HAND—The.

The instrument of instruments, the *hand;*
Courtesy's index; chamberlain to nature;
The body's soldier; and mouth's caterer;
Psyche's great secretary; the dumb's eloquence;
The blind man's cradle, and his forehead's buckler;
The minister of wrath; and friendship's sign.
Lingua.

HAND—Functions of the.

What is it, fashioned wondrously, that, twin-born with the brain,
Marks man from every meaner thing that bounds across the plain,
Or gambols in the mighty deep, or floats in summer air?
What is the helpmeet for the mind no lesser life may share?
It is the hand, the human hand, interpreter of will!
Was ever servant yet so great, and so obedient still?
Of all Creation's mysteries with which the world is rife,
It seems a marvel to my soul but second unto life.
How weak a thing of flesh it is, yet think what it has done,
And ask from poor idolaters why it no worship won?
How could the lordly forest trees first bow their heads to man,
When with their ruined limbs he delved where veins of metal ran?
Ho! ho! 'tis found! and his to know the secrets of the forge;
And henceforth earth, at his behest, her riches must disgorge.
And now the hand has servants fit, it guides as it is schooled.
To keep entire the perfect chain by which the world is ruled;
For when the molten iron flowed into the first rough mould,
The heritage of cunning craft was to the right hand sold;
And it has been a careful lord, improving every right,
Until the mind is overawed by thinking of its might.
How slender and how fair a thing is woman's soft white hand;
Yet Saragossa's maid could seize the cannon's ready brand! ——— *Toulmin.*

With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confess, repent; express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, unite,

encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, defy, disdain, flatter, applaud, bless, abase, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complain, afflict, discomfort, discourage, astonish; exclaim, indicate silence, and what not? with a variety and a multiplication that keep pace with the tongue. *Montaigne.*

HAND—Physiognomy of the.

Elemental hands are distinguished by the metacarpal part being both long and broad; the palm large, thick, and hard; the fingers short, thick, and squared at their ends; the thumb stumpy, and often turned back; the nails short, strong, and hard. Such hands symbolize a rough, unfinished mind—a mind lowly developed — obtuse intelligence, slow resolution, dulness of feelings. They are found especially among the common people; and combined, as they often are, with large though coarsely modelled heads, they represent the material strength of a nation, its work, its manpower. The motor hand, which is especially the male hand, is characterized partly by its great size, partly by its strength of bone and muscle, and its strong projecting joints and sinews. The palm is nearly square; the fingers longer than in the elemental hand, but very strong, large-jointed, and broad-tipped; the thumb especially strong, and with a full ball; the nails suitably large, and of elongated quadrangular shape; the skin of the back firm and strong, and usually but slightly hairy. Such a hand symbolizes strength of will, and aptness for strong sustained efforts of mind. The old Roman character might be the type of the motor-handed men. The sensitive is the proper feminine hand. It is never very large, and is often rather below the module in its length, and all its textures are delicate. In the palm, length predominates a little over breadth; the fingers are not proportionally longer than in the motor-hand, but the thumb is decidedly smaller, and much more delicate. The fingers are divided in soft and oval forms, with full rounded tips; the nails nearly equilateral, are remarkably fine and elastic. Men with hands thus formed are generally distinguished by feeling, by fancy, and by wit, more than by intellectual acuteness and strength of will. They commonly are of sensitive, sometimes of psychical constitution, and generally of sanguine temperament. The psychical hand—the most beautiful and the rarest of all the forms—is that which is most unlike the elemental and the childish hand. It is of moderate size in proportion to the whole stature. It should measure in its length just one module: the palm is a little longer than broad, never much furrowed or folded, but marked with single large lines. The fingers are fine, slender, and rather elongated; their joints are never prominent; their tips are rather long, taper, and delicately rounded; and they have fine nails of similar shape. The thumb is slender, well-formed, and only moderately long. The skin of the whole hand is delicate, and, even in a man, has but very little hair. Such rare hands are found with none but rare minds. They indicate, Carns says, a peculiar purity and interior grandeur of feeling, combined with simple clearness in knowledge and in will. *Bell.*

HANDS (Shaking)—Various Modes of.

The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking a friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a fair and steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less variety, as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake, should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in horizontal, instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally towards your friend's, and after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon. You may observe a person that has been educated to the *pump-handle* shake, and another that had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavoured to pump, and the other to puddle; their faces reddened; the drops stood on their foreheads; and it was at last a pleasant illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their heads slanting into an exact diagonal, in which line they ever after shook: but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it; and, as is usually

the case with such compromises, both parties were discontented.

The *tourniquet* shake is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood in the limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend as far as you can in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your hand is as hard and as big as a *frying-pan*, and that of your friend's as small and as soft as a maiden's, not to make use of the *tourniquet* shake to a degree that it will shake the small bones of the wrist out of their places. It is seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the *tourniquet* shake with such severity, as had well nigh reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty boisterous shake of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure and loud acclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

The *Peter Grievous* touch is opposed to the *cordial grapple*. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild subsultory motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the *prude major* allows you to touch them only down to the second joint. The *prude minor* allows you the whole of the finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing them with nice variations; such as extending the left hand instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend. *Lamb.*

HANDWRITING—Character in.

I am intimately acquainted with the handwritings of five of our great poets. The first, in early life, acquired among Scottish advocates a handwriting which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a schoolboy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness which polishes his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration; so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts, without a solitary erasure. The handwriting of the first and third poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs. *D'Israeli.*

HANDWRITING—Nationality of.

It is a remarkable fact, that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his country. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian, or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. Professor B—— states:—"I am acquainted with a Frenchman, who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but yet who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth, who was educated entirely in France, and resided eighteen years in that country, mixing exclusively with French people, but who, although he had a French writing-master, and, perhaps, never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style; it was really national instinct. In Paris, all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing; but, with all their professions, and all their exertions, they never can get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French. Some pretend to be able to tell the characteristics of individuals from their handwritings. I know not how this may be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs can be instantly determined by his handwriting. The difference between the American or English and the French handwriting is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, Spanish, and German handwritings is equally decided.

In fact, there is about as great a difference in the handwritings of different nations as in their languages. And it is a singular truth, that, though a man may shake off national habits, accent, manner of thinking, style of dress—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language well, perhaps better than his own—yet, never can he succeed in changing his handwriting to a foreign style." *D'Israeli.*

HAPPINESS—Characteristics of.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise. It arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions.

Addison.

No happiness can be where is no rest;
Th' unknown, untalk'd of man is only blest;
He, as in some safe cliff, his cell does keep,
From thence he views the labour of the deep;
The gold-fraught vessel, which mad tempests beat,
He sees how vainly make to his retreat;
And when from far the deep wave doth appear,
Shrinks up in silent joy he is not there.

Dryden.

HAPPINESS — Cheerfulness necessary to.

To be happy, the passion must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty. *Hume.*

HAPPINESS—Common.

The common course of things is in favour of happiness; happiness is the *rule*, misery the *exception*. Were the order reversed, our attention would be called to examples of health and competency, instead of disease and want.

Paley.

True happiness is to no spot confined;
If you preserve a firm and constant mind,
'Tis here, 'tis everywhere. *Wynne.*

HAPPINESS—Definitions of.

What is happiness? It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman ever was happy since the world began. Employment gives both appetite and digestion. Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast. When the harness is off, if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. When pleasure is the business of life, it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labour, and no play, work, like an unstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness—one has no room for the heart, and the other corrupts it. Hard work is the best of the two, for that has, at all events, sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and unrefreshing sleep; one is a misfortune, the other is a curse;—and money ain't happiness, that's as clear as mud. *Haliburton.*

Happiness is no other than soundness and perfection of mind. *Antoninus.*

That wherein God himself is happy, and the holy angels happy, and in the defect of which the devils are unhappy,—that dare I call happiness. Whatsoever conduceth unto this may with an easy metaphor deserve that name; whatsoever else the world terms happiness is to me a story out of Pliny—an apparition, or real delusion, wherein there is no more of happiness than the name.

Sir Thomas Brown.

Know then this truth, enough for men to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below. *Pope.*

HAPPINESS—Dependency of.

Happiness depends on the prudent constitution of the habits; and it is the business of religion, not so much to extinguish our desires, as to regulate and direct them to valuable, well chosen objects. *Paley.*

Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.

Duchesse de Praslin.

The happiness of life consists, like the day, not in single flashes (of light), but in one continuous mild serenity. The most beautiful period of the heart's existence is in this calm equable light, even although it be only moonshine or twilight. Now the mind alone can obtain for us this heavenly cheerfulness and peace.

Richter.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow,—
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut our home. *Cotton.*

HAPPINESS—of Doing.

Learn, generous prince, what's little understood,
The godlike happiness of doing good.
How glorious to defend, and to bestow!
From nobler springs can human pleasures flow?

A solid good, which nothing can destroy,
The best prerogative the great enjoy:
For this, remember, monarchs first were made;
For this, young prince, be loved and be obey'd;
At once yourself and mighty nations bless,
And make humanity your happiness. *Jacob.*

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about, was happiness enough to get his work done. Not "I can't eat!" but, "I can't work!"—that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man—that he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly away, and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness,—it is all abolished, vanished, clean gone; a thing that has been: "not of the slightest consequence" whether we were happy as eupeptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with potsherds, as musical Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart; as the unmusical meat-jack with hard labour and rust! But our work!—behold, that is not abolished, that has not vanished: our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains—for endless times and eternities, remains; and that is now the sole question with us for evermore! Brief brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper crowns tinsel-gilt, is gone, and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is come!
Carlyle.

HAPPINESS—Durability of.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.
Pope.

HAPPINESS—False.

False happiness is like false money: it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss. *Ibid.*

False happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others.
Addison.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.
Montesquieu.

HAPPINESS—Forbearance necessary to.

I have observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeing would do well to acquire; a certain respect for the follies of mankind; for there are so many fools whom the opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself. *Mackenzie.*

HAPPINESS—is Harmony with God.

He is a *happy* man whose life, e'en now,
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure, but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace,
the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
Cowper.

HAPPINESS—Moral Influence of.

Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within; and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in. I always told you, that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness there is. *Mrs. Child.*

HAPPINESS—Inlets to.

He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; therefore we should cherish ardour in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.
Johnson.

HAPPINESS—Intellectual.

E'en not all these, in one rich lot combined,
Can make the happy man, without the mind;
Where judgment sits, clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason with unerring gaze;
Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes
His fairer scenes and bolder figures rise;

Where social love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand;
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life. *Thomson.*

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence.
Washington Irving.

HAPPINESS—the Means of.

The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duties towards God and man; to enjoy the present without any serious dependence upon the future. Not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so, wants nothing. The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it. "Tranquillity is a certain equality of mind, which no condition of fortune can either exalt or depress." Nothing can make it less, for it is the state of human perfection; it raises us as high as we can go, and makes every man his own supporter; whereas he that is borne up by anything else, may fall. He that judges aright and perseveres in it, enjoys a perpetual calm; he takes a true prospect of things; he observes an order, measure, a decorum in all his actions; he has a benevolence in his nature; he squares his life according to reason, and draws to himself love and admiration. Without a certain and an unchangeable judgment, all the rest is but fluctuation; but "he that always wills, and wills the same thing, is undoubtedly in the right." Liberty and serenity of mind must necessarily ensue upon the mastering of those things which either allure or affright us, when, instead of those flashy pleasures (which, even at the best, are most vain and hurtful together), we shall find ourselves possessed of joys transporting and everlasting. *Seneca.*

HAPPINESS—of Others.

No man can judge of the happiness of another. As the new moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favour with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity, yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre; for though the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet, with an equal and unfavouring loveliness, she mirrors herself on every wave. Even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though, to our limited eyes, she seems only to rest on those billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our sight.
Bulwer Lytton.

HAPPINESS—Perfection of.

Perfect happiness, I believe, was never intended by the Deity to be the lot of one of His creatures in this world; but that He has very much put in our power the nearness of our approaches to it, is what I have steadfastly believed. *Jefferson.*

HAPPINESS—associated with right Principles.

All men that have rambled after happiness have failed; neither learning, nor fame, nor wealth, nor pleasure, taken separately or jointly, could ever give it, without acting up to the height and dignity of human nature, and getting a right set of principles for thought and practice; amongst which may be reckoned the love of justice, temperance, fortitude, and benevolence. *Antoninus.*

HAPPINESS—Return of.

After long storms and tempests overblowne,
The sun at length his joyous face doth cleare;
So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blissfull houres at last must needs appeare,
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despeire.
Spenser.

HAPPINESS—Secret of.

Go, fix some weighty truth;
Chain down some passion; do some generous deed;
Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile;
Correct thy friend, befriend thy greatest foe;
Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong hold on Him who made thee. *Young.*

HAPPINESS—in the Village.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believed,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round:
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleased; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the slap, the haul; and shook to notes
Of native music the respondent dance.

Thus jocund sleets with them the winter night. *Thomson.*

HAPPINESS—synonymous with Virtue.

Praise is the sacred attribute of heaven.
'Tis ours alone, with humble, grateful hearts,
T' employ the gracious instinct it bestows,
To our own honour, happiness, and virtue:
For happiness and virtue are the same.
Francis.

HAPPINESS—Ways to.

There are two ways of being happy,—we may either diminish our wants, or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest. If you are idle, or sick, or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, or young, or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants. But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society. *Franklin.*

HAPPINESS or MISERY—Choice of.

He that will allow exquisite and endless happiness to be but the possible consequence of a good life here, and the contrary state the possible reward of a bad one, must own himself to judge very much amiss, if he does not conclude that a virtuous life, with the certain expectation of everlasting bliss which may come, is to be preferred to a vicious one, with the fear of that dreadful state of misery, which it is very possible may overtake the guilty, or at best the terrible uncertain hope of annihilation. This is evidently so, though the virtuous life here had nothing but pain, and the vicious, continual pleasure; which yet is for the most part quite otherwise, and wicked men have not much the odds to brag of, even in their present possession: nay, all things rightly considered, have, I think, the worse part here. But when infinite happiness is put in one scale, against infinite misery in the other, if the worst that comes to the pious man, if he mistakes, be the best that the wicked attain to, if he be in the right, who can without madness run the venture? Who in his wits would choose to come within a possibility of infinite misery, which if he miss there is yet nothing to be got by that hazard? whereas, on the other side, the sober man ventures nothing against infinite happiness to be got, if his expectation comes to pass. If the good man be in the right, he is eternally happy; if he mistakes, he is not miserable, he feels nothing. On the other side, if the wicked be in the right, he is not happy; if he mistakes, he is infinitely miserable. Must it not be a most manifest wrong judgment that does not presently see to which side in this case the preference is to be given? *Locke.*

HARLOT—Deadly Influence of the.

She weaves the winding-sheets of souls, and lays
Them in the urn of everlasting death. *Pollok.*

HARMONY—Sweetness of.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the charms that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. *Milton.*

HARVEST—Description of.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd fields the reapers stand
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
Thomson.

The plump swain at even
Bringing home four months' sunshine bound in sheaves. *Lowell.*

HASTE—necessary at Times.

Haste is needful in a desperate case.
Shakspeare.

HASTE and RASHNESS.

Haste and rashnesse are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking businesse; but nimblenesse is a full fair wind, blowing it with speed to the haven. *Fuller.*

HATE—Characteristics of.

Hated of all, and hating. *Milton.*

HATE—Definition of.

The madness of the heart. *Byron.*

HATE—of Enemies.

A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because, if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise of itself in others: if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you. *Plutarch.*

HATRED—Characteristics of.

For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame tiger,
May fawn and sport, but never leaves his nature;
The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,
Are like a small stone thrown into a river.
The breach scarce heard; but view the beaten current,
And you shall see a thousand angry rings
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing;
So jars circling distrusts, distrusts breeding dangers,
And dangers death, the greatest extreme shallow;
Till nothing bound them but the shore, their graves. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

HATRED—Cruelty of.

Cruelty is common-place; and hatred, like the eagle, that carries up its prey to dash it down to a more certain death, seems to elevate the object it is about to destroy. *Grattan.*

HATRED—Excess of.

He is my bane, I cannot bear him;
One heaven and earth can never hold us both;
Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly
Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever:
As if two suns should meet in one meridian,
And strive in fiery combat for the passage. *Rowe.*

Had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth. *Shakspeare.*

HATRED—to the Injured.

It is the nature of the human disposition to hate him whom you have injured. *Tacitus.*

HATRED—Misery of.

To be deprived of the person we love, is a happiness in comparison of living with one we hate. *La Bruyère.*

HATRED—of Relations.

The hatred of those who are most nearly connected is the most inveterate. *Tacitus.*

HATRED—Violence of.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us even beneath those we hate. *La Rochefoucauld.*

HATS—Inconvenience of.

Let the European world of inventors be called upon to come forward, hat in hand, and try what can be done to crown humanity in the nineteenth century with something less like a chimney-pot. We know of nothing that can be said in favour of the article which we are forced to wear on our heads: it is hot in summer, it is not warm in winter; it does not shade us from the sun, it does not shelter us from the rain; it is ugly and expensive; you cannot wear it in a railway-carriage; it is always in your way in a drawing-room; if you sit upon it you crush it, yet it will not save your skull in a fall from your horse; it will not go into a portmanteau; you are sure to forget it when suspended from the straps of a carriage-roof; it is too hard to roll up, too soft to stand upon; it rusts with the sea-air, and spots with the rain; if it is good, you are sure to have it taken by mistake at a *soirée;* if it is bad, you are set down for a swindler. *Mark Lemon.*

HATS—Stupidity of Modern.

Why was the old, turned-up cocked hat so valuable? Because it had a thousand ways of indicating character that the modern black cylinder we call a hat has not. It had not only feathers to curl, and wave, and flow, and perk up—gay, frank, brave, or defiant—but it had colour and glitter; it was trimmed with feathers or gold lace; it was of various substances and shades; it had its white and black cockades; it could be drawn over the eyes for disguise or sorrow. It was cocked airily by Beau Shatterbrain, snapped angrily over one eye by Bully Roach, thrown backwards by Ranger returning at daybreak to his chambers, singing Goldsmith's "When lovely woman stoops to folly," planted precisely and level by pedant schoolmasters, set on the wrong end foremost by drunken Wilks and his friend, debauched Churchill, as they ride home in a hackney coach, with their legs stuck out at opposite windows. Because it had this life—this power of expression, I like the cocked hat, and claim for it respect. Because the beaver has not this power, and is a dead, hopeless, ugly, uncomfortable, expensive, inconvenient thing, I despise it. Because it has no brim to keep off the sun, because it

catches the wind, and knocks up against door-sills and entries, I have a contempt for it and always shall have, as long as the imbecile, repulsive thing is worn. Who are we, with such horror, to laugh at the old headdresses, at hair powder, or grenadiers' caps. *Jerrold.*

HAYMAKING—Description of.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong, full as the summer rose,
Blown by prevailing suns; the ruddy maid,
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindling graces burning o'er her cheek.
E'en stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load,
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the scattered grain; all in a row,
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet haycock rises thick behind,
In order gay; while heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Thomson.

HEAD—The Human.

The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works.

Addison.

HEALTH—Blessings of.

Auspicious Health appear'd on zephyr's wing;
She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than air, than blushing morning light.
Hail! blooming goddess! thou propitious power,
Whose blessings mortals next to life implore;
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts when these appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Find ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.

Garth.

HEALTH—Care of.

People who are always taking care of their health are like misers, who are hoarding a treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy. *Sterne.*

HEALTH—Enjoyment of.

Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade, and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures and fortunes: with common diseases strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigour, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honour and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden; but if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a prince and a beggar; and a fit of the stone or the colic puts a king to the rack, and makes him as miserable as he can do the meanest, the worst, and most criminal of his subjects. *Sir W. Temple.*

HEALTH—Exercise necessary to.

The only way for a rich man to be healthy is, by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he were poor. *Ibid.*

The humours of the body have a stated and a regular course, which impels and imperceptibly guides our will. They co-operate with each other, and exercise successively a secret empire within us; so that they have a considerable part in all our actions, without our being able to know it. Hence the necessity of attention to our bodily health.

La Rochefoucauld.

HEALTH—the Object of Life.

For life is not to live, but to be well.

Martial.

HEALTH—a Joy of Nature.

His are the joys of nature, his the smile,
The cherub smile of innocence and health.

Knox.

HEALTH—Neglect of.

In these days, half our diseases come from the neglect of the body in the overwork of the brain. In this railway age, the wear and tear of labour and intellect go on without pause or self-pity. We live longer than our forefathers; but we suffer more from a thousand artificial anxieties and cares. They fatigued only the muscles, we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves. *Bulwer Lytton.*

HEALTH—the Greatest of Possessions.

Health is the greatest of all possessions, and 'tis a maxim with me, that a hale cobbler is a better man than a sick king. *Bickerstaff.*

HEALTH—Preservation of.

Socrates used to say that it was pleasant to grow old with good health and a good friend; and he might have reason: a man may be content to live while he is no trouble to himself or his friends; but, after that, it is hard if he be not content to die. I knew and esteemed a person abroad, who used to say, a man must be a mean wretch who desired to live after threescore years old. But so much, I doubt, is certain, that in life, as in wine, he that will drink it good, must not draw it to the dregs. Where this happens, one comfort of age may be, that whereas younger men are usually in pain whenever they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure when they are out of pain; and as young men often lose or impair their present enjoyments by craving after what is to come, by vain hopes, or fruitless fears, so old men relieve the wants of their age by pleasing reflections upon what is past. Therefore, men in the health and vigour of their age should endeavour to fill their lives with reading, with travel, with the best conversation, and the worthiest actions, either in public or private stations; that they may have something agreeable left to feed on when they are old, by pleasing remembrances.

Sir W. Temple.

HEALTH—Fastidious Preservation of.

Preserving the health by too strict a regimen is a wearisome malady. *La Rochefoucauld.*

HEALTH—not to be Purchased.

Who would not be covetous, and with reason, if health could be purchased with gold? Who not ambitious, if it were at the command of power, or restored by honour? But alas! a white staff will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common cane; nor a blue riband bind up a wound so well as a fillet; the glitter of gold or of diamonds will but hurt sore eyes, instead of curing them; and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown instead of a common nightcap.

Sir W. Temple.

HEALTH—Thankfulness for.

Men that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I, that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once. *Sir Thomas Brown.*

HEALTH—seldom Understood.

Thou chiefest good,
Bestow'd by Heaven, but seldom understood.

Lucan.

HEALTH—Value of.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience: for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy, therefore value it, and be thankful for it. *Izaak Walton.*

HEALTHFUL PRACTICES—Benefit of adhering to.

If mankind in the present day were strictly to adhere to those practices which promote the health and well-being of their minds and bodies, and as strictly to abstain from those which tend to injure them, there would be little or no cause to complain that our race is degenerating, and that the men of modern days scarcely possess the sixth part of the strength of their forefathers. *Hodgkin.*

HEART—The Broken.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mourn:
The tree will wither long before it fall:
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn:
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthral;
The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

Byron.

HEART—Chords of the.

There are chords in the human heart—strange varying strings—which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch. In the most insensible or childish minds there is some train of reflection which art can seldom lead, or skill assist, but which will reveal itself, as great truths have done, by chance, and when the discoverer has the plainest and simplest end in view. *Dickens.*

HEART—A Dauntless.

Mine be the heart that can itself defend.
Shakspeare.

HEART—Deceptiveness of the.

Every man in this age has not a breast of crystal for all men to read their thoughts through. Men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence.
Buckingham.

A temple of the Holy Ghost, and yet
Oft lodging fiends. *Pollok.*

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?
Jeremiah.

HEART—Desires of the.

The heart of a man is a short word—a small substance, scarce enough to give a kite a meal; yet great in capacity—yea, so indefinite in desire, that the round globe of the world cannot fill the three corners of it. When it desires more, and cries "Give—give!" I will set it over to the infinite good, where the more it hath, it may desire more, and see more to be desired. *Bishop Hall.*

HEART—Falsehood of the.

In many looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange. *Shakspeare.*

HEART—Seen of God.

My heart being virtuous, let my face be wan,
I am to God, I only seem to man. *Quarles.*

HEART—A Good.

There was a great master among the Jews, who bid his scholars consider and tell him what was the best way wherein a man should always keep. One came and said, that there was nothing better than a *good eye*, which is, in their language, a liberal and contented disposition. Another said a *good companion* is the best thing in the world. A third said, a *good neighbour* was the best thing he could desire; and a fourth preferred a man that could foresee things to come; that is, a *wise person*. But, at last, came in one Eleazar, and he said, a *good heart* was better than them all. True, said the master, thou hast comprehended in two words all that the rest have said. For he that hath a good heart, will be both contented, and a good companion, and a good neighbour, and easily see what is fit to be done by him. Let every man then seriously labour to find in himself a sincerity and uprightness of heart at all times, and that will save him abundance of other labour.
Bishop Patrick.

HEART—Government of the.

Keep thy heart with all diligence: for out of it are the issues of life. *Solomon.*

HEART—A Kind.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles!
Washington Irving.

HEART—of a Wise Man.

A wise man's heart is at his right hand; but a fool's heart is at his left. *Solomon.*

HEART—Nobility of the.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.
Sir Philip Sydney.

HEART—Sensations of the.

The human heart is often the victim of the sensations of the moment; success intoxicates it to presumption, and disappointment dejects and terrifies it. *Volney.*

HEART—Wonderful Structure of the.

The wisdom of the Creator is in nothing seen more gloriously than the heart. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working for ever without the cessation of a moment, without the least degree of weariness. It is so made; and the power of the Creator, in so constructing it, can in nothing be exceeded but by His wisdom! *Hope.*

HEART—Trial of the.

The hardest trial of the heart is, whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.
Aikin.

HEAVEN—Blessedness of.

When on the verdant mead you tread,
And soothe your heart with Nature's charms,
Think of the land above your head,
Which spring, and spring eternal, warms:
Where ripen fruits on earth unknown
And flowers without or blight or thorn,
Though great the God whose word alone
Could thus with flowers the earth adorn.—
Yet cull in thought those fadeless flowers,
And seek in heart those happier bowers.
Bynns.

HEAVEN—Brightness of.

Around them, bright with endless spring, perpetual roses bloom—
Warm balsams gratefully exude luxurious perfume;
And crocuses and lilies white shine dazzling in the sun;
Green meadows yield their harvest green, and streams with honey run;

Unbroken droop the laden boughs with heavy fruitage bent—
Of incense and of odours strange the air is redolent;
And neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, dispense their changeful light,
But the Lamb's eternal glory makes the happy city bright. *Augustine.*

HEAVEN—Brightness of.

There is a land where everlasting suns
Shed everlasting brightness; where the soul
Drinks from the living streams of love that roll
By God's high throne!—myriads of glorious ones
Bring their accepted offering. Oh! how blest
To look from this dark prison to that shrine,
To inhale one breath of Paradise divine,
And enter into that eternal rest
Which waits the sons of God! *Bowring.*

HEAVEN—the Celestial City.

A city never built with hands, nor hoary with the years of time—a city, whose inhabitants no census has numbered—a city, through whose streets rush no tides of business, nor nodding hearse creeps slowly with its burden to the tomb—a city, without griefs or graves, without sins or sorrows, without births or burials, without marriages or mournings—a city, which glories in having Jesus for its king, angels for its guards, saints for its citizens; whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise. *Guthrie.*

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far,
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted: here, serene pavilions bright
In avenues disposed: there, towers begirt
With battlements, that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems.
Wordsworth.

HEAVEN—Description of.

There is lyf without ony death,
And there is youth without ony elde:
And there is all manner wealth to welde;
And there is rest without ony travaille;
And there is pees without ony strife,
And there is all manner lyving of life;—
And there is bright somur ever to see,
And there is never winter in that countrie,
And there is more worship and honour
Than ever had king or emperour;
And there is great melody of angeles songe,
And there is preysing Him among;
And there is alle manner friendship that may be,
And there is evere perfect love and charitie;
And there is wisdom without folye,
And there is honestie without vileneye;
As these a man may joys of hevene call;
As quitte the most sovereign joye of alle;
To the sight of Goddes bright face
In whom shineth all mannere grace.
Rolle (an old Monk).

HEAVEN—Floral Emblem of.

If I am allowed to give a metaphorical allusion to the future state of the blessed, I should image it by the orange grove in that sheltered glen, on which the sun is now beginning to shine, and of which the trees are at the same time loaded with sweet golden fruit and balmy silver flowers. Such objects may well portray a state in which hope and fruition become one eternal feeling.
Sir Humphrey Davy.

HEAVEN—The Gates of.

Heaven's gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. *Webster.*

HEAVEN—Glories of.

There God unfolds His presence, clouded here,
And shines eternal day. All, all is there
Bright effluence of the uncreated mind;
Infinite beauty all! A vernal life,
A fire ethereal, unperceived itself,
Felt in its glorious energy, pervades
And thrills through every part the taintless whole:
The air, the soil, the rivers, fruits, and flowers,
Instinct with immortality, and touch'd
With amaranthine freshness, by the hand
That form'd them, and the beatific smile
That ever beams around them. Every heart
Catches that smile; each eye reflects it: all,
In body and in spirit, sumless myriads,
Fill'd with empyreal vigour, fill'd with God,
And radiant in the glory of the Lamb!
Grinfield.

HEAVEN—the House of God.

This glorious world is "the house of God," or the peculiar and favourite place of His residence; the place where those manifestations of Himself are seen, which He is pleased to make, as the most special displays of His presence and character. Present in all other places, He is peculiarly present here. It is also "the throne of God," the seat of universal and endless dominion; where the Divine authority is peculiarly exercised and made known, and the splendour of the Divine government exhibited with singular effulgence and glory. It is the residence of His most

favoured creatures; of the saints, who are redeemed by the blood of His Son; and of the angels, who, innumerable in multitude, "stand round about His throne." It is the everlasting seat of consummate holiness or virtue; where that Divine principle shines without alloy, flourishes in immortal youth, and reigns and triumphs with eternal glory. It is the place in which are seen all the finishings of Divine workmanship, and in which the beauty and greatness of the Infinite Mind, and the endless diversities of omniscient skill, appear in all their most exquisite forms, and in the last degrees of refinement and perfection. It is the centre of all Divine communications; the city, in which all the paths of Providence terminate; the ocean, from which all the streams of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness proceed, and into which they return, to flow again and for ever. It is the theatre in which an eternal providence of progressive knowledge, power, and love, rendered daily more and more beautiful and amiable, wonderful and majestic, is begun and carried on through ages, which will never approach towards an end. It is the place where all the works of God are studied and understood, through an eternal progress of knowledge; where all the diversities of virtuous intelligence, all the forms and hues of moral beauty, brighten in an unceasing gradation; and where gratitude, love, enjoyment, and praise, resound day and night in a more and more perfect harmony throughout the immensity of duration. *Dwight.*

HEAVEN—Happiness of.

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.
St. John.

There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth,
No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat;
Famine nor age have any being there.
Massinger and Dekker.

By heaven, we understand a state of happiness infinite in degree, and endless in duration.
Franklin.

Thrice happy world, where gilded toys
No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute our joys.

There light and shade succeed no more by turns;
There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray;
There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth for ever shines, and love for ever burns.
Watts.

Heaven, the perfection of all that can
Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty; and all these not subject to
The waste of time, but in their height eternal.
Shirley.

Thee, Lord! be sung.
O Father! Thee, whose wisdom, Thee, whose power,
Whose love—all love, all power, all wisdom, Thou!
Tongue cannot utter—nor can heart conceive
He in the lowest depth of being framed,
The imperishable mind in every change,
Through the great circle of progressive life.
He guides and guards, till evil shall be known,
And being known as evil, cease to be:
And the pure soul emancipate by death,
The enlarger, shall attain its end predoom'd,
The eternal newness of eternal joy. *Southey.*

What joy, what beauty must be there,
In soul and sense,—beyond whate'er
Beauty or joy we call;
Where in His glory shines the King,
Where flows of bliss th' unsullied spring,
Source, centre, end of all! *Grinfield.*

HEAVEN—Joys of.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep song of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb;
It is there, it is there, my child.
Mrs. Hemans.

The joys of heaven are without example, above experience, and beyond imagination; for which the whole creation wants a comparison; we, an apprehension; and even the Word of God, a revelation. *Norris.*

Perfect purity—fulness of joy—everlasting freedom—perfect rest—health and fruition—complete security—substantial and eternal good. *Hannah More.*

HEAVEN—Music of.

He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have often

done, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of the nightingale's voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth.

Izaak Walton.

HEAVEN—Raptures of.

If one could but look awhile through the chinks of heaven's door, and see the beauty and bliss of Paradise; if he could but lay his ear to heaven, and hear the ravishing music of those seraphic spirits, and the anthems of praise which they sing; how would his soul be exhilirated and transported with joy!

Watson.

HEAVEN—Recognition in.

I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven principally kindles my love to them while on earth. If I thought I should never know, and consequently never love them after this life, I should number them with temporal things, and love them as such; but I now delightfully converse with my pious friends, in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them for ever; and I take comfort in those that are dead or absent, believing that I shall shortly meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love. *Baxter.*

HEAVEN—Song of.

The song
Of heaven is ever new; for daily, thus,
And nightly, new discoveries are made
Of God's unbounded wisdom, power, and love,
Which give the understanding larger room,
And swell the hymn with ever-growing praise.

Pollok.

HEAVENS—Nature's System of Divinity.

This prospect vast, what is it? Weigh'd aright,
Tis Nature's system of divinity,
And every student of the night inspires.
'Tis elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.

Young.

HEAVENS—Pleasure of Surveying the.

I invariably experience a variety of sensations when I "survey the heavens" on a calm clear night, about the end of the month of May. I can then inhale the sweets of the woodbine and other flowers, whose fragrance is drawn out by the gentle dews of evening. The nightingale breaks the silence by his sweet and varied notes; and the full moon "walking in brightness," and rendered still more beautiful by the lustre of so many shining stars, which appear in the wide-extended firmament, completes the loveliness of this nocturnal scene. Then I begin to reflect upon my own insignificance, and to ask myself what I am, that the great Author of the universe should be mindful of me. His mercy, however, then presents itself to me, as well as His majesty, and the former affects me more than the latter. I listen to the bird which appears to be pouring forth his little tribute of gratitude and praise, and my heart prompts me to do the same. The very perfume of the flowers seems to be an incense ascending up to heaven; and with these feelings I am able to enjoy the calm tranquillity of the evening.

Jesse.

HEAVEN and EARTH.

Heaven—it is God's throne. The earth—it is His footstool. *St. Matthew.*

What matters it if thou art not happy on earth, provided thou art so in heaven? Heaven may have happiness as utterly unknown to us, as the gift of vision would be to a man born blind. If we consider the inlets of pleasure from five senses only, we may be sure that the same Being who created us could have given us five hundred, if He pleased. Mutual love, pure and exalted, founded on charms both mental and corporeal, as it constitutes the highest happiness on earth, may, for any thing we know to the contrary, also form the lowest happiness of heaven. And it would appear consonant with the administration of Providence, in other matters, that there should be a link between earth and heaven; for, in all cases a chasm seems to be purposely avoided; "*prudente Deo.*" Thus the material world has its links, by which it is made to shake hands, as it were, with the vegetable—the vegetable with the animal—the animal with the intellectual—and the intellectual with what we may be allowed to hope of the angelic.

Colton.

HELL—Definition of.

Hell is,—truth seen too late. *Adam.*

HELL—the Abode of Demons.

Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

Milton.

HELL—Description of.

It is full knowledge of the truth,
When Truth resisted long, is sworn our foe,
And calls Eternity to do her right. *Young.*

A dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
Milton.

I'll tell thee what is *hell*—thy memory
Still mountained up with records of the past,
Heap over heap, all accents and all forms,
Telling the tale of joy and innocence,
And hope, and peace, and love; recording too,
With stern fidelity, the thousand wrongs
Worked upon weakness and defencelessness;
The blest occasions trifled o'er or spurned;
All that hath been that ought not to have been
That might have been so different, that now
Cannot but be irrevocably past!
Thy gangrened heart,
Stripped of its self-worn mask, and spread at last
Bare, in its horrible anatomy,
Before thine own excruciated gaze! *Starkey.*

HELL—Despair of.

What do the damn'd endure but to despair;
But knowing heaven, to know it lost for ever?
Congreve.

HELL—Horrors of.

A universe of death,
Where all life dies, death lives; and nature breeds
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived.
Milton.

Wide was the place,
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
Beneath I saw a lake of burning fire,
With tempest toss'd perpetually; and still
The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation broke, and music made
Of melancholy sort.

. . . . . .

Through all that dungeon of unfading fire
I saw most miserable beings walk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed;
For ever wasting, yet enduring still;
Dying perpetually, yet never dead. *Pollok.*

HELL—Punishment in.

Ev'n thus in hell wander the restless damn'd;
From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run;
Then from their frosts to fires return again,
And only prove variety of pain. *Rowe.*

HELL—Torments of.

Eternal torments, baths of boiling sulphur,
Vicissitude of fires, and then of frosts. *Dryden.*

HELL—a Vision of.

The Fiend was seated; in his eye there shone
The look that dared Omnipotence; the light
Of sateless vengeance, and sublime despair.
He sat amid a burning world, and saw
Tormented myriads, whose blaspheming shrieks
Were mingled with the howl of hidden floods
And Acherontine groans! of all the host,
The only dauntless he.

. . . . . .

He call'd the cursèd, and they flash'd from cave
And wild!—from dungeon and from den they came,
And stood, an unimaginable mass
Of spirits, agonized with sleepless pangs:—
In silence stood they, while the demon gazed
On all, and communed with departed Time,
From whence his vengeance such a harvest reap'd!
Before him, what a congregated host
Of perish'd creatures! sumless as the waves,
Lash'd into life from out the ocean-plain;
Long ages gone, and they were breathing airs
Of heaven, endow'd with attributes divine,
Sharing the beauty of the world, and led
By Mercy through the round of being; bliss
And endless woe before them lay,—they braved
The doom to come, and barter'd heaven for hell. *Robert Montgomery.*

HEREAFTER—Man's Pleasure in the Great.

Hark how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring;
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his;
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is. *Herbert.*

HERMIT—Habits of the.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well.
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days;
Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise.
Parnell.

HERMIT—Gloomy Solitude of the.

The darksome cave they enter, where they found
The woful man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind. *Spenser.*

HERO—Character of the.

Up rose the hero,—on his piercing eye
Sat observation; on each glance of thought

Decision follow'd, as the thunderbolt
Pursues the flash. *Home.*

HERO—the Master-spirit.

Ev'n to the dullest peasant standing by
Who fasten'd still on him a wondering eye,
He seem'd the master-spirit of the land.
Joanna Baillie.

HERO—Triumph of the.

In purple robes,
With solemn state the magistrates proceed:
The streets adorn'd, the doors with statues graced,—
Vast thronging crowds retard the great procession,
Whose loud-repeated shouts divide the air;
While flutt'ring birds their empty pinions shake.
With garlands crown'd, the virgins strew the ways,
And in glad hymns repeat his glorious name;
While joyful mothers to their wond'ring babes
Point out the hero as he rides along. *Higgon.*

HEROISM—Characteristics of.

Heroism—the divine relation which, in all times, unites a great man to other men.
Carlyle.

HIGHLANDS—Feelings inspired by the.

The delight of the Highlands is in the Highland feeling. That feeling is entirely destroyed by stages and regular progression. The waterfalls do not tell upon sober parties; it is tedious in the extreme to be drenched to the skin along high roads; the rattle of wheels blends meanly with thunder, and lightning is contemptible, seen from the window of a glass coach. To enjoy mist, you must be in the heart of it as a solitary hunter, shooter, or angler. Lightning is nothing unless a thousand feet below you, and the life-thunder must be heard leaping, as Byron says, from mountain to mountain, otherwise you might as well listen to a mock peal from the pit of a theatre. The Falls of the Clyde are majestic. Over Corra Linn the river rolls exultingly; and recovering itself from the headlong plunge, after some troubled struggles among the shattered cliffs, away it floats in stately pomp, dallying with the noble banks, and subsiding into a deep, bright, foaming current. Then, what woods and groves crowning the noble rocks! How cheerful looks the cottage spattered by the spray! and how vivid the verdure on each ivied ruin. The cooing of the cushats is a solemn accompaniment to the cataract, and aloft in heaven the choughs reply to that voice of the forest.
Professor Wilson.

HISTORIAN—Province of the.

Under the green foliage and blossoming fruit-trees of To-day, there lie, rotting slower or faster, the forests of all other Years and Days. Some have rotted fast, plants of annual growth, and are long since quite gone to inorganic mould; others are like the aloe, growths that last a thousand or three thousand years. You will find them in all stages of decay and preservation; down deep to the beginnings of the History of Man. Think where our Alphabetic Letters came from, where our Speech itself came from; the Cookeries we live by, the Masonries we lodge under! You will find fibrous roots of this day's occurrences among the dust of Cadmus and Trismegistus, of Tubalcain and Triptolemus; the tap-roots of them are with Father Adam himself and the cinders of Eve's first fire! At the bottom there is no perfect history; there is none such conceivable. All past Centuries have rotted down, and gone confusedly dumb and quiet, even as that Seventeenth is now threatening to do. Histories are *as* perfect as the Historian is wise, and it is gifted with an eye and a soul! For the leafy blossoming Present Time springs from the whole Past, remembered and unrememberable, so confusedly as we say:—and truly the Art of History, the grand difference between a Dryasdust and a sacred Poet, is very much even this:—To distinguish well what does still reach to the surface, and is alive and frondent for us; and what reaches no longer to the surface, but moulders safe underground, never to send forth leaves or fruit for mankind any more: of the former we shall rejoice to hear; to hear of the latter will be an affliction to us; of the latter only Pedants and Dullards, and disastrous *male*-factors to the world, will find good to speak. By wise memory and by wise oblivion; it lies all there! Without oblivion there is no remembrance possible. When both oblivion and memory are wise, when the general soul of man is clear, melodious, true, there may come a modern *Iliad* as memorial of the Past; when both are foolish and the general soul is overclouded with confusions, with unveracities and discords, here is a "Rushworthian chaos."
Carlyle.

HISTORY—Advantages of.

History makes us some amends for the shortness of life. *Skelton.*

Her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time. *Gray.*

HISTORY—Imperfection of.

Nothing is more delusive, or at least more wofully imperfect, than the suggestions of authentic history, as it is generally, or rather universally, written; and nothing more exaggerated than the impressions it conveys of the actual state and condition of those who live in its most agitated periods. The great public events of which alone it takes cognizance, have but little direct influence upon the body of the people; and do not, in general, form the principal business or happiness or misery even of those who are in some measure concerned in them. Even in the worst and most disastrous times—in periods of civil war and revolution, and public discord and oppression, a great part of the time of a great part of the people is spent in making love and money—in social amusement or professional industry—in schemes for worldly advancement or personal distinction, just as in periods of general peace and prosperity. Men court and marry very nearly as much in the one season as in the other, and are as merry at weddings and christenings—as gallant at balls and races—as busy in their studies and counting-houses—eat as heartily, in short, and sleep as soundly—prattle with their children as pleasantly—and thin their plantations and scold their servants as zealously, as if their contemporaries were not furnishing materials thus abundantly for the tragic muse of history. The quiet under-current of life, in short, keeps its deep and steady course in its eternal channels, unaffected, or but slightly disturbed, by the storms that agitate its surface; and while long tracts of time, in the history of every country, seem to the distant student of its annals to be darkened over with one thick and oppressive cloud of unbroken misery, the greater part of those who have lived through the whole acts of the tragedy, will be found to have enjoyed a fair average share of felicity, and to have been much less affected by the shocking events of their day, than those who know nothing else of it than that such events took place in its course. *Jeffrey.*

HISTORY—Knowledge of.

History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs, privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof. *Fuller.*

HISTORY—Different Phases of.

To be entirely just in our estimate of other ages is not only difficult—it is impossible. Even what is passing in our presence we see but through a glass darkly. The mind as well as the eye adds something of its own, before an image, even of the clearest object, can be painted upon it; and in historical inquiries, the most instructed thinkers have but a limited advantage over the most illiterate. Those who know the most approach least to agreement. The most careful investigations are diverging roads; the further men travel upon them, the greater the interval by which they are divided. In the eyes of David Hume, the history of the Saxon princes is "the scuffling of kites and crows." Father Newman would mortify the conceit of a degenerate England by pointing to the sixty saints and the hundred confessors who were trained in her royal palaces for the calendar of the blessed. How vast a chasm yawns between these two conceptions of the same era! Through what common term can the student pass from one into the other? Or, to take an instance yet more noticeable, the history of England scarcely interests Mr. Macaulay before the revolution of the seventeenth century. To Lord John Russell the Reformation was the first outcome from centuries of folly and ferocity; and Mr. Hallam's more temperate language softens without concealing a similar conclusion. The writers have all studied what they describe. Mr. Carlyle has studied the same subject with powers at least equal to theirs, and to him the greatness of English character was waning with the dawn of English literature; the race of heroes was already failing: the era of action was yielding before the era of speech. *Froude.*

HISTORY—Province of.

This is a great fault in a chronologer,
To turn parasite: an absolute history
Should be in fear of none, neither should he
Write anything more than truth, for friendship,
Or else for hate; but keep himself equal
And constant in all his discourses. *Lingua.*

HISTORY—a Register.

What is public history but a register of the successes and disappointments, the vices, the follies, and the quarrels, of those who engage in contention for power? *Paley.*

HISTORY—Study of.

To study history is to study literature. The biography of a nation embraces all its works. No trifle is to be neglected. A mouldering medal is a letter of twenty centuries. Antiquities, which have been beautifully called history defaced, composed its fullest commentary. In these wrecks of many storms, which time washes to the shore, the scholar looks patiently for treasures. The painting round a vase, the scribble on a wall, the wrath

of a demagogue, the drollery of a farce, the point of an epigram—each possesses its own interest and value. A fossil court of law is dug out of an orator: and the Pompeii of Greece is discovered in the Comedies of Aristophanes. *Willmott.*

HISTORY—Value and Use of.

The histories of ages past, or relations concerning foreign countries, wherein the manners of men are described, and their actions reported, afford us useful pleasure and pastime; thereby we may learn as much, and understand the world as well, as by the most curious inquiry into the present actions of men; there we may observe, we may scan, we may tax the proceedings of whom we please, without any danger or offence. There are extant numberless books, wherein the wisest and most ingenious of men have laid open their hearts, and exposed their most secret cogitations unto us; in pursuing them, we may sufficiently busy ourselves, and let our idle hours pass gratefully; we may meddle with ourselves, studying our own dispositions, examining our own principles and purposes, reflecting on our thoughts, words and actions, striving thoroughly to understand ourselves; to do this we have an unquestionable right, and by it we shall obtain vast benefit. *Barrow.*

There is no part of history so generally useful as that which relates the progress of the human mind, the gradual improvement of reason, the successive advances of science, the vicissitudes of learning and ignorance, which are the light and darkness of thinking beings, the extinction and resuscitation of arts, and the revolution of the intellectual world. If accounts of battles and invasions are peculiarly the business of princes, the useful or elegant arts are not to be neglected; those who have kingdoms to govern have understandings to cultivate. *Johnson.*

HISTORY—Wisdom of.

Histories make men wise, and, in proportion as their minds are influenced by a natural love of their country, so they will always feel a desire to become more and more familiar with the most authentic accounts of its origin, progress towards civilization, and the circumstances which have led to its present importance (or degradation) in the scale of nations. To trace with accuracy the gradual advancement of a country from primitive barbarism, darkness, and idolatry, to a state of refinement in the arts, learning, and religion, is the grateful task of the historian, but, perhaps, one of the most difficult that he can undertake; and there are but few who have succeeded in the attempt. *Bacon.*

HOLIDAY—in the Country.

Alone, alone, let me wander alone!
There's an odour of hay o'er the woodlands blown;
There's a humming of bees beneath the lime,
And the deep blue heaven of a southern clime
Is not more beautifully bright
Than this English sky with its islets white,
And its alp-like clouds, so snowy fair!—
The birch leaves dangle in balmy air;
And the elms and oaks scarce seem to know
When the whispering breezes come or go;
But the bonnie sweet-briar, she knows well;
For she has kiss'd them—and they tell!
And bear to all the west and south
The pleasant odours of her mouth.
Let me alone to my idle pleasure;
What do I care for toil or treasure?
To-morrow I'll work, if work you crave,
Like a king, a statesman, or a slave;
But not to-day, no! nor to-morrow,
If from my drowsy ease I borrow
No health and strength to bear my boat
Through the great life-ocean where we float.
Under the leaves, amid the grass,
Lazily the day shall pass,
Yet not be wasted. Must I ever
Climb up the hill-tops of endeavour?
To-day I need a truce myself
From books and men, from care and pelf;
And I will have it in cool lanes,
O'er-arching like cathedral fanes,
With elm and beech of sturdy girth;
Or on the bosom of green earth
Amid the daisies;—dreaming, dozing,
Fallow, fallow, and reposing. *Dr. Mackay.*

HOLIDAY—The First.

Such a glorious afternoon! The capricious English summer was so kind that day to the child and her new friends! When Sophy's small foot once trod the sward, had she really been queen of the green people, sward and footsteps could not more joyously have met together. The grasshopper bounded, in fearless trust, upon the hem of her frock; she threw herself down on the grass, and caught him; but oh! so tenderly: and the gay insect, dear to poet and fairy, seemed to look at her from that quaint, sharp face of his with sagacious recognition, resting calmly on the palm of her pretty hands; then, when he sprang off, little mothlike butterflies, peculiar to the margin of running waters, quivered up from the herbage fluttering round her. And there in front lay the Thames, glittering

through the willows, Vance getting ready the boat, Lionel seated by her side, a child like herself, his pride of incipient manhood all forgotten; happy in her glee—she loving him for the joy she felt, and blending his image evermore in her remembrance with her first summer holiday—with sunny beams, glistening leaves, warbling birds, fairy wings, sparkling leaves. Oh! to live so in a child's heart,—innocent, blessed, angel-like,—better, better than the troubled reflection of woman's later thoughts; better than that mournful illusion over which tears so bitter are daily shed; better than first love. *Bulwer Lytton.*

HOLINESS—Blessings of.

Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted *from* the world! yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted *in* the world! *Mrs. Jameson.*

HOLINESS—Definition of.

The symmetry of the soul. *Philip Henry.*

HOLINESS—Glory of.

Not all the pomp and pageantry of worlds
Reflect such glory on the Eye Supreme,
As the meek virtues of one holy man;
For ever doth his angel, from the face
Divine, beatitude and wisdom draw:
And in his prayer, what privilege adored!—
Mounting the heavens and claiming audience there:
Yes! there, amid a high immortal host
Of seraphs, hymning in eternal choir,
A lip of clay its orisons can send,
In temple or in solitude outbreathed.
Robert Montgomery.

HOLINESS—a Singularity.

What though the polite man count thy fashion a little odd, and too precise; it is because he knows nothing above that model of goodness which he hath set himself, and therefore approves of nothing beyond it; he knows not God, and therefore doth not discern and esteem what is most like Him. When courtiers come down into the country, the common home-bred people possibly think their habit strange; but they care not for that—it is the fashion at court. What need, then, that Christians should be so tender-foreheaded, as to be put out of countenance because the world looks upon holiness as a singularity. It is the only fashion in the highest court, yea, of the King of Kings himself. *Coleridge.*

HOMAGE—Paying.

He who can pay homage to the truly despicable, is truly contemptible. *Lavater.*

Bow to him who bows not to the flatterer. *Ibid.*

HOME—Affections of.

If ever household affections and loves are graceful things, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home, may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his humble hearth, are of the true metal, and bear the stamp of heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before, and may to-morrow occupy again, has a worthier root, struck deep into a purer soil. His household gods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stones; he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of toil and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place. *Dickens.*

And has the earth lost its so spacious round,
The sky its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there are found
Both earth and heaven, my universe of love,—
All that my God can give me or remove,
Here sleeping save myself in mimic death?
Sweet, that in this small compass I behove
To live their living, and to breathe their breath!
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
We might resign all mundane care and strife;
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where father, mother, children, husband, wife,
Together pant in everlasting life! *Hood.*

HOME—Associations of.

That is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hours away;
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light;
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give
A home in which the heart can live.
It is a presence undefined,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind;
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend:
Where'er thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be. *Conder.*

HOME—Associations of.

The paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections. *Washington Irving.*

HOME—Comfort necessary in a.

Bare walls make gadding housewives.
Fielding.

HOME—Conduct at.

The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdu'd, the petty strife,
Which clouds the colour of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend.
Hannah More.

HOME—Happiness of.

To be happy at home, is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence. *Johnson.*

The road to home happiness lies over small stepping-stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling-blocks of families. The prick of a pin, says the proverb, is enough to make an empire insipid. The tenderer the feelings, the painfuller the wound. A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the faintest breeze. The misery of a life is born of a chance observation. If the true history of quarrels, public and private, were honestly written, it would be silenced with an uproar of derision. *Jesse.*

Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace. *Dr. James Hamilton.*

HOME—The Happy.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean house, a cheerful house, an orderly house, as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health; each other's comfort, as well as each other's character? Oh! it is by leaving the peace at home to chance, instead of pursuing it by system, that so many houses are unhappy. It deserves notice, also, that almost any one can be courteous and forbearing and patient in a neighbour's house. If anything go wrong, or be out of time, or disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show that it is not felt; or, if felt, it is attributed to accident, not design; and this is not only easy, but natural, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home; but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband, as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in his neighbour's house; and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make their own home happy. Let us not evade the point of these remarks by recurring to the maxim about allowances for temper. It is worse than folly to refer to our temper, unless we could prove that we gained anything good by giving way to it. Fits of ill-humour punish us quite as much, if not more, than those they are vented upon; and it actually requires more effort, and inflicts more pain to give them up, than would be requisite to avoid them. *Phillip.*

HOME—Influence of.

It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow. *Washington Irving.*

HOME—Love of.

This fond attachment to the well-known place
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.
Cowper.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;

In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole!
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest—
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie!
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home! *James Montgomery.*

HOME—devoid of Love.

He enter'd in his house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome. *Byron.*

HOME—of the Working Man.

Resolve—and tell your wife of your good resolution. She will aid it all she can. Her step will be lighter and her hand will be busier all day, expecting the comfortable evening at home when you return. Household affairs will have been well attended to. A place for everything, and everything in its place, will, like some good genius, have made even an humble home the scene of neatness, arrangement, and taste. The table will be ready at the fireside. The loaf will be one of that order which says, by its appearance, You may cut and come again. The cups and saucers will be waiting for supplies. The kettle will be singing; and the children, happy with fresh air and exercise, will be smiling in their glad anticipation of that evening meal when father is at home, and of the pleasant reading afterwards. *Helps.*

HOME—Thine Own.

Be thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn anywhere;
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam
Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail;
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.
Donne.

HOME—Pleasures of.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
Young.

HOME—Returning.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
Byron.

HOMES—of England.

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God! *Mrs. Hemans.*

HONESTY.

Honesty!
A name scarce echo to a sound—honesty!
Attend the stately chambers of the great—
It dwells not there, nor in the trading world:
Speaks it in councils? No, the sophist knows
To laugh it thence. *Havard.*

HONESTY—with Beauty.

Honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar. *Shakspeare.*

HONESTY—Becomingness of.

What is becoming is honest, and whatever is honest must always be becoming. *Cicero.*

HONESTY—Characteristics of.

An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor on the ocean's calm:
But when it rages, and the wind blows high,
She cuts her way with skill and majesty.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

HONESTY—Doubtfulness of.

The man who pauses on his honesty,
Wants little of the villain. *Martyn.*

HONESTY—the best Interest.

Do not be over fond of any thing, or consider that for your interest, which makes you break your word, quit your modesty, or inclines you to any practice which will not bear the light, or look the world in the face.
Antoninus.

HONESTY—Nobility of.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Pope.

HONESTY—always Preferable.

An honest death is better than a dishonest life. *Socrates.*

Put it out of the power of truth to give you an ill character; and if any body reports you not to be an honest man, let your practice give him the lie; and to make all sure, you should resolve to live no longer than you can live honestly; for it is better to be nothing than a knave. *Antoninus.*

Many delight more in giving of presents than in paying their debts. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity. *Ibid.*

God only looks to pure, and not to full hands.
Labertius.

Hope of ill gain is the beginning of loss.
Democritus.

Prefer loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once, this for ever. *Chilon.*

HONESTY—Scarcity of.

To be honest, as this world goes,
Is to be one pick'd out of ten thousand.
Shakspeare.

HONESTY—Signs of.

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty. *Lavater.*

HONESTY—Unaffected.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. *Ibid.*

HONESTY—Want of.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good-nature. *Montaigne.*

HONEY.

Honey, by some sweet mystery of the dew,
Is born of air, in bosoms of the flowers, liquid
—serene. *Rucellai.*

HONOUR—Assumption of.

Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear
honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much
honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! *Shakspeare.*

HONOUR—a good Brooch.

Honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times. *Ben Jonson.*

HONOUR—Career of.

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself up in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown grey with unblenched honour, bless God and die. *Heinzelmann.*

HONOUR—Characteristics of.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all the honour lies.
Pope.

'Tis pride's original, but nature's grave;
Scorn'd by the base, but courted by the brave;
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave.
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air;
And both exist by hope and by despair. *Garth.*

HONOUR—Definition of.

Say what is honour? 'Tis the finest sense
Of justice which the human mind can frame,
Interest, each lurking frailty, to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffer'd or done. *Wordsworth.*

HONOUR—Dignity of.

Base, grov'lling souls ne'er know true honour's
worth,
But weigh it out in mercenary scales:

The secret pleasure of a generous act
Is the great mind's great bribe. *Dryden.*

I've scanned the actions of his daily life
With all the industrious malice of a foe;
And nothing meets my eye but deeds of honour.
Hannah More.

HONOUR—False.

Honour with some is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of morality and religion. *Zimmerman.*

HONOUR—Flimsiness of.

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.
Addison.

HONOUR—Different Kinds of.

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive unto the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities. *Shakspeare.*

HONOUR—Loss of.

All my long arrear of honour lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age,
Hath honour's fountain then suck'd up the stream?
He hath; and hooting boys may barefoot pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Dryden.

HONOUR—Obligation of.

Let honour be to us as strong an obligation, as necessity is to others. *Pliny.*

HONOUR—Personal.

The owner ought to be more honourable than his estate. *Zenophon.*

HONOUR—Pride of.

Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch
At every slender twig of nice distinction.
These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well;
But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.
Thomson.

HONOUR—Qualities of.

Ask the proud peer what's honour? he displays
A purchased patent, or the herald's blaze:
Or if the royal smile his hopes have blest,
Points to the glittering glory on his breast:
Yet if beneath no real virtue reign,
On the gay coat the star is but a stain;
For I could whisper in his lordship's ear,
Worth only beams true radiance on the star.
Whitehead.

HONOUR—Sacredness of.

Love's common unto all the mass of creatures,
As life and breath; honour to man alone:
Honour being then above life, dishonour must
Be worse than death; for fate can strike but one,
Reproach doth reach whole families. *Cartwright.*

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It is not to be sported with. *Addison.*

HONOUR—True.

From yon blue heavens above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good:
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
Tennyson.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honour. *Coleridge.*

HONOUR—Value of.

Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.
Shakspeare.

HONOUR—of Woman.

Woman's honour
Is nice as ermine,—will not bear a soil.
Dryden.

HONOUR—Worship of.

Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue;
Yet most mistake the false one for the true:
Lured by the trappings, dazzled by the paint,
We worship oft the idol for the saint.
Courted by all, by few the fair is won;
Those lose who seek her, and those gain who shun:
Naked she flies to merit in distress,
And leaves to courts the garnish of her dress.
The million'd merchant seeks her in his gold;
In schools the pedant, and in camps the bold:
The courtier views her, with admiring eyes,
Flutter in ribands, or in titles rise:

Sir Epicene enjoys her in his plume;
Mead, in the learned wainscot of a room:
By various ways all woo the modest maid;
Yet lose the substance, grasping at the shade.
Whitehead.

HONOURS—Achieved.

Honours achieved far exceed those that are created. *Solon.*

HONOURS—Misapplication of.

The giving riches and honours to a wicked man, is like giving strong wine to him that hath a fever. *Plutarch.*

HOPE—without Action.

It is best to hope only for things possible and probable; he that hopes too much, shall deceive himself at last; especially if his industry does not go along with his hopes: for hope without action is a barren undoer. *Feltham.*

HOPE—Advantage of.

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour, or caution. *Johnson.*

HOPE—like the Wing of an Angel.

Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven, and bearing our prayers to the throne of God. *Jeremy Taylor.*

HOPE—Awakening of.

Early they rise whom Hope
Awakens, and they travel fast with whom
She goes companion of the way. *Roderick.*

HOPE—Beauty of.

There are hopes, the bloom of whose beauty would be spoiled by the trammels of description: too lovely, too delicate, too sacred for words, they should be only known through the sympathy of hearts. *Dickens.*

HOPE—the Chief Blessing.

Hope is the chief blessing of man: and that hope only is rational of which we are sensible that it cannot deceive us. *Johnson.*

HOPE—Blossoms of.

Your hopes are like happy blossoms fair,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing. *Ben Jonson.*

HOPE—Characteristics of.

What is hope? The beauteous sun
Which colours all it shines upon!
The beacon of life's dreary sea;
The star of immortality!
Fountain of feeling, young and warm,
A day-beam bursting through the storm!
A tone of melody, whose birth
Is oh! too sweet, too pure, for earth!
A blossom of that radiant tree
Whose fruit the angels only see!
A beauty and a charm, whose power
Is seen, enjoy'd, confess'd each hour!
A portion of that world to come,
When earth and ocean meet,—the last o'erwhelming doom! *Swain.*

Hope with a goodly prospect feeds the eye,
Shows from a rising ground possession nigh;
Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite,
So easy 'tis to travel with the sight. *Dryden.*

HOPE—Confidence in.

From the lowest depth, there is a path to the loftiest height. *Carlyle.*

HOPE—Deceitfulness of.

I will despair, and be at emnity
With cozening Hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
While false hope lingers in extremity.
Shakspeare.

HOPE—Enlargement of.

Whatever enlarges hope, will also exalt courage. *Johnson.*

HOPE—Expectations of.

Hope deferred, maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.
Solomon.

HOPE—Fallacy of.

Of light was form'd her bosom vest—
A silver cloud conceal'd the rest,
Which ever round the maid expands
To hide the spot on which she stands. *Byron.*

Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain:
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old. *Dryden.*

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to despatch by fear. *Butler.*

HOPE—Fallacy of.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.
What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon pointed to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.

Campbell.

HOPE—Flattery of.

Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites; for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

Shenstone.

HOPE—Inspiring Influence of.

Hope is a vigorous principle; it is furnished with light and heat to advise and execute; it sets the head and heart to work, and animates a man to do his utmost. And thus, by perpetually pushing and assurance, it puts a difficulty out of countenance, and makes a seeming impossibility give way. *Jeremy Collier.*

This hope is earth's most estimable prize;
This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can safely bear.

Young.

Human life hath not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than hope. 'Tis the miserable man's god, which, in the hardest gripe of calamity, never fails to yield him beams of comfort. 'Tis the presumptuous man's devil, which leads him awhile in a smooth way, and then makes him break his neck on the sudden. Hope is to man as a bladder to a learning swimmer,—it keeps him from sinking in the bosom of the waves, and by that help he may attain the exercise; but yet it many times makes him venture beyond his height, and then, if that breaks, or a storm rises, he drowns without recovery. How many would die, did not hope sustain them! How many have died by hoping too much! This wonder we may find in hope, that she is both a flatterer and a true friend. *Feltham.*

HOPE—Sustaining Influence of.

Hope is like the cork to the net, which keeps the soul from sinking in despair; and fear is like the lead to the net, which keeps it from floating in presumption. *Watson.*

HOPE—Loss of.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection itself—a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night: the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy. *Longfellow.*

Where no hope is left, is left no fear. *Milton.*

He that loses hope, may part with anything.

Congreve.

HOPE—the only Medicine.

The miserable hath no other medicine,
But only hope. *Shakspeare.*

HOPE—Powers of.

Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes. *Johnson.*

HOPE—Radiancy of.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.

Byron.

HOPE—a joyful Ray.

Hope is the ruddy morning ray of joy, recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises, breaks indeed, but in another world, and with another sun.

Richter.

HOPE—Reliance on.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, the darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray. *Goldsmith.*

HOPE—Solace of.

Hope, of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health;
Thou lover's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
Cowley.

HOPE—a Staff.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Shakspeare.

HOPE—Strength of.

There is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate. *Ibid.*

Hope exults
And, though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven.
Young.

HOPE—Swiftness of.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Shakspeare.*

HOPE—Treachery of.

Hope is the fawning traitor of the mind,
Which, while it cozens with a colour'd friendship,
Rob us of our best virtue—resolution. *Lee.*

HOPE—Uncertainty of.

Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. Hope is not the man for your banker, though he may do for a travelling companion. *Haliburton.*

HOPE—Proper Use of.

Used with due abstinence, hope acts as a healthful tonic; intemperately indulged, as an enervating opiate. The visions of future triumph, which at first animate exertion, if dwelt upon too intently, will usurp the place of the stern reality; and noble objects will be contemplated, not for their own inherent worth, but on account of the day-dreams they engender. Thus hope, aided by imagination, makes one man a hero, another a somnambulist, and a third a lunatic; while it renders them all enthusiasts. *Sir J. Stephen.*

HOPE—Wreck of.

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind, that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne, if they had flourished. *Dickens.*

HORROR—Effects of.

Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temples; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard: and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself. *Shakspeare.*

HORROR—Picture of.

An universal horror
Struck through my eyes, and chill'd my very heart:
The cheerful day was everywhere shut out
With care, and left a more than midnight darkness,
Such as might ev'n be felt: a few dim lamps,
That feebly lifted up their sickly heads,
Look'd faintly through the shade, and made it seem
More dismal by such light: while those that waited
In solemn sorrow, mix'd with wild amazement,
Observed a dreadful silence. *Rowe.*

HOSPITALITY—Ancient.

Full in the midst the polish'd table shines,
And the bright goblets, rich with generous wines;
Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each the portion shares.
Homer.

HOSPITALITY—Definition of.

Breaking through the chills of ceremony and selfishness, and thawing every heart into a flow. *Washington Irving.*

HOSPITALITY—of the Heart.

There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. *Ibid.*

HOSPITALITY—Invitation to.

Dry those eyes which are o'erflowing,
All your storms are overblowing:
While you in this isle are biding,
You shall feast without providing.
Every dainty you can think of,
Every wine which you would drink of,

Shall be yours; all want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you. *Dryden.*

HOSPITALITY—of the Yeomanry.

Some hold, when Hospitality died in England, she gave her last groan among the yeomen of Kent. And still, at our yeomen's tables, you shall have as many joints as dishes. No meat disguised with strange sauces; no straggling joynt of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grasse, beset with salads on every side; but more solid, substantial food: no servitors (more nimble with their hands than the guests with their teeth) take away meat before stomachs are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good, made better by the store of it, and best by the welcome to it. *Fuller.*

HOURS—Definition of.

Hours are golden links;—God's token reaching Heaven. *Dickens.*

HOURS—Virgin Divinities.

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove
And timely Night; the which were all endued
With wondrous beauty, fit to kindle love.
But they were virgins all, and love eschew'd,
That might forslack the charge to them foreshow'd
By mighty Jove, who did them porters make
Of heaven's gate (whence all the gods issued),
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turns, nor ever did their charge forsake.
Spenser.

HOUSE—in Chancery (loquitur).

Rats run through my drains, and breed in glory in my sinks, and mice by hundreds have taken possession of my cupboards; the wind which sweeps through the crevices of my shutters plays deadly Æolian tunes on the cobwebs which hang in festoons; but the spiders which spin them do not grow fat, for I am by far too lonely for a decent fly to buzz in. My kitchens are uninhabited, save by houseless cats and long dark London-bred newts, which have lost their colour and their spirits long ago. *Friswell.*

HOUSE—Furniture of a.

A house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment, unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising six weeks. *Southey.*

HOUSE—Haunted.

No human figure stirs, to go or come;
No face looks forth from shut or open casement;
No chimney smokes; there is no sign of home
From parapet to basement. *Hood.*

HOUSE—Owner an Ornament to the.

My precept to all who build is, that the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner. *Cicero.*

HOUSE—and surrounding Scenery.

It was a picturesque old house, in a fine park, richly wooded. Among the trees, and not far from the residence, he pointed out the spire of the little church of which he had spoken. The solemn woods over which the light and shadow travelled swiftly, as if heavenly wings were sweeping on benignant errands through the summer air; the smooth green slopes; the glittering water; the garden where the flowers were so symmetrically arranged in clusters of the richest colours, how beautiful they looked! The house, with gable, and chimney, and tower, and turret, and dark doorway, and broad terrace-walk, twining among the balustrades of which, and lying heaped upon the vases, there was one great flush of roses, seeming scarcely real in its light solidity, and in the serene and peaceful hush that rested all around it. *Dickens.*

HOUSEWIFE—An Industrious.

She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house; two wheels she had,
Of antique form;—this large for spinning wool,—
That small for flax; and if one wheel had rest,
It was because the other was at work.
Wordsworth.

HOUSEWIFERY—the Study of Woman.

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Milton.

HUMAN NATURE—Characteristics of.

Human nature is not so much depraved as to hinder us from respecting goodness in others, though we ourselves want it. This is the reason why we are so much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expressions of pleasure or uneasiness in some part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or malice; and we love truth too well to resist the charms of sincerity. *Steele.*

HUMAN NATURE—Corruption of.

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us.
Lord Clarendon.

HUMAN NATURE—Divineness of.

With our sciences and our cyclopædias, we are apt to forget the *divineness* in those laboratories of ours. We ought not to forget it! That once well forgotten, I know not what else were worth remembering! Most sciences, I think, were then a very dead thing—withered, contentious, empty—a thistle in late autumn. The best science, without this, is but as the dead *timber;* it is not the growing tree and forest—which gives ever-new timber among other things! Man cannot *know* either, unless he can *worship* in some way. His knowledge is a pedantry and dead thistle, otherwise.

Carlyle.

HUMAN NATURE—Rational.

A rational nature admits of nothing but what is serviceable to the rest of mankind.

Antoninus.

HUMAN NATURE—Treatment of.

Tender-handed touch a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
So it is with common natures—
Use them kindly, they rebel,
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well. *Aaron Hill.*

HUMANITY—Definition of.

True humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting or shrinking at tales of misery, but in a disposition of heart to relieve it. True humanity appertains rather to the mind than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active endeavours to execute the actions which it suggests.

Charles James Fox.

HUMANITY—Divinity of.

Our humanity were a poor thing, but for the Divinity that stirs within us. *Bacon.*

HUMILITY—Advantages of.

By humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches, honour, and life. *Solomon.*

HUMILITY—Characteristics of.

Highest when it stoops
Lowest before the holy throne; throws down
Its crown abased; forgets itself, admires,
And breathes adoring praise. *Pollok.*

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the Throne itself must be
The footstool of humility. *Herbert.*

HUMILITY—Free from Danger.

I see those who are lifted highest on
The hill of honour, are nearest to the
Blasts of envious fortune; whilst the low
And humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full
Of flowers. *Ford.*

Would I had trod the humble path, and made
My industry less ambitious. The shrub
Securely grows,—the tallest tree stands most
In the wind; and thus we distinguish the
Noble from the base: the noble find their
Lives and deaths still troublesome;
But humility doth sleep, whilst the storm
Grows hoarse with scolding. *Davenport.*

HUMILITY—a Fragrant Flower.

'Tis a fair and fragrant flower; in its appearance modest, in its situation low and hidden; it doth not flaunt its beauties to every vulgar eye, or throw its odours upon every passing gale; 'tis unknown to the earthly botanist, it discovers itself only to the spiritual searcher; neither does he find it among those gay and gaudy tribes of flowers with which the generality are so easily captivated, but in some obscure and unfrequented spot, where the prints of human footsteps are rarely seen. But whenever he finds it, he is sure to behold its bosom opened to the Sun of Righteousness, receiving new sweets in perpetual succession from his exhaustless source. *Caspipini.*

HUMILITY—a Frail Flower.

The loveliest, sweetest flower
That bloomed in Paradise, and the first that died,
Has rarely blossom'd since on mortal soil.
It is so frail, so delicate a thing,
'Tis gone if it but look upon itself;
And she who ventures to esteem it hers,
Proves by that single thought she has it not.

Mrs. Fry.

HUMILITY—Hypocrisy of.

There are some that use
Humility to serve their pride, and seem
Humble upon their way, to be prouder
At their wish'd journey's end. *Denham.*

HUMILITY—Great Importance of.

It is in vain to gather virtues without humility; for the Spirit of God delighteth to dwell in the hearts of the humble. *Erasmus.*

HUMILITY—leads to Improvement.

Humility leads to the highest distinction, because it leads to self-improvement. Study your own characters; endeavour to learn and to supply your own deficiencies; never assume to yourselves qualities which you do not possess; combine all this with energy and activity, and you cannot predicate of yourselves, nor can others predicate of you, at what point you may arrive at last. *Sir Benjamin Brodie.*

HUMILITY—our first Lesson.

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust, the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves. *Zimmerman.*

HUMILITY—associated with Love.

Whatever obscurities may involve religious tenets, humility and love constitute the essence of true religion; the humble is formed to adore, the loving to associate with eternal love. *Lavater.*

Everything may be mimicked by hypocrisy but humility and love united. The humblest star twinkles most in the darkest night. The more rare humility and love united, the more radiant when they meet. *Ibid.*

HUMILITY—Merit of.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient. *Augustine.*

HUMILITY—Necessity for.

All the world, all that we are, and all that we have, our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins, and our seldom virtues, are as so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the deep valley of humility. *Jeremy Taylor.*

HUMILITY—Pre-eminence of.

Among all other virtues, humility, though it be lowest, yet is pre-eminent. It is the safest, because it is always at anchor; and that man may be truly said to live with most content in his calling, who strives to live within the compass of it. *Rihel.*

HUMILITY—always Safe.

To be humble to superiors, is duty; to equals, is courtesy; to inferiors, is nobleness; and to all, safety; it being a virtue, that, for all her lowliness, commandeth those souls it stoops to. *Sir Thomas More.*

HUMILITY—Summit of..

It is the summit of humility to bear the imputation of pride. *Lavater.*

HUMILITY—True.

If we can forbear thinking proudly of ourselves, and that it is only God's goodness if we exceed other men in anything; if we heartily desire to do all the good we can to others; if we do cheerfully submit to any affliction, as that which we think best for us, because God has laid it upon us; and receive any blessings He vouchsafes to confer upon us, as His own bounty, and very much above our merit; He will bless this temper of ours into that humility which he expects and accepts. *Lord Clarendon.*

HUMILITY—Virtue of.

Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot. *Moore.*

HUMILITY—in Works.

My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires.
Shakspeare.

HUMOUR—False and True.

I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and, at the same time, place beside it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relation :—

Falsehood.	Truth.
Nonsense..	Good Sense.
Frenzy.——Laughter.	Wit——Mirth.
False Humour.	True Humour.

Addison.

HUMOUR—Faults of.

There are more faults in the humour than in the mind. *La Rochefoucauld.*

HUMOUR—Good.

Honest good-humour is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.
Washington Irving.

HUMOUR—guided by Judgment.

The union of genuine, rich humour with deep piety, and the chastened, spontaneous use of it, under the guidance of a just judgment, are among the rarest manifestations of intelleetual power. *Cheever.*

HUMOUR—Pathos of.

Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache.
Bunyan.

HUNGER—an Impulse to Labour.

Hunger is one of the beneficent and terrible instincts. It is, indeed, the very fire of life, underlying all impulses to labour, and moving man to noble activities by its imperious demands. Look where we may, we see it as the motive power which sets the vast array of human machinery in action. It is hunger which brings these stalwart navvies together in orderly gangs to cut paths through mountains, to throw bridges across rivers, to intersect the land with the great iron-ways which bring city into daily communication with city. Hunger is the overseer of those men erecting palaces, prison-houses, barracks, and villas. Hunger sits at the loom, which, with stealthy power, is weaving the wondrous fabrics of cotton and silk. Hunger labours at the furnace and the plough, coercing the native indolence of man into strenuous and incessant activity. Let food be abundant and easy of access, and civilization becomes impossible; for our higher efforts are dependent on our lower impulses in an indissoluble manner. Nothing but the necessities of food will force man to labour, which he hates, and will always avoid when possible. And although this seems obvious only when applied to the labouring classes, it is equally, though less obviously true, when applied to all other classes, for the money we all labour to gain is nothing but food, and the surplus of food, which will buy other men's labour. If in this sense hunger is seen to be a beneficent instinct, in another sense it is terrible; for when its progress is unchecked it becomes a devouring flame, destroying all that is noble in man, subjugating his humanity, and making the brute dominant in him, till finally life itself is extinguished. Besides the picture of the activities it inspires, we might also place a picture of the ferocities it evokes. Many an appaling story might be cited, from that of Ugolino in the famine-tower, to those of wretched shipwrecked men and women who have been impelled by the madness of starvation to murder their companions that they might feed upon their flesh. *Smiles.*

HUNGER—Management of.

Famish'd people must be slowly nursed,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst.
Byron.

HUNGER—the Mother of Impatience.

Hunger is the mother of impatience and anger.
Zimmerman.

HUNTING—Caution in.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn. *Gay.*

HUNTING—Forest Music.

The forest music is to hear the hounds
Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry
Awake the drowsy echo, and confound
Their perfect language in a mingled voice. *Ibid.*

HUNTING—Salubrious Pleasures of

Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rise from sleep, and answer sound for sounds;
Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war;
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed,
Hills, dales, and forests far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train. *Ibid.*

HUSBAND—Affection of a.

A prudent father,
By nature charged to guide and rule her choice,
Resigns his daughter to a husband's power,
Who, with superior dignity, with reason,
And manly tenderness, will ever love her;
Not first a kneeling slave, and then a tyrant.
Thomson.

HUSBAND—Excellencies of a.

Faithful—as dog, the lonely shepherd's pride;
True—as the helm, the bark's protecting guide;
Firm—as the shaft that props the towering dome;
Sweet—as to shipwreck'd seaman land and home;
Lovely—as child, a parent's sole delight;
Radiant—as morn, that breaks a stormy night;
Grateful—as streams, that, in some deep recess
With rills unhoped the panting traveller bless,
Is *he* that links with mine his chain of life,
Names himself lord, and deigns to call me wife.
Eschilus.

See, what a grace was seated on his brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
In station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. *Shakspeare.*

HYPOCRISY—Atrocity of.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the chameleon;
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.
Ibid.

HYPOCRISY—of the Countenance.

In vain you soothe me with your soft endearments,
And set the fairest countenance to view;
Your gloomy eyes betray a deadness,
And inward languishment: that oracle
Eats like a subtle worm its venom'd way,
Preys on your heart, and rots the noble core,
Howe'er the beauteous outside shows so lovely.
Lee.

We'll mock the time with fairest show;
Fair face must hide what the false heart does know. *Shakspeare.*

Obey me, features, for one supple moment:
You shall not long be tortured. Here, in courts,
We must not wear the soldier's honest face.
Thompson.

HYPOCRISY—Danger of.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long-traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.
Shakspeare.

Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By His permissive will, through heaven and earth;
And oft, though wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill,
Where no ill seems. *Milton.*

HYPOCRISY—Insinuations of.

Who by kindness and smooth attention can insinuate a hearty welcome to an unwelcome guest, is a hypocrite superior to a thousand plain-dealers. *Lavater.*

HYPOCRISY—Looks of.

Thy very looks are lies; eternal falsehood
Smiles in thy lips, and flatters in thine eyes.
Smith.

Look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits, and a formal constancy.
Shakspeare.

HYPOCRISY—of Love.

Curse on him that
First flatter'd with his tongue; on her that first
Dissembled in her silence.
What miseries have they entail'd on life,
To bring in fraud and diffidence in love!
Simplicity's the dress of honest passion;
Then why our arts, why to a man enamour'd,
That at our feet effuses all his soul,
Must woman cold appear, false to herself and him? *Steele.*

HYPOCRISY—Personation of.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other.
Tillotson.

HYPOCRISY—Saint-like.

Trust not him that seems a saint. *Fuller.*

HYPOCRISY—Servility of.

The mean and servile soul of a hypocrite is like a dead carcass, in which there is neither heat, fire, nor spark of life remaining.
Rousseau.

HYPOCRISY—Speciousness of.

While every vice is hid by hypocrisy, every virtue is suspected to be hypocrisy. This excuses the bad from imitating virtue, the ungenerous from rewarding it; and the suspicion is looked upon as wisdom, as if it was not as necessary a part of wisdom to know what to believe, as what to reject.
Hon. Mrs. Montague.

Oft, beneath
The saintly veil, the votary of sin
May lurk unseen, and to that eye alone
Which penetrates the inmost heart, revealed.
Bally.

Our better mind
Is as a Sunday's garment, then put on

When we have nought to do; but at our work
We wear a worse, for thrift! *Crowe.*

HYPOCRISY—Fiendlike Spirit of.

Satan was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
Milton.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose:
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! *Shakspeare.*

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening lamb!
Despisèd substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damnèd saint, an honourable villain!—
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound; O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace! *Ibid.*

HYPOCRISY—of Vice.

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. *La Rochefoucauld.*

HYPOCRISY—Villany of.

I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of Holy Writ:
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
Shakspeare.

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villany.
Johnson.

Foul hypocrisy's so much the mode,
There is no knowing hearts, from words or looks.
Thieves, bawds, and panders, wear the holy leer;
E'en ruffians cant, and undermining knaves
Display a mimic openness of soul! *Shirley.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband and her father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having heaven, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks!
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Can she abase her beauteous eyes on me,—
On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus!
My dukedom to a widow's chastity,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll have my chamber lined with looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body;
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost;
But first, I'll turn St. Harry to his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shakspeare.

HYPOCRITE—Indignation roused by the.

Why do you let them stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!
Ibid.

HYPOCRITE—Plausibility of the.

He hath put forth his hands against such as be at peace with him; he hath broken his covenant; the words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart; his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords. *David.*

HYPOCRITE—Detestable Spirit of the.

No man's condition is so base as his;
None more accursed than he; for man esteems
Him hateful, 'cause he seems not what he is;
God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seems.
What grief is absent, or what mischief can
Be added to the hate of God and man.
Randolph.

HYPOCRITE—Villany of the.

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in. *Pollok.*

HYPOCRITE—Worthlessness of the.

A hypocrite is good in nothing but sight.
Pericles.

HYPOCRITES—the Devil's Drudges.

Hypocrites do the devil's drudgery in Christ's livery. *Matthew Henry.*

HYPOCRITES—the Devil's Dupes.

If the devil ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites: they are the greatest dupes he has.

They serve him better than any others, and receive no wages; nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications to go to hell than the sincerest Christian to go to heaven. *Colton.*

HYSTERICS.

The hysterical passion that impels tears, is a terrible violence,—a sort of throttling sensation,—then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity. *Sir Walter Scott.*

I.

IDEA—Evoking an.

An idea, like a ghost (according to the common notion of ghosts), must be spoken to a little before it will explain itself. *Dickens.*

IDEA—Recurrence of an.

By what strange law of mind is it that an idea long overlooked, and trodden underfoot as a useless stone, suddenly sparkles out in new light, as a discovered diamond?
Mrs. Stowe.

IDEA—A Sublime.

A sublime idea remains the same, from whatever brain, or in whatever region, it had its birth. *Menzel.*

IDEA—Vagueness of an.

A vague recollection fills my mind; an image, dazzling but undefined, like the memory of a gorgeous dream. It crowds my brain confusedly, but will not stay; it changes and mingles, like the tremulous sunshine on the wave, till imagination itself is dazzled, bewildered, overpowered! *Longfellow.*

IDEAL—The.

Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet, in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is so satisfied with himself that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy. Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself. This ideal man which we project, as it were, out of ourselves, and seek to make real—this wisdom, goodness, and holiness, which we aim to transfer from our thoughts to our life—has an action more or less powerful on each man, rendering him dissatisfied with present attainments, and restless, unless he is becoming better. With some men it takes the rose out of the cheek, and forces them to wander a long pilgrimage of temptations before they reach the Delectable Mountains of tranquillity, and find "rest for the soul," under the tree of life.
Theodore Parker.

IDEAL—The.

Alas! we know that ideals can never be completely embodied in practice. Ideals must ever lie a great way off—and we will thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto! Let no man, as Schiller says, too querulously "measure by a scale of perfection the meagre product of reality" in this poor world of ours. We will esteem him no wise man; we will esteem him a sickly, discontented, foolish man. And yet, on the other hand, it is never to be forgotten that ideals do exist; that if they be not approximated to at all, the whole matter goes to wreck! Infallibly. No bricklayer builds a wall perpendicular—mathematically this is not possible; a certain degree of perpendicularity suffices him, and he, like a good bricklayer, who must have done with his job, leaves it so. And yet, if he sway too much from the perpendicular—above all, if he throw plummet and level quite away from him and pile brick on brick heedless, just as it comes to hand—such bricklayer, I think, is in a bad way. He has forgotten himself; but the law of gravitation does not forget to act on him; he and his wall rush down into a confused welter of ruins! *Carlyle.*

IDEALITY—Culture of.

Ideality is a strong guardian of virtue; they who have tasted its genuine pleasures can never rest satisfied with those of mere sense. But it is possible to cultivate the taste to such a degree as to induce a fastidious refinement, when it becomes the inlet of more pain than pleasure. Nor is the worst of over-refinement the loss of selfish gratification: it is apt to interfere with benevolence, to avoid the sight of inelegant distress, to shrink from the contact of vulgar worth, and to lead us to despise those whose feeling of taste is less delicate and correct than our own. If the beautiful and the useful be incompatible, the beautiful must give way; as the means of the existence and comfort of the masses must be provided before the elegancies which can only conduce to the pleasure of the few. Selfishness, though refined, is still but selfishness, and refinement ought never to interfere with the means of doing good in the world as it at present exists.

It is not desirable to appeal early to this feeling, or perhaps even directly to cultivate it. If the other faculties are well developed and properly cultivated, this will attain sufficient strength of itself. The beautiful is the clothing of the infinite; and in the contemplation of the beautiful, and the love of perfection—not in churches—we seek our highest and most intimate communion with God, and draw nearer and nearer to him. The fine arts—painting, sculpture, music, as well as poetry—ought all to minister to ideality. The proper use of painting, for instance, ought to be to represent everything that is beautiful in the present, and to recall all that is worthy of remembrance in the past. To give body to those spiritual pictures of ideal beauty and perfection which ideality forms,—to give a faithful representation of the great and good that have departed, and to put vividly before us those actions and scenes, those pages from universal history, which have a tendency to refine, to exalt, and to enlarge the soul,—this is what painting ought to aim at. *Charles Bray.*

IDLENESS—Deceit of.

Do not allow Idleness to deceive you; for, while you give him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you. *Crowquill.*

IDLENESS—Distress of.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
Cowper.

IDLENESS—Effects of.

It is no more possible for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge, than it is possible to keep together a stock of ice exposed to the meridian sun. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an influence; and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it. *Sidney Smith.*

IDLENESS—Evils of.

Ydelnes, that is the gate of all harmes.
An ydil man is like an hous that hath noone walles;
The develes may entre on every syde. *Chaucer.*

Idleness is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause, not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases: for the mind is naturally active; and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief or sinks into melancholy. *Burton.*

Eschew the idle life!
Flee, flee from doing nought!
For never was there idle brain
But bred an idle thought. *Tuberville.*

A thousand evils do afflict that man, which hath to himself an idle and unprofitable carcass. *Sallust.*

A man should inure himself to voluntary labour, and not give up to indulgence and pleasure; as they beget no good constitution of body, nor knowledge of the mind. *Socrates.*

IDLENESS—Folly of.

The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically fools at large. *Archbishop Tillotson.*

IDLENESS—neither Pleasure nor Pain.

Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate state between pleasure and pain, and very much unbecoming any part of our life after we are out of the nurse's arms. *Steele.*

IDLENESS—Results of.

Grete rest stondeth in litel businesse. *Chaucer.*

IDLENESS—Sin of.

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer, pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No: I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity. *Zimmerman.*

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is effectually destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive. *Chesterfield.*

Idleness is a constant sin, and but the devil's home for temptation, and for unprofitable, distracting musings. *Baxter.*

IDLENESS—the Nurse of Sin.

Sluggish idleness—the nurse of sin. *Spenser.*

IDLENESS—a Sleep.

Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger. *Solomon.*

IDLENESS—travels Slowly.

Idleness travels very slowly, and Poverty soon overtakes her. *Hunter.*

IDLENESS—Troubles of.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease. *Franklin.*

IDOLATRY—Destruction of.

What, Dagon up again! I thought we had hurled him
Down on the threshold, never more to rise.
Bring wedge and axe, and neighbours, lend your hands,
And rive the idol into winter fagots?
Athelstane.

IDOLATRY—Helplessness of.

Call now, if there be any that will answer thee; and to which of the saints wilt thou turn? *Job.*

IDOLATRY—of Service.

'Tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god.
Shakspeare.

IDOLS—of the Heathen.

Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not: they have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat. *David.*

IGNORANCE—Danger of.

There is no slight danger from general ignorance; and the only choice which Providence has graciously left to a vicious government, is either to fall *by* the people, if they are suffered to become enlightened, or *with* them, if they are kept enslaved and ignorant.
Coleridge.

IGNORANCE—Eradication of.

In my humble opinion, the noblest page in the statute-book of England is that which says no man shall be destitute. I wish to see a parallel page in the statute-book, which shall say no man shall be ignorant.
Sir John Pakington.

IGNORANCE—Pride of Learning.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance. *Jeremy Taylor.*

IGNORANCE—a Spiritual Poison.

Ignorance is a dangerous and spiritual poison, which all men ought warily to shun.
Gregory.

IGNORANCE—Surprise caused by.

A man is never astonished or ashamed that he don't know what another does, but he is surprised at the gross ignorance of the other in not knowin' what he does. *Haliburton.*

IGNORANCE—Unteachableness of.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it, hath it not. *Jeremy Taylor.*

IGNORANCE—Violence of.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent: for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some lead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.
Pope.

ILLNESS—Recovery from.

See the wretch that long has tost,
On the thorny bed of pain,
Again repair his vigour lost,
And walk and run again.
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common air, the earth, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise. *Gray.*

An able physician once said, that in a dangerous illness, a Christian would have a better chance of recovery than an unbeliever; that religious resignation was a better soothing medicine than poppy, and a better cordial than ether: an habitual horror of death overshadows the mind, darkening the little daylight of life. An indulgence in a morbid excess of apprehension, not only embitters a man's existence, but often shortens its duration. He hastens the advance of death by the fear with which his frame is seized, at its real or imaginary approach. His trembling hand involuntarily shakes the glass in which his hours are numbered. *Dr. Reid.*

ILLS—Ascribing of.

Common and vulgar people ascribe all ill that they feel to others; people of little wisdon ascribe to themselves; people of much wisdom to no one. *Epictetus.*

ILLUSION—of the Mind.

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss. *Shakspeare.*

IMAGINATION—accompanied by Action.

Wherever men are assembled in societies, and are not swallowed up in sloth or most debasing passion, there the great elements of our nature are in action; and much as in this day, to look upon the face of life, it appears to be removed from all poetry, we cannot but believe that, in the very heart of our most civilized life—in our cities, in each great metropolis of commerce, in the midst of the most active concentration of all those relations of being which seem most at war with imagination—there the materials which imagination seeks in human life are yet to be found. It were much to be wished, therefore, for the sake both of our literature and of our life, that imagination would again be content to dwell with life; that we had less of poetry, and more of strength; and that imagination were again to be found, as it used to be, one of the elements of life itself,—a strong principle of our nature, living in the midst of our affections and passions, blending with, kindling, invigorating, and exalting them all.

Professor Wilson.

IMAGINATION—Activity of the.

The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition, or with our past attainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some ideal excellence. Hence the ardour of the selfish to better their fortunes, and to add to their personal accomplishments; and hence the zeal of the patriot and the philosopher to advance the virtue and the happiness of the human race. Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes.

Dugald Stewart.

IMAGINATION—Divine Attribute of the.

It is the divine attribute of the imagination, that it is irrepressible, unconfinable; that when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and with a necromantic power can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions to make solitude populous and irradiate the gloom of a dungeon.

Washington Irving.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less to put in act. *Ben Jonson.*

I did wed
Myself to things of light from infancy. *Keats.*

IMAGINATION—Characteristics of.

Imagination I understand to be the representation of an individual thought. Imagination is of three kinds: joined with belief of that which is to come; joined with memory of that which is past; and of things present. *Bacon.*

Imagination is that faculty which arouses the passions by the impression of exterior objects; it is influenced by these objects, and consequently it is in affinity with them; it is contagious; its fear or courage flies from imagination to imagination; the same in love, hate, joy, or grief: hence I conclude it to be a most subtle atmosphere. *Lord John Russell.*

IMAGINATION—Creations of the.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence. *Byron.*

Whatever makes the past or the future predominate over the present, exalts us in the scale of thinking beings. *Johnson.*

IMAGINATION—not Expressible.

What I can fancy, but can ne'er express.
Juvenal.

IMAGINATION—Pictures of the.

When at eve, at the bounding of the landscape, the heavens appear to recline so slowly on the earth, imagination pictures beyond the horizon an asylum of hope,—a native land of love; and nature seems silently to repeat that man is immortal. *Madame de Stael.*

IMAGINATION—superseded by Reason.

But lost, for ever lost, to me, those joys
Which reason scatters and which time destroys!
No more the midnight fairy tribe I view,
All in the merry moonshine tippling dew;
E'en the last lingering fiction of the brain—
The churchyard ghost—is now at rest again.
Crabbe.

IMAGINATION—Shadows of the.

The imagination has a shadow as well as the body, that keeps just a little ahead of you, or follows close behind your heels; it don't do to let it frighten you. *Haliburton.*

IMITATION—A Good.

A good imitation is the most perfect *originality*. *Voltaire.*

IMITATION—Propensity to.

Amongst the causes assigned for the continuance and diffusion of the same moral sentiments amongst mankind, may be mentioned *imitation*. The efficacy of this principle is most observable in children; indeed, if there be anything in them which deserves the name of an *instinct*, it is their *propensity* to *imitation*. Now there is nothing which children imitate, or apply more readily, than expressions of affection and aversion, of approbation, hatred, resentment, and the like; and when these passions and expressions are once connected, which they soon will be by the same association which unites words with their ideas, the passion will follow the expression, and attach upon the object to which the child has been accustomed to apply the epithet. *Paley.*

IMMODESTY—a Want of Sense.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of modesty is want of sense. *Pope.*

IMMORTALITY—Analogies of.

Even in a moral point of view, I think the analogies derived from the transformation of insects admit of some beautiful applications, which have not been neglected by pious entomologists. The three states—of the caterpillar, larva, and butterfly—have, since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being—its terrestrial form, apparent death, and ultimate celestial destination; and it seems more extraordinary that a sordid and crawling worm should become a beautiful and active fly—that an inhabitant of the dark and fœtid dunghill should in an instant entirely change its form, rise into the blue air, and enjoy the sunbeams,—than that a being, whose pursuits here have been after an undying name, and whose purest happiness has been derived from the acquisition of intellectual power and finite knowledge, should rise hereafter into a state of being where immortality is no longer a name, and ascend to the source of Unbounded Power and Infinite Wisdom. *Sir Humphrey Davy.*

IMMORTALITY—Earthly.

Bonaparte was visiting the picture gallery of Soult with Dénon, and was struck with one of Raffaelle's pictures, which Dénon complimented with the term "immortal." "How long may it last?" asked Bonaparte. "Well some four or five hundred years longer," said Dénon. "Belle immortalité!" said Bonaparte, disdainfully. *Lady Morgan.*

IMMORTALITY—Knowing our.

The caterpillar, on being converted into an inert scaly mass, does not appear to be fitting itself for an inhabitant of the air, and can have no consciousness of the brilliancy of its future being. We are masters of the earth, but perhaps we are the slaves of some great and unknown beings. The fly, that we crush with our finger, or feed with our viands, has no knowledge of man, and no consciousness of his superiority. We suppose that we are acquainted with matter and all its elements, yet we cannot even guess at the cause of electricity, or explain the laws of the formation of the stones that fall from meteors. There may be beings, thinking beings, near or surrounding us, which we do not perceive, which we cannot imagine. We know very little, but, in my opinion, we know enough to hope for the immortality, the individual immortality, of the better part of man. *Sir Humphrey Davy.*

How gloomy would be the mansions of the dead to him, who did not know that he should never die; that what now acts shall continue its agency, and what now thinks shall think on for ever. *Johnson.*

IMMORTALITY—Miracle of.

Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live for ever?
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle; and that no more. *Young.*

IMMORTALITY—Prospects of.

If every rule of equity demands
That vice and virtue from the Almighty's hands
Should due rewards and punishments receive,
And this by no means happens whilst we live,
It follows that a time will surely come
When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom;
Then shall this scene, which now to human sight
Seems so unworthy wisdom infinite,
A system of consummate skill appear,
And, ev'ry cloud dispersed, be beautiful and clear. *Soame Jenyns.*

The Deity, who saw
How each fine thread in the fair web of life
Was wrought in nature's loom, ere yet the heart
Began to beat, or breathing lungs imbibed
The expansive air; that Deity, by whom
I think and act, knows when the springs of life
Should cease to play: and duty bids me pay

The debt of nature when He makes the claim.
. . . . He means
This frame should fall, while yet my thinking powers
Are strong and clear, and the soul fit to mix
With spirits void of guilt, that never feel
The violence of force, but free as light
Spontaneous move, obsequious to the laws
That rule their being. *Bushe.*

IMMORTALITY—Reflections on.

Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! A race without a goal!
Unshortened by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! Life,
Beginning still, where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a deity!
. . . . . .
Immortal! What can strike the sense so strong,
As this the soul? It thunders to the thought,
Reason amazes, gratitude o'erwhelms;—
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Roused at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air, an air that feeds
Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us,
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars. *Young.*

IMMORTALITY—Thoughts on.

Doth this soul within me, this spirit of thought, and love, and infinite desire, dissolve as well as the body? Has Nature, who quenches our bodily thirst, who rests our weariness, and perpetually encourages us to endeavour onwards, prepared no food for this appetite of immortality? *Leigh Hunt*

IMPARTIALITY—Desirableness of.

Of all the blessings which are bestowed upon the good there is none perhaps more expedient for us, or more to be requested of God, than a spirit of impartiality with respect to ourselves, together with that accurate discernment, that suspicious severity, that care to distinguish between real probity and the false appearance of it, and that caution not to be imposed upon by hypocrisy and dissimulation, which we usually exert, when we scan the actions and the pretensions of other people. This is the best security against the dangerous illusions of self-love. The lower we place ourselves, the higher we shall rise in the favour of God; and the readier we are to censure our own defects, the nearer we shall be to repentance and amendment. *Jortin.*

IMPATIENCE—dries the Blood.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow. *Creon.*

IMPATIENCE—Grasps at all.

Impatience is a quality sudden, eager, and insatiable, which grasps at all, and admits of no delay; scorning to wait God's leisure, and attend humbly and dutifully upon the issues of his wise and just Providence. *South.*

IMPERFECTIONS—of Human Nature.

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and councils, governed by foolish servants. I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces. I have known men of valour cowards to their wives. I have known men of cunning perpetually cheated. I knew three ministers, who would exactly compute and settle the accounts of a kingdom, wholly ignorant of their own economy. *Walpole.*

IMPERTINENCE—in Conversation despised.

That man is guilty of *impertinence*, who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in. *Tully.*

IMPERTINENCE—Treatment of.

Receive no satisfaction for *premeditated* impertinence; forget it,—forgive it,—but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it. *Lavater.*

IMPLACABILITY—Characteristic of.

Implacability is known only to the savage. *Julius Cæsar.*

IMPORTUNITY—Success of.

In general it is not very difficult for little minds to attain splendid situations. It is much more difficult for great minds to attain the place to which their merit fully entitles them. In the first place, elevation of sentiment is almost always an insurmountable obstacle to fortune; it is an effectual barrier against a thousand easy and certain means of advancement; talents are even adverse to advancement, unless they be accompanied with vast intrepidity of soul; with a sort of courage that men of truly honest and upright hearts do not wish to possess. For if, on the one hand, they multiply our means of attaining the proposed end, they, on the other, place before our eyes, in but too forcible a point of view, the obstacles we have to surmount. This inconvenience is great, and the multiplication of our means is not always an advantage. I am persuaded that in carefully examining the conduct of those who have attained to any extraordinary fortune, we

shall be tempted to believe there is nothing so sure of succeeding as not to be overbrilliant, as to be entirely wrapped up in oneself, and endowed with a perseverance which, in spite of all the rebuffs it may meet with, never relaxes in the pursuit of its object. It is incredible what may be done by dint of importunity alone; and where shall we find the man of real talents who knows how to be importunate enough? He is too soon overcome with the disgust inspired by all matters which have interest only for their object, with the desire of perpetual solicitation; he is too much alive to all the little movements visible on the countenance of the person solicited, and he gives up the pursuit. The fool sees none of these things, feels none of these things—he pursues his object with unremitted ardour, and at length attains it.

Baron de Grimm.

IMPOSSIBLE.

Impossible is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools. *Napoleon I.*

IMPRECATIONS—of Despair.

Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head;
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night,
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever!

Rowe.

IMPRESSIONS—Art of Making.

If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favourable impression of you; if with a little mind, leave him with a favourable opinion of himself. *Coleridge.*

IMPRISONMENT—Consolation in.

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness;
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure!
Ay, such a pleasure, as encag'ed birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

Shakspeare.

——

Captivity,
That comes with honour, is true liberty.

Massinger and Field.

IMPRISONMENT—Expenses of.

If we estimate at a shilling a day what is lost by the inaction, and consumed in the support of each man chained down to involuntary idleness by imprisonment, the public loss will rise in one year to three hundred thousand pounds; in ten years, to more than a sixth part of our circulating coin. *Johnson.*

IMPROVEMENT—Alteration an aid to.

If a better system's thine,
Impart it frankly; or make use of mine.

Horace.

IMPROVEMENT—Moral.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement: we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere. *Helps.*

IMPROVIDENCE—Characteristics of.

It has always been more difficult for a man to keep than to get; for, in the one case, fortune aids, which often assists injustice; but in the other case, sense is required. Therefore, we often see a person deficient in cleverness rise to wealth; and then, from want of sense, roll head-over-heels to the bottom. *Basil.*

IMPUDENCE—How to Avoid.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence, is, not to be ashamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be ashamed of. *Tully.*

IMPUDENCE—Characteristics of.

We are invited to dinner together,
He and I, by one that came thither to him,—
Sir La Toole.
O that's a precious mannikin.
Do you know him?
Ay, and he will know you too, if e'er he
Saw you but once, though you should meet him at
Church in the midst of prayers. He is one
Of the bravery's, though he be none of
The wit's. He will salute a judge upon
The bench, and the bishop in the pulpit,
A lawyer when he is pleading at the
Bar, and a lady when she is dancing
In a masque, and put her out. *Ben Jonson.*

IMPUDENCE—the Effect of Ignorance.

A true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance, without the least sense of it. *Steele.*

IMPULSE—Religious.

Act upon your impulses, but pray that they may be directed by God. *Emerson Tennent.*

INACTION—Curse on.

Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction. *Goethe.*

INACTION—Evil of.

It is better to have nothing to do, than to be doing nothing. *Attilus.*

INACTION—Horrors of.

Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sun?
Less hideous far the tempest's roar,
Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
Mid sullen calm and silent bay,
Unseen, to drop by dull decay;—
Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock! *Byron.*

INCIVILITY—Pride of.

Incivility is the extreme of pride: it is built on the contempt of mankind. *Zimmerman.*

INCIVILITY—Rudeness of.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down. *Johnson.*

INCONSTANCY—Error of.

Were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults. *Shakspeare.*

INCONSTANCY—Littleness of.

Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconstancy. *Addison.*

INCONSTANCY—of Man.

Clocks will go as they are set; but man,
Irregular man's never constant, never certain.
Otway.

———

Inconstancy's the plague that first or last
Paints the whole sex, the catching court disease.
Man, therefore, was a lord-like creature made;
Rough as the winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty aspect given him for command;
Easily soften'd, when we would betray:
Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breasts invade,
Where you are pleased to ravage for awhile:
But soon you find new conquests out, and leave
The ravaged province ruinate and bare. *Ibid.*

INDECISION—Corrupting Influence of.

Indecision is that slatternly housewife by whose fault chiefly the moth and the rust are allowed to make such dull work of life; corrupting all the gleam and gloss of earth's perishable treasures. *Edith Clarel.*

INDEPENDENCE—Glory of.

Thy spirit, Independence! let me share;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Smollet.

INDEPENDENCE—Inculcated.

Bow to no patron's insolence; rely
On no frail hopes, in freedom live and die.
Seneca.

INDEPENDENCE—the Result of Industry.

To be truly and really independent, is to support ourselves by our own exertions.
Porter.

INDEPENDENCE—Religious.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.
Pope.

INDEPENDENCE—Secret of.

Whether thrallèd or exiled,
Whether poor or rich thou be,
Whether praisèd or reviled,
Not a rush it is to thee:
This nor that thy rest doth win thee,
But the mind that is within thee.
George Wither.

INDEPENDENCE—True.

Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
Shakspeare.

INDIFFERENCE.

The time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love.
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure;
But do not look for further recompense. *Ibid.*

INDIFFERENCE—to false Accusation.

Suffer me, that I may speak: and after that
I have spoken, *mock on.* *Job.*

INDIFFERENCE—to Beauty.

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be!

Were her tresses angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebukèd, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And with little more ado
Work them into bracelets, too!

If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be!

Were her hand as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes,
If she lay them out to take
Kisses, for good manners' sake;
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show;
Warming but as snowballs do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

Sir Walter Raleigh.

INDIGESTION—Evils of.

How many serious family quarrels, marriages out of spite, alterations of wills, and secessions to the Church of Rome, might have been prevented by a gentle dose of blue pill? What awful instances of chronic dyspepsia are presented to our view by the immortal bard in the characters of Hamlet and Othello! I look with awe on the digestion of such a man as the present King of Naples. Banish dyspepsia and spirituous liquors from society, and you would have no crime, or at least so little that you would not consider it worth mentioning.

Kingsley.

INDISCRETION—Mischief of.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for, as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. *Addison.*

INDUSTRY—Advantages of.

There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries, and by all nations. It is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers no want to break into its dwelling. It is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant's ships as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution. *Lord Clarendon.*

Sloth makes all things difficult, but Industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him. *Franklin.*

INDUSTRY—Benediction attending.

A divine benediction is always invisibly breathed on painful and lawful diligence. Thus, the servant employed in making and blowing of the fire (though sent away thence as soon as it burneth clear) oft-times getteth by his pains a more kindly and continuing heat than the master himself, who sitteth down by the same; and thus persons, industriously occupying themselves, thrive better on a little of their own honest getting, than lazy heirs on the large revenues left unto them.

Fuller.

INDUSTRY—Blessings of.

At the working-man's house Hunger looks in, but dares not enter? nor will the bailiff or the constable enter: for Industry pays debts, but Despair increaseth them. *Franklin.*

People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not. Whatever employ you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth, and your comfort in age. In learning the useful part of any profession, very moderate abilities will suffice — great abilities are generally injurious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

Goldsmith.

INDUSTRY—Bread of.

The bread earned by the sweat of the brow is thrice blessed, and it is far sweeter than the tasteless loaf of idleness. *Crowquill.*

INDUSTRY—Habits of.

A man who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune. *Whately.*

INDUSTRY—Virtues of.

The chiefest action for a man of spirit,
Is never to be out of action; we should think
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds,
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of that profession; of all which
Arise and spring up honour. *Webster.*

Virtue, though chained to earth, will still live free,
And hell itself must yield to industry.

Ben Jonson.

INFANCY—Mystery of.

There is no sentiment more natural to thoughtful minds than that of reverence for childhood. Many sources, both of mystery and love, meet in the infant life, A being so fresh from non-existence seems to promise us some tidings of the origin of souls; a being so visibly pressing forward into the future makes us think of their tendency. While we look on the "child as the father of the man," yet cannot tell of what kind of man, all the possible varieties of character and fate appear for the moment to be collected into that diminutive consciousness; that which may be the germ of any is felt as though it were the germ of all; the thread of life, which from our hand that holds it runs forward into distant darkness, entwines itself there into a thousand filaments, and leads us over every track and scene of human things; here through passages where poverty crawls, there to the fields where glory has its race; here to the midnight lake where meditation floats between two heavens, there to the arid sands where passion pants and dies. Infancy is so naturally suggestive, it is the representative of such various possibilities, that it would be strange did we not regard it with a feeling of wonder. *Martineau.*

INFANT—Mother's Address to her.

Look at me, with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities,
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command,
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip my king!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing.
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle hearts'-bars undoing,
Thou dost enter love-crown'd, and there
Sittest all glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one god-throned amidst his peers.
My soul, then thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm, one day,
Philip, my king!
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray:
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God, victorious,
"Philip, the king!" *Chambers.*

INFANT—Beauties of an.

I saw the whole room,—I and Marian there
Alone.
Alone? She threw her bonnet off,
Then sighing as 'twere sighing the last time,
Approach'd the bed, and drew a shawl away:
You could not peel a fruit you fear to bruise
More calmly and more carefully than so,—
Nor would you find within, a rosier flush'd
Pomegranate—
There he lay upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been cover'd overmuch
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebb'd away into,
The faster for his love. And love was here.
An instant! and the pretty baby-mouth,
Shut close as if for dreaming that it suck'd;
The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
And tender,—to the little holdfast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of't.
While we stood there dumb,—
For oh, that it should take such innocence
To prove just guilt, I thought, and stood there dumb;
The light upon his eyelids prick'd them wide,
And, staring out at us with all their blue,
As half-perplex'd between the angel-hood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence,—gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile
As might have well been learnt there,—never moved,
But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy,
So happy (half with her and half with Heaven)
He could not have the trouble to be stirr'd,
But smiled and lay there. Like a rose, I said:
As red and still indeed as any rose,
That blows in all the silence of its leaves,
Content, in blowing, to fulfil its life.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

INFANT—Beauty of an.

A young star, who shone
O'er life, too sweet an image for such gloss,
A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded;
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.
Byron.

INFANT—Beguilements of an.

Come, little infant, love me now,
With thine unsuspected years,
Clear the cares that dim my brow,
Disperse my sorrows and my fears.
Pretty, surely, 'twere to see,
By young Love old Time beguiled,
While our sportings are as free
As the nurse's with the child. *Marvel.*

INFANT—Birth and Death of an.

The baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its grief, and still'd its vain alarms;
And baby slept.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain, and future unknown harms;
And baby sleeps. *Hinde.*

INFANT—Death of an.

Death found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
O'er cheek and lip. He touch'd the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wistful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste, he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
For ever. There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence. But there beam'd a smile
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there; he dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it blossom there. *Coleridge.*

A lovely bud, so soft and fair,
Call'd hence by early doom;
Just sent to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom. *Leigh Richmond.*

Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. Their other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child; for death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence. *Leigh Hunt.*

She was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
Th' unfolding mind, like vernal rosebud start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy footsteps following mine,
Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Long seal'd to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.

. . . . . .

But now alone I sit
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
Her little robes, that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
What God had made so beautiful!—
I start
Half-fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe th' accustomed words,
"Hush! hush thee, dearest!" Then I bend and weep,
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.—
Gone to God!
And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white
Settling around her lips. I would that Heaven
Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower
Blooming in all its freshness.—
Gone to God!—
Be still, my heart! What could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasies of hope,
Ask for its darling, like the bliss of Heaven?
Mrs. Sigourney.

INFANT—Feelings associated with an.

Joy thou bring'st, but mix'd with trembling;
Anxious joys and tender fears,
Pleasing hopes and mingled sorrows,
Smiles of transport dash'd with tears. *Cottle.*

INFANTS—Importance of.

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So Holy Writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. *Shakspeare.*

INFIDELITY—Bigot of.

Religion deserves a candid examination, and it demands nothing more. The fulfilment of prophecy forms a part of the evidence of Christianity. And are the prophecies false, or

are they true? Is their fallacy exposed, or their truth ratified by the event? And whether are they thus proved to be the delusions of impostors, or the dictates of inspiration? To the solution of these questions a patient and impartial inquiry alone is requisite: reason alone is appealed to, and no other faith is here necessary, but that which arises as the natural and spontaneous fruit of rational conviction. The man who withholds this inquiry, and who will not be impartially guided by its result, is not only reckless of his fate, but devoid of that of which he prides himself the most, even of all true liberality of sentiment. He is the bigot of infidelity, who will not believe the truth because it is the truth. *Keith.*

INFIDELITY—Character of.

To me it appears, and I think it material to be remarked, that a disbelief of the established religion of their country has no tendency to dispose men for the reception of another; but that, on the contrary, it generates a settled contempt of all religious pretensions whatever. General infidelity is the hardest soil which the propagators of a new religion can have to work upon. *Paley.*

INFIDELITY—Foulness of.

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh! *Shakspeare.*

INFIDELITY—Portraiture of.

Is it in words to paint you! O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of reason, and of hope?
Erect in stature, prone in appetite;
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain;
Lovers of argument, averse to sense;
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains;
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame;
More senseless than th' irrationals you scorn;
More base than those you rule; than those you pity
Far more undone! O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superior dignity! *Young.*

INFIDELITY—Result of.

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall *die like beasts*, they will soon be brought to *live like beasts* also. *South.*

INFIDELITY—Worthlessness of.

Infidelity gives nothing in return for what it takes away. What, then, is it worth?

Everything to be valued has a compensating power. Not a blade of grass that withers, or the ugliest weed that is flung away to rot and die, but reproduces something. Nothing in nature is barren. Therefore, everything that is or seems opposed to nature, cannot be true; it can only exist in the shape that a diseased mind imparts to one of its coinages. Infidelity is one of those coinages,—a mass of base money that won't pass current with any heart that loves truly, or any head that thinks correctly. And infidels are poor sad creatures; they carry about them a load of dejection and desolation, not the less heavy that it is invisible. It is the fearful blindness of the soul. *Chalmers.*

INFIDELITY and FAITH—Different Acts of.

Infidelity and Faith look both through the same perspective-glass, but at contrary ends. Infidelity looks through the wrong end of the glass; and, therefore, sees those objects near, which are afar off, and makes great things little, — diminishing the greatest spiritual blessings, and removing far from us threatened evils: Faith looks at the right end, and brings the blessings that are far off in time close to our eye, and multiplies God's mercies, which, in the distance, lost their greatness. *Bishop Hall.*

INFINITE—The.

The infinite is more sure than any other fact. The infinite of terror, of hope, of pity; did it not at any moment disclose itself to thee, indubitable, unnameable? Came it never, like the gleam of preternatural eternal oceans, like the voice of old eternities, far-sounding through thy heart of hearts? *Carlyle.*

INFINITY—Characteristics of.

Infinity is the retirement in which perfect love and wisdom only dwell with God. In infinity and eternity the sceptic sees an abyss, in which all is lost. I see in them the residence of Almighty power, in which my reason and my wishes find equally a firm support. Here, holding by the pillars of heaven, I exist, —I stand fast. *Miller.*

INFLUENCE—Bad.

Not one false man but does uncountable mischief. *Carlyle.*

INFLUENCE—Expansion of.

As a little silvery circular ripple, set in motion by the falling pebble, expands from its inch of radius to the whole compass of the pool, so there is not a child—not an infant Moses—placed, however softly, in his bulrush ark upon the sea of time, whose existence does

not stir a ripple, gyrating outward and on, until it shall have moved across, and spanned the whole ocean of God's eternity, stirring even the river of life, and the fountains at which His angels drink. *Elihu Burritt.*

INFLUENCE—of Females.

The most brutal man cannot live in constant association with a strong female influence, and not be greatly controlled by it. *Mrs. Stowe.*

INFLUENCE—Hereditary.

In proportion as we advance in experience, we cannot but deplore the ignorance of men, especially those who are engaged in the instruction of youth. Because they have taken high scholastic rank—because they know Greek and Latin, and have a certain faculty of divining the ordinary intellectual and moral *status* of their pupils, they consider themselves competent to direct their life-career. Yet there rarely passes a year in which pupils leave the public institutions of whom their masters have neither suspected the talents nor the destined renown. But this is not the question—that with which we chiefly reproach them is, that they ignore completely the physiology of man—that they have not the least knowledge of hereditary influence, and that they believe when they find a pupil idle, captious, or rebellious, that the remedy is perpetually to punish. The first thing ought to be to ascertain if the evil proceed from constitution, from education, or from hereditary causes. In this latter case all chastisement, far from correcting, will only aggravate the evil and hasten the explosion of the disease. *Dr. Forbes Winslow.*

Race and temperament go for much in influencing opinion. *Lady Morgan.*

INFLUENCE—Possession of.

Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds. *L. E. Landon.*

INFLUENCE—Sum-Total of.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt—everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? our own or others? Both—and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations, and in their successive strata of thought and life. *Elihu Burritt.*

INGRATITUDE.

We do not marvel at the sunrise of a joy, only at its sunset! Then, on the other hand, we are amazed at the commencement of a sorrow-storm, but that it should go off in gentle showers we think quite natural. *Richter.*

INGRATITUDE—Baseness of.

Is not the bread thou eat'st, the robe thou wear'st,
Thy wealth, and honours, all the pure indulgence
Of him thou wouldst destroy?
And would his creature, nay, his friend, betray him?
Why, then, no bond is left on human kind:
Distrusts, debates, immortal strifes ensue;
Children may murder parents, wives their husbands;
All must be wars, rapine, and desolation,
When trust and gratitude no longer bind. *Dryden.*

The wretch, whom gratitude once fails to bind,
To truth or honour, let him lay no claim,
But stand confess'd the brute disguised in man;
And when we would, with utmost detestation,
Single some monster from the traitor head,
'Tis but to say ingratitude's his crime. *Froude.*

Ingratitude, my lord, is a nail which, driven into the tree of courtesy, causes it to wither; it is a broken channel, by which the foundations of the affections are undermined; and a lump of soot, which, falling into the dish of friendship, destroys its scent and flavour. *Basil.*

INGRATITUDE—Crimes attendant on.

Where ingratitude, that sin of upstarts,
And vice of cowards, once takes root, a thousand
Base, grov'ling crimes cling round its monstrous growth,
Like ivy to old oaks, to hide its rottenness.
Themistocles.

INGRATITUDE—like the Cuckoo.

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
Shakspeare.

INGRATITUDE—Extent of.

We seldom find people ungrateful as long as we are in a condition to render them services. *La Rochefoucauld.*

INGRATITUDE—Filial.

Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear his hand,
For lifting food to't? *Shakspeare.*

INGRATITUDE—Guilt of.

He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.
Young.

——

He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of. *Swift.*

INGRATITUDE—Hatred of.

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood. *Shakspeare.*

INGRATITUDE—Hideousness of.

Ingratitude? that marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea monster. *Shakspeare.*

INGRATITUDE—Injuries of.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid. *Publius Syrius.*

INGRATITUDE—Keenness of.

She has tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
Shakspeare.

——

Both false and faithless!
Draw near, ye well-join'd wickedness, ye serpents,
Whom I have in my kindly bosom warm'd,
Till I am stung to death. *Dryden.*

INGRATITUDE—No Laws against.

As there are no laws extant against ingratitude, so it is utterly impossible to contrive any that in all circumstances shall reach it. If it were actionable, there would not be courts enough in the whole world to try the causes in. There can be no setting a day for the requiting of benefits as for the payment of money; nor any estimate upon the benefits themselves; but the whole matter rests in the conscience of both parties: and then there are so many degrees of it, that the same rule will never serve all. *Seneca.*

INGRATITUDE—to One's Self.

He that forgets his friend is ungrateful to him; but he that forgets his Saviour, is unmerciful to himself. *Bunyan.*

INGRATITUDE—Rebellious Spirit of.

To break thy faith,
And turn a rebel to so good a master,
Is an ingratitude unmatch'd on earth.
The first revolting angel's pride could only
Do more than thou hast done; thou copiest well,
And keep'st the black original in view. *Rowe.*

INGRATITUDE—Treason of.

All should unite to punish the ungrateful:
Ingratitude is treason to mankind. *Thomson.*

INGRATITUDE—Unkindness of.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude. *Shakspeare.*

INJURIES—Forgiveness of.

Tell us, ye men who are so jealous of right and of honour, who take sudden fire at every insult, and suffer the slightest imagination of another's contempt, or another's unfairness, to chase from your bosom every feeling of complacency; ye men, whom every fancied affront puts in such a turbulence of emotion, and in whom every fancied infringement stirs up the quick, and the resentful appetite for justice, how will you stand the rigorous application of that test by which the forgiven of God are ascertained, even that the spirit of forgiveness is in them, and by which it will be pronounced, whether you are, indeed, the children of the Highest, and perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect? *Chalmers.*

INJURIES—Slighting of.

Slight small injuries, and they will become none at all. *Fuller.*

INJURY—unanswered Dies away.

An injury unanswered, in course grows weary of itself, and dies away in a voluntary remorse. In bad dispositions, capable of no restraint but fear, it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second. *Sterne.*

INJURY—Resistance to.

If light wrongs touch me not,
No more shall great; if not a few, not many:
There's nought so sacred with us, but may find
A sacrilegious person; yet the thing is
No less divine, 'cause the profane can reach it.
Johnson.

INJUSTICE—Causes of.

Injustice arises either from precipitation or indolence, or from a mixture of both. The rapid and the slow are seldom just; the unjust wait either not at all, or wait too long.
Lavater.

INJUSTICE—Evils of.

To send the injured unredress'd away,
How great soe'er the offender, and the wrong'd
Howe'er obscure, is wicked, weak, and vile,—
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a king.
Smollet.

INJUSTICE—Punishment of.

The man who wears injustice by his side
Though powerful millions follow'd him to war,
Combats against the odds—against high Heaven. *Havard.*

He that acts unjustly,
Is the worst rebel to himself; and though now
Ambition's trumpet and the drum of power
May drown the sound, yet conscience will one day
Speak loudly to him. *Ibid.*

INJUSTICE—of Trespassing on Others.

He who will take up another's time and fortune in his service, though he has no prospect of rewarding his merit towards him, is as unjust in his dealings as he who takes up goods of a tradesman without intention or ability to pay him. *Steele.*

INN (Village)—Reminiscences of the.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that inn where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where honest swains and smiling toil retired;
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose,
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay.
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Goldsmith.

INNOCENCE—the Associate of Beauty.

The noble sisters are immortal; their lofty forms are unchangeable, and their countenances are still radiant with the light of Paradise.
Novalis.

INNOCENCE—Conscious of.

I thank the gods, no secret thoughts reproach me,
No; I dare challenge Heaven to turn me outward,
And shake my soul quite empty in their sight.
A general fierceness dwells with innocence,
And conscious virtue is allow'd some pride.
Dryden.

All your attempts
Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour,
That break themselves; or like waves against a rock,
That leave no sign of their o'erboiling fury,
But foam and splinters: my innocence, like these,
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest;
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can,
Triumph o'er him whose innocence protects.
Massinger and Field.

Innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. *Shakspeare.*

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would bear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.
Horace.

Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain;
Turn'd backwards by the powerful breath of Heav'n. *Johnson.*

INNOCENCE—Conscious of.

Innocence unmoved
At a false accusation, doth the more
Confirm itself, and guilt is best discover'd
By its own fears. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

INNOCENCE—Courage of.

There is no courage, but in innocence;
No constancy, but in an honest cause.
Southern.

INNOCENCE—Happiness of.

Innocence
Conceal'd, is the stolen pleasure of the gods,
Which never ends in shame, as that of men
Doth oft-times do; but like the sun breaks forth,
When it hath gratified another world,
And to our unexpecting eyes appears
More glorious through its late security.
Fontaine.

Happy the innocent, whose equal thoughts
Are free from anguish as they are from faults.
Waller.

INNOCENCE—Index of.

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. *Shakspeare.*

INNOCENCE—Loss of.

O that I had my innocence again?
My untouch'd honour! But I wish in vain.
The fleece that has been by the dyer stain'd,
Never again its native whiteness gain'd.
Waller.

INNOCENCE—Persuasion of.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails. *Shakspeare.*

INNOCENCE—Power of.

What a power there is in innocence! whose very helplessness is its safeguard; in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and turns worshipper at the very altar he came to despoil. *Moore.*

INNOCENCE—Rectitude of.

Wealthy men,
That have estates to lose, whose conscious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horror,
To have their actions sifted, or appear
Before the judge; but we that know ourselves
As innocent as poor; that have no fleece
On which the talons of the griping law
Can sure take hold, may smile with scorn on all
That can be urged against us. *Beaumont.*

INNOCENCE—the Effect of Regeneration.

Innocency is in some sort the effect of regeneration. *Bernard.*

INNOCENCE—Screen of.

True, conscious honour, is to feel no sin:
He's arm'd without, that's innocent within:
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass.
Pope.

INNOCENCE—Sensitiveness of.

She was innocent!
And to lie innocent is Nature's wisdom!
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Fear'd soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter;
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
Oh! surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil. *Coleridge.*

INNOCENCE—Swerving from.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
Of that serene companion, a good name,
Recovers not his loss, but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.
And ofttimes he who, yielding to the force
Of chance temptation, ere his journey's end,
From chosen turns, or faithful friend,
In vain shall run the broken intercourse.
Wordsworth.

INNOCENCE—Unsuspecting.

They that know no evil will suspect none.
Ben Jonson.

Innocence is always unsuspicious. *Haliburton.*

INNOCENCE—Virtues of.

How many bitter thoughts does the innocent man avoid! Serenity and cheerfulness are his portion. Hope is continually pouring its balm into his soul. His heart is at rest, whilst others are goaded and tortured by the stings of a wounded conscience, the remonstrances and risings up of principles which thay cannot forget; perpetually teased by returning temptations, perpetually lamenting defeated resolutions. *Paley.*

INNOCENCE—of Youth.

We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd,
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, *Not Guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours. *Shakspeare.*

INNOVATION—Spirit of.

A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors. *Burke.*

INQUIRY—Free.

Free inquiry, if restrained within due bounds, and applied to proper subjects, is a most important privilege of the human mind; and, if well conducted, is one of the greatest friends to truth. But when reason knows neither its office nor its limits; when it is employed on subjects foreign to its jurisdiction, and revelation itself is, as it were, called in to bow down to its usurped authority;—it then becomes a privilege dangerous to be exercised, because a want of due respect for the mysterious doctrines of Religion seldom fails to enter into a total disbelief of them. *Daubeny.*

INQUIRY—increases Sympathy.

All calm inquiry, conducted among those who have their main principles of judgment in common, leads, if not to an approximation of views, yet, at least, to an increase of sympathy. *Dr. Arnold.*

INQUIRY—Unshackled.

Let not the freedom of inquiry be shackled. If it multiplies contentions amongst the wise and virtuous, it exercises the charity of those who contend. If it shakes for a time the belief that is rested only upon prejudice, it finally settles it on the broader and more solid basis of conviction. *White.*

INQUIRY—Weariness of.

It is a shameful thing to be weary of inquiry, when what we search for is excellent. *Cicero.*

INSECTS—Coral.

Here, on a stony eminence, that stood,
Girt with inferior ridges, at the point,
Where light and darkness meet in spectral gloom,
Midway between the height and depth of ocean,
I mark'd a whirlpool in perpetual play,
As though the mountain were itself alive,
And catching prey on every side with feelers
Countless as sunbeams, slight as gossamer:
Ere long transfigured, each film became
An independent creature, self-employ'd,
Yet but an agent in one common work,
The sum of all their individual labours.
Shapeless they seem'd, but endless shapes assumed;
Elongated like worms, they writhed and shrunk
Their tortuous bodies to grotesque dimensions;
Compress'd like wedges, radiated like stars,
Branching like sea-weed, whirl'd in dazzling rings;
Subtle and variable as flickering flames,
Sight could not trace their evanescent changes,
Nor comprehend their motions, till minute
And curious observation caught the clew
To this live labyrinth,—where every one
By instinct taught, perform'd its little task;
—To build its dwelling and its sepulchre,
From its own essence exquisitely modell'd;
There breed, and die, and leave a progeny,
Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers,
To frame new cells and tombs; then breed and die,
As all their ancestors had done,—and rest,
Hermetically seal'd, each in its shrine,
A statue in this temple of oblivion!
Millions of millions thus, from age to age,
With simplest skill, and toil unwearyable,
No moment and no movement unimproved,
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual mound,
By marvellous structure climbing tow'rds the day.
Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought,
Unconscious, not unworthy, instruments,
By which a hand invisible was rearing
A new creation in the secret deep.
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by them;
Hence what Omnipotence alone could do
Worms did. I saw the living pile ascend,
The mausoleum of its architects,
Still dying upwards as their labours closed:
Slime the material, but the slime was turn'd
To adamant, by their petrific touch;
Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,
Their masonry imperishable. All
Life's needful functions, food, exertion, rest,
By nice economy of Providence
Were overruled to carry on the process,
Which out of water brought forth solid rock.
James Montgomery.

INSECTS—Perfection of.

In these beings so minute, and as it were
Such nonentities, what wisdom is displayed,
What power, what unfathomable perfection.

Pliny.

INSENSIBILITY—Compassionate Allowances of.

Insensibility, in return for acts of seeming, even of real, unkindness, is not required of us. But whilst we feel for such acts, let our feelings be tempered with forbearance and kindness. Let not the sense of our own sufferings render us peevish and morose. Let not our sense of neglect on the part of others induce us to judge of them with harshness and severity. Let us be indulgent and compassionate towards them. Let us seek for apologies for their conduct. Let us be forward in endeavouring to excuse them. And if, in the end, we must condemn them, let us look for the cause of their delinquency, less in a defect of kind intention, than in the weakness and errors of human nature. He who knoweth of what we are made, and hath learned, by what he himself suffered, the weakness and frailty of our nature, hath thus taught us to make compassionate allowances for our brethren, in consideration of its manifold infirmities.

Bishop Mant.

INSIGNIFICANT—Nothing.

There is *nothing* insignificant, *nothing!*

Coleridge.

INSOLENCE.

As it is the nature of a kite to devour little birds, so it is the nature of some minds to insult and tyrannize over little people; this being the means which they use to recompense themselves for their extreme servility and condescension to their superiors; for nothing can be more reasonable than that slaves and flatterers should exact the same taxes on all below them which they themselves pay to all above them.

Fielding.

INSTABILITY—Characteristics of.

As the morning cloud, and as the early dew that passeth away, as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney.

Hosea.

INSTABILITY—Disadvantage of.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.

Jacob.

INSTINCT—Power of.

Who taught the natives of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides and tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?

Pope.

INSTINCT—Unerring Providence of.

Beasts, birds, and insects, even to the minutest and meanest of their kind, act with the unerring providence of instinct; man, the while, who possesses a higher faculty, abuses it, and therefore goes blundering on. They, by their unconscious and unhesitating obedience to the laws of nature, fulfil the end of their existence; he, in wilful neglect of the laws of God, loses sight of the end of his.

Southey.

INSTINCT and REASON.

Improvable reason is the distinction between man and the animal.

Binney.

INSTITUTIONS (Civil and Religious)—Aim of.

Man is an animal formidable both from his passions and his reason; his passions often urging him to great evils, and his reason furnishing means to achieve them. To turn this animal and make him amenable to order, to arouse him to a sense of justice and virtue, to withhold him from ill courses by fear, and encourage him in his duty by hopes; in short, to fashion and model him for society, hath been the aim of civil and religious institutions, and in all times the endeavour of good and wise men. The aptest method for attaining this end hath been always judged a *proper education.*

Bishop Berkeley.

INSTRUCTION—Life a Course of.

'Tis but instruction, all! Our parent's hand
Writes on our heart the first faint characters,
Which time, retracing, deepens into strength,
That nothing can efface, but death, or Heaven,

Aaron Hill.

INSTRUCTION—Necessity for.

The fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labour and cultivation to prepare them for our use and subsistence, than our faculties demand instruction and regulation, in order to qualify us to become upright and valuable members of society, useful to others, or happy in ourselves.

Barrow.

INSURRECTIONS—Character of.

Insurrection, never so necessary, is a most sad necessity; and governors who wait for that to instruct them, are surely getting into the fatalest courses,—proving themselves sons of Nox and Chaos, of blind Cowardice, not of seeing Valour! How can there be any remedy in insurrection? It is a mere announcement of the disease,—visible now even to sons of Night. Insurrection usually gains little;

usually wastes how much. One of its worst kinds of waste, to say nothing of the rest, is that of irritating and exasperating men against each other, by violence done, which is always sure to be injustice done; for violence does even justice unjustly. *Carlyle.*

INTELLECT—Development of

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm. *Colton.*

INTELLECT—No Limit to.

God has placed no limits to the exercise of the intellect he has given us, on this side of the grave. *Bacon.*

INTELLECT—March of.

The march of intellect is proceeding at quick time; and if its progress be not accompanied by a corresponding improvement in morals and religion, the faster it proceeds, with the more violence will you be hurried down the road to ruin. *Southey.*

INTELLECT—Misguided.

The mind of mortals, in perverseness strong,
Imbibes with dire docility the wrong. *Juvenis.*

INTELLECT—Pleasures of.

The more any object is spiritualized, the more delightful it is. There is much delight in the tragical representation of those things which in reality would be sights full of amazement and horror. The ticklings of fancy are more delightful than the touches of sense. How does poetry insinuate and turn about the minds of men! Anacreon might take more delight in one of his odes than in one of his cups; Catullus might easily find more sweetness in one of his epigrams than in the lips of Lesbia. Sappho might take more complacency in one of her verses than in her practices. The nearer anything comes to mental joy, the purer and choicer it is. It is the observation not only of Aristotle, but of every one almost, "Some things delight merely because of their novelty;" and that surely upon this account, because the mind, which is the spring of joy, is more fixed and intense upon such things. The rosebud thus pleases more than the blown rose. *Lamb.*

INTELLECT—Radiancy of.

The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it. *Hare.*

INTELLECT—Superiority of.

While the world lasts, the sun will gild the mountain-tops before it shines upon the plain. *Bulwer Lytton.*

INTELLECT—Vanity of.

Man's intellect has indeed great power over all outward things. This we are not disposed to question. In these days more especially we all take far too much pride in it, and make presumptuous boast of it, nay, are apt to fall down and worship it, as the one great miracle worker, the true mover of mountains. But powerful as it may be, omnipotent as we may deem it to be, over the world around us, over the outward fields of nature, there is one region where our hearts and consciences tell us, sometimes in half-muttered whispers, sometimes in cries of anguish and agony, that it is almost powerless: and that region is the dim, visionary, passion-haunted one within our own breasts. We all know but too well,—every one whose life has not flowed away in listless inanity,—every one who has ever struggled against the evil within him, must have felt but too deeply, that our intellectual convictions, clear and strong as they may have been, have never of themselves been able to shake the foundations of a single sin, to subdue a single vice, to root out a single evil habit. Ever since that severing of the heart from the intellect, which took place when man gave himself up to the lust of godless knowledge, the Passions have made mock at the Understanding, whenever it has attempted to control them, and have only flattered and pampered it, when it was content to wear their livery, and to drudge in their service; while the Will has lifted up its head against the Understanding in haughty defiance and scorn. Moreover this lesson, which we learn from our own grievous experience, is confirmed by all the evidence of history; where, in example after example, we see, how vain and impotent the enlightening of the understanding has been to elevate and purify man's moral being; and how, unless that enlightenment has been working together with other healthier powers, and been kept in check by them, its operation on the character of nations has rather been to weaken and dissipate their energies, to crumble the primitive rock into sand. *Hare.*

INTELLECT and INDUSTRY.

Intellect and industry are never incompatible. There is more wisdom, and will be more benefit, in combining them than scholars like to believe, or than the common world imagine; life has time enough for both, and its happiness will be increased by the union. *Turner.*

INTENTIONS (Best)—Forgetfulness of.

A man who is always forgetting his best intentions, may be said to be a thoroughfare of good resolutions. *Mrs. Jameson.*

INTENTIONS (Good)—Advantages of.

It is of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions, at some laudable end, whether it be to the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls. A person who is possessed with such an habitual good intention enters upon no single circumstance of life without considering it as well-pleasing to the Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to that particular station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and inspection of that Being who is privy to all his motions, and all his thoughts, who knows his "down-sitting and his uprising, who is about his path and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways." In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him; and in every action, he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. *Addison.*

INTERESTS—Worldly.

There are certain interests which the world supposes every man to have, and which therefore are properly enough termed worldly: but the world is apt to make an erroneous estimate: ignorant of the dispositions which constitute our happiness or misery, they bring to an undistinguished scale the means of the one, as connected with power, wealth, or grandeur, and of the other, with their contraries. Philosophers and poets have often protested against this decision; but their arguments have been despised as declamatory, or ridiculed as romantic. *Mackenzie.*

INTERMENT—Premature.

It may be asserted without hesitation, that *no* event is so terribly well adapted to inspire the supremeness of bodily and of mental distress, as is burial before death. The unendurable oppression of the lungs; the stifling fumes of the damp earth; the clinging to the death-garments; the rigid embrace of the narrow house; the blackness of the absolute night; the silence, like a sea, that overwhelms; the unseen, but palpable presence of conqueror Worm—these things, with thoughts of the air and grass above, with memory of dear friends who would fly to save us if informed of our fate, and with consciousness that of this fate they can *never* be informed; that our hopeless portion is that of the really dead,—these considerations, I say, carry into the heart which still palpitates a degree of appalling and intolerable horror, from which the most daring imagination must recoil. We know of nothing so agonizing upon earth, we can dream of nothing half so hideous in the realms of the nethermost hell. *E. A. Poe.*

INTERRUPTION.

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder. *Shakspeare.*

INTERRUPTION—Trivial.

What! because bread is good, and wholesome, and necessary, and nourishing, shall you thrust a crumb into my windpipe while I am talking? Do not these muscles of mine represent a hundred loaves of bread? and is not my thought the abstract of ten thousand of these crumbs of truth with which you would choke off my speech? *Holmes.*

INTOLERANCE—Folly of.

Those who, having magnified into serious evils by injudicious opposition heresies in themselves insignificant, yet appeal to the magnitude of those evils to prove that their opposition was called for, act like unskilful physicians, who, when by violent remedies they have aggravated a trifling disease into a dangerous one, urge the violence of the symptoms which they themselves have produced in justification of their practice. *Whately.*

INTOLERANCE—Principle of.

The principle of intolerance makes rapid strides. When accepting it to-day, you may be a fanatic only; to-morrow, those who follow you will be shedders of blood. In the first trial of Penn, the Quaker patriarch, the judge (Sir John Howell, recorder of London) irritated by the *sang froid* of the prisoner, exclaimed, "I never before could understand how the Spaniards ever suffered the establishment of the Inquisition; but now I see clearly enough that we shall never be at peace in England until we have something of the same sort." Whoever attempts to suppress liberty of conscience, finishes some day or other by wishing for the Spanish Inquisition. *Simon.*

INTRUSIVENESS—Annoyance of.

By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. I am a kind of burr,—I shall stick. *Shakspeare.*

INTRUSIVENESS—to be Avoided.

The great secret of life, is never to be in the way of others. *Haliburton.*

INVENTION—Definition of.

Invention is the talent of youth, and judgment of age. *Swift.*

INVENTION—the Road to Fame.

New ways I must attempt, my grovelling name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
Dryden.

INVOCATION.

Ye mysterious powers,
Whose ways are ever gracious, ever just,
As ye think wisest, best, dispose of me;
But whether through your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on your mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady smiling soul, where wisdom sheds
Eternal sunshine and eternal peace. *Thompson.*

O Thou dark, awful, vast, mysterious power,
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend!
If ignorant of Thy new laws I stray,
Shed, from Thy distant heaven where'er it shines,
One ray of guardian light, to clear my way,
And teach me first to find, then act, Thy will.
Aaron Hill.

O Thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
Tis Thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest:
From Thee, great God, we spring; to Thee we tend:
Path, motive, guide, original and end.
Boethius.

IRONY—to be Restrained.

Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it.
Lamb.

IRRESOLUTION.

I am a heavy stone,
Roll'd up a hill by a weak child: I move
A little up, and tumble back again.
W. Rider, 1665.

IRRESOLUTION—Evils of.

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution; to be undetermined, where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent; to be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it: this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed. *Tillotson.*

That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then, this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. *Shakspeare.*

Irresolution is a worse vice than rashness. He that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark; but he that shoots not at all, can never hit it. Irresolution loosens all the joints of a state; like an ague, it shakes not this or that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit. The irresolute man is lifted from one place to another, and hath no place left to rest on. He flecks from one egg to another; so hatcheth nothing, but addles all his actions. *Feltham.*

IRRESOLUTION—Fantasies of.

Irresolution frames a thousand horrors
Embodying each. *Martyn.*

IRRESOLUTION—Wavering Spirit of.

How have I lied to my own heart!—Alas
My tears return, the mighty flood o'erwhelms me!
Ten thousand crowding images distract
My tortured thought. *Thomson.*

IVY—Properties of.

It is a mistaken idea that ivy renders a structure damp, and hastens its decay. On the contrary, nothing so effectually keeps the building, as may be seen by examining beneath the ivy after a rain, where it will be found that the walls are dry, though everything around is deluged with wet. Its exuberant and web-like roots, issuing as they do from every portion of the branches on which it grows, bind everything together that comes within their reach with such a firm and intricate lace work, that not a single stone can be removed from its position without first tearing away its protecting safeguard. In proof of this, we refer to ruins of ancient castles and buildings; for while in those parts of the structure that have not the advantage

of this protection, all have gone to utter decay; where the ivy has thrown its preserving mantle, everything is comparatively fresh and perfect; and oftentimes the very angles of the sculptured stone are found to be almost as sharp and entire as when they first came from the hands of the builder.

Washington Irving.

J.

JEALOUSY—Agony of.

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell!—ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps. *Thomson.*

Thou Jealousy,
Almighty tyrant of the human mind,
Who canst at will unsettle the calm brain,
O'erturn the scalèd heart, and shake the man
Through all his frame with tempest and distraction;
Rise to my present aid, call up thy powers
Thy furious fears, thy blast of dreadful passion,
Thy whips, snakes, mortal stings, thy host of horrors;
Rouse thy whole war against him, and complete
My purposed vengeance. *Mallet.*

O Jealousy! thou merciless destroyer,
More cruel than the grave! what ravages
Does thy wild war make in the noblest bosoms! *Ibid.*

Jealousy! each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoise
For all the transports beauty can inspire.
Young.

Foul Jealousy! thou turnest love divine,
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itself with self-consuming smart;
Of all the passions in the mind, thou vilest art. *Spenser.*

JEALOUSY—easily Aroused.

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Shakspeare.*

JEALOUSY—Caution against.

Beware of jealousy,
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. *Ibid.*

If you are wise, and prize your peace of mind,
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousy.
Let not that devil which undoes your sex,
That cursèd curiosity seduce you
To hunt for needless secrets, which, neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet, but once known,
Shall sit upon you heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish sweet sleep for ever from you.
Rowe.

JEALOUSY—Characteristics of.

The jealous is possessed by a "fine mad devil" and a dull spirit at once. *Lavater.*

This jealousy is a hydra, 'tis a monster
Which flourishes the more, the more we maim it. *Lewis.*

JEALOUSY—Dangers of.

All jealousy
Must still be strangled in its birth, or time
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
To overcome the truth. *Davenant.*

JEALOUSY—Fatal Effects of.

I, whose life
Was bound with thine, by striving to secure
Thy beauties all my own, have kill'd the dove
I fondly grasp'd too close. *Fenton.*

This, this has thrown a serpent to my heart,
While it o'erflow'd with tenderness, with joy,
With all the sweetness of exulting love;
Now nought but gall is there, and burning poison. *Thomson.*

Accursèd jealousy!
O merciless, wild, and unforgiving fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd mischief,
And murders all it meets. Cursed be its rage;
For there is none so deadly. Doubly cursed
Be all those easy fools who give it harbour;
Who turn a monster loose among mankind,

Fiercer than famine, war, or spotted pestilence,
Baneful as death, and horrible as hell. *Rowe.*

O jealousy,
Thou ugliest fiend of hell! thy deadly venom
Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue
Of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness,
And drinks my spirit up. *Hannah More.*

JEALOUSY—a Curber of Love.

Love has no power to act when curb'd by jealousy. *Aaron Hill.*

JEALOUSY—an Extinguisher of Love.

It is is said that jealousy is love, but I deny it; for though jealousy be produced by love, as ashes are by fire, yet jealousy extinguishes love, as ashes smother the flame.
La Reine de Navarre.

JEALOUSY—a Vehement Passion.

Jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. *Solomon.*

JEALOUSY—the Worst of Passions.

Of all
Our passions, I wonder Nature made
The worst, foul jealousy, her favourite;
And if it be not so, why took she care
That ev'rything should give the monster nourishment,
And left us nothing to destroy it with!
Suckling.

JEALOUSY—hard to Please.

O jealousy,
Love's eclipse; thou art in thy disease,
A wild, mad patient, wondrous hard to please.
Davenport.

JEALOUSY—Remorselessness of.

If once to jealousy the soul's resign'd,
If prepossession gain the unwary mind,
In vain prefers poor innocence her plea,
'Tis as our passions dictate we decree:
Justice no more suspends her equal scale,
And fraud and faction over truth prevail;
The guiltless falls,—too late we then believe,
Too late prevent, and too severely grieve,
The fatal error we can ne'er retrieve. *Lewis.*

JEALOUSY—Sleeplessness of.

A jealous man sleeps dog-sleep.
Sir T. Overbury.

JEALOUSY—Unnatural.

O Jealousy! thou most unnatural offspring
Of a too tender parent! that in excess
Of fondness feeds thee, like the pelican,
But with her purest blood; and in return
Thou tear'st the bosom whence thy nurture flows. *Froude.*

JEALOUSY—a Vice.

To doubt's an injury; to suspect a friend
Is breach of friendship: jealousy's a seed
Sown but in vicious minds; prone to distrust,
Because apt to deceive. *Lansdowne.*

JEALOUSY—Wickedness of.

Where jealousie is the jailour, many break the prison, it opening more wayes to wickednesse than it stoppeth; so that where it findeth one, it maketh ten dishonest. *Fuller.*

JEALOUSY—of Woman.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
Shakspeare.

JEERING—not to be Indulged in.

Jeer not others upon any occasion. If they be foolish, God hath denied them understanding; if they be vicious, you ought to pity, not revile them; if deformed, God framed their bodies, and will you scorn his workmanship? Are you wiser than your Creator? If poor, poverty was designed for a motive to charity, not to contempt; you cannot see what riches they have within. Especially despise not your aged parents, if they be come to their second childhood, and be not so wise as formerly; they are yet your parents—your duty is not diminished. *South.*

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh, it is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches! *Fuller.*

JEST—How to Judge of a.

Judge of a jest when you have done laughing.
Charles Lloyd.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. *Shakspeare.*

JEST—A Scornful.

A jest in scorn points out, and hits the thing
More home than the morosest satire's sting.
Butler.

JESTER—The Vicious.

Yonder he drives—avoid that furious beast:
If he may have his jest, he never cares
At whose expense; nor friend nor patron spares. *Hoare.*

JESTER—Wisdom of the.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.
Shakspeare.

JESTING—Dangers of.

Take heed of jesting: many have been ruined by it. It is hard to jest, and not sometimes jeer too; which oftentimes sinks deeper than was intended, or expected. *Fuller.*

JESTING—Fatal Influence of constantly.

He who never relaxes into sportiveness is a wearisome companion; but beware of him who jests at every thing! such men disparage, by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.
Southey.

JESTS—Causes of Melancholy.

Scoffs, calumnies, and jests, are frequently the causes of melancholy. It is said that "a blow with a word strikes deeper than a blow with a sword;" and certainly there are many men whose feelings are more galled by a calumny, a bitter jest, a libel, a pasquil, a squib, a satire, or an epigram, than by any misfortune whatsoever. *Burton.*

JESTS—Seasonableness of.

Laughter should dimple the cheek, not furrow the brow. A jest should be such, that all shall be able to join in the laugh which it occasions; but if it bears hard upon one of the company, like the crack of a string, it makes a stop in the music. *Feltham.*

JESUIT—Character of a.

A Jesuit may be shortly described as an empty suit of clothes, with another person living in them, who acts for him, thinks for him, decides for him, whether he shall be a prince or a beggar, and moves him about wheresoever he pleases; who allows him to exhibit the external aspect of a man, but leaves him none of the privileges—no liberty, no property, no affections, not even the power to refuse obedience when ordered to commit the most atrocious of crimes; for, the more he outrages his own feelings, the greater his merits. Obedience to the Superior is his only idea of virtue, and in all other respects he is a mere image. *Southey.*

JESUITISM—Doings of.

Ignatius's black militia, armed with this precious message of salvation, have now been campaigning over all the world for about three hundred years; and, openly or secretly, have done a mighty work. Who can count what a work! Where you meet a man believing in the salutary nature of falsehoods, or the divine authority of things doubtful, and fancying that to serve the good cause he must call the devil to his aid, there is a follower of Unsaint Ignatius. Not till the last of these men has vanished from the earth will our account with Ignatius be quite settled, and his black militia have got their mittimus to chaos again. They have given a new substantive to modern languages. The word Jesuitism now, in all countries, expresses an idea for which there was in nature no prototype before. Not till these late centuries had the human soul generated that abomination, or needed to name it. Truly they have achieved great things in the world; and a general result, which we may call stupendous. Not victory for Ignatius and the black militia,—no, till the universe itself become a cunningly-devised fable, and God the Maker abdicates in favour of Beelzebub, I do not see how victory can fall on that side! But they have done such deadly execution on the general soul of man, and have wrought such havoc on the terrestrial and supernal interests of this world, as insure to Jesuitism a long memory in human annals. *Carlyle.*

JEW—The.

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?
Shakspeare.

JEW—Musical Genius of the.

Who composed "Il Barbière?" Rossini—a Jew! Who is there that admires not the heart-stirring music of the "Huguenots" and the "Prophète?" The composer is Meyerbeer—a Jew! Who has not been spell-bound by "Die Judin?" by Halevy—a Jew! Who has not been enchanted with the beautiful fictions of lyric poetry, and charmed with the graceful melodies, so to speak, of one of Israel's sweetest singers, Heine—a Jew? Who has not listened with breathless ecstacy to the music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream,"

"Elijah," "Paul," and "Stephen!" Do you ask who created those wondrous harmonies? Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who also was a Jew! *Bentley.*

JEWS—Condition of the.

That people once
So famed, whom God Himself vouchsafed to call
His chosen race, and with a guardian hand
Deigned to protect, from Palestine exiled,
Are doomed to wander; although scattered thus
Through all the globe, there is no clime which they
Can call their own, no country where their laws,
Hold sovereign rule. *Hayes.*

JEWS—Power of the.

The Jews, although scattered over the face of the earth, yet maintain a secret and indissoluble bond of union and common interest. In every country they are, as it were, the servants; but the time may come when they will virtually be the masters in their turn. Even at the present time are they not, to a great extent, the arbiters of the fate of Europe? Maintaining, on the one hand, the bond between the different states, by the mysterious power of wealth which they possess; and on the other, loosening the ties of social life, and introducing or fostering ideas of change and revolution among various peoples? In the Jewish nation stirs the Nemesis of the destiny of Europe. *Baron von Haxthausen.*

JOKING—Caution necessary in.

Never risk a joke, even the least offensive in its nature, and the most common, with a person who is not well bred, and possessed of sense to comprehend it. *La Bruyère.*

JOLLITY—Disposition to.

Give me health and a day, and I will make ridiculous the pomp of emperors. *Emerson.*

JOURNALISM—Power of.

A journalist is a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets. *Napoleon I.*

JOY—Character of.

True joy is a serene and sober motion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind, that has fortune under its feet. *Seneca.*

JOY—Dispelling Effect of.

One hour of joy dispels the cares
And sufferings of a thousand years. *Baptiste.*

JOY—Excess of.

Now, by my soul, and by these hoary hairs,
I'm so o'erwhelm'd with pleasure, that I feel
A latter spring within my wither'd limbs,
That shoots me out again. *Dryden.*

Were my whole life to come one heap of troubles,
The pleasure of this moment would suffice,
And sweeten all my griefs with its remembrance. *Lee.*

I cannot speak, tears so obstruct my words,
And choke me with unutterable joy. *Otway.*

JOY—Exquisite.

Such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never felt till now. *Milton.*

JOY—Gentleness of.

Joy descends gently upon us like the evening dew, and does not patter down like a hail-storm. *Richter.*

JOY—House of.

I see a forest, dark, dim, deep, and dread,
Whose solemn shades no human foot or eye
Can penetrate; but now, oh, see! a veil
Falls from my strengthened eyes; and now
Even in its deepest centre I behold
A spot more beautiful than human heart
Can comprehend; it is the home of *joy;*
And there the blessed spirit broods for ever,
Making her dwelling-place a heaven; there
The skies are pure as crystal, and the eye
Looks through their clear expanse direct to God.
No sun is there; the air itself is light
And life; a rainbow spans it like a crown
Of tearless glory, and the forest trees
Sweep round it in a belt of living green.
Colour, that wayward sprite of changeful mien,
Is here subdued to an intensity
Of burning lustre. Sound has but one voice,
And that is *joyous* song; sight but one object,
And that is happiness; mine eyes are strained
To catch the lineaments of the bright queen,
Whose dwelling-place I see; but 'tis in vain;
Nowhere distinct, yet felt in all, she glides,
A shape of light and colour, through the air,
Making its pure transparency to thrill
With the soft music of her viewless step.
Reddal.

JOY—after Pain.

How exquisite is pleasure after pain!
Why throbs my heart so turbulently strong,

Pain'd at thy presence, this redundant joy,
Like a poor miser, beggar'd by his store?
Young.

JOY—one of the greatest Panaceas.

Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. No joy is more healthful, or better calculated to prolong life, than that which is to be found in domestic happiness, in the company of cheerful and good men, and in contemplating with delight the beauties of nature. A day spent in the country, under a serene sky, amidst a circle of agreeable friends, is certainly a more positive means of prolonging life than all the vital elixirs in the world. *Hukeland.*

JOY—Spring of.

Trouble is a thing that will come without our call: but true joy will not spring up without ourselves. *Bishop Patrick.*

JOY—Suddenness of.

A thought of joy that rises in the mind,
Where sadness hath been sitting many an hour!
A thought of joy, that comes with sudden power,
When least the welcome guest we look'd to find!
Who sends that thought? Whence springs it? Like the wind,
Its passage is invisible! The shower
That falls is seen; the lightning o'er the bower
Passes with fiery wing, and leaves behind
Rent boughs and wither'd buds! But air and thought
Come and depart, we know not how! Be sure
From Heaven the solace is! *Calder Campbell.*

JOY—Universal.

What throbbings of deep joy
Pulsate through all I see; from the full bud
Whose unctuous sheath is glittering in the moon,
Up through the system of created things,
Even to the flaming ranks of seraphim!
Alford.

JOY AND GRIEF.

Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain;
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given,
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief.
Sir Walter Scott.

JOYS—Fading.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.
Norris.

JOYS—Little.

Little joys refresh us constantly, like household bread, and never bring disgust; and great ones, like sugar-bread, briefly, and then bring it. *Richter.*

JOYS AND SORROWS.

Joys are our wings, sorrows are our spurs.
Ibid.

JUDGE—Business of a.

A man busied about decrees,
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other. *Shakspeare.*

JUDGE—Characteristics of a.

And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances:
And so he plays his part. *Ibid.*

JUDGE—Responsibility of a.

When a man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Dryden.

JUDGES—Incorruptibility of.

The miser's gold, the painted cloud
Of titles, that make vain men proud;
The courtier's pomp, or glorious scar
Got by a soldier in the war,
Can hold no weight with his brave mind,
That studies to preserve mankind. *Davenant.*

JUDGES—Severity of.

Yet show some pity.—
I show it most of all when I show justice:
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. *Shakspeare.*

The gods
Grow angry with your patience: 'tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.
Ben Jonson.

JUDGES—Unjust.

It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes,
That does commit greater himself, and lives.
Tourneur.

JUDGES—Unjust.

For in a government,
Th' offence is greater in the instrument
That hath the power to punish; and in laws,
The author's trespass makes the foulest cause.
Nabb.

Who painted Justice blind, did not declare
What magistrates should be, but what they are:
Not so much 'cause they rich and poor should weigh
In their just scales alike; but because they,
Now blind with bribes, are grown so weak of sight,
They'll sooner feel a cause, than see it right.
Heath.

JUDGMENT—Forming the.

Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits, and appearances; but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. 'Tis better that a man's own works than that another man's words should praise him. *Sir R. L'Estrange.*

JUDGMENT—formed by Fortune.

I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes: and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them.
Shakspeare.

JUDGMENT—of Heaven.

Accuse not Heaven's delay; if loth to strike,—
Its judgments, like the thunder-gather'd storm.
Are but the greater. *Webster.*

JUDGMENT—of Individuals.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.
La Rochefoucauld.

JUDGMENT—should be open to Revision.

This shall be your creed, says the Roman Catholic church; therefore, investigation is useless: though of late it has become a maxim to suspect all judgments that are not open to revision. *Zimmerman.*

JUDGMENT—a Pair of Scales.

Judgment is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false,
And still the more 'tis used is wont t' abate
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
Until 'tis false, and will not rise, nor fall,
Like those that are less artificial;
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
And by their over-understanding lose
Its active faculty with too much use;
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all removed from none.
Butler.

JUDGMENT—Sound.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well. *Roscommon.*

JUDGMENT—Unprejudiced.

In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of fore-taken opinions; else, whatsoever is done or said, will be measured by a wrong rule; like them who have the jaundice, to whom everything appeareth yellow.
Sir Philip Sidney.

JUDGMENT-DAY.

For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.
St. Paul.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
O Earth! shall that last coming burst upon thee,
The secret coming of the Son of Man;
When all the cherub-thronging clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign.
Milman.

JUSTICE—Address to.

O immortal justice!
Thou undivided particle from heaven,
That lengthens to his substitute below,
And arms his subject hand with majesty
Terrific; for thy cause, a willing agent,
My sword I draw; do thou inspire the stroke
With prevalence divine. As thine the wrong,
Vengeance and punishment to thee belong;
The injured state of innocence restore,
Crush the bold insults of aspiring power,
Shine like thy radiant source, and make the world adore. *Havard.*

JUSTICE—Appearance of.

Justice, like lightning, ever should appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.
Swenam.

JUSTICE—Definition of.

What is justice?—To give every man his own. *Aristotle.*

JUSTICE—Enforcement of.

If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at naught;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son.
Shakspeare.

JUSTICE—not to be Evaded.

Of mortal justice if thou scorn the rod,
Believe and tremble, thou art judged of God.
Swenam.

JUSTICE—Impartiality of.

Let not rage and vengeance mix their rancour;
Let them not trouble with their fretful storm,
Their angry gleams, that azure, where enthroned
The calm divinity of Justice sits
And pities, while she punishes mankind.
Thomson.

JUSTICE—at Last.

It often falls in course of common life,
That right sometimes is overborne of wrong;
The avarice of power, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong.
But justice, though her doom she do prolong,
Yet at the last will make her own cause right,
Spenser.

JUSTICE—Mal-administration of.

If they which employ their labour and travail about the public administration of justice, follow it only as a trade, with unquenchable thirst of gain, being not in heart persuaded that justice is God's own work, and themselves his agents in this business,—the sentence, of right, God's own verdict, and themselves his priests to deliver it; formalities of justice do but serve to smother right; and that which was necessarily ordained for the common good, is, through shameful abuse, made the cause of common misery. *Hooker.*

JUSTICE—Merciless.

The rulers of the world,
Unmercifully just, who punish all
To the severest rigour of the laws,
Are most unjust themselves, and violate
The laws they seem to guard: there is a justice
Due to humanity. *Charles Johnson.*

JUSTICE—Righteousness of.

When just revenge hath a right level made,
Home to the head she may the arrow bring;
And when provokèd Justice draws her blade,
Into the fire she will the scabbard fling.
Justice and sin should keep an equal race;
If sins do gallop, justice must not pace.
Aleyn.

JUSTICE—Scales of.

Poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. *Shakspeare.*

JUSTICE—Virtue of.

The virtue of justice consists in moderation, as regulated by wisdom. *Aristotle.*

Of all the virtues justice is the best;
Valour without it is a common pest;
Pirates and thieves, too oft with courage graced,
Show us how ill that virtue may be placed.
'Tis our complexion makes us chaste or brave;
Justice from reason and from Heaven we have;
All other virtues dwell but in the blood;
That's in the soul, and gives the name of good.
Waller.

Justice is the fundamental and almost only virtue of social life: as it embraces all those actions which are useful to society: and that every virtue, under the name of charity, sincerity, humanity, probity, love of country, generosity, simplicity of manners, and modesty, are but varied forms and diversified applications of this axiom—Do unto another only that which thou wouldest he should do unto thee. *Volney.*

JUSTICE AND DECENCY.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence. *Tully.*

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

No obligation to justice does force a man to be cruel, or to use the sharpest sentence. A just man does justice to every man and to every thing; and then, if he be also wise, he knows there is a debt of mercy and compassion due to the infirmities of man's nature; and that is to be paid: and he that is cruel and ungentle to a sinning person, and does the worst to him, dies in his debt and is unjust. Pity, and forbearance, and long-sufferance, and fair interpretation, and excusing our brother, and taking in the best sense, and passing the gentlest sentence, are as certainly our duty, and owing to every person that does offend

and can repent, as calling to account can be owing to the law, and are first to be paid; and he that does not so is an unjust person.

Jeremy Taylor.

K.

KINDNESS—Acts of.

In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindnesses if sought for are for ever starting up,—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that, whenever a great sacrifice is called for, he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, he will not make it; and if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake, than for his neighbour's. Many persons, indeed, are said to be penny-wise and pound-foolish! but they who are penny-foolish will hardly be pound-wise; although selfish vanity may now and then for a moment get the better of selfish indolence; for wisdom will always have a microscope in her hand. *Sala.*

KINDNESS—Approbation of.

Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy, with an ungrateful, return; but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver; and we may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at so little expense. Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the minds of others; and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom whence they spring. Once blest are all the virtues; twice blest sometimes. *Jeremy Bentham.*

KINDNESS—Consolations of.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earn'd
The blest recollection
Of kindness—*return'd!*
When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps!

Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those you love!
Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone! *Swain.*

KINDNESS—a Life-Duty.

The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow-creature. Even for their own sakes, people should show kindness and regard to their dependents. They are often better served in trifles, in proportion as they are rather feared than loved; but how small is this gain compared with the loss sustained in all the weightier affairs of life! Then the faithful servant shows himself at once as a friend, while one who serves from fear shows himself as an enemy. *Frederika Bremer.*

KINDNESS—Fame of.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding tears of gore.
Byron.

KINDNESS—of the Heart.

A willing heart adds feather to the heel,
And makes the clown a winged Mercury.
Joanna Baillie.

KINDNESS—Qualities of.

To rest the weary, and to soothe the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the bad. *Byron.*

KINDNESS—Requital of.

There will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward, than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit. But the manner of men's writing must not alienate our hearts from the truth, if it appear they have the truth.
Hooker.

Heaven in sunshine will requite the kind.
Byron.

KINDNESS—Value of.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs:
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all may please;

Oh! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to restore, we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With power to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies, but heaven decrees
To all the gift of minist'ring ease;
The mild forbearance at another's fault;
The taunting word, suppress'd as soon as thought;
On these Heaven bade the bliss of life depend,
And crush'd ill fortune when it made a friend.
Hannah More.

KING—Abdication of a.

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldly sceptre from my hand;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm;
With mine own hand I give away my crown;
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state;
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.
Shakspeare.

KING—Example of a.

The people are fashioned according to the example of their king; and edicts are of less power than the model which his life exhibits.
Claudian.

KING—as a Father.

That king shall best govern his realm, that reigneth over his people as a father doth over his children. *Agesilaus.*

KING—Graces of a.

King-becoming graces
Are Justice, Verity, Temperance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowliness,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude.
Shakspeare.

KING—A Righteous.

The king that faithfully judgeth the poor, his throne shall be established for ever.
Solomon.

KING—ruleth Rightly.

A king ruleth as he ought, a tyrant as he lists; a king to the profit of all, a tyrant only to please a few. *Aristotle.*

KINGS—Anxieties of.

Th' unbusied shepherd stretch'd beneath the hawthorn,
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd heavens,
And idly whistling, while his sheep feed round him
Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies
Hemm'd in with care, and shook by storms of treason. *Aaron Hill.*

KINGS—Attributes of.

Why, man, I never was a prince till now.
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tip-staves, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
Troops of pied butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness' summer, that confirm a prince;
'Tis not the unsav'ry breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping with confusèd din,
That makes a prince. No, Lucio; he's a king,
A true right king, who dares do aught, save wrong;
Fear nothing mortal, but to be unjust;
Who is not blown up with the flatt'ring puffs
Of spongy sycophants; who stands unmoved,
Despite the jostling of opinion;
Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng
That strive to press his quiet out of him;
Who sits upon Jove's footstool as I do,
Adorning, not affecting, majesty;
Whose brow is wreathèd with the silver crown
Of clear content.—This, Lucio, is a king;
And of this empire every man's possess'd
That's worth his soul. *Marston.*

KINGS—Burthens of.

A monarch's crown,
Golden in show, is but a crown of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulder each man's burthen lies:
For therein lies the office of a king,—
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,—
That for the public all its weight he bears.
Milton.

What is a king? a man condemn'd to bear
The public burthen of the nation's care.
Prior.

Oh, unhappy state of kings!
'Tis well the robe of majesty is gay,
Or who would put it on? A crown! What is it?
It is to bear the miseries of a people!
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care!
To have your best success ascribed to fortune,
And fortune's failures all ascribed to you!
It is to sit upon a joyless height,
To every blast of changing fate exposed!
Too high for hope, too great for happiness!
For friendship too much fear'd! To all the joys
Of social freedom, and th' endearing charm
Of liberal interchange of soul, unknown.
Hannah More.

KINGS—Cares of.

Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
Shakspeare.

KINGS—Five Special Cares of.

A king must have a special care of five things, if he would not have his crown to be but to him "unhappy felicity:"—1. That "pretended holiness" be not in the church, for that is twofold iniquity; 2. That "useless equity" sit not in the chancery, for that is "foolish pity;" 3. That "useless iniquity" keep not the exchequer, for that is a cruel robbery; 4. That "faithful rashness" be not his general, for that will bring, but too late, repentance; 5. That "faithless prudence" be not his secretary, for that is a snake beneath the green grass. *Bacon.*

KINGS—Conduct of.

It is the misfortune of kings, that they scarcely ever do that good that they have a mind to do; and through surprise, and the insinuations of flatterers, they often do that mischief they never intended. *Telemachus.*

KINGS—Diadems of.

O diadem, thou centre of ambition,
Where all its different lines are reconciled,
As if thou wert the burning-glass of glory.
Dryden.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
What but the glaring meteor of ambition,
That leads the wretch benighted in his errors,
Points to the gulf and shines upon destruction?
Brooke.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide,
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. *Shakspeare.*

KINGS—Divinity of.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord;
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard, hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right. *Ibid.*

KINGS—Duties of.

The gods have for themselves alone reserved
A quiet state: kings are their stewards here,
Intrusted with the conquest of the world;
And, like good, careful servants, must submit
Their single profit to the general welfare.
Lansdowne.

A king that would not feel his crown too heavy for him, must wear it every day; but if he think it too light, he knoweth not of what metal it is made. *Bacon.*

KINGS—Example of.

A sovereign's great example forms a people;
The public breast is noble, or is vile,
As he inspires it. *Mallet.*

KINGS—Faults of.

The faults kings do
Shine like the fiery beacons on a hill,
For all to see, and seeing tremble at.
It's not a single ill which you commit;
What in the subject is a petty fault,
Monsters your actions, and's a foul offence:
You give your subjects license to offend
When you do teach them how. *Hemming.*

KINGS—Flattery of.

The vulgar call us gods, and fondly think
That kings are cast in more than mortal moulds:
Alas! they little know that when the mind
Is cloy'd with pomp, our taste is pall'd to joy,
But grows more sensible of grief or pain.
The stupid peasant with as quick a sense
Enjoys the fragrance of the rose as I,
And his hard hand is proof against the thorn,
Which, rankling in my tender skin, would seem
A viper's tooth. O blissful poverty!
Nature, too partial to thy lot, assigns
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,
Her real goods, and only mocks the great
With empty pageantries. *Fenton.*

Wherefore pay you
This adoration to a sinful creature?
I'm flesh and blood, as you are; sensible
Of heat and cold; as much a slave unto
The tyranny of my passions, as the meanest
Of my poor subjects. The proud attributes
By oil'd-tongue flattery imposed upon us,
As sacred, glorious, high, invincible,
The deputy of Heaven, and in that
Omnipotent: with all false titles else,
Coin'd to abuse our frailty, though compounded,
And by the breath of sycophants applied,

Cure not the least fit of an ague in us.
We may give poor men riches; confer honours
On undeservers; raise or ruin such
As are beneath us; and with this puff'd-up
Ambition would persuade us to forget
That we are men: but He that sits above us,
And to whom, at our utmost rate, we are
But pageant properties, derides our weakness:
In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent;
Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids
That bow unto my sceptre? or restore
My mind to that tranquillity and peace
It then enjoy'd? *Massinger.*

KINGS—Impotence of.

Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you gods place us above the rest,
To be served, flatter'd, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings?
Beaumont and Fletcher.

What poor things are kings!
What poorer things are nations to obey
Him, whom a petty passion does command!
Fate, why was man made so ridiculous?
Oh, I am mortal! Men but flatter me,
Oh, fate! Why were not kings made more than men?
Or why will people have us to be more?
Alas? we govern others, but ourselves
We cannot rule; as our eyes that do see
All other things, but cannot see themselves.
Fontaine.

KINGS—Instability of.

The love of kings is like the blowing of
Winds, which whistle sometimes gently among
The leaves, and straightway turn the trees up by
The roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off,
And burneth near at hand; or the sea, which makes
Men hoist their sails in a flattering calm,
And to cut their masts in a rough storm. They
Place affection by times, by policy,
By appointment; if they frown, who dares call
Them inconstant: if bewray secrets, who
Will term them untrue? if they fall to other
Loves, who trembles not, if he calls them unfaithful? *Johnson.*

Unbounded power and height of greatness give
To kings that lustre which we think divine;
The wise who know 'em, know they are but men;
Nay, sometimes weak ones too. The crowd, indeed,
Who kneel before the image, not the god,
Worship the deity their hands have made.
Rowe.

KINGS—Loss of.

Yes, we have lost a father!
The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,
And seldom found amongst these wilds of time,
A good, a worthy king! Hear me, my Tancred,
And I will tell thee in a few plain words,
How he deserved that best, that glorious title.
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue,
He loved his people, deem'd them all his children;
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad;
He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn rejected
Their smooth advice, that only means themselves.
Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness;
Well knowing that a people in their right
And industry protected, living safe
Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws,
Encouraged in their genius, arts, and labours,
And happy each as he himself deserves,
Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
They will for him provide; their filial love
And confidence are his unfailing treasury,
And every honest man his faithful guard.
Thomson.

KINGS—Miseries of.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their title and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
Shakspeare.

Misery of princes,
That must of force be censured by their slaves!
Not only blamed for doing things that's ill,
But for not doing all that all men will.
Webster.

KINGS—Neglect of.

When those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er millions,
Profusely gives them honours, riches, power,
Whate'er the expanded heart can wish; when they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so mean as they,—
Guilty at once of sacrilege to Heaven,
And of perfidious robbery to men? *Mallet.*

KINGS—Obligations of.

Kings, like Heaven's eye, should spread their beams around,
Pleased to be seen while glory's race they run;
Rest is not for the chariot of the sun:
Luxurious kings are to the people lost;
They live like drones upon the public cost.
Dryden.

KINGS—Best Praise of.

If I boast of aught,
Be it to have been Heaven's happy instrument,
The means of good to all my fellow-creatures:
This is a king's best praise. *Rowe.*

KINGS—Protestations of.

'Tis true I am a king,
Honour and glory too have been my aim;
But though I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet could I choose to fix my name by peace,
By justice, and by mercy, and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind:
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honour. *Young.*

KINGS—Qualities of.

That king stands surest, who by 's virtue rises
More than by birth or blood: that prince is rare,
Who strives in youth to save his age from care.
Middleton.

Some are born kings,
Made up of three parts fire; so full of heaven,
It sparkles at their eyes: inferior souls
Know 'em as soon as seen, by sure instinct,
To be their lords, and naturally worship
The secret god within them. *Dryden.*

Show wond'ring nations what a monarch should be;
Heaven's true vicegerent, whose superior soul,
Raised high above the tyrant's selfish poorness,
Pants but for power of doing good, rejects
All power of doing ill; who makes no war
But to revenge his people's wrongs; no peace,
But what secures their safety; courts no fame
But from their happiness: a parent he,
The public parent—they not slaves, but sons.
Mallet.

KINGS—Rights of.

Kings' titles generally begin by force,
Which time wears off, and mellows into right;
And power, which in one age is tyranny,
Is ripen'd in the next to true succession.
Dryden.

KINGS—Stability of.

Who strikes at sov'reign power, had need strike home;
For storms that fail to blow the cedar down,
May tear the branches, but they fix the roots.
Jeffrey.

KINGS—Thoughts of.

The thoughts of princes dwell in sacred privacy,
Unknown and venerable to the vulgar;
And like a temple's innermost recesses,
None enter to behold the hallow'd mysteries,
Unbidden of the god that dwells within. *Rowe.*

KINGS—Trammels of.

Princes are barr'd of liberty to roam,
The fetter'd mind still languishes at home;
In golden bands he treads the thoughtful round,
Business and cares eternally abound. *Lee.*

KINGS—Unhappiness of.

Thou know'st the unhappy envied state of kings;
How perilous the height, how near to heaven;
Ten thousand ways exposed here to the lust
Of lawless will, there to the darker ruin
Of venal flattery. *Eurydice.*

KINGS—Wise.

Wise kings have generally wise councillors, as—He must be a wise man himself, who is capable of distinguishing one. *Diogenes.*

KISS—A Devout.

I came to feel how far above
All fancy, pride, and fickle maidenhood,
All earthly pleasure, all imagined good,
Was the warm tremble of a devout kiss.
Keats.

KISSES—Sweets of.

Sweet were his kisses on my balmy lips,
As are the breezes breath'd amidst the groves
Of ripening spices on the height of day.
Behn.

KISSING (in Iceland)—Custom of.

I whispered to Fritz (a touring companion) how I had always understood it was the proper thing in this country (Iceland) for travellers departing on a journey to kiss the ladies who had been good enough to entertain them, little imagining he would take me at my word. Guess my horror when I saw him, with an intrepidity I envied, but dared not imitate, first embrace the mamma by way of prelude, and then proceed, in the most natural way possible, to make the same tender advances to the daughter. I was dumb with consternation; the room swam before me; I expected we should next minute be packed, neck and crop,

into the street, and that the young lady would have gone off into hysterics. It turned out, however, that such was the very last thing she was thinking of doing. With a simple frankness that became her more than all the boarding-school graces in the world, her eyes dancing with mischief and good humour, she met him half way, and pouting out two rosy lips, gave him as hearty a kiss as ever it might be the good fortune of one of us he-creatures to receive. From that moment I determined to conform to the customs of the inhabitants. *Lord Dufferin.*

KISSING—Delights of.

He kiss'd me hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots,
That grow upon my lips. *Shakspeare.*

Oh! let me live for ever on these lips;
The nectar of the gods to these is tasteless.
Dryden.

I felt the while a pleasing kind of smart,
The kiss went tingling to my panting heart;
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay,
The sweetness cling'd upon my lips all day,
Like drops of honey, loath to fall away. *Ibid.*

Oh! could I give the world,
One kiss of thine, but thus to touch thy lips,
I were a gainer by the vast exchange.
The fragrant infancy of opening flowers,
Flow'd to my senses in that meeting kiss.
Southern.

May I taste
The nectar of her lip? I do not give it
The praise it merits: antiquity is too poor
To help me with a simile t' express it.
Let me drink often with this living spring,
To nourish new invention. *Massinger.*

A kiss fairly electrifies you; it warms your blood, and sets your heart a-beating like a brass drum, and makes your eyes twinkle like stars in a frosty night. It ain't a thing ever to be forgot. No language can express it, no letters will give the sound. Then, what in natur' is equal to the flavour of it? What an aroma it has! How spiritual it is! It ain't gross, for you can't feed on it; it don't cloy, for the palate ain't required to test its taste. It is neither visible, nor tangible, nor portable, nor transferable. It is not a substance, nor a liquid, nor a vapour. It has neither colour nor form; imagination can't conceive it. It can't be imitated or forged. It is confined to no clime or country, but is ubiquitous. It is disembodied when completed, but is instantly reproduced, and so is immortal. It is as old as the creation, and yet is as young and fresh as ever. It pre-existed, still exists, and always will exist. It pervades all nature. The breeze, as it passes, kisses the rose, and the pendant vine stoops down and hides with its tendrils its blushes, as it kisses the limpid stream that waits in an eddy to meet it, and raises its tiny waves, like anxious lips, to receive it. Depend upon it Eve learned it in Paradise, and was taught its beauties, virtues, and varieties by an angel, there is something so transcendent in it. How it is adapted to all circumstances! There is the kiss of welcome and of parting; the long, lingering, loving, present one; the stolen, or the mutual one; the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow; the seal of promise, and the receipt of fulfilment. Is it strange, therefore, that a woman is invincible, whose armoury consists of kisses, smiles, sighs, and tears?
Haliburton.

KISSING—Ecstasy of.

I swear, I love you with my first virgin fondness;
I live all in you, and I die without you:
At your approach, my heart beats fast within me;
A pleasing trembling thrills through all my blood,
Whene'er you touch me with your melting hand;
But when you kiss, oh! 'tis not to be spoke!
Gildon.

KISSING—not a mere Expression.

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snowdrop, virgin bliss.

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infants' play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must join;
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling and sincere as thine! *Burns.*

KISSING—Propriety of.

Some say that kissing's a sin;
But I think it 's nane ava,
For kissing has wonn'd in this warld
Since ever that there was twa.
Oh! if it wasna lawfu',
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it;
If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folk wadna get it. *Ibid.*

KISSING—a Mysterious Virtue.

What's in a kiss? Really, when people come to reflect upon the matter calmly, what can they see in a kiss? The lips pout slightly and touch the cheek softly, and then they just part, and the job is complete. There is a kiss in the abstract! View it in the abstract! —take it as it stands!—look at it philosophically! What is there in it? Millions upon millions of souls have been made happy, while millions upon millions have been plunged into misery and despair by this kissing; and yet, when you look at the character of the thing, it is simply a pouting and parting of the lips. In every grade of society there is kissing. Go where you will, to what country you will, you are perfectly sure to find kissing! There is, however, some mysterious virtue in a kiss, after all. *Cockton.*

KNAVES—Smoothness of.

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats.
And all the mischief that he meant,
Does, like the rattlesnake, prevent. *Butler.*

KNAVES—Worst of.

The worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty. *Lavater.*

KNIGHT—A True.

Naught is more honourable to a knight,
Nor better doth beseem brave chivalry,
Than to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redress in such as wend awry.
Spenser.

A true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought in breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindictive than jealous love.
Shakspeare.

KNOWLEDGE—Reasons for Acquiring.

Men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation, and sometimes to enable them to obtain the victory of wit and contradiction, and sometimes for lucre and possession; but seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason for the benefit and use of man, as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind, to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a fort on commanding ground for strife or contention, or a shop for profit and sale, and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate. *Bacon.*

KNOWLEDGE—Acquisition of.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but, when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you. *Felton.*

The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant. *Cecil.*

KNOWLEDGE—derived from Antiquity.

Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages. *Macaulay.*

KNOWLEDGE—Aspirations after.

Look, the world tempts our eye,
And we would know it all.
We map the starry sky,
We mine this earthern ball,
We measure the sea-tides, we number the sea-sands:

We scrutinize the dates
Of long-past human things,
The bounds of effaced states,
The lives of deceased kings:
We search out dead men's words, and works of dead men's hands. *Arnold.*

KNOWLEDGE—Attendant on.

He that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth—the latter-growth as well as the first-fruits—at the altar of truth. *Bishop Berkeley.*

KNOWLEDGE—Benefits of.

The more we extend our knowledge of the operations of creative power, as manifested in the structure and economy of organized beings, the better we become qualified to appreciate the *intentions* with which the several arrangements and constructions have been devised, the *art* with which they have been accomplished, and the grand comprehensive plan of which they form a part. By knowing the general tendencies of analogous formations, we can sometimes recognise *designs* that are but faintly indicated, and trace the links which connect them with more general laws. By rendering ourselves familiar with the handwriting, where the characters are clearly legible, we gradually learn to decipher the more obscure passages, and are enabled to follow the continuity of the narrative through chapters that would otherwise appear mutilated and defaced. Hence the utility of comprehending in our studies the whole range of the organised creation, with a view to the discovery of final causes, and obtaining adequate ideas of the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God. *Roget.*

KNOWLEDGE—Bias toward.

There are indeed but very few to whom nature has been so unkind, that they are not capable of shining in some science or other. There is a certain bias towards knowledge in every mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper application. *Budgell.*

KNOWLEDGE—Cultivation of.

I make not my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge; I intend no monoply, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves; I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and, in the midst of all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me—that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends.

Sir T. Browne.

KNOWLEDGE—Desire of.

The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it. *Sterne.*

Knowledge always desires increase: it is like fire, which must be first kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself. *Johnson.*

KNOWLEDGE—Elements of.

Those who admire and love knowledge for its own sake, ought to wish to see its elements made accessible to all, were it only that they may be the more thoroughly examined into, and more effectually developed in their consequences, and receive that ductility and plastic quality which the pressure of minds of all descriptions, constantly moulding them to their purpose, can only bestow. *Sir J. Herschel.*

KNOWLEDGE—End of.

The knowledge we acquire in this world I am apt to think extends not beyond the limits of this life. The beatific vision of the other life needs not the help of this dim twilight; but be that as it will, I am sure the principal end why we are to get knowledge here, is to make use of it for the benefit of ourselves and others in this world; but if by gaining it we destroy our health, we labour for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if by harassing our bodies (though with a design to render ourselves more useful), we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbour of all that help, which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold and silver, and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage. *Locke.*

KNOWLEDGE—Ends of.

I would advise all in general, that they would take into serious consideration the true and genuine ends of knowledge; that they seek it not either for pleasure, or contention, or contempt of others, or for profit, or fame, or for honour and promotion, or such-like adulterate or inferior ends; but for merit and emolument of life, that they may regulate and perfect the same in charity. *Bacon.*

KNOWLEDGE—Enjoyment of.

Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in frame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices, it fears no danger—spares no expense—looks in the volcano—dives into the ocean—perforates the earth—wings its flight into the skies—enriches the globe—explores sea and land—

contemplates the distant — examines the minute—comprehends the great—ascends to the sublime—no place too remote for its grasp—no heavens too exalted for its reach. *De Witt Clinton.*

KNOWLEDGE—Fluctuation of.

As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear; but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. *Johnson.*

KNOWLEDGE—Freedom of.

Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedged, lies open in life's common field,
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
Young.

KNOWLEDGE—of Head and Heart.

Head-knowledge is our own, and can polish only the outside; heart-knowledge is the Spirit's work, and makes all glorious within. *Adam.*

KNOWLEDGE—bestowed by Heaven.

To ask and to bestow,
Knowledge, is much of Heaven's delight.
Pollok.

KNOWLEDGE—Impartation of.

Seldom ever was any knowledge given to keep, but to impart: the grace of this rich jewel is lost in concealment. *Bishop Hall.*

KNOWLEDGE—Infinity of.

A climbing height it is, without a head,
Depth without bottom, way without an end;
A circle with no line environ'd,
Not comprehended,—all it comprehends;
Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind
Till it that infinite of the Godhead find.
Greville.

KNOWLEDGE—Man formed for.

Man was formed with an understanding, for the attainment of knowledge; and happy is he who is employed in the pursuit of it. Ignorance is in its nature unprofitable; but every kind of knowledge may be turned to use. Diligence is generally rewarded with the discovery of that which it seeks after; sometimes of that which is more valuable.

Human learning, with the blessing of God upon it, introduces us to divine wisdom; and while we study the works of nature, the God of nature will manifest himself to us; since, to a well-tutored mind, "The heavens," without a miracle, "declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth his handy work." *Bishop Horne.*

KNOWLEDGE—Pleasure of.

There is so much infelicity in the world, that scarce any man has leisure from his own distresses, to estimate the comparative happiness of others. Knowledge is certainly one of the means of pleasure, as is confessed by the natural desire which every mind feels of increasing its ideas. Ignorance is mere privation, by which nothing can be produced: it is a vacuity in which the soul sits motionless and torpid for want of attraction; and, without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget. I am therefore inclined to conclude, that if nothing counteracts the natural consequence of learning, we grow more happy as our minds take a wider range. *Johnson.*

KNOWLEDGE—Seeds of.

The seeds of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but must be cultivated in public. *Ibid.*

KNOWLEDGE—Spiritual.

'Tis the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it; to enlarge it without swelling it; to make it more capable, and more earnest to know, the more it knows. *Sprat.*

KNOWLEDGE—Superficiality of.

He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.
Fuller.

KNOWLEDGE—Tree of.

The tree of knowledge is grafted upon the tree of life; and that fruit which brought the fear of death into the world, budding on an immortal stock, becomes the fruit of the promise of immortality. *Sir Humphrey Davy.*

KNOWLEDGE—of All Things.

Knowledge of all avails the human kind;
For all beyond the grave are joys of mind.
Hogg.

KNOWLEDGE—Use of.

Half our pleasures, our best pleasures, the most innocent and congenial to our nature as rational beings, are derived from the acquisition of ornamental knowledge, the pursuit of entertaining science, or the practice of elegant arts. So far, therefore, as mental recreation is requisite for man, the study of such things may be justified without referring to any thing but the satisfaction of the individual himself in his vacant hours. But beyond the point of strict necessity for relaxation, this reason will never extend. There must be a higher aim, an honourable and substantial end to be gained, before any considerable employment of the powers of the understanding in the acquisition of any lighter species of intellectual attainment can be fairly vindicated; and that vindication the difficulties of Scripture afford. For the golden chain of science is so firmly and admirably formed, that it would be impossible to take away the least

link without injuring the strength and beauty of the whole. Since, therefore, the whole body of knowledge tends, in consequence of the existence of difficulties, to the elucidation of Scripture, the cultivation even of the merely ornamental parts of learning, is requisite to the defence of revelation, and consequently, justifiable in a still larger extent than it would otherwise have been. The minutest branches of philosophy, and the most trivial recreations of the mind, thus become important in a religious point of view. We are evidently, therefore, and deeply indebted to the difficulties of Scripture, because by making every species of knowledge subservient to the illustration and vindication of religious truth, they have dignified and sanctified, as it were, the scientific amusements of our leisure hours, and heightened the pleasure of studying the subordinate branches of literature, by teaching us that we may be usefully employed, even in our intellectual relaxations. *Benson.*

Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge; some the love of fame; some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge: but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God to the use and advantage of man. *Bacon.*

KNOWLEDGE—a Celestial Wing.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing with which we fly to heaven. *Shakspeare.*

KNOWLEDGE—without Wisdom.

Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,
Is like a headstrong horse that throws the rider. *Quarles.*

KNOWLEDGE OF SELF.

We find this great precept often repeated in Plato. *Do thine own work, and know thyself:* of which two parts, both the one and the other generally comprehend our whole duty, and consequently do each of them complicate and involve the other; for he who will do his own work aright, will find that his first lesson is to know himself; and he who rightly understands himself, will never mistake another man's work for his own. *Montaigne.*

KNOWLEDGE OF SELF—Difficult.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself. *Thales.*

KNOWLEDGE OF SELF—Importance of.

Of all literary exercitations, whether designed for the use or entertainment of the world, there are none of so much importance, or so immediately our concern, as those which let us into the knowledge of our own nature. Others may exercise the understanding or amuse the imagination; but these only can improve the heart and form the human mind to wisdom. *Warburton.*

That man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know:
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace!
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost.
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd. *Gay.*

KNOWLEDGE OF SELF—the Prime Wisdom.

Man, know thyself! all wisdom centres there. *Young.*

KNOWLEDGE AND THINKING.

Knowledge is never of very serious use to man, until it has become part of his customary course of thinking. The knowledge which barely passes through the mind resembles that which is gained of a country by a traveller, who is whirled through it in a stage; or by a bird flitting over it, in his passage to another. *Dwight.*

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own;
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared, and fitted into place,
Does but encumber what it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Cowper.

Knowledge descries alone, wisdom applies;
That makes some fools, this maketh none but wise.
In my afflictions, knowledge apprehends
Who is the author, what the cause and ends:
It finds that patience is my sad relief,
And that the hand that caused can cure my grief.

To rest contented here is but to bring
Clouds without rain, and heat without a spring;
But sacred wisdom doth apply that good
Which simple knowledge barely understood.
Wisdom concludes, and in conclusion proves,
That, wheresoever God corrects, He loves.
Quarles.

L.

LABOUR—Advantages of.

It is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity. *Ruskin.*

LABOUR—Consecratedness of.

Let us go forth, and resolutely dare
With sweat of brow to toil our little day,
And if a tear fall on the task of care
In memory of those spring hours pass'd away
Brush it not by!
Our hearts to God! to brother men,
And labour, blessing, prayer, and then
To these a sign! *Milnes.*

LABOUR—Definition of.

'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy, made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
Cowper.

LABOUR—Earnestness of.

Do what thou dost as if the earth were heaven,
And that thy last day were the judgment day;
When all's done, nothing's done. *Kingsley.*

LABOUR—promotive of Enjoyment.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or lawful calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves,—they are a burden to themselves. *Joy.*

LABOUR—Honourableness of.

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand,—crooked, coarse,—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and, fighting our battles, wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour, and thy body was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable—for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable, not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavouring towards inward harmony, revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low;—highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one,—when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who, with heaven-made implements, conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth. Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself: thou wilt see the splendour of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness. *Carlyle.*

LABOUR—Incessancy of.

The more we accomplish, the more we have to accomplish. All things are full of labour; and therefore, the more we acquire, the more care and the more toil to secure our acquisitions. Good men can never retire from their works of benevolence: their fortune is never made. I never heard of an apostle,

prophet, or public benefactor, retiring from their respective fields of labour. Moses, and Paul, and Peter, died with their harness on. So did Luther, and Calvin, and Wesley, and a thousand others as deserving, though not so well known to fame. We are inured to labour. It was first a duty; it is now a pleasure. Still there is such a thing as overworking man and beast, mind and body. The mainspring of a watch needs repose, and is the better for it. The muscles of an elephant, and the wings of a swift bird, are at length fatigued. Heaven gives rest to the earth because it needs it; and winter is more pregnant with blessings to the soil than summer with its flowers and fruits. But in the war for truth and against error, there is no discharge. *A. Campbell.*

LABOUR—Joy in.

Weave, brothers, weave! Toil is ours;
But toil is the lot of man;
One gathers the fruit, — one gathers the flowers,
One soweth the seed again!
There is not a creature from England's king
To the peasant that delves the soil.
That knows half the pleasure the seasons bring
If he have not his share of toil.
Barry Cornwall.

LABOUR—Different Kinds of.

Shun no toil, to make yourself remarkable by some talent or other. Yet do not devote yourself to one branch exclusively. Strive to get clear notions about all. Give up no science entirely, for science is but one. *Seneca.*

Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise. *Addison.*

LABOUR—lightened by Love.

Where love is there is no labour; and if there be labour that labour is loved. *Austin.*

LABOUR—Necessity for.

Miserable is he who slumbers on in idleness! Miserable the workman who sleeps before the hour of his rest, or who sits down in the shadow, while his brethren work in the sun. There is no rest from labour on earth. There are always duties to perform and functions to exercise, functions which are ever enlarging and extending, in proportion to the growth of our moral and mental station. Man is born to work, and he must work while it is day. "Have I not," said a great worker, "an eternity to rest in?" *Tyrman.*

Labour's strong and merry children,
Comrades of the rising sun,
Let us sing some songs together,
Now our toil is done.

No desponding, no repining!
Leisure must by toil be bought;
Never yet was good accomplish'd
Without hand and thought.

Even God's all-holy labour
Framed the air, the stars, the sun,
Built our earth on deep foundation,
And the world was won. *Barry Cornwall.*

LABOUR—Perpetuity of.

All things have rest—why should we toil alone?
We only toil who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one labour to another thrown;
Nor ever fold our wings,
Nor cease from wanderings. *Tennyson.*

LABOUR—Relaxation from.

Some relaxation is necessary to people of every degree; the head that thinks, and the hand that labours, must have some little time to recruit their diminished powers. *Gilpin.*

LABOUR—Rest from.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot burning tears of toil,—
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburthened brain,
Heavy with labour, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain,
Only its emotion, not its power;
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and opprest,
From labour there shall come forth rest.
Longfellow.

LABOUR—Utility of.

Nature lives by labour;
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens and rolling world,
All live by action: nothing lives at rest
But death and ruin. Man is born to care;
Fashion'd, improved by labour; this of old
Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry rank,
To manual occupation, and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough,

Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence strength of arm, and clear, judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, all in life
Delectable. What simple Nature yields
(And Nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground:
'Tis toil that makes them wealth. *Dyer.*

LABOUR—in Vain.

Letting down buckets into empty wells,
And growing old with drawing nothing up.
Cowper.

LABOUR—Value of.

No doubt hard work is a great police-agent. If everybody were worked from morning till night, and then carefully locked up, the register of crimes might be greatly diminished. But what would become of human nature? Where would be the room for growth in such a system of things? It is through sorrow and mirth, plenty and need, a variety of passions, circumstances, and temptations, even through sin and misery, that men's natures are developed. *Helps.*

LANDSCAPE—Beauties of the.

See, the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen shower.
How beautiful, how blue, th' ethereal vault!
How verdurous the lawns? how clear the brooks!
What other paradise adorn but thine,
Britannia! happy if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific, add, and stately ships
Innumerous. *Dyer.*

LANDSCAPE—Depicted.

Paths there were many,
Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,
And ivy banks: all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
Stems thronging all around, between the swell
Of tuft and slanting branches: who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark tree-tops, through which a dove
Had often beat his wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue?
Keats.

LANDSCAPE—An English.

I reach'd a height
Which lay from finny fens to stately tree
Asleep in sunshine. From its crown I saw
The country fade into the distant sky,
With happy hamlets drown'd in apple bloom,
And ivy-muffled churches still with graves,
And restless fires subdued and tamed by day,
And scatter'd towns, whence came at intervals,
Upon the wind, a sweet clear sound of bells;
Through all, a river, like a stream of haze,
Drew its slow length until 'twas lost in woods.
Still as a lichen'd stone I lay and watch'd
The lights and shadows on the landscape's face,
The moving cloud that quench'd the shining fields,
The gliding sunbeam, the grey trailing shower,
And all the commerce of the earth and sky.
Smith.

Take the case of a common English landscape;—green meadows with fat cattle; canals, or navigable rivers; well-fenced, well-cultivated fields; neat, clean, scattered cottages; humble antique church, with churchyard elms; and crossing hedgerows, all seen under bright skies, and in good weather: there is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not, certainly, in the mere mixture of colours and forms; for colours more pleasing, and lines more graceful, (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred), might be spread upon a board, or a painter's pallet, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind; but in the picture of human happiness, that is presented to our imaginations and affections,—and in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment,—and of that secure and successful industry that insures its continuance,—and of the piety by which it is exalted,—and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life,—in the images of health and temperance and plenty, which it exhibits to every eye, and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations, of those primitive or fabulous times, when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition; and of those humble retreats on which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum. *Jeffrey.*

LANDSCAPE—An Interesting.

Ascend
While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful scene! Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape. *Thomson.*

LANDSCAPE—Mountainous.

There is not, perhaps, amid all the rich treasures of colour and form strewn throughout the globe, a more lovely and inspiriting sight than that bright bit of the world seen—with

the bloom of early morning upon it—from the summit of the Drachenfels. It is an exquisite treat to look down upon the earth there, with an almost eagle's eye, and to find that you have the power, by your mere vision, of extending your consciousness to scenes that are miles away,—to feel the half-divinity of your own being in the faint sense that you thus obtain of Omnipresence; and to have a foretaste, as it were,—in the very dwindling of the earth, the nearer you draw towards heaven—of that vast spiritual expansion of your nature which is destined to ensue when the faculties are no longer "cribbed, cabined, and confined" within the close prison-walls of the body. *Mayhew.*

LANGUAGE—of the Eye.

Language is slow; the mastery of wants
Doth teach it to the infant drop by drop,
As brooklets gather. . . Yet, there's a lore,
Simple and sure, that asks no discipline
Of weary years—the language of the soul,
Told through the eye. . . Oft the stammering lip
Marreth the perfect thought, and the dull ear
Doth err in its most tortuous embassy;
But the heart's lightning hath no obstacle;
Quick *glances*, like the thrilling wires, transfuse
The telegraphic look! *Mrs. Sigourney.*

LANGUAGE—the Depository of Truth.

A language will often be wiser, not merely than the vulgar, but even than the wisest of those who speak it. Being like amber in its efficacy to circulate the electric spirit of truth, it is also like amber in embalming and preserving the relics of ancient wisdom, although one is not seldom puzzled to decipher its contents. Sometimes it locks up truths which were once well known, but which, in the course of ages, have passed out of sight and been forgotten. In other cases, it holds the germs of truths, of which, though they were never plainly discerned, the genius of its framers caught a glimpse in a happy moment of divination. A meditative man cannot refrain from wonder, when he digs down to the deep thought lying at the root of many a metaphorical term employed for the designation of spiritual things even of those with regard to which philosophers have blundered grossly; and often it would seem as though rays of truths, which were still below the intellectual horizon, had dawned upon the imagination, as it was looking up to heaven. *Sala.*

LARK—Habits of the.

Fraught with a transient frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again,
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin descending hail;
She mounts, and lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues,
'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.
Dr. Warton.

The lowly lark, unseen and little prized, sits, hard by, in his nest on the earth, gathering strength to bear his song up to the sun. Slowly rise basement and monumental aisle, column and architrave, dome and lofty tower; and when the cloud-piercing spire is burnished with gold, and the fabric stands perfect and wondrous, up springs the forgotten lark, with airy wheel, to the pinnacle, and standing poised and unwondering on his giddy perch, he pours out his celestial music till his bright footing trembles with harmony. And when the song is done, and, mounting hence, he soars away to fill his exhausted heart at the mountains of the sun, the dwellers in the towers below look up to the gilded spire and shout—not to the burnished shaft, but to the lark—lost from it in the sky. *Willis.*

The lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her annual nest, lies silent in the field;
But if the promise of a cloudless day,
Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play,
Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of voice,
Or power to climb, she made so low a choice;
Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
Towards heaven, as if from heaven her notes she fetch'd. *Waller.*

LARK—the Messenger of Morn.

Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced, and loud—the messenger of morn. *Milton.*

LARK—Song of the.

To hear the lark begin its flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watchtower in the skies,
Till the dapple dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow. *Ibid.*

And now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high-tow'ring to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song. *Ibid.*

LARK—Song of the.

Now hear the lark,
The herald of the morn; whose notes do beat
The vaulty heavens, so high above our heads,
Making such sweet divisions. *Shakspeare.*

LAUGHTER—Causes of.

Laughter is properly an expression of joyous emotion. This remarkable perturbation of the system is brought on in many ways, and often by very slight causes. Mere hilarity, or animal spirits; cold, and acute pains, when not so intense as to stimulate the expression proper to pain; tickling, hysterical fits; self-complacency, and a feeling of triumph at some striking effect produced by self or others (the point insisted on by Hobbes in his theory of laughter), kindly feeling; the spectacle or notion of filthy, degraded, or forbidden things; the so-called ludicrous, which is usually the clash of dignity with meanness: these, and perhaps other circumstances besides, rank among the causes of laughter. The *medulla oblongata*, which is the immediate organ in bringing on the outburst, is very prone to be irritated to a discharge of this special influence. We find that some temperaments are peculiarly liable to be excited to laughter; the liability may be so great as to be a positive weakness, indicating a sort of dissolute incontinence of the nervous system. *Bain.*

LAUGHTER—Characteristics of.

In order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observations upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded as when they are pleased; and laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton says,

"Smiles from reason flow, to brutes denied,
And are of love the food."

It may be remarked in general, under this head, that the laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint, constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them; but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world. *Steele.*

——

How much lies in laughter: the cipher-key, wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting, barren simper; in the smile of others lies the cold glitter, as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only sniff and titter and sniggle from the throat outwards, or at least produce some whiffling, husky cachinnation, as if they were laughing through wool: of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his own whole life is already a treason and a stratagem. *Carlyle.*

LAUGHTER—physically Healthful.

Laughter is an external expression of joy; it is the most salutary of all the bodily movements; for it agitates both the body and the soul at the same time, promotes digestion, circulation, and perspiration, and enlivens the vital power in every organ. *Hukeland.*

LAUGHTER—Different Kinds of.

We may range the several kinds of laughers under the following heads:—The dimplers, the smilers, the laughers, the grinners, the horse-laughers. The dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh. The smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of the most delicate address. This tender motion of physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh. The laugh among us is the common *risus* of the ancients. The grin, by writers of antiquity is called the Syncrusian; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth. The horse-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation. The proficients in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This, upon all occasions, supplies the want of reason; is always received with great applause in coffee-house disputes; and that side the laugh joins with is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist. *Steele.*

LAUGHTER—Loudness of.

The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind. *Goldsmith.*

LAUGHTER—Unseasonable.

He who always prefaces his tale with laughter, is poisoned between impertinence and folly. *Lavater.*

LAUGHTER—A Sudden Vent of.

Laughter is a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which, being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the

voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation. *Steele.*

LAUGHTER—Vulgar.

The horse-laugh indicates brutality of character. *Lavater.*

LAW—Unjust Application of.

Alas! how many causes that can plead well for themselves in the courts of Westminster, and yet in the general court of the universe, and free soul of man, have no word to utter! *Carlyle.*

LAW—Dignity of.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy. *Hooker.*

LAW—English and Chinese.

The English laws punish vice; the Chinese laws do more, they reward virtue. *Goldsmith.*

LAW—Folly of Going to.

To go to law, is for two persons to kindle a fire at their own cost to warm others, and singe themselves to cinders; and because they cannot agree, as to what is truth and equity, they will both agree to unplume themselves, that others may be decorated with their feathers. *Feltham.*

LAW—Inequality of.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through. *Swift.*

LAW—founded on Reason.

However the law, to make it a mystery and a trade, may be wrapped up in terms of art, yet it is founded on reason, and obvious to common sense. *Buckingham.*

LAWS—Corrupt.

When the state is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied. *Tacitus.*

LAWS—of God.

Laws, written, if not on stone tables, yet on the azure of infinitude, in the inner heart of God's creation, certain as life, certain as death! I say, the laws are there, and thou shalt not disobey them. It were better for thee not. Better a hundred deaths than yes! Terrible "penalties" withal, if thou still need *penalties*, are there for disobeying! *Carlyle.*

LAWS—Restraining Influence of.

Laws were made to restrain and punish the wicked: the wise and good do not need them as a guide, but only as a shield against rapine and oppression; they can live civilly and orderly, though there were no law in the world. *Feltham.*

LAW AND USAGE.

Men, with a multiplicity of transactions pressing on them, and moving in a narrow circle, and meeting each other daily, desire to write little, and leave unwritten *what they take for granted* in every contract. In spite of the lamentations of judges they will continue to do so; and in a vast majority of cases, of which courts of law hear nothing, they do so without loss or inconvenience; and upon the whole they find this mode of dealing advantageous, even at the risk of occasional litigation. It is the business of courts reasonably so to shape their rules of evidence as to make them suitable to the habits of mankind, and such as are not likely to exclude the actual facts. To exclude the usage is to exclude a material term of the contract, and must lead to an unjust decision. *Lord Campbell.*

LEADERS—Natural to Follow.

It is an instinct in our nature to follow the tract pointed out by a few leaders; we are gregarious animals in a moral as well as a physical sense, and we are addicted to routine, because it is always easier to follow the opinions of others, than to reason and judge for ourselves. *Paris.*

LEARNING—Acquisition of.

A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
Those shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor mind the lengths behind;

But more advanced, behold, with strange
. surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
Pope.

LEARNING—Benefits of.

Learning maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches. *Cicero.*

LEARNING—Deficiency of.

Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
Young.

LEARNING—Emptiness of.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart.
Ibid.

LEARNING—End of.

The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue. *Milton.*

LEARNING—nothing without Goodness.

Many persons, after once they become learned, cease to be good: all other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good-nature. *Montaigne.*

LEARNING—with Holiness is best.

Learning is good, but holiness is better:
Learning with holiness combined—what then?
Aye, that is best of all; th' instructed mind,
Which ignorance nor prejudice can fetter,
That looks thro' nature with a searching ken
And knows the history of human kind,
And hath a store of treasures at command.
If such can meekly bend, and humbly wait
Beside the footstool of the Infinite,
Eager to bask in beams of saving grace,
Learning and goodness then go hand in hand,
And happy is the people and the state,
That hath such learned men to shed the light
Of their example round their earthly resting-
place. *Egone.*

LEARNING—Beneficial Influence of.

For that conceit, that learning should undermine the reverence for laws and government, it is assuredly a mere depravation and calumny, without any shadow of truth. For to say that a blind custom of obedience should be a surer obligation than duty taught and understood, is to affirm that a blind man may tread surer by a guide, than a seeing man can by a light. And it is without all controversy, that learning doth make the minds of men gentle, amiable, and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwarting, and mutinous; and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times have been most subject to tumults, seditions, and changes. *Bacon.*

LEARNING—Intention of.

Every artificer and profession endeavours to make the thing fit and to answer the end for which it is intended. Those that till the ground, or that break in horses, or train dogs, their business is to make the most of things, and drive them up to the top of their kind; and what other view has learning and education, but to improve the faculties, and to set them the right way to work. *Antoninus.*

LEARNING—Absolute Necessity of.

He that knoweth not that which he ought to know, is a brute beast among men; he that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man amongst brute beasts; and he that knoweth all that may be known, is as a god amongst men. *Pythagoras.*

LEARNING—Overmuch.

Bishops are now unfit to govern, because of their learning. They are bred up in another law: they run to the text for something done among the Jews that concerns not England. 'Tis just as if a man would have a kettle, and he would not go to our braziers to have it made as they make kettles, but he would have it made as Hiram made his brass-work, who wrought in Solomon's Temple. *Seldon.*

LEARNING—Pretenders to.

A pretender to learning is one that would make all others more fools than himself; for though he know nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceits nothing in learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with less labour cure his ignorance than hide it. He is indeed ■ kind of scholar-mountebank, and his art our delusion. He is tricked out in all the accoutrements of learning, and at the first encounter none passes better. He is oftener in his study than at his book, and you cannot pleasure him better than to deprehend him: yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted You find him in his slippers and a pen in his ear, in which formality he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some classic folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath lain open at the same page this half-year. His candle is always a longer sitter-up

than himself, and the boast of his window at midnight. He walks much alone in the posture of meditation, and has a book before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek testament or Hebrew bible, which he opens only in the church, and that when some stander-by looks over. He has sentences for company, some scatterings of Seneca and Tacitus, which are good upon all occasions. If he reads anything in the morning, it comes out all at dinner; and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great plagiary of tavern wit, and comes to sermons only that he may talk of Austin. His parcels are the mere scrapings from company, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wondrously capricious in giving judgment, and listens with a sour attention to what he understands not. He talks much of Scaliger, and Casaubon, and the Jesuits, and prefers some unheard-of Dutch name before them all. He has verses to bring in upon these and these hints, and it shall go hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He is critical in a language he cannot construe, and speaks seldom under Arminius in divinity. His business and retirement, and caller away is his study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the dedication. He never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same men pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says nothing. He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laughed at. *Bishop Earle.*

LEARNING—Right Use of.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous. *Pope.*

LEARNING—Use of.

Learning, like money, may be of so base a coin, as to be utterly void of use; or, if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness. *Shenstone.*

LEARNING (Sacred)—Use of.

The *pride* of learning, and the *abuse* of learning, are fatal evils, and, without the possession of it, no doubt the man of devoted piety, with merely the vernacular Scriptures in his hand, may be even eminently useful; but there are higher and more extensive spheres of service which he is clearly not qualified to occupy. Learning, when employed not for ostentation, *but for use;* not to set up human wisdom in opposition to divine revelation; but humbly, patiently, and laboriously to trace out, to exhibit, to assert, and to defend the revealed truth of God, and to apply it to all the varied purposes for which it was made known; is of the highest value. And let every younger student remember that he knows not to what scene of service he is destined: let it be his humble aim, depending upon, and seeking constantly the divine blessing, to become as well qualified as possible for that station, be it what it may, to which it shall please God to call him. And, in this view, let him duly consider the indefatigable labour, the diligent study, and the patient zeal, of these great and good men (the Swiss Reformers) who, devoted to learning as they ever were, yet did not pursue it for its own sake (or for the earthly distinctions it might gain for them), or lose themselves in a contemplative life, but denied themselves, and studied, and *prayed without ceasing,* in order that they might *act* with wisdom and success to the glory of God, and the highest good of their fellow-men. Therefore is their memory blessed. *Thomas Scott.*

LEARNING AND WISDOM.

The learned man is only useful to the learned; the wise man is equally useful to the wise and the simple. The merely learned man has not elevated his mind above that of others; his judgments are not more penetrating, his remarks not more delicate, nor his actions more beautiful than those of others; he merely uses other instruments than his own; his hands are employed in business of which the head sometimes takes little note. It is wholly different with the wise man: he moves far above the common level,—he observes everything from a different point of view; in his employments there is always an aim, in his views always freedom, and all with him is above the common level. *Richter.*

LEAVES.

Leaves seem light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable—they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing, He has given us a lesson, not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without. *Leigh Hunt.*

LEAVES—Whispering of.

The whisper of the leaves appears an interchange of love,
Or some low hymn from Nature's self, to smiling worlds above. *Jones.*

LEISURE—Enjoyment of.

Yet of the various tasks mankind employ,
'Tis sure the hardest, leisure to enjoy ;
For one who knows to taste this godlike bliss,
What countless swarms of vain pretenders miss !
Though each dull plodding thing, to ape the wise,
Ridiculously grave for leisure sighs
(His boasted wish from busy scenes to run),
Grant him that leisure, and the fool's undone ;
The gods to curse poor Demea, heard his vow,
And business now no more contracts his brow :
No real cares, 'tis true, perplex his breast,
But thousand fancied ills his peace molest ;
The slightest trifles solid sorrows prove,
And the long-ling'ring wheel of life scarce seems to move,
Useless in business, yet unfit for ease,
Nor skill'd to serve mankind, nor form'd to please ;
Such spurious animals of worthless race
Live but the public burthen and disgrace :
Like mean attendants on life's stage are seen,
Drawn forth to fill, but not conduct the scene.
Melmoth.

LEISURE AND SOLITUDE.

Leisure and solitude are the best effect of riches, because mother of thought. Both are avoided by most rich men, who seek company and business ; which are signs of being weary of themselves. *Sir W. Temple.*

LETHE—River.

Flowing, without coil,
Softly, like a stream of oil. *Brown.*

LETTERS—Old.

It is difficult to tell to what end we keep these old memorials, for their perusal affords, in most cases, but little pleasure. Many, indeed, are never looked at again, and yet we could not destroy them without a struggle ; others only bring forward evidences of words broken, and hopes chilled, and friendships gradually dissolved ; of old attachments turned away, and stubborn contradiction of all the trusting in futurity, whose promise we once clung to. One class alone of them can call up our best feelings. If the almost forgotten memorials of the once dearly loved and long departed can carry our sympathies away from the cold, hard present, over intervening years of struggling and vexatious toil, to that almost holy period of the gone and past, once more, if but for a moment, calling up old thoughts and old affections ; or soothing, by one lonely, unsuspected burst of tears, overcharged hearts, which have long required easing of their burthen ; there is yet enough—there is more than enough—in these old letters, to plead an excuse for so sacredly preserving them.
Albert Smith.

LETTERS—Treatment of.

Letters which are warmly sealed are often but coldly opened. *Richter.*

LETTERS—Use of.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid :
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.
The virgin's wish, without her fears, impart ;
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart ;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.
Pope.

LEVITY AND CHEERFULNESS—Distinction between.

Between levity and cheerfulness there is a wide distinction ; and the mind which is most open to levity, is frequently a stranger to cheerfulness. It has been remarked, that transports of intemperate mirth are often no more than flashes from the dark cloud ; and that in proportion to the violence of the effulgence, is the succeeding gloom. Levity may be the forced production of folly or vice ; cheerfulness is the natural offspring of wisdom and virtue only. The one is an occasional agitation ; the other a permanent habit. The one degrades the character ; the other is perfectly consistent with the dignity of reason, and the steady and manly spirit of religion. To aim at a constant succession of high and vivid sensations of pleasure, is an idea of happiness altogether chimerical. Calm and temperate enjoyment is the utmost that is allotted to man. Beyond this we struggle in vain to raise our state ; and in fact, depress our joys, by endeavouring to heighten them. Instead of those fallacious hopes of perpetual festivity, with which the world would allure us, religion confers upon us a cheerful tranquillity. Instead of dazzling us with meteors of joy which sparkle and expire, it sheds around us a calm and steady light, more solid, more equal, and more lasting. *Blair.*

LIAR—a Coward.

There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame, as to be discovered in a lie ; for as Montaigne saith—"A liar would be brave towards God, while he is a coward towards men ; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from man." *Bacon.*

LIAR—Reward of a.

Thou canst not better reward a liar, than in not believing what he speaketh. *Aristippus.*

LIARS—Character of.

Past all shame—so past all truth.

Shakspeare.

They begin with making falsehood appear like truth, and end with making truth itself appear like falsehood. *Shenstone.*

LIARS—Evil Influence of.

Liars are the cause of all the sins and crimes in the world. *Epictetus.*

LIARS—Punishment of.

I am charmed with many points of the Turkish law, particularly the punishment of the convicted. They are burnt on the forehead with a hot iron when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehood.

Lady Montague.

LIBERTY—in Action.

When I see the spirit of liberty in action, I see a strong principle at work; and this for a while is all I can possibly know of it. The wild gas, the fixed air, is plainly broke loose: but we ought to suspend our judgment, until the first effervescence is a little subsided, till the liquor is cleared, and until we see something deeper than the agitation of a troubled and frothy substance. I must be tolerably sure, before I congratulate men upon a blessing, that they have really received one. Flattery corrupts both the receiver and giver, and adulation is not of more service to the people, than to kings. *Burke.*

LIBERTY—False Application of.

The word liberty has been falsely used by persons who, being degenerately profligate in private life and mischievous in public, had no hope left but in fomenting discord. *Tacitus.*

LIBERTY—Aspirations of.

Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties. *Milton.*

LIBERTY—Civil.

To do what we will is natural liberty, to do what we will consistently with the interests of the community to which we belong, is civil liberty; that is to say, the only liberty to be desired in a state of civil society.

I should wish to act, no doubt, in every instance as I pleased; bnt I reflect, that the rest also of mankind would then do the same; in which state of universal independence and self-direction, I should meet with so many checks and obstacles to my own will, from the opposition and interference of other men's, that not only my happiness but my liberty would be less than whilst the whole community were subject to the domination of equal laws.

The boasted liberty of a state of nature exists only in a state of solitude. In every kind and degree of union and intercourse with his species, it is possible that the liberty of the individual may be augmented by the very laws which restrain it; because he may gain more from the limitation of other men's freedom, than he suffers from the diminution of his own. Natural liberty is the right of common upon a waste; civil liberty is the safe, exclusive, unmolested enjoyment of a cultivated enclosure. *Paley.*

LIBERTY—False.

The wish, which ages have not yet subdued
In man, to have no master save his mood.

Byron.

LIBERTY—Genius of.

O liberty, Heaven's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou social soul of poverty,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
For thee the valiant bleed. O sacred liberty!
Wing'd from the fowler's snare, from flattering ruin,
Like the bold stork you seek the wintry shore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm.
Upborne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
Of empire offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee I sought this fav'rite soil; with thee
These fav'rite sons I fought, thy sons, O Liberty!
For ev'n among the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low-rafted cottage to the skies,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from the mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations. *Brooke.*

O Liberty,
Parent of happiness, celestial-born!
When the first man became a living soul;
His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her secure, prolong thy loved retreat;
Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.

Dyer.

LIBERTY—Invincible.

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring;
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?

No!—the wild wave contemns your scepter'd hand!
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!
Campbell.

LIBERTY—Loss of.

When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
Addison.

LIBERTY—Love of.

Oh, give me liberty!
For were ev'n Paradise my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.
——— *Dryden.*

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Addison.*

LIBERTY—Necessity for.

Our country cannot well subsist without liberty, nor liberty without virtue. *Rousseau.*

LIBERTY—Preservation of.

Remember, O my friends! the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
So dearly bought, the price of so much blood!
O let it never perish in your hands,
But piously transmit it to your children!
Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy;
Of our deaths, glorious in thy just defence.
Addison.

LIBERTY—Sweetness of.

Nothing can be so sad as confinement for life, or so sweet, an please your honour, as liberty. *Sterne.*

LIBERTY—True.

True liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights, not in the destruction of the rights of others. *Pinckard.*

———

Liberty consists in the power of doing that which is permitted by the law. *Cicero.*

LIBERTY—Worship of.

Ye clouds! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!
Ye ocean waves! that whereso'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws!
Ye woods! that listen to the night-birds' singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
Have made a solemn music of the wind!
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms which never woodman trod.
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weed I wound
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquering sound!
O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye clouds that far above me soar'd!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest liberty! *Coleridge.*

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but license, which never hath more scope or more indulgence than under tyrants. Hence it is that tyrants are not oft offended by, nor stand much in doubt of, bad men, as being all naturally servile; but in whom virtue and true worth most is eminent, them they fear in earnest, as by right their masters; against them lies all their hatred and corruption.
Milton.

LIBRARY—Meditations on a.

What a world of wit is here packed up together! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me: it dismays me to think that here is so much I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon: *There is no end of making many books.* This sight verifies it. There is no end; indeed, it were pity there should. God hath given to man a busy soul; the agitation whereof cannot but, through time and experience, work out many hidden truths: to suppress these would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other. The thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate; these we vent into our papers. What a happiness is it, that without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient Worthies of Learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts! that I can, at pleasure, summon whole synods of reverend Fathers and acute Doctors from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters but I must learn somewhat. It is wantonness to complain of choice. No law binds us to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better-liking must the mind needs be. Blessed be God, that hath set up so many

clear lamps in His Church! Now, none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness. And blessed be the memory of those His faithful servants that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious books; and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others. *Bishop Hall.*

LIBRARIES—Treasures of.

My days among the dead are pass'd;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust. *Southey.*

LIBRARIES—Uses of.

Libraries are the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, might bring forth something for ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use. *Dyer.*

LIE—A.

Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips,
Shame on the policy that first began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts!
And doubly shame on that unrightous tongue
That sold its honesty, and told a lie! *Havard.*

LIE—Adaptability of a.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all. *Holmes.*

LIE—Begets others.

One lie must be thatched with another, or it will soon rain through. *Owen.*

LIE—Begets others.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one. *Pope.*

LIE—Definition of a.

A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide. *Warburton.*

LIFE—Advance of.

As we advance from youth to middle age, a new field of action opens, and a different character is required. The flow of gay impetuous spirits begins to subside; life gradually assumes a graver cast; the mind a more sedate and thoughtful turn. The attention is now transferred from pleasure to interest; that is, to pleasure diffused over a wider extent, and measured by a larger scale. Formerly, the enjoyment of the present moment occupied the whole attention; now no action terminates ultimately in itself, but refers to some more distant aim. Wealth and power, the instruments of lasting gratification, are now coveted more than any single pleasure; prudence and foresight lay their plan; industry carries on its patient efforts; activity pushes forward; address winds around; here, an enemy is to be overcome; there, a rival to be displaced; competition warms; and the strife of the world thickens on every side. *Blair.*

LIFE—Affections of.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort. *Sir Humphrey Davy.*

LIFE—Different Ages of.

At twenty years of age, the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; and at forty, the judgment. *Gratian.*

LIFE—Aims of.

The lives of most are misspent for want of a certain end of their actions: wherein they do, as unwise archers, shoot away their arrows they know not at what mark. They live only out of the present, not directing themselves and their proceedings to one universal scope: whence they alter upon every change of occasions, and never reach any perfection; neither can do other but continue in uncertainty and end in discomfort. Others aim at one certain mark, but a wrong one. Some, though fewer, level at a right end, but amiss. To live without one main and common end, is idleness and folly. To live at a false end, is deceit and loss. True Christian wisdom both shows the end and finds the way; and as cunning politics have

many plots to compass one and the same design by a determined succession, so the wise Christian, failing in the means, yet still fetcheth about to his steady end with constant change of endeavours: such one only lives to purpose, and at last repents not that he hath lived. *Bishop Hall.*

LIFE—Anxieties of.

If this life is unhappy, it is a burden to us, which it is difficult to bear; if it is in every respect happy, it is dreadful to be deprived of it; so that in either case the result is the same, for we must exist in anxiety and apprehension. *La Bruyère.*

LIFE—Aspirations of.

Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall;
From the wall into the sky;
From the roof along the spire.
Ah! the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher. *Longfellow.*

LIFE—Early Associations of.

It is said, that at that period of his life when the consequences of his infatuated conduct had fully developed themselves in unforeseen reverses, Napoleon, driven to the necessity of defending himself within his own kingdom, with the shattered remnant of his army, had taken up a position at Brienne, the very spot where he had received the rudiments of his early education, when, unexpectedly, and while he was anxiously employed in a practical application of those military principles which first exercised the energies of his young mind in the College of Brienne, his attention was arrested by the sound of the church-clock. The pomp of his imperial court, and even the glories of Marengo and of Austerlitz, faded for a moment from his regard, and almost from his recollection. Fixed for awhile to the spot on which he stood, in motionless attention to the well-known sound, he at length gave utterance to his feelings, and condemned the tenour of all his subsequent life, by confessing that the hours then brought back to his recollection were happier than any he had experienced throughout the whole course of his tempestuous career. *Kidd.*

LIFE—Autumn of.

To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit broke,
Bending beneath the burden of his years,
Sense dull'd and fretful, full of aches and pains,
Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless; you, in this fair world,
See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth, and water, full of living things,
Each on the other preying; and the ways
Of man a strange, perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh! my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and tumults of this troubled world,
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things then
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be heal'd and harmonized, and thou shouldst feel
God, always, everywhere, and all in all.
Southey.

LIFE—Awfulness of.

Oft in my way have I
Stood still, though but a casual passenger,
So much I felt the awfulness of life.
Wordsworth.

LIFE—Business of.

Getting money is not all a man's business: to cultivate kindness is a great part of the business of life. *Johnson.*

LIFE—Character in.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold; thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they or thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues. *Shakspeare.*

LIFE—Characteristics of.

Life, like a dome of many-colour'd glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity. *Shelley.*

LIFE—when Cheerful.

The game of life
Looks cheerful when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. *Coleridge.*

LIFE—Christian.

Christian life consists in faith and charity.
Luther.

LIFE—Close of.

Life's evening, we may rest assured, will take its character from the day which has preceded it; and if we would close our career in the comfort of religious hope, we must prepare for it by early and continuous religious habit.
Shuttleworth.

LIFE—Consecration of.

As the pleasures of the future will be spiritual and pure, the object of a good and wise man in this transitory state of existence, should be to fit himself for a better, by controlling the unworthy propensities of his nature, and improving all his better aspirations, to do his duty first to God, then to his neighbour, to promote the happiness and welfare of those, who are in any degree dependent upon him, or whom he has the means of assisting, never wantonly to injure the meanest thing that lives, to encourage, as far as he may have the power, whatever is useful, and tends to refine and exalt humanity, to store his mind with such knowledge as it is fitted to receive, and he is able to attain; and so to employ the talents committed to his care, that when the account is required, he may hope to have his stewardship approved.
Southey.

If life be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let your selfish sorrow go. *Tennyson.*

LIFE—Decay of.

Life ebbs from such old age unmark'd and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves your stranded galley.
Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse
That wind or wave could give; but now her keel
Is settling on the sand; her mast has ta'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.
Each wave receding, shakes her less and less,
Till bedded on the strand, she shall remain
Useless as motionless. *Ben Jonson.*

LIFE—Definition of.

A man's life is an appendix to his heart.
South.

LIFE—Duration of.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life. *Southey.*

LIFE—Just Employment of.

Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity, or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world; but the time will soon come when, I trust, we shall put them off in putting off our corruptible bodies: when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark will remain—the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature: whence it came, it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory, from the pale human soul to brighten to the seraph. . . . . It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternity a rest, a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low: I live in calm, looking to the end.
Charlotte Brontë.

He had learnt a most useful principle of life, which was, to lay nothing to heart which he could not help, and how great soever disappointments had fell out, (if possible), to think of them no more, but to work on upon other affairs, and some, if not all, would be better natured. *Sir Dudley North.*

LIFE—Grand End of.

The end of life is to be like unto God; and the soul following God, will be like unto Him; He being the beginning, middle, and end of all things. *Socrates.*

LIFE—Enjoyment of.

'Tis not for man to trifle. Life is brief
And sin is here.
An age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not *many* lives, but only *one*, have we—
Frail, fleeting man!
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil!
Dr. H. Bonar.

LIFE—Estimate of.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well! Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure

by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long. *Zimmerman.*

LIFE—Evanescence of.

How short is human life! the very breath
Which frames my words, accelerates my death.
Hannah More.

Life's but a walking shadow,—a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Shakspeare.*

LIFE—Evenness of.

Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er:
Hence unexperienced children of threescore.
True, all men, think, of course, as all men dream;
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.
Young.

LIFE—Evils of.

As it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition. *Addison.*

LIFE—Varied Experiences of.

Some real lives do—for certain days or years—actually anticipate the happiness of Heaven; and, I believe, if such perfect happiness is once felt by good people (to the wicked it never comes), its sweet effect is never wholly lost. Whatever trials follow, whatever pains of sickness or shades of death, the glory precedent still shines through, cheering the keen anguish and tinging the deep cloud. I will go further. I do believe there are some human beings so born, so reared, so guided from a soft cradle to a calm and late grave, that no excessive suffering penetrates their journey. And often, these are not pampered, selfish beings, but Nature's elect, harmonious and benign; men and women mild with charity, kind agents of God's kind attributes . . . . But it is not so for all. What then? His will be done, as done it surely will be, whether we humble ourselves to resignation or not.
Charlotte Bronté.

LIFE—a Flower.

What is life! like a flower, with the bane in its bosom,
To-day full of promise—to-morrow it dies!—
And health—like the dew-drop that hangs in its blossom,
Survives but a night, and exhales to the skies!
How oft 'neath the bud that is brightest and fairest,
The seeds of the canker in embryo lurk!
How oft at the root of the flower that is rarest—
Secure in its ambush the worm is at work?
Beattie.

LIFE—Frailty of.

What art thou, life, that we should court thy stay?
A breath, one single gasp must puff away!
A short-lived flower, that with the day must fade!
A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade!
A stream, that silently but swiftly glides
To meet eternity's immeasured tides!
A being, lost alike by pain or joy?
A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy!
Impair'd by labour, and by ease undone,
Commenced in tears, and ended in a groan!
Broome.

LIFE—A Fruitful.

Far more valued is the vine that bends
Beneath its swelling clusters, than the dark
And joyless ivy, round the cloister's wall
Wreathing its barren arms. *Southey.*

LIFE—Guides in.

Our senses, our appetites, and our passions, are our lawful and faithful guides in most things that relate solely to this life; and, therefore, by the hourly necessity of consulting them, we gradually sink into an implicit submission and habitual confidence. *Johnson.*

LIFE—History of a.

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy
With a near aim of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie entreasured.
Shakspeare.

LIFE—of the Homesteads.

There are homesteads which have witness'd deeds
That battle-fields, with all their banner'd pomp,
Have little to compare with. Life's great play
May, so it have an actor great enough,
Be well perform'd upon a humble stage.
Marston.

LIFE—Ills of.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual.—It has been acutely said, that "Philosophy readily triumphs over past or

future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy." Philosophy is a goddess, whose head indeed is in heaven, but whose feet are upon the earth; she attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs: she can teach us to hear of the calamities of others with magnanimity; but it is religion only that can teach us to bear our own with resignation. *Colton.*

LIFE—Moral Influences of.

Among the workings of the hidden life within us, which we may experience but cannot explain, are there any more remarkable than those mysterious moral influences constantly exercised either for attraction or repulsion, by one human being over another? In the simplest, as in the most important affairs of life, how startling, how irresistible is their power? How often we feel and know, either pleasurably or painfully, that another is looking on us, before we have ascertained the fact with our own eyes! How often we prophesy truly to ourselves the approach of friend or enemy just before either have really appeared! How strangely and abruptly we become convinced, at a first introduction, that we shall secretly love this person and loathe that, before experience has guided us with a single fact in relation to their characters! *Wilkie Collins.*

LIFE—an Interlude.

Life is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears;
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death! *King.*

LIFE—Length of.

They only have lived long who have lived virtuously. *Sheridan.*

Vain man! to be so fond of breathing long,
And spinning out a thread of misery.
The longer life, the greater choice of evil.
Young.

LIFE—a Loan.

Some men make a womanish complaint, that it is a great misfortune to die before our time. I would ask what time? Is it that of nature? But she, indeed, has lent us life, as we do a sum of money, only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason then to complain if she demands it at pleasure, since it was on this condition you received it? *Cicero.*

LIFE (Pastoral)—Love of.

It has been concluded, with considerable probability, that the Hebrews would have preferred the erratic habits of their ancestors to the more restricted pursuits which their great lawgiver had prepared for them amid corn-fields, vineyards, and plantations of olives. Among the Arabs, even at the present day, the pastoral life is accounted more noble than that which leads to a residence in towns, or even in villages. They think it (as Arvieux remarks) more congenial to liberty, because the man who with his herds ranges the desert at large, will be far less likely to submit to oppression than people with houses and lands. This mode of thinking is of great antiquity in the eastern parts of the world. Diodorus Siculus, when speaking of the Nabathæns, relates that they were by their laws prohibited from sowing, planting, drinking wine, and building houses, every violation of the precept being punishable with death. The reason assigned for this very singular rule is their belief that those who possess such things will be easily brought into subjection by a tyrant, on which account they continued to traverse tee deserts feeding their flocks, which consist partly of camels and partly of sheep. *Dr. Russell.*

LIFE—all a Mist.

On what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears:
Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark
Our fortunes meet us.
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of Heaven.
Dryden.

LIFE—Making Most of.

No man can promise himself even fifty years of life, but any man may if he please live in the proportion of fifty years in forty: let him rise early, that he may have the day before him; and let him make the most of the day, by determining to spend it on two sorts of acquaintance only; those by whom something may be got, and those from whom something may be learnt. *Colton.*

LIFE—Objects of.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being;
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone:
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it; and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserved,
And virtue cheaply saved with loss of life.
Johnson.

LIFE—Occupations of.

That life consists in a great measure of trifling occurrences and little occupations, there needs no uncommon sagacity or attention to discover. Notwithstanding the importance we are apt to ascribe to the employments and the time even of the greatest and most illustrious, were we to trace such persons to the end of their labours and the close of their pursuits, we should frequently discover that trifles were the solace of the one and the purpose of the other. Public business and political arrangements are often only the constrained employments to which accident or education has devoted their hours, while their willing moments are destined, perhaps, to light amusements and to careless mirth.

Philip Henry.

LIFE—Great Ocean of.

Between two worlds, life hovers like a star
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles: as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages, while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

Byron.

LIFE—First Part of.

I highly approve the end and intent of Pythagoras' injunction: which is to dedicate the first part of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well examined sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things: and then, by exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company before it is fitted either with necessaries, or any ornament for their reception and entertainment. *Lord Chatham.*

LIFE—Pilgrimage of.

Ye sons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the preacher, and believe the friend
Whose serious muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act and all we think is vain;
That in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,
Destined to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tired with the toil, yet fearful of its end;
That from the womb we take our fatal shares
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares;
And at approach of death shall only know
The truths which from these pensive numbers flow,
That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.

Prior.

LIFE—Monitory Precepts of.

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows,
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
Think on the Providence that guards the good.

Johnson.

For thousand perils lie in close await,
That none, except a god, or God him guide,
May them avoid, or remedy provide. *Spenser.*

LIFE—within the Present.

Every man's life lies within the present; for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain. *Antoninus.*

LIFE—Protracted.

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.

Cicero.

LIFE—a Solemn Reality.

Think of "living!" Thy life, wert thou the "pitifullest of all the sons of earth," is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; *it is all thou hast to front eternity with.* Work, then, even as he has done, and does, "like a star, unhasting, yet unresting."

Carlyle.

LIFE—Recollection of.

It is to live twice, when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life. *Martial.*

LIFE—Retrospect of.

A truly Christian man can look calmly down like an eternal sun upon the autumn of his existence—the more sand has passed through the hour-glass of life, the more clearly can he see through the empty glass. Earth, too, is to him a beloved spot, a beautiful meadow, the scene of his childhood's sports, and he hangs upon this mother of our first life with the love with which a bride, full of childhood's recollections, clings to a beloved mother's breast, the evening before the day on which she resigns herself to the bridegroom's heart.

Richter.

LIFE—and its Reward.

He lives long, that lives well; and time mis-spent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, if He takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a greater value. *Fuller.*

LIFE—Riddle of.

How true is that old fable of the sphinx, who sat by the wayside, propounding her riddle to the passengers, which, if they could not answer, she destroyed them! Such a

sphinx is this life of ours, to all men and societies of men. Nature, like the sphinx, is of womanly celestial loveliness and tenderness; the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and the body of a lioness. There is in her a celestial beauty, which means celestial order, pliancy to wisdom; but there is also a darkness, a ferocity, a fatality, which are infernal. She is a goddess, but one not yet disimprisoned; one still half-imprisoned,—the inarticulate, lovely, still encased in the inarticulate, chaotic. How true! And does she not propound her riddles to us? Of each man she asks daily, in mild voice, yet with a terrible significance, "Knowest thou the meaning of this day? What thou canst do to-day, wisely attempt to do." Nature, universe, destiny, existence, howsoever we name this grand unnameable fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them; a destroying fiend to them who cannot. Answer her riddle, it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not, it will answer itself: the solution of it is a thing of teeth and claws. Nature is a dumb lioness, deaf to thy pleadings, fiercely devouring.

Carlyle.

LIFE—Routine of.

Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments: the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption. *Johnson.*

LIFE—Rule of.

I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.

Terence.

LIFE—a Shadow.

For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow. *Job.*

LIFE—Shortness of.

O gentleman, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

Shakspeare.

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire. *Addison.*

Life is vainly short,
A very dream of being; and when death
Has quench'd this finer flame that moves the heart,
Beyond is all oblivion, as waste night
That knows no following dawn, where we shall be
As we had never been: the present, then,
Is only ours. *Mallet.*

Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time. *Johnson.*

LIFE—Well Spent.

Can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings his flight,
Pour round his path a stream of living light,
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

Rogers.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant.

LIFE—Stages of.

There is a greater difference both in the stages of life and in the seasons of the year than in the conditions of men: yet the healthy pass through the seasons, from the clement to the inclement, not only unreluctant but rejoicingly, knowing that the worst will soon finish, and the best begin anew; and we are desirous of pushing forward into every stage of life, excepting that alone which ought reasonably to allure us most, as opening to us the *Via Sacra*, along which we move in triumph to our eternal country. We labour to get through a crowd. Such is our impatience, such our hatred of procrastination, in everything but the amendment of our practices and the adornment of our nature, one would imagine we were dragging Time along by force, and not he us.

Landor.

LIFE—Seven Stages of.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school; And, then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipp'red pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. *Shakspeare.*

LIFE—Storms of.

The firm-set oak must bend before the storm,
Which oft distorts the beauty of its form;
'Tis but some passing gales, yet power have they
To change the beauty of the growing spray,
And thus it is with man—the storms of life,
Its sad reverses, and its petty strife,
Bend the stern purpose, mar the gentle growth
Of kindly feeling and of generous worth.
Not wholly mar, but slightly bend the mind,
Which else the chivalry of life might bend,—
And selfish thoughts and feelings those hearts spoil,
Which else had risen high o'er evil's toil.
The good form still is seen as stately oak,
But the fair spreading of the branches broke;
Fine feelings, which ought far and wide to spread,
Blasted and warp'd, by sad suspicions fed.
Still fair the tree, still beauteous to behold,
But lacking the full worth it might unfold;
Alas! that desert blasts can thus impair
What else had been so upright and so fair.
Roberts.

LIFE—Stream of.

Life bears us on like a stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the winding of the grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing around us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked—we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal. *Bishop Heber.*

Beneath me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of time, it flows amid the ruins of the past. I see myself therein, and know that I am old. Thou, too, shalt be old. Be wise in season. Like the stream of thy life runs the stream beneath us. Down from the distant Alps, out into the wide world, it bursts away, like a youth from the house of his fathers. Broad-breasted and strong, and with earnest endeavours, like manhood, it makes itself a way through these difficult mountain-passes. And at length, in old age, it falters, and its steps are weary and slow, and it sinks into the sand, and through its grave passes into the great ocean, which is its eternity. Thus shall it be with thee. *Longfellow.*

Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long
Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind,
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
Seen rather than distinguish'd. Ah! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark,
By swiftly running waters hurried on
To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks,
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands, and pleasant homes, and flowery nooks,
And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
Each after each, but the devoted skiff
Darts by so swiftly that their images
Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep
By other banks and the great gulf is near.

Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long.
And the fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
And kind affections, reverence of thy God
And for thy brethren; so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, thou mayst not bring
A mind unfurnish'd, and a wither'd heart.

Bryant.

LIFE—Success in.

You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason, then, have we to presume that our children are not to do the same? The path upwards is steep and long. Industry, care, skill, excellence in the parent, lay the foundation of a rise under more favourable circumstances for the children. The children of these take another rise, and by and by descendants of the present labourer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach to the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world. The education which is recommended consists in bringing children up to labour with steadiness, with care, and with skill—to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to teach them to do all in the best manner; to set them an example of industry, sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they shall never be liable to fall in the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labour, and thus remove from them the temptation to get the goods of others by violent and fraudulent means.

Cobbett.

LIFE—Termination of.

The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Shakspeare.

LIFE—Trials of.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has perhaps provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue; these are best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humour—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the *essence* of self-denial than any little rigours or inflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.

Hannah More.

LIFE—True.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities will slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart; the tears that freshen the dry wastes within; the music that brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust; are the true nourishment of our natural being.

James Martineau.

LIFE—Uncertain.

Man's uncertain life
Is like a rain-drop hanging on the bough,
Amongst ten thousand of its sparkling-kindred,
The remants of some passing thunder-shower,
Which have their moments, dropping one by one,
And which shall soonest lose its perilous hold,
We cannot guess. ——

Joanna Baillie.

Since a few minutes can turn the healthiest bodies into breathless carcases, and put those very things which we had principally relied on into the hands of our enemies, it were little less than madness to repose a distrustless trust in these transitory possessions, or treacherous advantages, which we enjoy but by so fickle a tenure. No; we must never venture to wander far from God, upon the presumption that death is far enough from us; but rather, in the very height of our jollity, we should endeavour to remember, that they who feast themselves to-day, may, themselves, prove feasts for the worms to-morrow.

Boyle.

LIFE—Value of.

The things for which I hold life valuable, are the satisfactions which accrue from the improvement of knowledge, and the exercise of piety. *Boyle.*

Oh! who, who would live, if only just to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the still returning round
Of life's mean offices, and sickly joys?
But in the service of mankind to be
A guardian good below, still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,
And make us shine for ever—that is life.
Thomson.

LIFE—Vicissitudes of.

Ah! what is life with ills encompass'd round;
Admit our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound;
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confined?
Think, all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view the blazon'd hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hands disperse;
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man. *Gay.*

As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene; so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains. *Burton.*

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay,—
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies more, and while it says we shall be bless'd
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired with waiting for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.
Dryden.

LIFE—Vicissitudes of.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chases the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood.
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot. *King.*

There is no unmixed good in human affairs; the best principles, if pushed to excess, degenerate into fatal vices. Generosity is nearly allied to extravagance; charity itself may lead to ruin; the sternness of justice is but one step removed from the severity of oppression. It is the same in the political world; the tranquillity of despotism resembles the stagnation of the Dead Sea; the fever of innovation, the tempests of the ocean. It would seem as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, a universal frenzy seizes mankind; reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded; and the very classes who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury. *Alison.*

LIFE—Voyage of.

We sail the sea of life: a calm one finds,
And one a tempest; and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.
Wordsworth.

LIFE—Walk of.

We talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are those who come forth girt, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled, and chilled. *Sidney Smith.*

LIFE—Unconscious Waste of.

Like Mekkah's milky stone, which wastes away
Beneath the kiss of worshippers, so life
Darkens and wanes beneath its crowd of cares;
While Time's last sands silt up the streams of soul,
Less, gradually decreasing, less and less.
Bailey.

LIFE—Weariness of.

They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose,—who have rather breathed than lived. *Lord Clarendon.*

LIFE—a Mingled Yarn.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues. *Shakspeare.*

LIFE-ASSURANCE—Value of.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable examples of the value of general laws is to be found in life assurances; for what apparently can be more precarious and uncertain than the duration of life in any individual? Yet, in the aggregate, mortality is so regular, that it has been said by an eminent mathematician that there is no investment so certain as that of a prudently-conducted assurance society. If we take 5,000 persons in the prime of life, 600 die in the first ten years, 700 in the second ten years, 850 in the third. The experience under different circumstances varies but little, as Jenkin Jones, Neison, and Farren, have shown; and it is a curious fact, that lives which might be called first-class are as prone to disease as those which appear to belong hardly to so high a class. *Timbs.*

LIFE AND DEATH.

Hast thou seen with life incessant
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device?
Such are thoughts. A wind-swept meadow,
Mimicking a troubled sea,
Such is life! and death a shadow
From the rock eternity. *Wordsworth.*

Could we but know one in a hundred of the close approachings of the skeleton, we should lead a life of perpetual shudder. Often and often do his bony fingers almost clutch our throat, or his foot is put out to give us a cross-buttock. But a saving arm pulls him back, ere we have seen so much as his shadow.
Professor Wilson.

And after all came Life; and lastly Death,—
Death, with most grim and grisly visage seen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
No sight to see, but like a shade to ween,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseen;
But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,
Such as they feign Dan Cupid to have been;
Full of delightful health and lively joy,
Deck'd all with flowers, and wings of gold fit to employ. *Spenser.*

To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of!
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. *Shakspeare.*

Men pass
Cleaving to things themselves which pass away,
Like leaves on waves. *Bailey.*

LIGHT—the First Creation.

The first creation of God in the works of the days was the light of the sense; the last was the light of the reason; and His Sabbath-work ever since is the illumination of the spirit. *Bacon.*

LIGHT—Definitions of.

And God called the light day. *Moses.*

Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings, first and best! *Thomson.*

LIGHT—Ethereality of.

Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure.
Milton.

LIGHT—Offspring of Heaven.

Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven first-born.
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee, unblamed? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproachèd light,
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Ibid.

LIGHT—Beautifying Influence of.

Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their ports to thee;
Like a clear river thou dost glide—
. . . . . .
All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
Is but the several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestowest;
Thy nimble pencil paints the landscape as thou goest. *Cowley.*

LIGHT—Motive Power of.

It is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light absorbed by plants and vegetables being necessary for the condensation of carbon, during the process of their growth; if it be not carbon in another form. And now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth, and liberated, and made to work as in the locomotive for great human purposes. *Stephenson.*

LIGHT—Purity of.

Is not light grander than fire? It is the same element in a state of purity. *Carlyle.*

LIGHT—Spread of.

All human souls, never so bedarkened, love light; light, once kindled, spreads till all is luminous. *Ibid.*

LIGHT—Storing up of.

Marvellous as it may appear, light can actually be bottled up for use. Take an engraving which has been kept for some days in the dark; expose it to full sunshine—that is, insulate it—for fifteen minutes; lay it on sensitive paper in a dark place, and at the end of twenty-four hours it will have left an impression of itself on the sensitive paper, the whites coming out as blacks. If insulated for a longer time, say an hour, till thoroughly saturated with sunlight, the image will appear much more distinct. Thus there seems to be no limit to the reproduction of engravings. Take a thin tube lined with white, let the sun shine into it for an hour, place it erect on sensitive paper, and it will give the impression of a ring, or reproduce the image of a small engraving and of a variety of objects at pleasure,—feathers, figured glass, porcelain, for example. Take, moreover, a sheet of paper which has been thoroughly exposed to the sun, seal it up hermetically in a dark tube, and the paper will retain the light so effectually that after two weeks, perhaps longer, it may be used for taking photographs.
Professor Grove.

LIGHTFOOTEDNESS.

Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a footfall. *Shakspeare*

LIGHTHEARTEDNESS.

They pass best over the world who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop, we sink. *Queen Elizabeth.*

LIGHTNING—Phenomena of.

Beautiful flashes! Your transient gleam
To some the red hand of God's wrath doth seem;
And their lips grow pale as they upward gaze
On the strange, wild course of your opening blaze!
But to me ye speak, from your thrones of jet,
Of mercy, rejoicing o'er judgment yet;
For the favours ye scatter, as on ye wend,
The strength of your terrors by far transcend,
And the hand that thus ruffles the evening's calm,
Bears Calvary's print on its bleeding palm.
Ragg.

LIKENESSES—Family.

Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger. *Shakspeare.*

LILY (Water)—Beauties of the.

Oh! beautiful thou art!
Thou sculpture-like and stately river queen
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!
Riding in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine, yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus, bearing up,
To the blue sky, that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! love is most like thee,
The love of woman; quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Midst life's dark sea. *Mrs. Hemans.*

LITERATI—Rewards of the.

Speed in composition is a questionable advantage. Poetic history records two names which may represent the rapid and the thoughtful pen—Lope de Vega and Milton. We see one pouring out verses more rapidly than a secretary could write them; the other building up, in the watches of the dark, a few majestic lines. One leaving his treasures to be easily compressed into a single volume—the other to be spread abundantly over forty-six quartos. One gaining fifteen pounds—the other a hundred thousand ducats. One sitting at the door of his house, when the sun shone, in a coarse coat of grey cloth, and visited only by a few learned men from foreign countries—the other followed by crowds wherever he appeared, while even the children shouted after him with delight. It is only since the earth has fallen on both, that the fame and the honours of the Spaniard and the Englishman have been changed. He who nearly finished a comedy before breakfast, now lies motionless in his small niche of monumental biography; and he who, long choosing, began late, is walking up and down, in his singing robes, and with laurel round his head, in the cities of many lands; having his home and his welcome in every devout heart and upon every learned tongue of the Christian world. *Wilmott.*

LITERATURE—Advance of.

Literature, like society, advances step by step. Every treatise and book of value contains some particular part which is of more value than the rest: something by which it has added to the general stock of human knowledge or entertainment:—something, on account of which, it continues to be read and admired while an old one. Now, it is here different portions of every different volume, that united, form the effective literature or knowledge of every civilized nation, and when collected, form the different languages of Europe, the literature and knowledge of the most civilized portion of mankind. It is by these parts of more peculiar and original merit, that these volumes are known: it is these to which every man of matured talents and matured education *alone* reverts: it is these which he endeavours chiefly to remember: it is these that make up the treasures, and constitute the capital, as it were, of his mind. The remainder of each volume is but that subordinate portion which has no value, but as connected with the other; and is often made up of those errors and imperfections which are, in fact, the irreparable attendants of every human production, which are observed and avoided by every writer or reasoner who follows, and which gradually become in one age only the exploded characteristics of another. *Smyth.*

LITERATURE—Blessings of.

Experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow;—how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking. *Thomas Hood.*

LITERATURE—Definitions of.

Literature is the immortality of speech.
Wilmott.

Literature is the thought of thinking souls.
Carlyle.

LITERATURE—English.

England, after Germany, is in literature the only nation whose genius comes from the north, without having passed through Greece or Rome. She has the superiority of originality. This originality has been a little discoloured by the Bible in Milton, and by the Latinity of Horace in Pope, the English Horace. But her veritable giant, Shakspeare, was born, like Antæus, from himself and from the soil. He has impregnated the Anglo-Saxon literary genius with a northern sap, savage, potent, which it can never lose. The free institutions

of this nation and her compulsorily naval situation, have given to her incontestable genius the multiple character of her aptitudes. He has need to compensate the pettiness of her territory by an immense and strong personality. The citizen of Great Britain is a patriarch in his home, a poet in his forests, an orator in his public places, a merchant at his counter, a hero in his navy, a cosmopolite on the soil of his colonies, but a cosmopolite carrying with him to every continent his indelible individuality. In the ancient races there are none to resemble him. One cannot define him, in politics or in literature, but by his name—the Englishman *is* an Englishman.
Lamartine.

LITERATURE—Pleasures of.

How I pity those who have no love of reading, of study, or of the fine arts! I have passed my youth amidst amusements and in the most brilliant society; but I can assert with perfect truth, that I have never tasted pleasures so true as those I have found in the study of books, in writing, or in music. The days that succeed brilliant entertainments are always melancholy, but those which follow days of study are delicious: we have gained something; we have acquired some new knowledge, and we recall the past day not only without disgust and without regret, but with consummate satisfaction. *Madame de Genlis.*

LITERATURE—as a Profession.

Literature is a great staff, but a sorry crutch.
Sir Walter Scott.

LIVING—Art of.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do. *Cotton.*

LIVING—in what it Consists.

In my opinion, he only may be truly said to live, and enjoy his being, who is engaged in some laudable pursuit, and acquires a name by some illustrious action or useful art. *Sallust.*

LIVING—in Deeds.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. *Bailey.*

LIVING—too High.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel." We keep up appearances, too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be so. We must be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar outward show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable state to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial genteel world of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin. *Smiles.*

LIVING—in Moderation.

I meddle with no man's business but my own;
I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
Take my innocent pleasures freely. *Otway.*

LIVING—Various Modes of.

The more luxuriously you live, the more exercise you require. Exercise, to have its full effect, must be continued till we feel a sensible degree of perspiration (which is the panacea for the prevention of corpulence), and should, at least once a day, proceed to the borders of fatigue, but never pass them, or we shall be weakened instead of strengthened. After exercise, take care to get cool gradually; when your head perspires, rub it and your face, &c. dry with a cloth. Be content with one dish; as many men dig their grave with their teeth as well as with a tankard. Drunkenness is destructive, but gluttony destroys a hundred to one. The food which we fancy most generally sits easiest on the stomach. To affirm that anything is wholesome or unwholesome, without considering the subject in all the circumstances to which it bears relation, and the unaccountable peculiarities of different constitutions, is, with submission, talking nonsense. What we have been longest used to is most likely to agree with us best. The wholesomeness, &c. of all food depends very much on the

quality of it, and the way in which it is cooked. Those who are poor in health must live as they can; certainly, the less stimulus any of us use the better, provided it be sufficient to properly carry on the circulation. The stately dames of Edward the Fourth's court rose with the lark, despatched their dinner at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and, shortly after eight, were wrapt in slumber. How would these people be astonished could they but be witnesses to the present distribution of time among the children of fashion! Would they not call the perverse conduct of those who *rise* at one or two, *dine* at eight, and retire to bed when the morning is unfolding all its glories, and nature putting on her most pleasing aspect—absolute insanity? Swift has observed, such is the extent of modern epicurism, that *the world must be encompassed before a washerwoman can sit down to breakfast!—i. e.* by a voyage to the East for tea and to the West for sugar. *Dr. Kitchener.*

LONDON—Description of.

The immense length of the streets separates the objects you are interested in so widely from each other, that three-fourths of your time are passed in endeavouring to dispose of the fourth to some advantage. *Sir Walter Scott.*

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tip-toe through their sea coal canopy,
A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head:—and there is London town!
Byron.

That monstrous tuberosity of civilized life, the capital of England. *Carlyle.*

LONDON—in June.

It is the month of June once more—June, which clothes our London in all its glory; fills its languid ball-rooms with living flowers, and its stony causeways with human butterflies. It is about the hour of six p.m. The lounge in Hyde-park is crowded; along the road that skirts the Serpentine crawl the carriages one after the other; congregate, by the rails, the lazy lookers-on—lazy in attitude, but with active eyes, and tongues sharpened on the whetstone of scandal; the Scaligers of club-windows airing their vocabulary in the Park. Slowly saunter on foot idlers of all degrees in the hierarchy of London *idlesse;* dandies of established fame—youthful tyros in their first season. Yonder, in the Ride, forms less inanimate seem condemned to active exercise; young ladies doing penance in a canter; old beaux at hard labour in a trot. Sometimes, by a more thoughtful brow, a still brisker pace, you recognise a busy member of the Imperial Parliament, who, advised by physicians to be as much on horseback as possible, snatches an hour or so in the interval between the close of his committee and the interest of the debate, and shirks the opening speech of a well-known bore. Among such truant lawgivers (grief it is to say it) may be seen that once model member, Sir Jasper Stollhead. Grim dyspepsia seizing on him at last, "relaxation from his duties" becomes the adequate punishment for all his sins. Solitary he rides, and, communing with himself, yawns at every sound. Upon chairs, beneficently located under the trees towards the north side of the walk, are interspersed small knots and coteries in repose. There, you might see the Ladies Prymme, still the Ladies Prymme — Janet and Wilhelmina; Janet has grown fat, Wilhelmina thin. But thin or fat, they are no less Prymmes. They do not lack male attendants; they are girls of high fashion, with whom young men think it a distinction to be seen talking; of high principle, too, and high pretensions (unhappily for themselves they are coheiresses), by whom young men under the rank of earls need not fear to be artfully entrapped into "honourable intentions." They coquet majestically, but they never flirt; they exact devotion, but they do not ask in each victim a sacrifice on the horns of the altar; they will never give their hands where they do not give their hearts; and being ever afraid that they are courted for their money, they will never give their hearts save to wooers who have much more money than themselves. *Bulwer Lytton.*

LONDON—the common Resort.

London, the needy villain's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Johnson.

LOOKS—expressive of Anger.

In his looks appears
A wild distracted fierceness: I can read
Some dreadful purpose in his face.
Sometimes his anger breaks through all disguises,
And spares nor gods nor men; and then he seems
Jealous of all the world: suspects, and starts,
And looks behind him. *Denham.*

LOOKS—Baleful.

How radiant are your looks, and how reserved,
Full of indifference! Coldness and aversion
Sit at the entrance, like two baleful fiends,
To tell no pity is contain'd within. *Havard.*

LOOKS—Change of.

Where are now those looks,
Those looks of smiling heaven, of radiant sweetness,
That waked our morn of love,—within whose sphere
No evil durst approach, no sadness dwell;
While the charm'd gazer knew nor fear nor danger? *Thomson.*

LOOKS—Cheerfulness of.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome. *Massinger.*

His visage seem'd to bear
A mixture of uncertain cheerfulness,
Like hope corrected by some cautious fear.
Sewell.

LOOKS—Dignity of.

He looks secure of death, superior greatness;
Like Jove, when he made Fate, and said, "Thou art
The slave of my creation."
He looks as man was made with face erect;
That scorns his brittle corps, and seems ashamed
He's not all spirit. *Dryden.*

LOOKS—Discontented.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
Addison.

LOOKS—Eloquence of.

Their eyes but met, and then were turn'd aside.
It was enough! that mystic eloquence,
Unheard, yet visible, is deeply felt,
And tells what else were incommunicable.
Derozier.

LOOKS—expressive of Evil.

What brutal mischief sits upon his brow!
He may be honest, but he looks damnation.
Dryden.

LOOKS—expressive of Grief.

My form, alas! has long forgot to please:
The scene of beauty and delight is changed;
No roses bloom upon my fading cheeks,
No laughing graces wanton in my eyes:
But haggard grief, lean-looking, sallow care,
And pining discontent. *Rowe.*

LOOKS—expressive of Guilt.

How in the looks does conscious guilt appear!
Ovid.

LOOKS—Influence of.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then! *Moore.*

Looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed banquet, that by love so thriveth.
Shakspeare.

LOOKS—Intensity of.

Just now I met him: at my sight he started;
Then with such ardent eyes he wander'd o'er me,
And gazed with such intensity of love,
Sending his soul out to me in a look. *Young.*

LOOKS—Majesty of.

Great above pride her looks like empires shone.
Otway.

What glory blazes from his eye,
What force, what majesty in every motion,
And at each step he trod upon a foe. *Young.*

LOOKS—Wildness of.

Each vassal has a wild, distracted face,
And looks as full of business as a blockhead
In time of danger. *Dryden.*

LOQUACITY—Character of.

A talkative fellow may be compared to an unbraced drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits. Loquacity is the fistula of the mind,—ever running, and almost incurable.
Feltham.

LOQUACITY—Danger of.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost
Zacharias forty weeks' silence. *Fuller.*

The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers, but the tongue is only busy in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still without utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I be covetous;

nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor. *Bishop Hall.*

LOQUACITY—a Sign of Vanity.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed. *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

LOQUACITY—Torment of.

Oh! rid me of this torture quickly there,
My madam with the everlasting voice;
The bells in time of pestilence ne'er made
Like noise, as were in that perpetual motion!
All my house
But now steam'd like a bath with her thick breath;
A lawyer could not have heard, nor scarce
Another woman; such a hail of words
She has let fall. *Ben Jonson.*

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search. *Shakspeare.*

LOSSES—Enduring.

Humanity may endure the loss of everything; all its possessions may be torn away without infringing its true dignity,—all but the possibility of improvement. *Fichte.*

LOSSES—Lessons derived from.

A man seems never to know what anything means till he has lost it; and this, I suppose, is the reason why losses—vanishings away of things—are among the teachings of this world of shadows. The substance, indeed, teacheth, but the vacuity, whence it has disappeared, yet more. The full significancy of those words, property, ease, health,—the wealth of meaning that lies in the fond epithets, parent, child, friend,—we never know till they are taken away; till, in place of the bright, visible being, comes the awful and desolate shadow, where nothing is—where we stretch our hands in vain, and strain our eyes upon dark and dismal vacuity. Still, in that vacuity, we do not lose the object that we loved; it only becomes more real to us. Thus do blessings not only brighten when they depart, but are fixed in enduring reality; and friendship itself receives its everlasting seal beneath the cold impress of death. *Dewey.*

LOVE.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs,
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Shakspeare.

Hail, holy love, thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!
On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In Heaven! sweet chord that harmonizes all
The harps of Paradise!
Hail, love! first love, thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all time's blessedness;
The silken down of happiness complete!
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy,
She gathereth, and selecteth with her hand,
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
All rarest odours, all divinest sounds.
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul;
And brings the holy mixture home, and fills
The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
Pollok.

It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial. *Shakspeare.*

Oh! must the cup that holds
The sweetest vintage of the vine of life
Taste bitter at the dregs? Is there no story,
No legend, no love passage, which shall end
Even as the bow that God hath bent in heaven,
O'er the sad waste of mortal histories,
Promising respite to the rain of tears.
Matthew Arnold.

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite in the finite—of the idea made real. *Carlyle.*

LOVE—Activity of.

Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian;
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never-ending vistas of delight. *Longfellow.*

LOVE—for All.

There's not a wild flower blossoming,
With green blood dancing to a blush,
Nor bird of all the greening spring,
But with love's tender feel doth flush.

And there is not a heart on earth,
That loves, but shall be loved again:
Some other heart hath kindred birth,
And aches with all the same sweet pain.

The good God giveth love for all,
The earnest heart to cheer and melt;
As His own smiles of glory fall
On hidden flowers, unseen, but felt!

Then cheer thee, cheer thee, yearning one—
Keep holy still that love of thine,
Some spirit waiteth long and lone,
For thee, its ministrant divine. *Massey.*

LOVE—Ardour of.

Didst thou but know th' inly touch o' love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.—
I don't seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extremer rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.—
The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage,
But when his fair course is not hinder'd,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to ev'ry sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wide ocean.
Shakspeare.

O love! when womanhood is in the flush,
And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
His first-breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,
Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring.
Allan Cunningham.

LOVE—Attentions of.

A warm affection within naturally inspires corresponding emotions without. These are a sort of setting of the jewel, which not only ornaments, but helps to preserve it. In all the refined passions, the *delicacy* of a sentiment insures our constancy even more than the *strength* of it. The nice observances—*les petits soins*—which in such cases may be almost deemed *petites morales*, also increases the mutual pleasures and confidences of love and friendship. They are the "comets" which feed the "sun." Even virtue itself, all perfect as it is, requires to be inspirited by passion; for duties are but coldly performed, which are but *philosophically* fulfilled. *Mrs. Jameson.*

LOVE—a Powerful Attraction.

Thou demandest what is love? It is that powerful attraction towards all that we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood. This is love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. *Shelley.*

LOVE—Blessedness of.

Love! I will tell thee what it is to love:
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,
Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove—
Where life seems young, and like a thing divine,
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss:
Above the stars in cloudless beauty shine;
Around the streams their flowery margin kiss;
And if there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this. *Swain.*

LOVE—Bereaved.

A loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.
Shakspeare.

LOVE—Betrothed.

He says he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best. *Ibid.*

To his eye
There was but one belovèd face on earth,
And that was shining on him. *Byron.*

They could not in the selfsame mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart, some malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
It soothèd each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep,

But of each other dream, and nightly weep;
With every morn their love grew tenderer,
With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
He might not in house, field, or garden, stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill,
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her than noise of trees or hidden rill.
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoil'd her half-done 'broidery with the same.
He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
Before the door had given her to his eyes,
And from her chamber-window he would catch
Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
And constant at her vespers would he watch,
Because her face was turn'd to the same skies;
And with sick longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning step upon the stair.
Keats.

Ours, too, the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand,
The kiss so guiltless and refined,
That love each warmer wish forbore.
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Ev'n passion blush'd to plead for more;
The tone that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine. *Byron.*

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale. *Burns.*

LOVE—Causes of.

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
Shakspeare.

We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and God knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we *esteem* (if it is brilliant), and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion; nay more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not that which awakens and inflames our passions. *Goethe.*

Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still;
Is human love the growth of human will?
Byron.

LOVE—Characteristics of.

A heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness, which maketh thoughts have eyes, and hearts, and ears; bred by desire, nursed by delight, weaned by jealousy, killed by dissembling, buried by ingratitude: and this is love. *Lilly.*

LOVE—Charms of.

I know a passion still more deeply charming
Than fever'd youth e'er felt; and that is love,
By long experience mellow'd into friendship.
How far beyond that froward child of fancy!
With beauty pleased awhile, anon disgusted,
Seeking some other toy; how far more noble
Is that bright offspring of unchanging reason,
That fonder grows with age, and charms for ever. *Thomson.*

Thou sweetest thing,
That e'er did fix its lightly-fibred sprays
To the rude rock, ah! wouldst thou cling to me?
Rough and storm-worn I am, yet love me as
Thou truly dost, I will love thee again
With true and honest heart, though all unmeet
To be the mate of such sweet gentleness.
Joanna Baillie.

LOVE—Concealment of.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. *Shakspeare.*

I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence;
And, when he gets possession, his first work
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
Lie hid, and, like a miser in the dark,
To feast alone. *Dryden.*

LOVE—Concentrated.

Love! what a volume in a word! an ocean in a tear!
A seventh heaven in a glance! a whirlwind in a sigh!
The lightning in a touch—a millennium in a moment!
What concentrated joy, or woe, in bless'd or blighted love! *Tupper.*

LOVE—Connubial.

She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. *Shakspeare.*

I feel my spirit humbled when you call
My love of home a virtue: 'tis the part
Yourself have play'd has fix'd me; for the heart
Will anchor where its treasure is; and small
As is the love I bear you; 'tis my all—
The widow's mite, compared with your desert:
You and our quiet room, then, are the mart
Of all my thoughts; 'tis there they rise and fall.
The parent bird that in its wanderings
O'er hill and dale, through copse and leafy spray,
Sees nought to lure his constant heart away
From her who gravely sits with furlèd wings,
Watching their mutual charge: howe'er he roam,
His eye still fixes on his mossy home. *Clarke.*

The true one of youth's love, proving a faithful helpmate in those years when the dream of life is over, and we live in its realities. *Southey.*

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all. *Byron.*

LOVE—First Consciousness of.

Oh! there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love—the first fluttering of its silken wings—the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy! *Longfellow.*

LOVE—Consolations of.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart.
Wordsworth.

LOVE—Constancy of.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O no! it is an ever fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken. *Shakspeare.*

LOVE—Constancy of.

I have a heart! but if it could be false
To my first vows, ever to love again,
These honest hands should tear it from my breast,
And throw the traitor from me. *Southern.*

It is the same together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline:
We are entwined; let death come slow or fast,
The tie which bound the first endures the last! *Byron.*

Time tempers love, but not removes. *Ibid.*

He is bless'd in love alone,
Who loves for years, and loves but one.
Sir A. Hunt.

True love can no more be diminished by showers of evil-hap, than flowers are marred by timely rains. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

LOVE—Cravings of.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart;
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round. *Mrs. Hemans.*

LOVE—Definition of.

Love is the root of creation; God's essence.
Worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children: He made them for his purpose only,—
Only to love and to be loved again. He breathed forth His spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven;
Quench, O quench not that flame! it is the breath of your being. *Longfellow.*

Love is the fulfilling of the law. *St. Paul.*

LOVE—Degrees of.

Of all passions in the world, love not only is the most tyrannical, and takes the deepest hold, but is also speediest in its transformation, and in its change of the scenery round us; nay, the scenery environing the heart. That love is the great sweetener of our existence—the active and stirring principle—the spring which sets everything in motion—the vivid awakener, exponent, and representation of all the finest, most delicate, and subtlest movements in our spiritual nature, who could deny? But it must differ in all minds: the tasteful can love but

with taste; the delicate with delicacy; the fervent and eager with high impellant strength, and burning completeness and abandonment. There is love which once aroused—called to the surface from its tender fountain, and boiling up from its placid depths, becomes like the torrent sweeping on in impetuosity, rising up against and surmounting with fury all the petty obstacles and small interruptions which envy and cautious policy, the coldness or worldliness of man, seek to interpose to it. Love is such a giant power that it seems to gather strength from obstruction, and at every difficulty rises to higher might. It is all dominant—all conquering; a great leveller which can bring down to its own universal line of equalization the proudest heights, and remove the stubbornest impediments. There is no hope of resisting it, for it outwatches watch—submerges everything, acquiring strength as it proceeds; ever growing, nay, growing out of itself. *Newton.*

LOVE—Demands of.

Love requires not so much proofs, as expressions, of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love. *Richter.*

LOVE—Despair of.

It were all one,
That I should love a bright partic'lar star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him ev'ry hour; to sit and draw
His archèd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. *Shakspeare.*

LOVE—Difficulties of.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear of tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
Ibid.

LOVE—Disappointed.

Well! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy husband's blest, and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot:
But let them pass,—oh! how my heart
Would hate him, if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child,
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when th' unconscious infant smiled,
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it, and repress'd my sighs,
Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its *mother's* eyes,
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away,
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay:
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride,
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time
My breast would thrill before thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime.
We met, and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,
Yet meet with no confusion there;
One only feeling couldst thou trace,—
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream,
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart be still, or break. *Byron.*

Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing; that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart, is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.
Bulwer Lytton.

LOVE—to the Disobliging.

It is the privilege of human nature above brutes, to love those that disoblige us.
Antoninus.

LOVE—Divinity of.

Love is a god
Strong, free, unbounded, and as some define,
Fears nothing, pitieth none. *Mason.*

LOVE—Emblems of.

Love's heralds should be thoughts
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Shakspeare.

LOVE—End of.

The end is, to have two made one
In will and in affection. *Ben Jonson.*

LOVE—Equality in.

Oh! wisest of the wise is he
Who first within his spirit knew,
And with his tongue declared it true,
That love comes best that comes unto
The equal of degree!
And that the poor and that the low
Should seek no love from those above,
Whose souls are fluttered with the flow
Of airs about their golden height,
Or proud because they see around
Ancestral "crowns of light."
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

LOVE—founded on Esteem.

She that would raise a noble love, must find
Ways to beget a passion for her mind;
She must be *that* which she *to be* would seem;
For all true love is grounded in esteem.
Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart
Than all the crooked subtleties of art.
Buckingham.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious, esteem without love is languid and cold. *Johnson.*

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short-lived, and apt to have ague-fits. *Erasmus.*

LOVE—Estimation of.

I hold it true, whate'er befall—
I feel it when I sorrow most—
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all. *Tennyson.*

LOVE—Eternity of.

Love is old,
Old as eternity, but not outworn:
With each new being born, or to be born.
Byron.

LOVE—Evanescence of.

Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day!
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away.
Shakspeare.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony. *Ibid.*

Love! oh young love!
Why has thou not security? Thou art
Like to a bright river, on whose course the weeds
Are thick and heavy; briers are on its banks,
And jagged stones and rocks are 'mid its waves;
Conscious of its own beauty, it will rush
Over its many obstacles, and pant
For some green valley as its quiet home.
Alas! either it rushes with a desperate leap
Over its barriers, foaming, passionate,
But prison'd still; or, winding languidly,
Becomes dark like oblivion—or else wastes
Itself away. This is love's history!
L. E. Landon.

It is not love that steals the heart from love;
'Tis the hard world and its perplexing cares,
Its petrifying selfishness, its pride,
Its low ambition, and its paltry aims.
Caroline Bowles.

LOVE—Excess of.

I knew 'twere madness to declare this truth,
And yet 'twere baseness to deny my love;
But such a love, kept at such awful distance:
Why shines the sun, but that he may be view'd?
But oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness. *Dryden.*

Lookest thou at the stars? If I were heaven,
With all the eyes of heaven would I look down
on *thee!* *Addison.*

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light!
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins,
Mingle with life, and form my very soul?
Young.

LOVE—Expansibility of.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dewdrop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills. *Richter.*

There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards the love of others, which, if it be not spent upon one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable.
Bacon.

LOVE—Faithful.

Farewell, Lorenzo,
Whom my soul doth love. If you ever marry,
May you meet a good wife,—so good, that you
May not suspect her, nor may she be worthy
Of your suspicion;—and if you hear, hereafter,
That I am dead, inquire but my last words,
And you shall know that to the last I loved you;
And when you walk forth, with your second choice,

Into the pleasant fields, and by chance talk of me,
Imagine that you see me, thin and pale,
Strewing your path with flowers! *Davenport.*

LOVE—Filial.

So loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. *Shakspeare.*

And canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought! Where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy grief assuage,
And smoothe the pillow of thy sinking age.
Kirke White.

Even He that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of His mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought—the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven.
Longfellow.

LOVE—Flame of.

Affection lights a brighter flame
Than ever blazed by art. *Cowper.*

LOVE—cannot be Forced.

I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.
Shakspeare.

LOVE—Frenzy of.

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun. *Ibid.*

LOVE—Heart formed for.

He praises love as if he were a lover;
. . . . . Heaven, he says . .
In lavish bounty form'd the heart for love;
In love included all the finer seeds
Of honour, virtue, friendship, purest bliss.
Thomson.

LOVE—Hopefulness of.

Love can hope where reason would despair.
Lyttleton.

LOVE—Hour of.

Why does the evening, does the night, put warmer love in our hearts? Is it the nightly pressure of helplessness? or is it the exalting separation from the turmoils of life, that veiling of the world in which for the soul nothing then remains but souls?—is it, therefore, that the letters in which the loved name stands written on our spirit, appear like phosphorous writing by night, *on fire*, while by day, in their *cloudy* traces, they but smoke?
Richter.

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.
Shakspeare.

LOVE—Ideality of.

He is in love with an ideal,
A creature of his own imagination,
A child of air, and echo of his heart;
And like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts.
Longfellow.

I dreamed that love
Should steal upon the heart, like summer dawn
On the awakening world, soft, gradual;
First hailed and welcomed by the mountain-peaks,
The loftiest aspirations of the soul;
Then, slowly spreading downward o'er the slopes
Of intellectual intercourse, so flood
At length the very plains and vales of sense
With beauties of its sunshine; one by one
Kissing awake all spirit-buds and flowers,
To pour their fragrance forth in gratitude.
Mary C. Hume.

LOVE—Illicit.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it,
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it;
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard o' concealing;
But oh! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! *Burns.*

LOVE—Illicit.

Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it. *Bacon.*

LOVE—Immortality of.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself. *Erasmus.*

They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,—
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly, these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth;
But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there. *Southey.*

LOVE—Indications of.

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resign'd
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)
Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne—
A sincere woman's breast; for over-warm,
Or over-cold, annihilates the charm. *Byron.*

LOVE—Delightful Influence of.

By love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humour is resisted, the violence of our passions abated, the bitter cup of affliction sweetened, all the injuries of the world alleviated, and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the most thorny paths of life. *Zimmerman.*

LOVE—Ennobling Influence of.

Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, and would itself excel;
Which he, beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light.
Spenser.

In loving, thou dost well; in passion, not;
Wherein true love consists not. Love refines
The thoughts and heart enlarges; hath its seat
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou mayst ascend;—
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause,
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.
Milton.

Love is the purification of the heart from self; it strengthens and ennobles the character, gives a higher motive and a nobler aim to every action of life, and makes both man and woman strong, noble, and courageous; and the power to love truly and devotedly is the noblest gift with which a human being can be endowed; but it is a sacred fire that must not be burnt to *idols*. *Miss Jewsbury.*

LOVE—Transforming Influence of.

O, how beautiful it is to love! Even thou that sneerest and laughest in cold indifference or scorn if others are near thee,—thou, too, must acknowledge its truth when thou art alone, and confess that a foolish world is prone to laugh in public at what in private it reveres as one of the highest impulses of our nature; namely, love. *Longfellow.*

Good love, howe'er ill-placed
Is better for a man's soul in the end
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.
A pagan, kissing, for a step of Pan,
The wild-goat's hoof-print on the loamy down,
Exceeds our modern thinker who turns back
The strata—granite, limestone, coal, and clay,
Concluding coldly with, "Here's law! Where's God? *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

LOVE—Inspiration of.

Love various minds does variously inspire:
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade,—
A fire, which every windy passion blows;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows. *Dryden.*

LOVE—Intenseness of.

Love is the great instrument of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spirit and spring of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot so properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that; it is the whole man wrapt up into one desire. *South.*

LOVE—Joys of.

Keen are the pangs
Of hapless love and passion unapproved;
But where consenting wishes meet, and vows
Reciprocally breathed confirm the tie,

Joy rolls on joy, an unexhausted stream,
And virtue crowns the sacred scene with peace.
Smollet.

Where strictest virtues softest love unite,
How fierce the rapture, and the blaze how bright!
True joys proceed from innocence and love.
Th' unsteady by this lesson may improve,
Disdain their vices, and forget to rove.
Havard.

LOVE—is Life.

Life without love's a load, and time stands still;
What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.
Congreve.

LOVE—a Second Life.

Love is not to be reason'd down or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life; it grows into the soul,
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse.
Addison.

LOVE—Lowliness of.

It is not in the mountains
Nor the palaces of pride,
That love will fold his wings up
And rejoicingly abide;
But in meek and humble natures
His home is ever found,
As the lark that sings in heaven,
Builds its nest upon the ground.
Blanchard.

LOVE—Marrying for.

Never marry but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely. *Penn.*

LOVE—Maternal.

A mother's love!
If there be one thing pure,
Where all beside is sullied;
That can endure,
When all else pass away;
If there be aught
Surpassing human deed, or word, or thought,—
It is a mother's love!
Marchioness de Spadara.

The love of a mother is never exhausted, it never changes, it never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways, and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy. *Washington Irving.*

The tie which links mother and child is of such pure and immaculate strength, as to be never violated, except by those whose feelings are withered by vitiated society. Holy, simple, and beautiful in its construction, it is the emblem of all we can imagine of fidelity and truth; is the blessed tie whose value we feel in the cradle, and whose loss we lament on the verge of the very grave, where our mother moulders in dust and ashes. In all our trials, amid all our afflictions, she is still by our side: if we sin, she reproves more in sorrow than in anger; nor can she tear us from her bosom, nor forget we are her child.
Ibid.

There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him. *Ibid.*

Observe how soon, and to what a degree, this influence begins to operate! Her first ministration for her infant is to enter, as it were, the valley of the shadow of death, and win its life at the peril of her own! How different must an affection thus founded be from all others! As if to deepen its power, a season of languor ensues, when she is comparatively alone with her infant, and with Him who gave it, cultivating an acquaintance with a new being, and through a new channel, with the greatest of all beings. Is she not also herself an image of His goodness, while she cherishes in her bosom the young life that He laid there? A love, whose root is in death, whose fruit must be in eternity, has taken possession of her. No wonder that its effects are obvious and great. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!
Shakspeare.

LOVE—Maternal.

There is in all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. It is but pride wherewith,
To his fair eye the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Aye, on the babe he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name,—the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is *man's* love! What marvel? *you* ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy;
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings,
His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! *You* ne'er kept watch
Beside him till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph, broke
On your dim weary eye; not *yours* the face
Which early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and duly as heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening! *You* ne'er smoothed
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learnt soft utterance; press'd your lip to his,
When fever parch'd it; hush'd his wayward cries
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are woman's tasks! in these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmark'd. *Mrs. Hemans.*

LOVE—Mutability of.

When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love:
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together. *Addison.*

Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;
Whilst each delighted and delighting gives
The pleasing ecstasy which each receives;
Cherish'd with hope and fed with joy, it grows,
Its cheerful buds their op'ning bloom disclose,
And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows;
If angry fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplies;
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.
Prior.

Love is an alliance of friendship and animalism: if the former predominate, it is a passion exalted and refined; but if the latter, gross and sensual. *Colton.*

Love is an affection of union whereby we desire to enjoy perpetual union with the thing loved. *Luther.*

LOVE—Mutability of.

It is vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us: the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness. *Byron.*

LOVE—Nobility of.

They say, base men being in love, have then
A nobility in their natures more
Than is native to them. *Shakspeare.*

LOVE—Objects of.

Let thy love be to the best, so long as they do well; but take heed that thou love God, thy country, thy prince, and thine own estate, before all others: for the fancies of men change, and he that loves to-day hateth to-morrow; but let reason be thy schoolmistress, which shall ever guide thee aright.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

LOVE—Omnipresence of.

Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word, and the synonyme of God. Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments; each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness, anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on man at one period, and works a revolution in his mind and body; unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civil relations, carries him with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and gives permanence to human society.
Emerson.

LOVE—at Parting.

The consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pang, even at the moment of parting; yea, even the eternal farewell is robbed of half of its bitterness, when uttered in accents that breathe love to the last sigh. *Addison.*

LOVE—Passion of.

The passion of love generally appears to every body but the man who feels it entirely disproportionate to the value of the object; and though love is pardoned in a certain age, because we know it is natural, having violently seized the imagination, yet it is always laughed at, because we cannot enter into it; and all serious and strong expressions of it appear ridiculous to a third person; and

though a lover is good company to his mistress, he is so to nobody else. *Adam Smith.*

LOVE—Paternal.

Certain it is that there is no kind of affection so purely angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with and without regard to her sex. In love to our wives there is desire; to our sons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters there is something which there are no words to express.
Addison.

Of all the knots which nature ties,
The secret, sacred sympathies,
That, as with viewless chains of gold,
The heart a happy prisoner hold;
None is more chaste, more bright, more pure,
Stronger stern trials to endure;
None is more pure of earthly leaven,
More like the love of highest Heaven,
Than that which binds, in bonds how blest,
A daughter to a father's breast.
J. W. Cunningham.

In a father's love, like a well-drawn picture, he eyes all his children alike (if there be a parity of deserts), never parching one to drown another. *Fuller.*

LOVE—Permanency of.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sicknesss and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention;
But lives, when that exterior grace,
Which first inspired the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will, with sympathy, endure
Those evils it would gladly cure:
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,
Shows love to be a mere profession;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him, if it is. *Cowper.*

LOVE—Perspicacity of.

For lovers' eyes more sharply-sighted be
Than other men's, and in dear love's delight
See more than any other eyes can see.
Spenser.

She knew—
For quickly comes such knowledge—that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow. *Byron.*

LOVE—Power of.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with only a single thread. *Burton.*

LOVE—Power of.

The power of love, in all ages, creates angels.
Longfellow.

What say'st thou, wise one? that all-powerful love
Can fortune's strong impediment remove?
Nor is it strange that worth should wed to worth,
The pride of genius with the pride of birth.
Crabbe.

LOVE—Redeeming Power of.

Man, while he loves, is never quite depraved,
And woman's triumph is a lover saved.
Lamb.

LOVE—Winning Power of.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep, but by worrying him to death? *Fuller.*

'Tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity.
Byron.

LOVE—Purity of.

O *Love!* thy essence is thy purity!
Breathe one unhallowed breath upon thy flame,
And it is gone for ever, and but leaves
A sullied vase—its pure light lost in shame.
L. E. Landon.

LOVE—Reality of.

Why should I blush to own I love?
'Tis love that rules the realms above.
Why should I blush to say to all,
That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest love's dear secret be betray'd?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove—
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet, to love.
Kirke White.

LOVE—Revealing of.

In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal.
Coleridge.

LOVE—Science of.

The science of love is the philosophy of the heart. *Cicero.*

LOVE—Slighted.

Didst thou but know as I do,
The pangs and tortures of a slighted love,

Thou wouldst not wonder at this sudden change;
For when ill-treated, it turns all to hate,—
And the then darling of our soul's revenge.
Powell.

LOVE—Song of.

The first sound in the song of love
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. *Longfellow.*

LOVE—Soul of.

O artless love, where the soul moves the tongue.
And only nature speaks what nature thinks.
Dryden.

LOVE—Disturbing Spirit of.

We paint love as a child,
When he should sit a giant on his clouds,
The great disturbing spirit of the world. *Croly.*

LOVE—Strength of.

Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned. *Solomon.*

LOVE—Necessary Subsistence of.

Love, like fire, cannot subsist without continual movement; as soon as it ceases to hope and fear, it ceases to exist. *La Rochefoucauld.*

LOVE—Supremacy of.

To her, love was like the air of heaven,—invisible, intangible; it yet encircled her soul, and she knew it; for in it was her life.
Miss M'Intosh.

Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guards
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.
Otway.

Love was to his impassion'd soul
Not as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole:
The very life-breath of the heart. *Moore.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame. *Coleridge.*

O, the soft commerce! O, the tender ties,
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them, and drain off the soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live.
Young.

LOVE—Sympathy of.

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares. *Shakspeare.*

Bright star! whose soft, familiar ray,
In colder climes and gloomier skies,
I've watch'd so oft when closing day
Had tinged the west with crimson dyes;
Perhaps to-night some friend I love,
Beyond the deep, the distant sea,
Will gaze upon thy path above,
And give one lingering thought to me.
Longfellow.

Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even
He who made the earth in love had soon to grieve
About its first and best inhabitant. *Byron.*

LOVE—Timidity of.

No lesse was she in secret heart affected,
But that she masked it in modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected.
Spenser.

LOVE—True.

True love's the gift which God hath given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
Sir Walter Scott.

LOVE—Universality of.

Love's force is shown in countries cased with ice,
Where the pale polestar in the north of heaven
Sits high and on the frozy winter broods,
Ev'n there love reigns.
There the proud god, disdaining winter's bounds,
O'erleaps the fences of eternal snow.
And with his warmth supplies the distant sun.
Dryden.

Heaven's harmony is universal love. *Cowper.*

LOVE—Unpurchasable.

Love is not to be bought—'tis of the soul
The noblest element, the spirit-bond
That links the angel with humanity.
As well mightst thou attempt to purchase heaven,
To vend the stars, make traffic of the skies,
Or measure out what is immeasurable,
As count each feeling in the pulse of love,
Its height, its depth, its softness, beauty, strength,
And price affections as thou wouldst estates!
Go to! for shame!—thy tongue belied thy heart.

Love is God's seal upon the universe—
The hand and sign of His omnipotence;
And hearts enshrining love the most on earth
Find here the most of heaven. *Swain.*

LOVE—Unrequited.

Why have I been born with all these warm affections these ardent longings after what is good, if they lead only to sorrow and disappointment? I would love some one—love him once, and for ever—devote myself to him alone—live for him—die for him—exist alone in him! But, alas! in all this wide world there is none to love me as I would be loved—none whom I may love as I am capable of loving! How empty, how desolate seems the world about me! Why has Heaven given me these affections, only to fall and fade?

——— *Longfellow.*

Love, unreturn'd,
Hath gracious uses; the keen pang departs,
The sweetness never. Sorrow's touch doth ope
A mingled fount of sweet and bitter tears.
No summer's heat can dry, no winter's cold
Lock up in ice. When music grieves, the past
Returns in tears. *Smith.*

———

The adoration of his heart had been to her only as the perfume of a wild flower, which she had carelessly crushed with her foot in passing. *Longfellow.*

LOVE—Virtuous.

That love alone, which virtue's laws control,
Deserves reception in the human soul.

——— *Euripides.*

Oh! speak the joy, ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss;
All various nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven;
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love.

——— *Thomson.*

'Tis love combined with guilt alone, that melts
The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth;
But virtuous passions prompt the great resolve,
And fan the slumbering spark of heavenly fire.

——— *Johnson.*

Without love no virtue can be perfect.

Hermes.

LOVE—Winning.

That you may be loved, be amiable. *Ovid.*

LOVE—Woman's.

The soul of woman lives in love.

——— *Mrs. Sigourney.*

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it.

——— *Bulwer Lytton.*

Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing. *Byron.*

———

Oh, the love of woman—the love of woman! How high will it not rise! and to what lowly depths will it not stoop! How many injuries will it not forgive! What obstacle will it not overcome, and what sacrifices will it not make, rather than give up the being upon which it has been once wholly and truthfully fixed! Perennial of life, which grows up under every climate, how small would the sum of man's happiness be without thee! No coldness, no neglect, no harshness, no cruelty, can extinguish thee! Like the fabled lamp in the sepulchre, thou sheddest thy pure light in the human heart, when everything around thee there is dead for ever! *Carleton.*

LOVE—Wonders of.

Almighty love! what wonders are not thine!
Soon as thy influence breathes upon the soul,
By thee, the haughty bend the suppliant knee—
By thee, the hand of avarice is open'd
Into profusion; by thy power the heart
Of cruelty is melted into softness;
The rude grow tender, and the fearful bold.

Paterson.

LOVE—Wounded.

Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but alas!
There where I had garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or have no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Shakspeare.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch? *Ibid.*

LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING

Love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts composed of stars' consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work each other's joy and true content.
Spenser.

We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love.
Mrs. Jameson.

LOVELINESS—Appreciation of.

Heaven shield thee for thine utter loveliness.
Keats.

LOVELINESS—Completeness of.

Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete; so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
Milton.

LOVER—Adoration of a.

What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ordering of your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No further function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens. *Shakspeare.*

LOVER—Best Adviser of a.

An old, grave discreet man, is fittest to discourse of love matters; because he hath likely more experience, observed more, hath a more staid judgment, can better discern, resolve, discuss, advise, give better cautions and more solid precepts, better inform his auditors in such a subject, and by reason of his riper years, sooner divert. *Burton.*

LOVER—Choice of a.

If I freely may discover
What should please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy nor too hard;
All extremes I would have barr'd.
Ben Jonson.

LOVER—Description of a.

O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily;
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved;
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved;
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved. *Shakspeare.*

LOVER—Hope of a.

A lover's hope resembles the bean in the nursery tale; let it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly, that, in the course of a few hours, the giant Imagination builds a castle on the top, and by-and-by comes Disappointment with the curtal axe, and hews down both the plant and the superstructure. *Sir Walter Scott.*

LOVER—A Reserved.

A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband. *Goldsmith.*

LOVERS—Tongue of.

Lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.
Shakspeare.

LOVE-TOKENS—Influence of.

There is, after all, something in those trifles that friends bestow upon each other which is an unfailing indication of the place the giver holds in the affections. I would believe that one who preserved a lock of hair, a simple flower, or any trifle of my bestowing, loved me, though no show was made of it; while all the protestations in the world would not win my confidence in one who set no value on such little things. Trifles they may be; but it is by such that character and disposition are oftenest revealed. *Washington Irving.*

LOVE-TOKENS—Lasting Spell of.

I wonder how often the executors of old college fellows, or of hard-faced bankers and bureaucrats, have been aggravated by finding in that most secret drawer, which ought to have held a codicil, or a jewel—a tress, a glove, a flower? The searcher looks at the object for a moment, and then throws it into the rubbish-basket,—with a laugh if he is good-natured, with a curse if he is vicious or disappointed. Let it lie there, though the dead miser valued it above all his bank stock, and

kissed it oftener than he did his living and lawful wife and children—what is it worth now? Say, as the grim dean of St. Patrick wrote on *his* love-token, "Only a woman's hair." *Shirley Brooks.*

LOVING-KINDNESS.

Sweet loving-kindness! if thou shine,
The plainest face may seem divine,
And beauty's self grow doubly bright
In the mild glory of thy light. *Dr. Mackay.*

LOYALTY.

One boon is all I crave.—
Good shepherd, speak thy wish.—
Permission in your wars to serve your grace;
For though here lost in solitary shades,
A simple swain, I have an English heart;
A heart that burns with rage to see those Danes,
Those foreign ruffians, those inhuman pirates,
Oft our inferiors proved, thus lord it o'er us.—
'Tis such as thou,
Who from affection serve, and free-born zeal,
To guard whate'er is dear and sacred to them,
That are a king's best honour and defence.
Mallet.

LOYALTY—Faithfulness of.

I have served him:
In this old body yet the marks remain
Of many wounds. I've with this tongue proclaim'd
His right, even in the face of rank rebellion.
Otway.

Though loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith mere folly. Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place in the story. *Shakspeare.*

The laws of friendship we ourselves create,
And 'tis but simple villany to break 'em;
But faith to princes broke is sacrilege,
An injury to the gods; and that lost wretch,
Whose breast is poison'd with so vile a purpose,
Tears thunder down from heaven on his head,
And leaves a curse to his posterity. *Rochester.*

I would serve my king,
Serve him with all my fortune here at home,
And serve him with my person in the wars;
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him, die for him.
As every true-born subject ought. *Otway.*

LOYALTY—Friends to.

We, too, are friends to loyalty. *Cowper.*

LOYALTY—with Love.

Love with bounty levied
Is a sure guard; obedience forced from fear,
Paper fortification; which, in danger,
Will yield to the impression of a reed,
Or of itself fall off. *Massinger.*

LOYALTY—Trials of.

What gen'rous man can live with that constraint
Upon his soul to bear, much less to flatter,
A court like this? Can I soothe tyranny?
Seem pleased to see my royal master murder'd,
His crown usurp'd, a distaff on the throne?
A council made of such as dare not speak,
And could not if they durst? Whence honest men
Banish themselves, for shame of being there?
A government which, knowing not true wisdom,
Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on tricks at home?
Dryden.

LOYALTY—True.

Remember
We are but subjects, Maximus: obedience
To what's done well, and grief for what's done ill,
Is all we can call ours; the hearts of princes,
Are like the temples of the gods; pure incense,
Until unhallow'd hands defile the offerings,
Burns ever there; we must not put them out,
Because the priests that touch those sweets are wicked. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM.

The most inviolable attachment to the laws of our country is everywhere acknowledged a capital virtue; and where the people are not so happy as to have any legislature but a single person, the strictest loyalty is, in that case, the truest patriotism. *Hume.*

LUCK—Good and Bad.

I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called *good* and *bad luck*. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck for ever runs against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another who was honest and constant to his work, erred by his perpetual misjudgments—he lacked dis-

cretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler. *Addison.*

LUST—Evil Effects of.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane, and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dried rooke;
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seem'd to tremble evermore and quake.
Spenser.

But when lust
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish acts of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Embodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being. *Milton.*

LUST—Transiency of.

Short is the course of ev'ry lawless pleasure;
Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits,
Scarce visible in joy's meridian height;
But downward as its blaze declining speeds,
The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.
Ibid.

LUST—Ungovernableness of.

Lust is, of all the frailties of our nature,
What most we ought to fear; the headstrong beast
Rushes along, impatient of the course;
Nor hears the rider's call, nor feels the rein.
Rowe.

LUST—a Vice.

When vile lust,
As virtue never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel join'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage. *Shakspeare.*

Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust,
Is meanly selfish;—when resisted, cruel;—
And, like the blast of pestilential winds,
Taints the sweet bloom of Nature's fairest forms. *Milton.*

Lust is a vice
Sooner condemn'd than banish'd: eas'ly spoke against,
But yet 'twill fawn as smoothly on our flesh
As Circe on the Græcian travellers,
When she detain'd them in the shape of beasts. *Mason.*

So long as lust (whether of the world or flesh) smells sweet in our nostrils, so long we are loathsome to God. *Cotton.*

LUST—Wantonness of.

Servile inclinations and gross love,
The guilty bent of vicious appetite;
At first a sin, a horror ev'n in bliss,
Deprave the senses and lay waste the man:
Passions irregular, and next a loathing,
Quickly succeed to dash the wild desire.
Havard.

Am I then so vile,
So lost to reason, honour, common sense,
As without love, that all-compelling fury,
Without debasing, thoughtless, blind, blind love,
To bow me from the height of happy life
To this low, fearful state of coward shame?
Thomson.

May Scorn pursue her wanton arts,
And all the painted charms that vice can wear;
Yet oft o'er credulous youth such sirens triumph,
And lead their captive sense in chains as strong
As links of adamant. *Milton.*

LUXURY—Evils of.

The luxurious man oppresses that nature which should be the foundation of his joy, and, by false reasoning, he is made by this vice to believe, that because some ease and aliments are pleasant, therefore the more he takes of them the more he will be pleased. And the first proofs by which he is convinced that he is cheated in this, are those diseases into which those vices, when they are swelled, overflow and destroy that ground which a gentle watering would have refreshed. Then he begins to understand that a mediocrity is the golden rule, and that proportion is to be observed in all the course of our life. Luxury makes a man so soft, that it is hard to please him, and easy to trouble him; so that his pleasures at last become his burden. Whereas the frugal and temperate man can, by fasting

till a convenient time, make any food pleasant. The luxurious must at last owe to this temperance that health and ease which his false pleasures have robbed him of; he must abstain from his wines, feastings, and fruits, until temperance has cured him. And I have known many who, after they have been tortured by the tyranny of luxury, whilst they had riches in abundance to feed it, become very healthful and strong, when they fall into that poverty which they had so abhorred. *Dr. Ferguson.*

LUXURY—Excess of.

I will have all my beds blown up, not stuff'd;
Down is too hard; and then, my oval room,
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Arctine
But coldly imitated. . . . .
My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With em'ralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies;
With tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd i' the spirit of sol and dissolvèd pearl;
Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy;
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle;
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys; I myself will have
The beards of barbels served instead of salads;
Oil'd mushrooms. . . . .
My shirts
I'll have of taffeta sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew;
My gloves of fishes' and bird-skins, perfumed
With gums of paradise and eastern air.
Ben Jonson.

Gather all the flowers
Tempe is painted with, and strew his way:
Translate my bowers to Caria's lofty banks;
There with a chorus of sweet nightingales
Make it continual spring: if the sun's rays
Offend his tender skin, and make it sweat,
Fan him with silken wings of mildest air,
Breathed by Elysian winds: the briskest nectar
Shall be his drink, and all th' ambrosial cates
Art can devise for wanton appetite,
Furnish his banquet. As his senses tire,
Vary the object: let delight be link'd
So in a circled chain, no end may see:
Pleasure is only my eternity. *Nabb.*

LUXURY—Excess of.

We will eat such at a meal:
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks and of ostriches,
Shall be our food; and could we eat the phœnix,
Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish. *Ben Jonson.*

LUXURY—Enervating influence of.

Alas! thy country's manners
Have well avenged the conquest of her realms;
While now by luxury thy softer climate
Boasts a more ample triumph o'er our souls:
Thence the rough honesty of Greece is fled;
And all those golden rules her sages taught.
Men that approach'd divinity, forgot. *Froude.*

LUXURY—Slave of.

It is a shame that man, that has the seeds
Of virtue in him, springing into glory,
Should make his soul degenerate with sin,
And slave to luxury; to drown his spirits
In lees of sloth; to yield up the weak day
To wine, to lust, and banquets.
I would have you proceed and seek for fame
In brave exploits like those that snatch their honour
Out of the talons of the Roman eagle,
And pull her golden feathers in the field:
Those are brave men; not you that stay at home
And dress yourself up like a pageant,
With thousand antic and exotic shapes;
That make an idol of a looking-glass,
Sprucing yourself two hours by it, with such
Gestures and postures, that a waiting-wench
Would be ashamed of you; and then come forth
T' adorn your mistress' fan, or tell your dream;
Ravish a kiss from her white glove, and then
Compare it with her hand; to praise her gown,
Her tire, and discourse of the fashion;
Make discovery which lady paints, which not;
Which lord plays best at gleek, which best at racket:
These are fine elements. *Shackerly.*

LUXURY—Victories of.

There in her den lay pompous Luxury,
Stretch'd out at length: no vice can boast such high
And gen'ral victories as she had won;
Of which proud trophies there at large were shown.
Besides small states and kingdoms ruin'd,
Those mighty monarchies that had o'erspread
The spacious earth, and stretch'd their conq'ring arms
From pole to pole, by her ensnaring charms

Were quite consumed: there lay imperial Rome,
That vanquish'd all the world, by her o'ercome:
Fetter'd was the old Assyrian lion there;
The Grecian leopard, and the Persian bear;
With others numberless, lamenting by:
Examples of the powers of luxury. *May.*

LYING—supposed Apology for Crime.

Lying supplies those who are addicted to it with a plausible apology for every crime, and with a supposed shelter from every punishment. It tempts them to rush into danger, from the mere expectation of impunity, and when practised with frequent success, it teaches them to confound the gradations of guilt, from the effects of which there is, in their imaginations at least, one sure and common protection. It corrupts the early simplicity of youth; it blasts the fairest blossoms of genius; and will most assuredly counteract every effort by which we may hope to improve the talents, and mature the virtues, of those whom it infects. *Parr.*

LYING—Disgrace of.

Lying is a disgraceful vice, and one that Plutarch paints in most disgraceful colours, when he says that it is "affording testimony that one first despises God, and then fears men." It is not possible more happily to describe its horrible, disgusting, and abandoned nature; for can we imagine anything more vile than to be cowards with regard to men, and brave with regard to God. *Montaigne.*

LYING—Gain of.

The gain of lying is nothing else but not to be trusted of any, nor to be believed when we say the truth. *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

LYING—Trade of.

He who has not a good memory, should never take upon him the trade of lying.
Montaigne.

M.

MADNESS—Assumed.

I have bethought myself,
To take the basest and the poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; put all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voice,
Strike into their numb'd and mortified bare arms,
Pins, wooden pegs, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible aspect from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with prayers,
Enforce their charity. *Shakspeare.*

MADNESS—Causes of.

Of lunacy,
Innumerous were the causes: humbled pride,
Ambition disappointed, riches lost,
And bodily disease, and sorrow, oft
By man inflicted on his brother man;
Sorrow, that made the reason drunk, and yet
Left much untasted. So the cup was fill'd.
Pollok.

Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtasked. *Holmes.*

MADNESS—Character of.

Ever, as before, does madness remain a mysterious, terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling up of the nether chaotic deep, through this fair painted vision of creation, which swims thereon, which we name the real. *Carlyle.*

MADNESS—Horrors of.

This wretched brain gave way,
And I became a wreck, at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.
Moore.

MADNESS—Intensity of.

Every sense
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense,
And each frail fibre of her brain
(As bowstrings when relax'd by rain,
The erring arrow launch aside)
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide.
Byron.

MADNESS—Moody.

Heartless, oft, like moody madness, stare,
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare,
Collins.

MADNESS—Pleasures of.

There is a pleasure sure in being mad,
Which none but mad men know. *Dryden.*

How pregnant (sometimes) his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which

reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. *Shakspeare.*

MADNESS—Ravings of.

Alive again! Then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my wingèd soul!
Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
. . . . . .
O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
Oh, beat away the busy-meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege upon this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.—
See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!—
Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.—
Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!—
So bad a death argues a monstrous life.—
Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Ibid.

He was met even now,
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. *Ibid.*

He raves; his words are loose
As heaps of sand, and scatter'd wide from sense:
So high he's mounted on his airy throne,
That now the wind has got into his head,
And turns his brains to frenzy. *Dryden.*

But now her grief has wore her into frenzy:
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed;
Sometimes she raves for music, light, and air.
Nor air, nor light, nor music, calm her pains;
Then with elastic step she springs aloft,
And moves and bounds, with vigour not her own.
Then life is on the wing; then most she sinks,
When most she seems revived; like boiling water,
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim, ev'n then most wasting.
When most it swells. *Smith.*

MADNESS—Sources of.

"Envy, hatred, malice," and all other malignant passions, as sources of madness, scarcely need be touched upon; indeed, the intellect is half gone, before the individual can be brought to the indulgences of these corroding excitations. I am not a disciple of Owen. I verily think that life without passion were a sorry existence indeed,—a Chinese landscape, without proportion or perspective, light or shadows; but I am enthusiast enough to suppose, that a gradual improvement is coming to be effected upon society at large. by a growing conviction, that to envy, and hate, and destroy our fellow-men, is not only unchristian but unmeaning. *Uwins.*

MADNESS—Symptoms of.

Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word,—which madness
Would gambol from. *Shakspeare.*

MADNESS—Test of.

What, I may be asked, is my test of insanity? I have none. I know of no unerring, infallible, and safe rule or standard, applicable to all cases. The only logical and philosophic mode of procedure in doubtful cases of mental alienation, is to compare the mind of the lunatic at the period of his suspected insanity with its prior natural and healthy condition; in other words, to consider the intellect in relation to itself, and to no artificial *à priori* test. Each individual case must be viewed in its own relations. It is clear that such is the opinion of the judges, notwithstanding they maintained, as a test of responsibility, a knowledge of right and wrong. Can any other conclusion be drawn from the language used by the judges when propounding in the House of Lords their view of insanity in connection with crime? "The facts," they say, "of each particular case must of necessity present themselves with endless variety and with every shade of difference in each case; and it is their duty to declare the law upon each particular case, upon facts proved before them; and after hearing arguments of counsel thereon, they deem it at once impracticable, and at the same time dangerous to the administration of justice, if it were practicable, to attempt to make minute applications of the principles involved in the answers given by them to the questions proposed." This is a safe, judicious, and philosophic mode of investigating these painful cases; and if strictly adhered to, the ends of

justice would be secured, and the requirements of science satisfied. *Dr. Forbes Winslow.*

Insanity is, in a person awake, a false or mistaken judgment of things which, as occurring most frequently in life, are those about which the generality of men form the same judgment, and particularly is the malady evidenced when the judgment of the individual is very different from what he had himself before usually formed of the same object. *Dr. Cullen.*

MAGICIAN—Power of the.

If by your art you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
Shakspeare.

MAGICIANS—Spells of.

I oft have heard, but ne'er believed till now,
There are, who can by potent magic spells
Bend to their crooked purpose nature's laws,
Blot the fair moon from her resplendent orb,
Bid whirling planets stop their destined course,
And through the yawning earth from Stygian gloom,
Call up the meagre ghost to walks of light.
Milton.

'Tis their wondrous magic standard,
Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
At midnight's blackest hour; when the sick moon
Wrapt in eclipse by their enchanting song,
Down through the turbid clouds its influence sheds
Of baleful power. *Mallet.*

MAGNET—The.

The obedient steel with living instinct moves,
And veers for ever to the pole it loves. *Darwin.*

That trembling vassal of the pole,
The feeling compass navigation's soul. *Byron.*

MAIDEN—Graceful.

A child no more! a maiden now—
A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow;
A cheek tinged lightly, and a dovelike eye;
And all hearts bless her as she passes by.
Mary Howitt.

MAIDENS—attracted by Glare.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair. *Byron.*

MALICE—Treatment of.

Malice scorn'd, puts out
Itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit
To a false accusation. *Massinger.*

MALICE—when Wounding.

There is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will: a word—a look, which at one time would make no impression, at another time wounds the heart, and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at. *Sterne.*

MALIGNITY—Evil Influence of.

There is no benefit so large but malignity will still lessen it: none so narrow which a good interpretation will not enlarge. No man can ever be grateful that views a benefit on the wrong side, or takes a good office by the wrong handle. The avaricious man is naturally ungrateful, for he never thinks he has enough; but, without considering what he has, only minds what he covets. Some pretend want of power to make a competent return, and you shall find in others a kind of graceless modesty, that makes a man ashamed of requiting an obligation, because it is a confession that he has received one. *Seneca.*

MAN—Wonderful Anatomy of.

Whoever considers the study of anatomy, I believe, will never be an atheist; the frame of man's body, and coherence of his parts, being so strange and paradoxical, that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of nature. *Lord Herbert.*

MAN—Assumptions of.

O, but man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep. *Shakspeare.*

MAN—a Wonderful Being.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a god; the beauty of the world—the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? *Ibid.*

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mix'd,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!

A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm!—a God! *Young.*

What a chimera is man! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and the scandal of the universe! *Pascal.*

The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself "I,"—ah, what words have we for such things?—is a breath of Heaven; the Highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed? "There is but one temple in the universe," says the devout Novalis, "and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!" This sounds much like a mere flourish of rhetoric; but it is not so. If well meditated, it will turn out to be a scientific fact; the expression, in such words as can be had, of the actual truth of the thing. *We* are the miracle of miracles,—the great inscrutable mystery of God. We cannot understand it, we know not how to speak of it; but we may feel and know, if we like, that it is verily so. *Carlyle.*

MAN—like a Book.

Man is like a book; his birth is the Title-page of the book; his baptisme is the Epistle Dedicatory; his groans and crying, are the Epistle to the Reader; his infancy, and childhood, are the Argument, or Contents of the whole ensuing Treatise; his life, and actions, are the Subject, or Matter of the book; his sins, and errours of his life, are the Errata, or faults escaped in the printing; and his Repentance is the Correction of them. Now amongst books (we know) some are large Volumes, in *Folio;* some little ones, in *Decimo sexto;* and some are of other sizes, in *Octavo*, or *Quarto*. Again, some of these are fairer bound, some in a plainer manner; some are bound in strong velame, or leather, and some in thin paper. Some again have Piety for their Subject, and treat of Godlinesse; others are prophane Pamphlets, full of wantonnesse, and folly: but in the last page of every one of them, there stands a word, which is FINIS, implying the end of all. *Richard Gove*, 1652.

MAN—like a Book.

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him. *W. Ellery Channing.*

MAN—Moral Characteristics of.

Every man is a missionary now and for ever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society; or he may be a blessing, spreading benediction over the length and breadth of the world: but a blank he cannot be. There are no moral blanks; there are no neutral characters. We are either the sower that sows and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates, and the salt that silently operates; but being dead or alive, every man speaks. *Chalmers.*

MAN—Circumstances attendant on.

Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas: bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that, in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives for ever amid ruins; the block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong. *Carlyle.*

MAN—affected by Climate.

To understand any people thoroughly, we must know something of the country in which they live, or at least of that part inhabited by the dominant race. The insects partake the colour of the trees they dwell upon, and man is not less affected by the place of his habitation on the earth. Stern, arid, lofty, dignified, and isolated from the men of other nations, the Spaniard was probably the most remarkable European man in the sixteenth century. He had a clearness of conviction, and a resoluteness of purpose, which resembled the sharp atmosphere in which he had lived, that left no undecided outlines; and as, in the landscape, all variety was amply compensated for, by the vast extent of one solemn colour, so, in the Spaniard's character, there were one or two deep tints of love, of loyalty, and of religion, which might render it fervid, bigoted, and ferocious, but never left it small, feeble, or unmeaning. *Helps.*

MAN—fitted for all Climates.

The *human* animal is the only one which is naked, and the only one which can clothe itself. This is one of the properties which renders him an animal of all climates, and of all seasons. He can adapt the warmth or lightness of his covering, to the temperature of his habitation. Had he been born with a fleece upon his back, although he might have been comforted by its warmth in high latitudes, it would have oppressed him by its weight and heat, as the species spread towards the equator. *Paley.*

MAN—Control of.

The bravest trophy ever man obtain'd,
Is that which o'er himself, himself hath gain'd.
Earl of Sterling.

MAN—Counterfeit of a.

He is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man. *Shakspeare.*

MAN—the Subject of Circumstance.

It is a painful fact, but there is no denying it, the mass *are* the tools of circumstance; thistle-down on the breeze, straw on the river, their course is shaped for them by the currents and eddies of the stream of life; but only in proportion as they are *things*, not men and women. Man was meant to be not the slave, but the master, of circumstance; and in proportion as he recovers his *humanity*, in every sense of the great *obsolete* word,—in proportion as he gets back the spirit of manliness, which is self-sacrifice, affection, loyalty to an idea beyond himself, a God above himself, so far will he rise *above* circumstances, and wield them at his will. *Kingsley.*

MAN—Creation of.

The study of life, palæontologically regarded, necessarily involves the creation and first appearance of man on the globe; and on this subject much discussion has taken place, unprofitable alike to science and to the cause of Christian theology. So far as geological evidence goes, we have no trace of man or of his works till we arrive at the superficial accumulations—the coral conglomerates, the bone breccias, the cave-deposits, and the peat mosses of the current epoch. It is true, that so far as the earlier formations are concerned, the evidence is purely negative; but taking into account all that palæontology has revealed touching the other families of animated nature, the fair assumption is that man was not called into being till the commencement of the current geological era, and about the time when in the northern hemisphere the sea and land received their present configuration, and were peopled by those genera and species which (with a few local removals, and still fewer extinctions) yet adorn their forests and inhabit their land and waters. *David Page.*

MAN—The Dangerous.

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare ——. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear. . . . . .
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
Shakspeare.

MAN—the Framer of his own Destiny.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Command all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

Man upon man depends, and, break the chain,
He soon returns to savage life again;
On either hand a social tribe he sees,
By those assisted, and assisting these;
While to the general welfare all belong—
The high in power, the low in numbers strong,
Crabbe.

MAN—Disinterestedness of.

The MAN whom I
Consider as deserving of the name,
Is one whose thoughts and actions are for others,
Not for himself alone; whose lofty aim,
Adopted on just principles, is ne'er
Abandoned, while or earth or heaven afford
The means of its accomplishment. He is
One who seeks not by any specious road
To raise an indirect advantage, or
Takes a wrong path to gain a real good purpose;
Such were the man for whom a woman's heart
Should beat with constant truth while he exists,
And break when he expires! *Blanchard.*

MAN—Divinity of.

Recent, and blanching on the sunny rock,
Iv'ry with sapphires interspersed explains
How white his hands, how blue his manly veins!

Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet.
His stature all majestic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are in his garments shed,
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
Prior.

MAN—Duty of.

A good man will see his duty with only a moderate share of casuistical skill; but into a perverse heart this sort of wisdom enters not. Were men as much afraid of sin as they are of danger, there would be few occasions of consulting our casuists. *Baker.*

MAN—Happy End of.

A wise *man* shall not be deprived of pleasure even when death shall summons him; forasmuch as he has attained the delightful end of the best life—departing like a guest full and well satisfied: having received life upon trust, and duly discharged that office, he acquits himself at departing. *Epicurus.*

MAN—Enthusiasm of.

It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a god-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest day-drudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death, are the *allurements* that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns up all lower considerations. Not happiness, but something higher: one sees this even in the frivolous classes, with their "point of honour" and the like. Not by flattering our appetites; no, by awakening the heroic that slumbers in every heart, can any religion gain followers. *Carlyle.*

MAN—Faithless.

An inconstant man is despicable; a faithless man is base. *Blair.*

MAN—Fallibility of.

O sad estate
Of human wretchedness! So weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruin'd at our own request.
Hannah More.

MAN—True Freedom of.

The free man is he who is *loyal* to the laws of his universe; who in his heart sees and knows, across all contradictions, that injustice cannot befall him here; that, except by sloth and cowardly falsity, evil is not possible here. The first symptom of such a man is not that he resists and rebels, but that he obeys. As poor Henry Marten wrote in Chepstow Castle long ago,

"Reader, if thou an oft-told tale wilt trust,
Thou'lt gladly do and suffer what thou must."

Gladly: he that will go gladly to his labour and his suffering, it is to him alone that the upper powers are favourable and the field of time will yield fruit. "An oft-told tale," friend Harry; all the noble of this world have known it, and in various dialects have striven to let us know it! The essence of all "religion" that was and that will be, is to make men *free*. Who is he that, in this life-pilgrimage, will consecrate himself, at all hazards, to obey God and God's servants, and to disobey the devil and his? With pious valour, this free man walks through the roaring tumults invincibly, the way whither he is bound. To him in the waste Saharas, through the grim solitudes peopled by galvanized corpses and doleful creatures, there is a lodestar; and his path, whatever those of others be, is towards the Eternal. A man well worth consulting, and taking the vote of about matters temporal; and, properly, the only kind of man. *Carlyle.*

MAN—the Image of God.

It is only our mortal duration that we measure by visible and measurable objects; and there is nothing mournful in the contemplation for one who knows that the Creator made him to be the image of his own eternity, and who feels, that in the desire for immortality he has sure proof of his capacity for it.
Southey.

MAN—A Good.

A good *man* and an angel! these between,
How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment still;
A moment, or eternity's forgot. *Young.*

A good man enlarges the term of his own existence. *Martial.*

MAN—Grandeur of.

The grandeur of man's nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions. His powers of intellect, of conscience, of love, of knowing God, of perceiving the beautiful, of acting on his own mind, on outward nature, and on his fellow-creatures—these are glorious prerogatives. Through the vulgar error of undervaluing what is common, we are apt,

indeed, to pass these by as of but little worth. But as in the outward creation, so in the soul, the common is the most precious. Science and art may invent splendid modes of illuminating the apartments of the opulent; but these are all poor and worthless compared with the light which the sun sends into our windows, which he pours freely, impartially, over hill and valley, which kindles daily the eastern and western sky; and so the common lights of reason, and conscience, and love, are of more worth and dignity than the rare endowments which give celebrity to a few.

W. Ellery Channing.

MAN—Greatness of.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God, is most unfaltering. *Seneca.*

A great man is affable in his converse, generous in his temper, and immovable in what he has maturely resolved upon; and as prosperity does not make him haughty and imperious, so neither does adversity sink him into meanness and dejection; for if ever he shows more spirit than ordinary, it is when he is ill-used, and the world frowns upon him; in short, he is equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride, and scorns either to trample upon a worm, or sneak to an emperor. *Collier.*

He was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

Shakspeare.

If I am asked who is the *greatest* man? I answer the *best;* and if I am required to say who is the best? I reply he that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures. Whether we deserve better of mankind by the cultivation of letters, by obscure and inglorious attainments, by intellectual pursuits calculated rather to amuse than inform, than by strenuous exertions in speaking and acting, let those consider who bury themselves in studies unproductive of any benefit to their country or fellow-citizens. I think not.

Sir William Jones.

MAN—Growth of.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward,
To the world's open view. *Dryden.*

MAN—The Happy.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doom'd to an obscure and tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys:
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss.
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a world unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

Cowper.

The happy man is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground;—he who knows that pleasure is not only not possession, but is often to be lost, and always to be endangered by it. *Landor.*

Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise;
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life though long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I. *Pope.*

MAN—reflected in History.

Man's twofold nature is reflected in history. "He is of earth," but his thoughts are with the stars. Mean and petty his wants and his desires; yet they serve a soul exalted with grand, glorious aims, with immortal longings, with thoughts which sweep the heavens, and "wander through eternity." A pigmy standing on the outward crust of this small planet, his far-reaching spirit stretches outwards to the infinite, and there alone finds rest. History is a reflex of this double life. Every epoch has two aspects — one calm, broad, and solemn—looking towards eternity; the other, agitated, petty, vehement, and confused—looking towards time. *Carlyle.*

MAN—Immortality of.

We say that destruction is the order of nature, and some say that man must not hope to escape the universal law. Now we deceive ourselves in this use of words; there is in reality no destruction in the material world. True, the tree is resolved into its elements, but its elements survive; and, still more, they survive to fulfil the same end which they before accomplished. Not a power of nature is lost. The particles of the decayed tree are only left at liberty to form new, perhaps more beautiful and useful, combinations; they may shoot up into more luxuriant foliage, or enter into the structure of the highest animals. But were mind to perish, there would be absolute, irretrievable destruction; for mind, from its nature, is something individual, an uncompounded essence, which cannot be broken into parts, and enter into union with other minds. I am myself, and can become no other being. My experience, my history, cannot become my neighbour's. My consciousness, my memory, my interest in my past life, my affections, cannot be transferred. If in any instance I have withstood temptation, and through such resistance have acquired power over myself and a claim to the approbation of my fellow-beings, this resistance, this power, this claim are my own; I cannot make them another's. I can give away my property, my limbs; but that which makes myself—in other words, my consciousness, my recollections, my feelings, my hopes—these can never become parts of another mind. In the extinction of a thinking, moral being, who has gained truth and virtue, there would be an absolute destruction. This event would not be as the setting of the sun, which is a transfer of light to new regions; but a quenching of the light. It would be a ruin, such as Nature nowhere exhibits: a ruin of what is infinitely more precious than the outward universe, and is not, therefore, to be inferred from any of the changes of the material world. *W. Ellery Channing.*

MAN—Intelligence of.

Man is a thinking being, whether he will or no; all he can do is to turn his thoughts the best way. *Sir W. Temple.*

MAN (Old)—when Unfit to be a Lover.

The worst thing an old man can be is a lover. *Otway.*

MAN—Manliness of.

In his words
There was an athletic sinew, though they play'd
With great things carelessly, as a fresh wind
Provokes the sea to laughter, and his pride
Ever seem'd well placed, like a castle set
Upon a mountain. *Beddoes.*

MAN—Exalted Nature of.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was design'd;
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest.
Dryden.

MAN—Social Necessities of.

A man would have no pleasure in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in heaven itself, unless he had a partner to whom he might communicate his joys. *Cicero.*

MAN—Nobility of.

They that deny a God, destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature. *Bacon.*

MAN—Passions of.

As there is by nature
In ev'rything contrariety,
So likewise is there unity and league
Between them, in their kind; but man, th' abstract
Of all perfection, which the workmanship
Of heaven hath modell'd, in himself contains
Passions of several qualities. The music
Of man's fair composition best accords
When 'tis in, not in single strains.
My heart has been untuned these many months,
Wanting her preference, in whose equal love
True harmony consisted; living here,
We are Heaven's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.
Ford.

Man is made for reflection; hence all his dignity and value. His dignity consists in the right direction of his mind, and the exercise

of his intellect in the study of himself, his Author, and his end. But what is the mental occupation of the world at large? Never this; but diversion, wealth, fame, power; without regard to the essential duties of intellectual man. The human intellect is most admirable in its nature; it must have strange defects to make it despicable; and, in fact, it has so many and so great, as to be supremely contemptible. How great is it in itself, how mean in its corruptions! There is in man a continual conflict between his reason and his passions. He might enjoy tranquillity to a certain extent, were he mastered by either of these singly. If he had reason without passion, or passion without reason, he might have some degree of peace; but, possessing both, he is in a state of perpetual warfare; for peace with one is war with the other: he is divided against himself. If it be an unnatural blindness, to live without inquiring into our true constitution and condition, it proves a hardness yet more dreadful, to believe in God and live in sin. *Pascal.*

MAN—A Perfect.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, this was a man.
Shakspeare.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again! *Ibid.*

Ay, that's a man
After the heart of Bacchus! By my life,
There is no mortal stuff, that foots the earth,
Able to wear the shape of man, like him,
And fill it with the carriage of a god.
We 're but the tools and scaffolding of men,
The lines, the sketch,—and he the very thing.
Beddoes.

MAN—Responsibilities of.

Of him to whom much is given much shall be required.—Those whom God has favoured with superior faculties, and made eminent for quickness of intention and accuracy of distinction, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eye for defects and deviations, which in souls less enlightened may be guiltless. But surely none can think without horror on that man's condition, who has been more wicked in proportion as he had more means of excelling in virtue, and used the light imparted from heaven only to embellish folly, and shed lustre upon crimes and infidelity. *Johnson.*

MAN—Restraint on.

There is always, and everywhere, some restraint upon a great man. He is guarded with crowds, and shackled with formalities. The half hat, the whole hat, the half smile, the whole smile, the nod, the embrace, the positive parting with a little bow, the comparative at the middle of the room, the superlative at the door; and if the person be *pan huper sebastus*, there is a hyper-superlative ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the stairs, or to the very gate, as if there were such rules set to these leviathans as are to the sea,—"Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther." *Cowley.*

MAN—Rights of.

With the enemies of freedom, it is a usual artifice to represent the sovereignty of the people as a license to anarchy and disorder. But the tracing up of the civil power to that source will not diminish our obligation to obey; it only explains its reasons, and settles it on clear and determinate principles; it turns blind submission into rational obedience, tempers the passion for liberty with the love of order, and places mankind in a happy medium between the extremes of anarchy on the one side and oppression on the other; it is the polar star, that will conduct us safely over the ocean of political debate and speculation—the law of laws, the guide for legislators. *Robert Hall.*

MAN—a Servant.

It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to society in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him to retain a certain per centage of his gains to administer to his own pleasures or wants. He has his body, and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to society. In short, society is the master and man is the servant; and it is entirely according as society proves a good or bad master, whether he turns out a bad or a good servant. *Sala.*

MAN—Influence of Sickness on.

I have seen the rays of the sun or the moon dash upon a brazen vessel, whose lips kissed the face of those waters that lodged within its bosom; but being turned back and sent off, with its smooth pretences or rougher waftings, it wandered about the room and beat upon the roof, and still doubled its heat and motion. So is sickness and sorrow entertained by an unquiet and discontented man. Nothing is more unreasonable than to entangle our spirits in wildness and amazement, like a partridge fluttering in a net, which she breaks not, though she breaks her wings. *Jeremy Taylor.*

MAN—Study of.

In order, however, to pursue this study with success, we should be brought in contact with individuals belonging to the several divisions of the human family. To accomplish this by travelling is impossible. The nation, therefore, if it wishes its own enlightenment, should be at the cost of forming an ethnological institution, with very extensive grounds, on which by degrees might be located specimens in pairs of the various races which could subsist in our climate. They should construct their own dwellings according to the architectural ideas of their several countries; their furniture, dress, ornaments, amusements, food, and mode of life, should be their own. The forms of industry prevalent in their nation or tribe they should be required to practise; and their ideas, opinions, habits, and superstitions should be permitted to perpetuate themselves until extinguished by the spontaneous effects of civilization. The Esquimaux, the Red Indian, the Kaffir, the Hottentot, the Negro, the Australian, the New Zealander, the Dyak, the Malay, the wild Goond, the Cingalese, the Beloucheff, the Afghan, the Brahmin, and various other castes or tribes of India, might thus be brought together within the same inclosure. In many ways such an assemblage would serve to throw light on the nature and primitive ideas of our species; and not the least instructive part of the plan would be the study of the way in which civilization effected the several sections of mankind.

J. A. St. John.

MAN—Proper Study of.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much greatness for the stoic's pride;
He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of passion, passions all confused,
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise and half to fall,
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world. *Pope.*

MAN—Superiority of.

While some animals exhibit individual powers in higher perfection, man stands for their superior, not only in combining in his own body all the senses and faculties which they possess, but in being endowed with moral and intellectual powers which are denied to them, and which at once place him at the head of the living creation, and constitute him a moral, religious, intelligent, and responsible being. *Combe.*

MAN—Proper Training of.

Man is an animal, formidable both from his passions and his reason; his passions often urging him to great evils, and his reason furnishing means to achieve them. To train this animal, and make him amenable to order, to inure him to a sense of justice and virtue, to withhold him from ill courses by fear, and encourage him in his duty by hopes; in short, to fashion and model him for society, hath been the aim of civil and religious institutions; and, in all times, the endeavour of good and wise men. The aptest method for attaining this end hath been always judged a *proper education.* *Bishop Berkeley.*

MAN—Troubles of.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. *Job.*

MAN—Trusting in.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep. *Shakspeare.*

MAN—Virtue of.

O what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear;
That Thou adornest him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king—and even an angel's peer?
O what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower,
Dost Thou within the dying flesh inspire!

Sir J. Davies.

MAN—in his Wickedness.

The wicked man travaileth with pain all his days. A dreadful sound is in his ears: in prosperity the destroyer shall come upon him.

Job.

His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the streets. *Ibid.*

MAN—A Wise.

There is this difference between a wise man and a fool: the wise man expects future things, but does not depend upon them, and in the mean time enjoys the present, remembering the past with delight; but the life of the fool is wholly carried on to the future. *Epicurus.*

MAN—The Wisest.

Remember, that he is indeed the wisest and the happiest man, who, by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution, breaks through every opposition, that he may improve these opportunities. *Doddridge.*

MAN (Good)—Wish of a.

I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in time of need; I owe what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine; he visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared. *Dr. Sharpe.*

MAN OF LETTERS—Superiority of the.

The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. *Bigland.*

MANKIND—Indulgence to.

In order to love mankind, expect but little from them; in order to view their faults without bitterness, we must accustom ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. Now, nothing tends more to dispose us to indulgence, to close our hearts against hatred, to open them to the principles of a humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart. Accordingly, the wisest men have always been the most indulgent. *Bulwer Lytton.*

MANNERS—Beauty of.

We imperatively require a perception of beauty and a homage to it in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and workyard; but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a sloven and unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. The same discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less rigour, into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energetic class is good sense acting under certain limitations and to certain ends. It entertains natural gifts. Social in its nature, it respects everything which tends to unite man. It delights in measure. The love of beauty is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius or a prodigious usefulness if you will hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and perfect the part of the social instrument. Society will pardon much to genius and special gifts; but being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional or what belongs to coming together. That makes the good and bad of manners, namely, what helps or hinders fellowship. For fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character; hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary, and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all particularities as in the highest degree refreshing, which can consist with good fellowship. And besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendour of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society, as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit. *Emerson.*

MANNERS—Bluntness of.

This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature; he cannot flatter, he!
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in their plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly duckling observants
That stretch their duties nicely. *Shakspeare.*

MANNERS—Characteristics of.

The manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom. *Chesterfield.*

MANNERS—Due Exercise of.

You will, I believe, in general, ingratiate yourself with others, still less by paying them too much court than too little. *Greville.*

MANNERS—Forbidding.

Virtue itself offends, when coupled with forbidding manners. *Bishop Middleton.*

MANNERS—Forwardness of.

Unbecoming forwardness often proceeds more from ignorance than impudence. *Greville.*

MANNERS—Frugality of.

Frugality of manners is the nourishment and strength of bodies politic: it is that, by which they grow and subsist, until they are corrupted by luxury, the natural cause of their decay and ruin. *Bishop Berkeley.*

MANNERS—Good.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. *Swift.*

MANNERS—Importance of.

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them. *Burke.*

MANNERS—Natural.

Nothing so much prevents our being natural as the desire of appearing so. *La Rochefoucauld.*

MANNERS—sometimes Ridiculous.

Those that have good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at court. *Shakspeare.*

MANNERS—the Shadow of Virtues.

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties *Sidney Smith.*

MANNERS—Vulgarity of.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks everything that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. *Chesterfield.*

MARRIAGE—Advantages of.

Marriage has in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity; and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and Heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world. *Jeremy Taylor.*

MARRIAGE—Agreement in.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offence of each other in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom. *Ibid.*

MARRIAGE—Bond of.

If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast. *Rowe.*

MARRIAGE—Certificate of.

How fair these names, how much unlike they look
To all the blurr'd inscriptions in my book!
The bridegroom's letters stand in row above,
Tapering yet straight, like pine-trees in the grove;

While free and fine the bride's appear below,
As light and slender as her jessamines grow.
Crabbe.

MARRIAGE—Choice in.

Take the daughter of a good mother. *Fuller.*

MARRIAGE—Different Conditions of.

The marriage-life is always an *insipid*, a *vexatious*, or a *happy* condition. The first is, when two people of no genius or taste for themselves meet together, upon such a settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties. In this case the young lady's person is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of the human race, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect towards those above them.

The *vexatious* life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty, and insure to them riches, with every evil besides. These good people live in a constant constraint before company, and too great familiarity alone. When they are within observation, they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour; when alone, they revile each other's person and conduct. In company, they are in purgatory; when only together, in a hell.

The *happy* marriage is, where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness: the former we may, in some measure, defend ourselves from; the other is the portion of our very make. *Steele.*

MARRIAGE—Counsels for.

Many a marriage has commenced, like the morning, red, and perished like a mushroom. Wherefore? Because the married pair neglected to be as agreeable to each other after their union as they were before it. Seek always to please each other, my children, but in doing so keep heaven in mind. Lavish not your love to-day, remembering that marriage has a morrow and again a morrow. Bethink ye, my daughters, what the word *house-wife* expresses. The married woman is her husband's *domestic trust.* On her he ought to be able to place his reliance in house and family; to her he should confide the key of his heart and the lock of his store-room. His honour and his home are under her protection, his welfare in her hands. Ponder this! And you, my sons, be true men of honour, and good fathers of your families. Act in such wise that your wives respect and love you. And what more shall I say to you, my children? Peruse diligently the word of God; that will guide you out of storm and dead calm, and bring you safe into port. And as for the rest—do your best! *Frederika Bremer.*

MARRIAGE—Delights of.

What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet's bed not sweeter! Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house, built in a garden,
On which the spring flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours. *J. Middleton.*

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love;—I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house.
Ibid.

MARRIAGE—Disagreement in.

When souls, that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues!
Rowe.

MARRIAGE—Effects of.

Marriage, indeed, may qualify the fury of his passion; but it very rarely mends a man's manners. *Congreve.*

MARRIAGE—of Equals.

If you wish to marry suitably, marry your equal. *Ovid.*

MARRIAGE—founded on Esteem.

Wedded love is founded on esteem,
Which the fair merits of the mind engage;
For those are charms that never can decay;
But time, that gives new whiteness to the swan,
Improves their lustre. *Fenton.*

MARRIAGE—a Feast.

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner. *Colton.*

MARRIAGE—seldom Happy.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages. *Swift.*

MARRIAGE—A Hasty.

Hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
Shakspeare.

MARRIAGE—in the Time of Homer.

We find throughout the poems those signs of the overpowering force of conjugal attachments which, from all that has preceded, we might expect. While admitting the superior beauty of Calypso as an Immortal, Ulysses frankly owns to her that his heart is pining every day for Penelope. It is the highest honour of a hero to die fighting on behalf of his wife and children. The continuance of domestic happiness, and the concord of man and wife, is a blessing so great that it excites the envy of the gods, and they interrupt it by some adverse dispensation. And no wonder; for nothing has earth to offer better than when man and wife dwell together in unity of spirit; their friends rejoice, their foes repine; the human heart has nothing more to desire. There is here apparently involved that great and characteristic idea of the conjugal relation, that it includes and concentrates in itself all other loves. And this very idea is expressed by Andromache, where, after relating the slaughter of her family by Achilles, she tells Hector, "Hector, nay, but thou art for me a father, and a mother, and a brother, as well as the husband of my youth." To which he in the same spirit of enlarged attachment replies, by saying that neither the fate of Troy, which he sees approaching, nor of Hecuba, nor of Priam, nor of his brothers, can move his soul like the thought that Andromache will as a captive weave the web and bear the pitcher for some dame of Messe or of Hypereia. With the pictures which we thus find largely scattered over the poems, of the relations of woman to others, the characters which Homer has given us of woman herself are in thorough harmony. Among his living characters we do not find the viragos, the termaganta, the incarnate fiends of the later legends. Nay, the woman of Homer never dreams of using violence, even as a protection against wrong. It must be admitted, that he does not even present to us the heroine in any more pronounced form than that of the moral endurance of Penelope. The heroine proper, the Joan of Arc, is certainly a noble creation; but yet one, perhaps, implying a state of things more abnormal than that which had been reached by the Greeks of the Homeric age. The pictures of women, which Homer presents to us, are perfect pictures; but they are pictures simply of mothers, matrons, sisters, daughters, maidens, wives. The description which the Poet has given us of the violence and depravity of Clytemnestra, is the genuine counterpart of his high conception of the nature of woman. For, in proportion as that nature is elevated and pure, does it become more shameful and degraded when, by a total suppression of its better instincts, it has been given over to wickedness. *Gladstone.*

MARRIAGE—Interference with.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people. *Selden.*

MARRIAGE—Joys of.

The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life's paradise, great princes, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures. *Ford.*

MARRIAGE—a Lottery.

What do you think of marriage?
I take't, as those that deny purgatory:
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There's no third place in it. *Webster.*

MARRIAGE—Prudence in.

I know the sum of all that makes a man—a just man—happy,
Consists in the well choosing of his wife;
And then well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune:
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
Massinger.

MARRIAGE—Responsibility of.

Oh! surely marriage is a great and sacred responsibility. It is a bark in which two souls venture out on life's stormy sea, with no aid but their own to help them; the well-doing of their frail vessel must in future solely rest upon themselves; no one can take part either to mar or make their bliss or misery. From her husband alone must henceforth flow all the happiness that the wife is destined to know; he is the only being she must care to please; all other men are now to be to her but shadows glancing on the wall. And he—what is his share in the compact? how does he fulfil his promise—redeem his pledge? For does he not swear to guard and cherish, and look leniently on the faults of the gentle girl he takes to his heart; and in return for all her duty and sweet obedience, be true to her in sickness and health, in wealth and in poverty, for ever and for ever? And blessed are the unions in which those feelings are fostered and preserved. *Hamilton.*

MARRIAGE—Risks of.

For marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
For what is wedlock forcèd but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife;

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth happiness,
And is a pattern of celestial bliss. *Shakspeare.*

MARRIAGE—Romance of.

The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle—no base fear, because suffering and distress cannot affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed, and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power, is exercised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties. Once romance meant chivalry; and the hero of romance was one who did his knightly devoirs, and was true and loyal to God and his lady love. If with us it has come to mean the sensual fancies of nerveless boys, and the sickly reveries of girls for whose higher faculties society can find no employment, it is only another instance in which the present is not so much wiser and grander than the past, as its flatterers are fond of imagining. To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love, exists, there exists the main element of romance, and that where the circumstances of life are most favourable for the development of the qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor, or like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance, are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the modern true knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar to love, comfort, honour, and keep in sickness and in health, the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life, and happiness into his hands. *George Brinsley.*

MARRIAGE—Rule of.

First get an absolute conquest over thyself, and then thou wilt easily govern thy wife.
Fuller.

MARRIAGE—Sacredness of.

Strong are the instincts with which God has guarded the sacredness of marriage.
Maria M'Intosh.

MARRIAGE—A Second.

Were a man not to marry a second time, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wife, he pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time. *Johnson.*

MARRIAGE—State of.

Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state. *Ibid.*

MARRIAGE—a Stimulus.

To tell the truth, however, family and poverty have done more to support me than I have to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions that I hardly thought myself capable of; and often, when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero, not for myself, but for my wife and little ones.
Power.

MARRIAGE—a Perpetual Tie.

Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.
Johnson.

MARRIAGE—Proper Time of.

Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry. *Cowper.*

MARRIAGE—Unholy.

The thoughtlessness of youth and headlong impetus of passion frequently throw people into rash engagements, and in these cases the *formal* morality of the world, more careful of externals than of truth, declares it to be nobler for such rash engagements to be kept, even when the rashness is felt by the engaged, than that a man's honour should be stained by a withdrawal. The letter thus takes precedence of the spirit. To satisfy this prejudice, a life is sacrificed. A miserable marriage rescues the honour; and no one throws the burden of that misery upon the prejudice. I am not forgetting the necessity of being stringent against the common thoughtlessness of youth in forming such relations; but I say that this thoughtlessness once having occurred, reprobate it as you will, the pain which a separation may bring had better be endured than evaded by an unholy marriage, which cannot come to good. *Lewes.*

MARRIED AND SINGLE — Relative Value of the.

Though bachelors be the strongest stakes, married men are the best binders, in the hedge of the commonwealth. It is the policy of the Londoners, when they send a ship into the Levant or Mediterranean Sea, to make every mariner therein a merchant, each seaman venturing somewhat of his own, which will make him more wary to avoid, and more valiant to undergo dangers. Thus married men, especially if having posterity, are the deeper sharers in that state wherein they live, which engageth their affections to the greater loyalty. *Fuller.*

MARTYRDOM—Cause of.

To die for truth is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the *Venus de Medici*, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity; but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess. Then also thy temple, O eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth, made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions, and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests will be fixed in the grave of a martyr. *Richter.*

MARTYR—Love of a.

Love constitutes my crime:
For this they keep me here,
Imprison'd thus so long a time
For Him I hold so dear.
And yet I am, as when I came,
The subject of this holy flame.

How can I better grow?
How from my own heart fly?
Those who imprison'd me should know
True love can never die?
Yea, tread and crush it with disdain,
And it will live and burn again.

And am I then to blame?
He's always in my sight:
And, having once inspired the flame,
He always keeps it bright.
For this they smite me and reprove,
Because I cannot cease to love.

What power shall dim its ray,
Dropp'd burning from above?
Eternal life shall ne'er decay:
God is the life of love.
And when its source of life is o'er,
And *only then*, 'twill shine no more.

Madame Guyon.

MARTYRS—Religious Faith of.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
E'en them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not; in thy Book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe. *Milton.*

And they stoned Stephen, [*he*] calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.

St. Luke.

MARTYRS—Noble Objects of.

Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,—
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown
Till persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven. Their ashes flew—
No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song;
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.

Cowper.

MASSACRE—Horrors of.

No age was spared, nor sex, nay, no degree;
Not infants in the porch of life were free;
The sick, the old, who could but hope a day
Longer by Nature's bounty, not let stay;
Virgins and widows, matrons, pregnant wives,
All died; 'twas crime enough that they had lives.
To strike but only those who could do hurt,
Was dull and poor. Some fell to make the number,
As some the prey. *Johnson.*

Methinks I see
The glutton death gorged with devouring lives;
Nothing but images of horror round me:

Rome all in blood, the ravish'd vestals raving,
The sacred fire put out; robb'd mothers shrieks
Deafening the gods with clamours for their babes,
That sprawled aloft upon the soldiers' spears;
The beard of age pluck'd up by barb'rous hands,
While from their piteous wounds and horrid gashes,
The lab'ring life flow'd faster than the blood.
Lee.

MASTER—of a Family.

It is not only paying wages, and giving commands, that constitutes a master of a family; but prudence, equal behaviour, with a readiness to protect and cherish them, is what entitles a man to that character in their very hearts and sentiments. *Steele.*

MASTERS—Example of.

One way in which the characters of servants in high life might be improved, would be by seeing their masters a little more scrupulous than some of the more fashionable amongst them are wont to be in matters of truth and honesty. The adherence to honesty on the part of the masters might be exemplary; whereas their actual measure of honesty would perhaps be indicated with sufficient indulgence if they were described (in the qualified language which Hamlet applies to himself) to be "indifferent honest." And there is a currency of untruth in daily use amongst fashionable people for purposes of convenience, which proceeds to a much bolder extent than the form of well-understood falsehood by which the middle classes also, not perhaps without some occasional violation of their more tender consciences, excuse themselves from receiving a guest. Fashionable people, moreover, are the most unscrupulous smugglers and buyers of smuggled goods, and have less difficulty than others and less shame in making various illicit inroads upon the public property and revenue. It is not to be denied that these practices are, in point of fact, a species of lying and cheating; and the latter of them bears a close analogy to the sort of depredation in which the dishonesty of a servant commonly commences. To a servant it must seem quite as venial an offence to trench upon the revenues of a duke as to the duke it may seem to defraud the revenues of a kingdom. Such proceedings, if not absolutely to be branded as dishonest, are not at least altogether honourable; they are such as may be more easily excused in a menial than in a gentleman. Nor can it ever be otherwise than of an evil example to make truth and honesty matters of degree. *Taylor.*

MASTERS—Influence of.

There is nothing so good to make a horse fat, as the eye of his master. *Diogenes.*

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

If thou art a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf. *Fuller.*

MASTERSHIP.

Such it hath been—shall be—beneath the sun;
The many still must labour for the one!
'Tis nature's doom. *Byron.*

MATERIALISM — an Insupportable Doctrine.

The doctrine of the *materialists* was always, even in my youth, a cold, heavy, dull, and insupportable doctrine to me, and necessarily tending to atheism. When I heard with disgust, in the dissecting rooms, the plan of the physiologist, of the gradual secretion of matter, and its becoming endued with irritability, ripening into sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were necessary, by its own inherent forces, and at last rising into intellectual existence, a walk into the green fields, or woods, by the banks of rivers, brought back my feelings from nature to God. I saw in all the powers of matter, the instruments of the Deity; the sunbeams, the breath of the zephyr, awakened animation in forms prepared by Divine Intelligence to receive it; the insensate seed, the slumbering egg, which were to be vivified, appeared like the newborn animal, works of a divine mind: I saw *love* as the creative principle in the material world, and this love only as a divine attribute. Then, in my own mind, I felt connected with new sensations and indefinite hopes, a thirst for immortality; the great names of other ages, and of distant nations, appeared to me to be still living around me; and even in the funeral monuments of the heroic and the great, I saw, as it were, the indestructibility of mind.

These feelings, though generally considered as poetical, offer a sound philosophical argument in favour of the immortality of the soul. In all the habits and instincts of young animals, their feelings or movements may be traced in intimate relation to their improved perfect state; their sports have always affinities to their modes of hunting or catching their food, and young birds even in the nest show marks of fondness, which, when their frames are developed, become signs of actions

necessary to the re-production and preservation of the species. The desire of glory, of honour, of immortal fame, and of constant knowledge, so usual in young persons of well-constituted minds, cannot, I think, be other than symptoms of the infinite and progressive nature of intellect—hopes, which, as they cannot be gratified here, belong to a frame of mind suited to a nobler state of existence.

Sir Humphry Davy.

MATERIALISM & SPIRITUALISM.

The materialists maintain that man consists of one uniform substance, the object of the senses; and that perception, with its modes, is the result, necessary or otherwise, of the organization of the brain. *Belsham.*

The doctrine opposed to this is spiritualism, or the doctrine that there is a spirit in man, and that he has a soul as well as a body. In like manner, he who maintains that there is but one substance, and that that substance is matter, is a materialist. And he who holds that above and beyond the material frame of the universe there is a spirit sustaining and directing it, is a spiritualist. The philosopher who admits that there is a spirit in man, and a spirit in the universe, is a perfect spiritualist. He who denies spirit in man or in the universe is a perfect materialist. But some have been inconsistent enough to admit a spirit in man and deny the existence of God, while others have admitted the existence of God and denied the soul of man to be spiritual. *Fleming.*

MAY—Beauties of.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail! bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

Milton.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.
When thy short reign is past, the fev'rish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.

Dryden.

MAY—Description of.

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.
Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
And amorous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast.
With every shifting gleam of morning light,
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.
Imperial ensigns graced her smiling form;
A golden key and golden wand she bore:
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
And that unlocks the summer's copious store.
Onward in conscious majesty she came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taste;
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
And blend fresh triumphs with her glorious past.

Levibond.

MEANS—Proper Use of.

The means that Heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse.

Shakspeare.

MEANS AND ENDEAVOURS.

There can be no end without means: and God furnishes no means that exempt us from the task and duty of joining our own best endeavours. The original stock, or wild olive-tree of our natural powers, was not given us to be burnt or blighted, but to be *grafted on.*

Coleridge.

MEDALS—Historical Records.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust.
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more;
Convinced, she now contracts the vast design,—
And all her triumphs sink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

Pope.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name.
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties lie;
With sharpen'd sight, pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore;
This, the blue varnish, that, the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.

Prior.

MEDICINES—Best.

Joy, temperance, and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.
Longfellow.

MEDIOCRITY—not Allowed.

Mediocrity is not allowed to poets, either by the gods or men. *Horace.*

MEDIOCRITY—Character of.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.
La Rochefoucauld.

MEDIOCRITY—Proof of.

Always to give praise moderately, is a strong proof of mediocrity.
Marquis de Vauvenargues.

MEDIOCRITY—Usefulness of.

Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable, and unspeakably more useful, than talented inconstancy.
Dr. James Hamilton.

MEDITATION—Art of.

Meditation, that great and universal instructor of the human race, which presides over all the creations of genius—the parent of philosophy—the sure guide of the arts in all their applications, because it enlightens them with general principles—plays a still more important and more extensive part in the great process of moral development. It is here that its value is most conspicuous, for it puts man in possession of all his powers, and elevates him to the real dignity of his nature. In science and in art, thinking elaborates the elementary facts furnished by observation and experiment; in the work of moral development, its object is to explore the inmost recesses of the mind, to collect together those elementary phenomena which reveal to us the great law of duty, and to familiarize us with a knowledge of ourselves. In science and in art, thinking operates only on ideas furnished by the senses and the intellect; in the work of moral education, it also excites those emotions or feelings which are associated with, or which naturally flow out of, our conceptions of good, and which constitute the immediate springs of action. Thinking, indeed, may be said to be the living principle of wisdom; and if the practice of it be so difficult in the ordinary course of study, and familiar only to a small number of minds, it becomes still more so, and is consequently less practised, in reference to moral objects. In the acquirement of scientific truth, thought is often aided by images of sense, by descriptions and definitions. In moral speculations, these exterior aids do not exist; the mind is thrown upon its own resources, is fed only by its own aliment, and maintains itself by its own native strength. *Degerando.*

MEDITATION—Food for.

He who has thought for himself, depends not exclusively on others; and yet neither will he depend exclusively upon himself. He deals with raw materials of thought, and knows processes of preparation; but he does not manufacture for all his needs. He buys at the market of wisdom; but when he buys, he judges well and carefully of worth, and can detect adulteration. He can look around the world, and discern uses in things that other men will despise. He can scheme, invent, and combine for himself. Having thoughts of his own, he will speak of truth and opinion generally, as one who has seen and examined, not merely has heard the report of other men. The reflective man will see in his very pathway, illustrations, opportunities, and phenomena, for which it might once have seemed necessary to go far and to search widely. It is a fault in life as great as obvious, that we see not, or heed not, how principles that we honour and profess to obey, may be, and are, applied or violated in our common conduct. He who meditates will be able to see this, and to show it. Accustoming himself to think, he will soon find shining within him, as central suns, certain great fixed principles. In their light will he see the things of his life, and of the world; his whole being will almost unconsciously become orderly and vivified, changed and glorious, under the influence of these suns. *Trinal.*

MEDITATION—Haunts of.

These are the haunts of meditation,—these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath
Ecstatic felt; and from this world retired,
Conversed with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice,
In walking whispers, and repeated dreams;
To hint pure thought, and warm the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and form the patriot's breast,
Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engaged to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
Thomson.

MEDITATION—Religious.

Meditation is one of our most difficult Christian duties, but, at the same time, it is one of the most important. We can read or hear a dozen of books more easily than we can meditate properly on one; but yet, our inward thoughts are the only tests by which we can know the real state of our minds. Whatever we turn to naturally when alone, is the thing which engrosses most of our regard, and therefore we should often look inwards, to ascertain if our hearts are stored for eternity, and how far they are devoted to the service of God. Religious meditations have been compared to the blossoms on a tree in Spring: many of them fall off, come to nothing, and end in vanity; but yet they are the first things in which spiritual-mindedness consists; and there can be no fruit, good or bad, but what proceeds from our thoughts. *Sinclair.*

MEDITATION—the Tongue of the Soul.

Meditation is the tongue of the soul and the language of our spirit; and our wandering thoughts in prayer are but the neglects of meditation and recessions from that duty; and according as we neglect meditation, so are our prayers imperfect,—meditation being the soul of prayer and the intention of our spirit. *Jeremy Taylor.*

MEEKNESS—Reward of.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. *St. Matthew.*

MEETING—after Absence.

Now by the transports in my thrilling veins,
My throbbing heart, that leaps with joy to meet thee,
Most welcome to these arms: ah! my loved lord,
Could you conceive the fears your absence gave,
The kind suggestions of our female softness,
Whilst every singing dart, each brandish'd spear,
Imagination levell'd at your breast;
You from that thought might guess my
Present rapture. *Froude.*

MEETING—Delights of.

Thou mightiest pleasure
And greatest blessing that kind Heaven could send me!
Oh! when I look on thee, new starts of glory
Spring in my breast, and with a backward bound,
I run the race of lusty youth again. *Lee.*

MEETING—Delights of.

But here she comes!
In the calm harbour of whose gentle breast
My tempest-beaten soul may safely rest.
O! my heart's joy! whate'er my sorrows be,
They cease and vanish on beholding thee:
Care shuns thy walk, as at the cheerful light
The groaning ghosts and birds obscure take flight;
By this one view all my past pains are paid,
And all I have to come more easy made.
Dryden.

MEETING—after Separation.

I have not joy'd an hour since you departed,
For public miseries and for private fears;
And this bless'd meeting has o'erpaid them all. *Dryden and Lee.*

MEETING—with a Sister.

O my sister: let me hold thee
Long in my arms; I've not beheld thy face
These many days; by night I've oft seen thee
In gentle dreams, and satisfied my soul
With fancied joys, till morning cares awaked.
Otway.

MELANCHOLY—Associations of.

Can music's voice, can beauty's eye,
Can painting's glowing hand supply
A charm so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind;
As drops this little weeping rill,
Soft tinkling down the moss-grown hill,
Whilst through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly fails, and waves her banners grey? *Mason.*

MELANCHOLY—Attributes of.

O'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Deserted paths, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Pope.

MELANCHOLY—Brooding.

My melancholy haunts me everywhere,
And not one kindly gleam pierces the gloom
Of my dark thoughts, to give a glimpse of comfort. *Southern.*

MELANCHOLY—Characteristics of.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the

lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. *Shakspeare.*

MELANCHOLY—Concomitants of.

What doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
Ibid.

MELANCHOLY—Depictured.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.
Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.
Keats.

MELANCHOLY—a Mental Disease.

It is not, as you conceive, an indisposition
Of body, but the mind's disease; so ecstasy,
Fantastic dotage, madness, frenzy, rapture
Of mere imagination, differ partly
From melancholy, which is briefly this,—
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged,
With fear and sorrow; first begat i' the brain,
The seat of reason, and from thence derived
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affection. *Ford.*

MELANCHOLY—Effects of.

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;

And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyed musing, and cursed melancholy?
Shakspeare.

MELANCHOLY—Features of.

This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping. *Ibid.*

He droops, and hangs his discontented head,
Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority.
Rowe.

MELANCHOLY—Heaviness of.

A kind of weight hangs heavy on my heart,
My flagging soul flies under her own pitch,
Like fowl in air too damp, and lags along,
As if she were a body in a body,
And not a mounting substance made of fire;
My senses, too, are dull and stupified,
Their edge rebated: sure some ill approaches,
And some kind spirit knocks softly at my breast,
To tell me fate's at hand. *Cleomenes.*

MELANCHOLY—Horrors of.

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
Milton.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes—
Headless bears, black men, and apes.
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so damned as melancholy. *Burton.*

MELANCHOLY—Humour of.

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh! it's your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir; I am melancholy myself divers times, sir, and then do I no more, but take a pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.
Ben Jonson.

MELANCHOLY—to be Resisted.

Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty receipts against melancholy: one was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimneypiece and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or in others. *Sidney Smith.*

MELANCHOLY—Sadness of.

Melancholy spreads itself
'Twixt heaven and earth, like envy between man
And man,—and is an everlasting mist. *Byron.*

MELANCHOLY—Silence of.

I have sat with him in his cabin a day together,
Yet not a syllable exchanged between us;
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief
And melancholy at that instant would
Choke up his vital spirits; and now and then
A tear or two, as in derision of
The roughness of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks; which, but once felt,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up. *Massinger.*

MELANCHOLY—Sweetness of.

Hence all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
I, man, were wise to see it,
But only melancholy!
O, sweetest melancholy!
Welcome with folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound;
Fountain-head and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moon-lit walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls;
A midnight sigh, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,—
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.
Beaumont.

MELANCHOLY—Thoughtfulness of.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes,
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet.
Milton.

MELANCHOLY—Victim of.

I have of late (but wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave, o'erhanging firmament,—this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. *Shakspeare.*

MELODY—Moments of.

I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, in one of those long sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near; but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from the sight, when, all on a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices and the willing choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, "like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes." The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness—the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world. *Hazlitt.*

MEMORY—Early Associations of.

It is an old saying, that we forget nothing, as people in fever begin suddenly to talk the language of their infancy; we are stricken by memory sometimes, and old affections rush back on us as vivid as in the time when they were our daily talk; when their presence gladdened our eyes; when their accents thrilled in our ears; when, with passionate tears and grief, we flung ourselves upon their hopeless corpses. Parting is death—at least as far as

life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or, weeping in a post-chaise, it drops out of life one way or the other, and the earth-clods close over it, and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls, and it is eternal. *Thackeray.*

MEMORY—without Contamination.

A memory without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure,—an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment.
Charlotte Brontë.

MEMORY—Definition of.

Memory is the cabinet of imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience, and the council-chamber of thought. *Basile.*

It is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved.
Fuller.

MEMORY—Force of.

Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. *Shakspeare.*

MEMORY—Impaired.

Something like
That voice, methinks, I should have somewhere heard,
But floods of woe have hurried it far off
Beyond my ken of soul. *Dryden.*

MEMORY—Joys of.

Memory, bosom-spring of joy. *Coleridge.*

MEMORY—Leaves of.

The leaves of memory seem to make
A mournful rustling in the dark. *Longfellow.*

MEMORY—Ode to.

Will no remorse, will no decay,
O Memory, soothe thee into peace?
When life is ebbing fast away,
Will not thy hungry vultures cease?
Ah, no! as weeds from fading free,
Noxious and rank, yet verdantly,
Twine round a ruin'd tower;
So to the heart, untamed, will cling
The memory of an evil thing,
In life's departing hour:
Green is the weed when grey the wall,
And thistles rise while turrets fall.

Yet open Memory's book again,—
Turn o'er the lovelier pages now,
And find that balm for present pain
Which past enjoyment can bestow:
Delusion all, and void of power!
For e'en in thought's serenest hour,
When past delights are felt,
And memory shines on scenes of woe,
'Tis like the moonbeam on the snow,
That gilds, but cannot melt;
That throws a mockery lustre o'er,
But leaves it cheerless as before. *Heraud.*

MEMORY—Pangs of.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
Goldsmith.

But in that instant, o'er his soul
Winters of memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime;
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moments hold the grief of years. *Byron.*

But ever and anon of griefs subdued,
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking th' electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound;
And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many! yet how few. *Ibid.*

MEMORY—Pictures in.

Three pictures lined the four-walled cell where are stored for me the records of the past. First, Eton. All in that picture is in far perspective, receding, diminutive; but freshly-coloured, green, dewy, with a spring sky, piled with glittering yet showery clouds; for my childhood was not all sunshine,—it

had its overcast, its cold, its stormy hours. Second, X——, huge, dingy; the canvas cracked and smoked; a yellow sky, sooty clouds; no sun, no azure; the verdure of the suburbs blighted and sullied—a very dreary scene. Third, Belgium; and I will pause before this landscape. . . Green, reedy swamps; fields fertile but flat, cultivated in patches, that made them look like magnified kitchen-gardens; belts of cut trees, formal as pollard willows, skirting the horizon; narrow canals, gliding slow by the road-side; painted Flemish farmhouses; some very dirty hovels; grey, dead sky; wet roads, wet fields, wet housetops; not a beautiful, scarcely a picturesque object met my eye along the whole route; yet, to me, all was beautiful, all was more than picturesque. *Charlotte Brontë.*

MEMORY—Pleasures of.

Come to me often, sportive Memory,
Thy hands are full of flowers, thy voice is sweet,
Thine innocent, uncareful look doth meet
The solitary cravings of mine eye;
I cannot let thee flit unheeded by,
For I have gentle words wherewith to greet
Thy welcome visits: pleasant hours are fleet,
So let us sit and talk the sand-glass dry,
Dear visitant, who comest, dark and light,
Morning and evening, and with merry voice
Tellest of new occasion to rejoice;
And playest round me in the fairy night,
Like a quaint spirit, on the moonlight beams
Threading the lazy labyrinth of dreams.
Henry Arnold.

MEMORY—a Source of Pleasure.

Memory, a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than that dreadful engine of colloquial oppression, into which it is sometimes erected. *Sidney Smith.*

MEMORY—Powers of.

The powers of memory are twofold. They consist in the actual reminiscence or recollection of past events, and in the power of retaining what we have learned in such a manner that it can be called into remembrance as occasions present themselves, or circumstances may require. *Cogan.*

MEMORY—Active Powers of.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies. *Pope.*

MEMORY—Recollections of.

Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my memory
To conjure up my wrongs to life again?
To think on all times backward like a space
Idle and void, where nothing e'er had being;
But thou hast peopled it again:
Oh! thou hast set my busy brain at work!
And now she musters up a train of images,
Which, to preserve my peace, I'd cast aside,
And sink in deep oblivion. *Rowe.*

Though time has plough'd that face
With many furrows since I saw it first,
Yet I'm too well acquainted with the ground
quite to forget it. *Dryden.*

The joys I have possess'd are ever mine;
Out of thy reach, behind eternity,
Hid in the sacred treasure of the past,
But bless'd remembrance brings them hourly back. *Ibid.*

MEMORY—Sorrows of.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought:
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now, turn'd to heaven, I weep my past offence;
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget. *Pope.*

MEMORY—Training of.

It is a fact well attested by experience, that the memory may be seriously injured by pressing upon it too hardly and continuously in early life. Whatever theory we hold as to this great function of our nature, it is certain that its powers are only gradually developed; and that, if forced into premature exercise, they are impaired by the effort. This is a maxim, indeed, of general import, applying to the condition and culture of every faculty of body and mind, but singularly to the one we are now considering, which forms, in one sense, the foundation of intellectual life. A regulated exercise, short of fatigue, is improving to it; but we are bound to refrain from goading it by constant and laborious efforts in early life, and before the instrument is strengthened to its work, or it decays under our hands. *Sir H. Holland.*

MEN—Three Classes of.

There are but three classes of men: *the retrograde, the stationary,* and *the progressive.* *Lavater.*

MEN—and their Heirs.

He who sees his heir in his own child, carries his eye over hopes and possessions lying far beyond his gravestone, viewing his life, even here, as a period but closed with a comma. He who sees his heir in another man's child, sees the full stop at the end of the sentence. *Bulwer Lytton.*

MEN OF BUSINESS—Rarity of.

Rare, almost as great poets, rarer, perhaps, than veritable saints and martyrs, are consummate men of business. A man, to be excellent in this way, must not only be variously gifted, but his gifts should be nicely proportioned to one another. He must have in a high degree that virtue which men have always found the least pleasant of virtues — prudence. His prudence, however, will not be merely of a cautious and quiescent order, but that which, being ever actively engaged, is more fitly called discretion than prudence. He requires a great knowledge of character, with that exquisite tact which feels unerringly the right moment when to act. A discreet rapidity must pervade all the movements of his thought and action. He must be singularly free from vanity, and is generally found to be an enthusiast, who has the art to conceal his enthusiasm. *Helps.*

MEN OF GENIUS.

The men of genius that I fancy most have erectile heads, like the cobra-di-capello. You remember what they tell of William Pinkney, the great pleader; how in his eloquent paroxysms the veins of his neck would swell, and his face flush, and his eyes glitter, until he seemed on the verge of apoplexy. The hydraulic arrangements for supplying the brain with blood are only second in importance to its own organization.

The bulbous-headed fellows that steam well when they are at work, are the men that draw big audiences, and give us marrowy books and pictures. It is a good sign to have one's feet grow cold when he is writing. A great writer and speaker once told me that he often wrote with his feet in hot water; but for this, *all* his blood would have run into his head, as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of a thermometer.

You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage-stamps, do you,—each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. *Browne.*

MEN (Good)—experience Change.

Good men do not always find grace and favour, lest they should be puffed up with turgent titles, grow insolent and proud. *Chrysostom.*

MEN (Good)—watched by Providence.

The good are Heaven's peculiar care. *Ovid.*

MEN (Good)—abhor Vice.

The good, for virtue's sake, abhor to sin. *Horace.*

MEN (Great)—Inspiration of.

All great men are in some degree inspired. *Tully.*

MEN (Great)—Lives of.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again. *Longfellow.*

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature, give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the labourers on the surface do not even dream. *Ibid.*

MEN OF HONOUR—to be Relied on.

Napoleon, in his confidential conversations with me, drew a distinction between a *man of honour* and *a conscientious man*, giving his preference to the former, because, he said, we know what to expect from a man who is bound simply and purely by his words and his engagements, while in the other case we depend on his opinions and feelings, which may vary. "He does that which he thinks he ought to do, or which he supposes is best." "Thus," he added, "my father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, has done that which he believes conducive to the interest of his people. He is an honest man, a conscientious man, but not a man of honour. You, for example, if the enemy had invaded France and stood upon the

heights of Montmartre, you believe, perhaps with reason, that the welfare of your country commands you to desert me, and you do it; you may be a good Frenchman, a brave man, a conscientious man, but you are not a man of honour." *Marmont.*

MEN OF SENSE.

We do not commonly find men of superior sense amongst those of the highest fortune. *Juvenal.*

MEN—Unlucky.

Never have anything to do with an unlucky place, or an unlucky man. I have seen many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me? *Rothschild.*

MERCHANT—Description of the.

A marchant was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His botes clapsed fayre and fetisly;
His reasons spake he ful solempnely,
Souning alway of the encrese of his winning.
He wold the see were kept for any thing
Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell,
Wel coud he in eschanges sheldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit-besette;
There wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedefastly didde he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.
Chaucer.

MERCHANT—Social Position and Importance of the.

I found it to be true, that a true-bred merchant is the best gentleman in the nation; that in knowledge, in manners, in judgment of things, the merchant outdid many of the nobility; that having once mastered the world, and being above the demand of business, though having no real estate, he was then superior to most gentlemen, even in estate; that a merchant in flush business and a capital stock is able to spend more money than a gentleman of £5,000 a-year estate; that while a merchant spent, he only spent what he got, and not that; and that he laid up great sums every year. That an estate is a pond; but that a trade is a spring; that if the first is once mortgaged, it seldom gets clear, but embarrassed the person for ever; but the merchant had his estate continually flowing. *De Foe.*

MERCHANT—Usefulness of the.

There are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. . . . . Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire: it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves. *Addison.*

MERCIES—Acknowledgment of.

Let not the blessings we receive daily from God, make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common: let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind, could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour, during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily; and for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the sun, and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and meat, and content. *Izaak Walton.*

MERCIES—Recollections of.

Recollections of former mercies is the proper antidote against a temptation to despair in the day of calamity; and as, in the divine dispensations, which are always uniform and like themselves, whatever has happened happens again when the circumstances are similar, the experience of ancient times is to be called in to our aid, and duly consulted. Nay, we may remember the time, when we ourselves were led to compose and utter a song of joy and triumph, on occasion of signal mercies vouchsafed to us. Upon these topics we should, in the night of affliction, commune with our own hearts and make diligent search, as Daniel did in Babylon, into the cause, the nature, and the probable continuance of our

troubles, with the proper methods of shortening and bringing them to an end, by suffering them to have their intended and full effect, in a sincere repentance and thorough reformation.
Bishop Horne.

MERCY—Attributes of.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Shakspeare.

Of all the paths which lead to human bliss,
The most secure and grateful to our steps,
With mercy and humanity is mark'd;
The sweet-tongued rumour of a gracious deed
Can charm, from hostile hands, th' uplifted blade,
The gall of anger into milk transform,
And dress the brows of enmity in smiles.
Glover.

Mercy, not justice, is the throne of princes;
For what is power, though boundless and almight?
A deity of awfulness and fear;
But in the whirlwind of its wrath, when flies
The burning shaft, if mercy's saving hand
Arrests its flight, then we kneel and worship,
And mix our praise with gratitude and love.
Francis.

Heaven has but
Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
To pardon erring man. Sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice,
As if there were degrees in infinite:
An infinite would rather want perfection,
Than punish to extent. *Dryden.*

MERCY—Divinity of.

Sith in the Almightie's everlasting seat,
She first was bred, and born of heavenly race,
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace. *Spenser.*

MERCY—Infinitude of.

Say not that any crime of man
Was e'er too great to be forgiv'n:
Can we within our little span,
Engrasp the viewless mind of Heav'n?
Shall we attempt with puny force
To lash back ocean with a rod?
Arrest the planets in their course?
Or weigh the mercies of a God?
Say not that any crime of man, &c.

Our mercies, like ourselves, may be
Small, finite, and ungracious ever;
May spurn a brother's bended knee,—
But God forsakes the contrite, never!
Vast as Himself they shine above;
To eyes that look through sorrow's tear;
Great though the crime, great is the love,
If those who seek it are sincere.
Say not that any crime of man, &c.
——— *Dr. Mackay.*

There is more mercy in the merciful God
Than e'er inhabited the pregnant eyes
Of men, who waste unprofitable tears
For all imaginable woes, and leave
The poor uncomforted, to wail their own.
Coleridge.

MERCY—Quality of.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute of God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *Shakspeare.*

MERCY—Reward of.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. *St. Matthew.*

MERCY—Time for.

Couldst thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy? Time is a man's good angel:
To leave no interval between the sentence
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only,—the Immutable! *Coleridge.*

MERIT—Characteristics of.

Elevation is to merit what dress is to a handsome person.

There is merit without elevation; but there is no elevation without some merit.

The mark of extraordinary merit is to see those most envious of it constrained to praise.

The art of being able to make a good use of moderate abilities wins esteem, and often confers more reputation than real merit.

Nature creates merit, and fortune brings it into play. *La Rochefoucauld.*

MERIT—long before Discovered.

Men are so employed about themselves, that they have not leisure to distinguish and pene-

trate into others; which is the cause why a great merit, joined to a great modesty, may be a long time before it is discovered. *La Bruyère.*

MERIT—Modesty of.

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
Shakspeare.

MERIT—Qualities of.

Like the sun, true merit shows;
By nature warm, by nature bright,
With inbred flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.
Bickerstaff.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul. *Pope.*

MERIT—Rewards of.

I know not why we should delay our tokens of respect to those who deserve them, until the heart that our sympathy could have gladdened has ceased to beat. As men cannot read the epitaphs inscribed upon the marble that covers them, so the tombs that we erect to virtue often only prove our repentance, that we neglected it when with us. *Bulwer Lytton.*

MERIT—Season of.

Merit has its season as well as fruit.
La Rochefoucauld.

MERIT—Unsuccessful.

Unsuccessful merit will never have many followers, though admirers may be found.
Zimmerman.

MERMAID—Music of the.

I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music. *Shakspeare.*

MERRIMENT—Harmless.

Who cannot make one in the circle of harmless merriment (without a secret cause of grief or seriousness), may be suspected of pride, hypocrisy, or formality. *Lavater.*

METAPHYSICIANS.

Metaphysicians have been learning their lesson for the last four thousand years; and it is now high time that they should begin to teach us something. Can any of the tribe inform us why all the operations of the mind are carried on with undiminished strength and activity in dreams, except the judgment, which alone is suspended and dormant? *Colton.*

METHOD—Want of.

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them. *Addison.*

MIDNIGHT—Hour of.

Midnight,—strange, mystic hour,—when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin. *Mrs. Stowe.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. *Shakspeare.*

MIDNIGHT—Thoughts on.

'Tis midnight:—on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky,
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray! *Byron.*

MILESTONE—Cheering Influence of a.

I love a milestone—showing on its face
The cheerful words it hath no tongue to utter;
And, when the equinox begins to mutter
Harsh menaces of fury, lessening space
At each recurrence.—Then tired travellers trace
In fancy, pictures fair of bread and butter,
Invigorating tea, and the warm bath
For aching feet. Let the shower spit and sputter,
Flung thro' the hedge across the loamy path
By the keen gusty gale,—they reck not; they
Gather encouragment at every mile.
Seeking with eager glance beside the way
For the inspiriting stone, which—like a smile
On a physician's face—kind words doth seem to say! *Calder Campbell.*

MILITIAS—Inutility of.

Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence!

Stout, once a month, they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in time of need, at hand.
Dryden.

MILKMAID—Labours of the.

Soon as the grey-eyed morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing, to the distant fields repairs;
And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,
The milky burthen smokes upon her head.
Gay.

MIND—Adaptation of.

My voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species,) to the external world
Is fitted :—and how exquisitely too—
Theme this but little heard of among men—
The external world is fitted to the mind;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be called,) which they with blended might
Accomplish—this is our high argument.—
Wordsworth.

MIND—Amicability of.

His sweetest mind,
'Twixt mildness tempered and low courtesy,
Could lean as soon to be as not be kind;
Churlish despite ne'er looked from his calm eye,
Much less commanded in his gentle heart,
To baser men fair looks he would impart;
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimental art. *Phineas Fletcher.*

MIND—Brightness of.

Mind is the brightness of the body—lights it,
When strength, its proper but less subtle fire
Begins to fail. *J. S. Knowles.*

MIND—Calmness of.

When all the fiercer passions cease
(The glory and disgrace of youth);
When the deluded soul in peace
Can listen to the voice of truth;
When we are taught in whom to trust,
And how to spare, to spend, to give
(Our prudence kind, our pity just),
'Tis then we rightly learn to live. *Crabbe.*

MIND—Capability of the.

When we turn our serious attention to the economy of the mind, we perceive that it is capable of a variety of processes, of the most remarkable and most important nature. We find also, that we can exert a voluntary power over these processes, by which we control, direct, and regulate them at our will,—and that when we do not exert this power, the mind is left to the influence of external impressions, or casual trains of association, often unprofitable, and often frivolous. We thus discover that the mind is the subject of culture and discipline, which, when duly exercised, must produce the most important results on our condition as rational and moral beings; and that the exercise of them involves a responsibility of the most solemn kind, which no man can possibly put away from him. *Dr. Abercrombie.*

MIND—Condition of.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darken'd dust behind. *Byron.*

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
Milton.

MIND—A Cultivated.

The age of a cultivated mind is even more complacent, and even more luxurious, than the youth. It is the reward of the due use of the endowments bestowed by nature; while they who in youth have made no provision for age, are left like an unsheltered tree, stripped of its leaves and its branches, shaking and withering before the cold blasts of winter. In truth, nothing is so happy to itself, and so attractive to others, as a genuine and refined imagination, that knows its own powers, and throws forth its treasures with frankness and fearlessness. Our thoughts, our reminiscences, our intellectual acquirements, die with us to this world; but to this world only. If they are what they ought to be, they are treasures which we lay up for heaven. That which is of the earth, earthly, perishes with rank, honours, authority, and other earthly and perishable things; but nothing that is worth retaining can be lost. Affections, well-placed and dutifully cherished; friendships, happily formed and faithfully maintained; knowledge, acquired with worthy intent; and intellectual powers that have been diligently improved, are the talents which our Lord and Master has committed to our keeping; these will accompany us into another state of existence, as surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and its consciousness. *Southey.*

MIND—Culture of the.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind,

without cultivation, can never produce good fruit. *Seneca.*

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food is to the body. *Cicero.*

MIND—Discipline of the.

Learn to feel the supreme interest of the discipline of the mind;—study the remarkable power which you can exercise over its habits of attention and its trains of thought; and cultivate a sense of the deep importance of exercising this power according to the principles of wisdom and of virtue. . . . . Judging upon these principles, we are taught to feel that life has a value beyond the mere acquirement of knowledge, and the mere prosecution of our own happiness. This value is found in those nobler pursuits which qualify us for promoting the good of others, and in those acquirements by which we learn to become masters of ourselves. It is to cultivate the intellectual part for the attainment of truth,—and to train the moral being for the solemn purposes of life, when life is viewed in its relation to a life which is to come.

Dr. Abercrombie.

MIND—Diseases of the.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart? *Shakspeare.*

MIND—A Distorted.

We find means to cure folly, but none to reclaim a distorted mind. *La Rochefoucauld.*

MIND—Divinity of.

Whatever that be which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and upon that account, must necessarily be eternal. *Cicero.*

MIND—Dominion of.

Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that, for a time, can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty.

Mrs. Stowe.

MIND—Easiness of.

It is easy to be humble where humility is a condescension; easy to concede where we know ourselves wronged; easy to forgive where vengeance is in our power.

Mrs. Jameson.

MIND—Energy of.

Really great minds seem to have cast off from their hearts the grave's earth, as well as dissipated the clouds which concealed the heaven from our view, and they thus disclose to themselves and to us a clear and blissful world of everlasting repose. *Richter.*

MIND—Failure of the.

The failure of the mind in old age is often less the result of natural decay than of disuse. Ambition has ceased to operate; contentment brings indolence; indolence, decay of mental power, *ennui*, and sometimes death. Men have been known to die, literally speaking, of disease induced by intellectual vacancy.

Sir Benjamin Brodie.

MIND—the Sovereign Good.

The sovereign *good* of *man* is a mind that subjects all things to itself, and is itself subject to nothing; such a man's pleasures are modest and reserved, and it may be a question whether he goes to heaven, or heaven comes to him: for a good man is influenced by God himself, and has a kind of divinity within him. *Seneca.*

MIND—fitted to Govern.

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labour. *Johnson.*

MIND—A Great.

The truly strong and sound mind, is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small. I would have a man great in great things, and elegant in little things. *Ibid.*

MIND—Greatness of.

Great minds erect their never-falling trophies
On the firm base of mercy. *Shakspeare.*

There is as much greatness of mind in the owing of a good turn, as in the doing of it; and we must no more force a requital out of season, than be wanting in it. He that precipitates a return, does as good as say, I am weary of being in this man's debt; not but that the hastening of a requital, as a good office, is a commendable disposition, but it is another thing to do it as a discharge; for it looks like casting off a heavy and troublesome burden. *Seneca.*

A great, a good, and a right mind, is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh; and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince. It came from heaven, and to heaven it must return; and it is a kind of heavenly felicity,

which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree, even upon earth. *Seneca.*

MIND—Grief of.

What plague is greater than the grief of mind—
The grief of mind that eats in every vein;
In every vein that leaves such clods behind,
Such clods behind as breed such bitter pain,
Such bitter pain that none shall ever find
What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
Earl of Oxford.

MIND—Grovelling.

O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground!
Persius.

MIND—Growth of.

The human mind considered as that of an individual, or collectively as that of an age, or a nation, is slow and gradual in its development. At times it meets with obstructions that seem to prevent its expansion, and to retard its growth. But still it is, on the whole, found to be progressive in its march, and continual in its increase. The augmentation of its ideas to-day, becomes the preparation for a greater increase to-morrow. Every generation makes an intellectual advance beyond the preceding. Whatever doubts might exist on this subject, before the invention of printing, there can be no doubt that that art has not only accelerated, but perpetuated the intellectual progression of man. It is the opening of a better day on the prospects of the human race;—the dawn of a new era of mental improvement and intellectual activity. *Fellowes.*

MIND—Immortality of.

Thought
Alone, and its quick elements—will, passion,
Reason, imagination—cannot die.
What has thought
To do with time or place or circumstance?
Shelley.

The immortal mind superior to its fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world,
Rests on its own foundation. *Akenside.*

MIND—Improving the.

The great business of a man is to improve his mind and govern his manners; all other projects and pursuits, whether in our power to compass or not, are only amusements.
Pliny.

MIND—in Infancy.

In infany, the mind is peculiarly ductile. We bring into the world with us nothing that deserves the name of habit, are neither virtuous nor vicious, active nor idle, inattentive nor curious. The infant comes into our hands a subject capable of certain impressions, and of being led on to a certain degree of improvement. His mind is like his body; what at first was cartilage, gradually becomes bone. Just so the mind acquires its solidity; and what might originally have been bent in a thousand directions, becomes stiff, unmanageable, and unimpressible. *Godwin.*

MIND—Joys of.

My mynde to me a kyngdome is,
Such preasente joyes therin I fynde,
That it excells all other blisse,
That earth affordes or growes by kynde.
Chaucer.

MIND—Longings of.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
To wear it? Who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old!
Who can contemplate fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
Byron.

MIND—Lowliness of.

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.—
Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself. *Shakspeare.*

MIND—Neutrality of.

There is in some men a dispassionate neutrality of mind, which, though it generally passes for good temper, can neither gratify nor warm us: it must indeed be granted, that these men can only negatively offend; but then it should also be remembered that they cannot positively please. *Greville.*

MIND—National Phases of.

The difference between the state of mind in the reign of Elizabeth and in that of Charles I. is astonishing. In the former period there was an amazing development of power, but all connected with prudential purposes—an attempt to reconcile the moral feeling with the full exercise of the powers of the mind, and the accomplishment of certain practical ends. Thus lived Bacon, Burghley, Sir W. Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and a galaxy of great men, statesmen, lawyers, politicians, philosophers, and poets; and it is lamentable that they should have degraded their mighty powers to such base designs and purposes, dissolving the rich pearls of their great faculties in a worthless acid, to be drunken by ■

harlot. What was seeking the favour of a Queen, to a man like Bacon, but the mere courtship of harlotry? Compare this age with that of the Republicans; that indeed was an awful age, as compared with our own. England may be said to have then overflowed from the fulness of grand principle — from the greatness which men felt in themselves, abstracted from the prudence with which they ought to have considered whether their principles were, or were not, adapted to the condition of mankind at large. Compare the revolution then effected with that of a day not long past, when the bubbling up and overflowing was occasioned by the elevation of the dregs—when there was a total absence of all principle, when the dregs had risen from the bottom to the top, and thus converted into scum, founded a monarchy to be the poisonous bane and misery of the rest of mankind. It is absolutely necessary to recollect that the age in which Shakspeare lived was one of great abilities applied to individual and prudential purposes, and not an age of high moral feeling and lofty principle, which gives a man of genius the power of thinking of all things in reference to all. If, then, we should find that Shakspeare took these materials as they were presented to him, and yet to all effectual purposes produced the same grand result as others attempted to produce in an age so much more favourable, shall we not feel and acknowledge the purity and holiness of genius—a light which, however it might shine on a dunghill, was as pure as the divine influence which created all the beauty of nature? *Coleridge.*

MIND—Religious Pleasures of.

The religious pleasures of a well-disposed mind move gently, and, therefore, constantly. It does not affect by ecstasy and rapture, but is like the pleasure of health, still and sober, yet greater and stronger than when the senses make grosser impressions. *South.*

MIND—Pliability of.

The mind doth shape itself to its own wants,
And can bear all things. *Joanna Baillie.*

MIND—Creative Power of.

It wants but effort of the active mind
To people earth and heaven with ministering sprites.
The young Aurora with her rosy cheeks
Sits as of yore at portals of the morn,
And thoughtful Hesper with her starry eyes
Looks as in olden time from day to night,
And makes both beautiful. *Mackay.*

MIND—Vast Powers of.

It is not from his form in which we trace
Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the master of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives:
That form indeed, the associate of ■ mind
Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind;
That form, the labour of Almighty skill,
Framed for the service of a free-born will,
Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the *soul*,
Hers is the state, the splendour, and the throne,
An intellectual kingdom all her own. *Cowper.*

MIND—Qualities of.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
Shakspeare.

MIND—Relaxation of.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.
Phædrus.

MIND—A Restless.

A restless mind, like a rolling stone, gathers nothing but dirt and mire: little or no good will cleave to it; and it is sure to leave peace and quietness behind it. *Balguy.*

MIND—Riches of.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches; fools therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vows devise;
Since each unto himself his life may fortunize.
Spenser.

MIND—Soundness of.

A perfectly just and sound mind is a rare and invaluable gift; but it is much more unusual to see such a mind unbiassed in all its actings. God has given this soundness of mind but to few; and a very small number of those few escape the bias of some predilection, perhaps habitually operating: and none are at times perfectly free. I once saw this subject forcibly illustrated: a watchmaker told me that a gentleman had put an exquisite watch into his hands that went irregularly; it was as

perfect piece of work as ever was made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times; no matter of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last, it struck him that possibly the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet. On applying a needle to it, he found his suspicions true; here was all the mischief. The steel works in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions; and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be magnetized by any predilection, it must act irregularly. *Cecil.*

MIND—Spirituality of.

Know, sir, that the wings
On which my soul is mounted, have long since
Borne her too high to stoop to any prey
That soars not upwards; sordid and dunghill
Minds, composed of earth, in that gross element
Fix all their happiness; but purer spirits,
Purged and refined, shake off that clog of
Human frailty. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

MIND—Triumph of.

It is interesting to notice how some minds seem almost to create themselves, springing up under every disadvantage; and working their solitary but irresistible way through a thousand obstacles. Nature seems to delight in disappointing the assiduities of art, with which it would rear dulness to maturity; and to glory in the vigour and luxuriance of her chance productions. She scatters the seeds of genius to the winds, and though some may perish among the stony places of the world, and some may be choked by the thorns and brambles of early adversity, yet others will now and then strike root even in the clefts of the rock, struggle bravely up into sunshine, and spread over their sterile birth-place all the beauties of vegetation. *Washington Irving.*

MIND—Varieties of.

To subdue the unconquerable mind,
To make one reason have the same effect
Upon all apprehensions; to force this
Or this man, just to think as thou and I do,
Impossible! unless souls were alike
In all, which differ now like human faces.
Rowe.

MIND—Views of the.

The mind has no horizon;
It looks beyond the eye, and seeks for mind
In all it sees, or all it sees o'erruling.
Shakspeare.

MIND—A Weak.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones. *Chesterfield.*

MIND—A Weak.

Weak minds court opinion,
And, dead to virtuous feeling, hide their wants
In pompous affectation. *Southern.*

It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters. *Burke.*

MIND AND BODY.

Animalism is nothing; inventive spiritualism is all. *Carlyle.*

MINDS—Noblest.

Ah! noblest minds
Sink soonest into ruin; like a tree,
That, with the weight of its own golden fruitage,
Is bent down to the dust. *H. Neele.*

MINDS—of Different Pursuits.

Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony and grace,
And gentlest beauty. *Akenside.*

MINDS—of Narrow Views.

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity. *La Rochefoucauld.*

MINDS (Great)—Necessity for.

The world must have great minds even as great spheres suns. *Bailey.*

MINDS—(Great)—Repose of

Really great minds seem to have cast off from their hearts the grave's earth, as well as dissipated the clouds which conceal the heaven from our view, and they thus disclose to themselves and to us a clear and blissful world of everlasting repose. The beauty of such minds appears simple and unagitated, extending, like the blue ether, over the world and time. And it is the repose produced by satisfaction and completion, not exhaustion from the fatigue of continuous endeavour, which gives an expression of serenity to their eyes, and imprints its quiet on their lips. *Richter.*

MINISTER—Description of a.

He was a shepherd, and no mercenary,
And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men full piteous;
His words were strong, but not with anger
fraught;
A love benignant he discreetly taught.
To draw mankind to Heaven by gentleness
And good example, was his business.
But if that any one were obstinate,
Whether he were of high or low estate,

Him would he sharply check with alter'd mien;
A better parson there was nowhere seen.
He paid no court to pomps and reverence,
Nor spiced his conscience at his soul's expense;
But Jesus' love, which owns no pride or pelf,
He taught—but first he followed it himself.
Chaucer.

MINISTER—A Faithful.

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheer'd,
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd;
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
A living sermon of the truths he taught.
Dryden.

MINISTER—A Good.

Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design:
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men. *Cowper.*

We listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (ay, and men too, for the matter of that), to a man who we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm living voice of one who was fighting for us, and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily, little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are the life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain too, for a boy's army, one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there, but it was this thoroughness and undaunted courage which more than anything else won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master. *Hughes.*

MINISTER—Life of a.

The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric. *Hooker.*

MINISTER—A Young Raw.

A young raw preacher is a bird not yet fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs; and the only thing he has made in it himself is the faces. His action is all passion, and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. His style is compounded of twenty several men's, only his body imitates some one extraordinary. He will not draw his handkerchief out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is, that he never looks upon book; and indeed he was never used to it. He preaches but once a-year, though twice on Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered; he has more tricks with a sermon, than a tailor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profession, and would show reading of his own, his authors are postils, and his school-divinity a catechism. *Bishop Earle.*

MINISTERS—Duties of.

Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock.
St. Peter.

Love and meekness
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. *Shakspeare.*

MINISTERS—Earnestness of.

Surely that preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul. *Fuller.*

MINISTERS—Laxity of.

The sweet words
Of Christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction, were they wisely preach'd,
Are mutter'd o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade;
Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent
To deem them falsehoods, or to know their truth. *Coleridge.*

MINISTERS—should avoid Levity.

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart. *Cowper.*

MINISTERS—Divine Mission of.

Men of God have always, from time to time, walked among men, and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer. *Emerson.*

MINISTERS—to whom they should first Preach.

It would be well, if some who have taken upon themselves the ministry of the Gospel, that they would first preach to themselves, then afterwards to others. *Cardinal Pole.*

MINISTERS—of Religion.

That a man stand and speak of spiritual things to men. It is beautiful;—even in its great obscuration and decadence, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the earth. This Speaking Man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point: yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all public functionaries boarded and lodged on the Industry of Modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has? A man even professing, and never so languidly making still some endeavour, to save the souls of men: contrast him with a man professing to do little but shoot the partridges of men! I wish he could find the point again, this Speaking One; and stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy; for there is need of him yet! The Speaking Function—this of Truth coming to us with a living voice, nay in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar: this, with all our Writing and Printing Functions, has a perennial place. Could he but find the point again,—take the old spectacles off his nose, and looking up discover, almost in contact with him, what the *real* Satanas, and soul-devouring, world-devouring *Devil*, Now is. *Carlyle.*

When one, that holds communion with the skies,
Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis ev'n as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied. *Cowper.*

He was humble, kind, forgiving, meek;
Easy to be entreated, gracious, mild;
And, with all patience and affection, taught,
Rebuked, persuaded, solaced, counsell'd, warn'd,
In fervent style and manner. All
Saw in his face contentment, in his life
The path to glory and perpetual joy.
. . . A skilful workman he
In God's great moral vineyard: what to prune
With cautious hand he knew, what to uproot;
What were mere weeds, and what celestial plants,
Which had unfading vigour in them, knew;
Nor knew alone, but watch'd them night and day,
And rear'd and nourish'd them, till fit to be
Transplanted to the Paradise above. *Pollok.*

In the mind of the politician, the mechanist, the man of science, the man of trade, or any of the numerous classes which spend their intellectual energies on the things of time and sense, the expected result of their operations must occupy the first place, since it furnishes the only efficient motive for their exertions. But the defender of religious truth acts in obedience to the principle of duty, and leaves the result with God. The men who are, by office, the especial standard-bearers in the army of Christ, are bound to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," whether their efforts are likely to be accounted the greatest or the least in the annals of human achievement. *Bishop Hopkins.*

MINISTERS—Responsibilities of.

Is not the care of souls a load sufficient?
Are not your holy stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,
To study souls, their cures and their diseases?

The province of the soul is large enough
To fill up every cranny of your time,
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect. *Dryden.*

MINISTERS—universally Venerated.

The priesthood hath in all nations, and all religions, been held highly venerable.
Atterbury.

MINISTERS—Christian Virtues of.

Awful Heaven!
Great ruler of the various hearts of man!
Since Thou hast raised me to conduct thy church
Without the base cabal too often practised,
Beyond my wish, my thought, give me the lights,
The virtues, which that sacred trust requires:
A loving, loved, unterrifying power,
Such as becomes a father; humble wisdom;
Plain, primitive sincerity; kind zeal
For truth and virtue rather than opinions;
And, above all, the charitable soul
Of healing peace and Christian moderation.
Thomson.

MINISTERS—their Views of this World.

Clergymen consider this world only as a diligence, in which they can travel to another.
Napoleon I.

MINSTREL—An Aged.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek and tresses grey
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sang of border chivalry;
For well-a-day their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead,
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
Sir Walter Scott.

MIRACLE—Definition of a.

A miracle I take to be a sensible operation, which, being above the comprehension of the spectator, and in his opinion contrary to the established course of nature, is taken by him to be divine. *Locke.*

MIRACLES—Jesus the Worker of.

We know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles which thou doest, except God be with him.
St. Matthew.

Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know. *St. Peter.*

MIRTH—Characteristics of.

Our mirth should be the quintessence of pleasure,
And our delight flow with that harmony,
Th' ambitious spheres shall to the centre shrink,
To hear our music; such ravishing accents
As are from poets in their fury hurl'd,
When their outrageous raptures fill the world.
Dryden.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.
Shakspeare.

MIRTH—Concomitants of.

Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathèd smiles. *Milton.*

MIRTH—Effects of.

Fun gives you a forcible hug, and shakes laughter out of you, whether you will or no.
Garrick.

There is nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, but I do like it in others. Oh, we need it. We need all the counterweights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. *God has made sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?*
Haliburton.

Fun has no limits. It is like the human race and face; there is a family likeness among all the species, but they all differ. *Ibid.*

MIRTH—Harmless.

Some men are of a very cheerful disposition, and God forbid that all such should be condemned for lightness. O let not any envious eye disinherit men of that which is their "portion in this life, comfortably to enjoy the blessings thereof!" . . . Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirit; wherefore, jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season. *Fuller.*

MIRTH—Joys of.

The greatness that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing.
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The cheerful man's a king. *Bickerstaff.*

MIRTH—Proper Kind of.

I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; or men, that cannot well bear it, to repent in the money they spend when they be warmed with drink: and take this for a rule, you may pick out such times and such companies, that you may make yourself merrier for a little than a great deal of money; for "'Tis the company and not the charge that makes the feast." *Izaak Walton.*

MIRTH—Reasons for.

The sun is careering in glory and might,
'Mid the deep blue sky and the clouds so bright;
The billow is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter, and play,
And why should not I be as merry as they?
The linnet is singing the wild wood through,
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the blossoming tree,
And the cowslip and bluebell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they?
Miss Mitford.

MIRTH AND INNOCENCE.

O mirth and innocence! O milk and water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
Abominable man no more allays
His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter;
I love you both, and both shall have my praise.
Byron.

MIRTHFULNESS—Pleasures of.

When many a merry tale and many a song
Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long:
The rough road then, returning in a round,
Mock'd our enchanted steps, for all was fairy ground. *Johnson.*

MISANTHROPE—The.

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them to others. *Sir W. Temple.*

I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something. *Shakspeare.*

MISANTHROPE—Desires of the.

O send me to some lonely desert wild,
Wide as yon bright ethereal high expanse;
There let me wander, friendless and forlorn,
To find the charitable herd of beasts,
Driven from the faithless commerce of mankind. *Havard.*

MISCHIEF.

Mischief that may be helped, is hard to know,
And danger going on still multiplies:
When harm hath many wings, care comes too late. *Lord Brooke.*

He that may hinder mischief, and yet permits it, is an accessory. *Freeman.*

MISER—Anxieties of the.

The miser true
Starves 'midst his plenty, from the slavish fear
Of wasting what he heaps. *Havard.*

MISER—Avariciousness of the.

With eye awry, incurable, and wild,
The laughing-stock of devils and of men,
And by his guardian angel quite given up,—
The miser, who with dust inanimate
Held wedded intercourse. Ill-guided wretch!
Thou mightest have seen him at the midnight hour,
When good men slept, and in light-wing'd dreams
Ascended up to God,
With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
And bone, and wrapp'd in most debasing rags,—
Thou mightest have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
And holding strange communion with his gold;
And as his thievish fancy seem'd to hear
The night-man's foot approach, starting alarm'd,
And in his old, decrepit, wither'd hand,
That palsy shook, grasping the yellow earth
To make it sure. . . . Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased:
Of all that sold eternity for time,
None bargain'd on so easy terms with Death;
Illustrious fool! nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat among his bags, and with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalms'd; and 'midst abundance died,—
Sorest of evils! died of utter want. *Pollok.*

I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. *Shakspeare.*

The miser lives alone, abhorred by all,
Like a disease, yet cannot so be 'scaped.

But, canker-like, eats through the poor men's hearts
That live about him; never has commerce
With any, but to ruin them. *May.*

MISER—Character of the.

Through every stage and revolution of life, the miser remains invariably the same; or if any difference, it is only this, that as he advances into the shade of a long evening, he clings closer and closer to the object of his idolatry; and while every other passion lies dead and blasted in his heart, his desire for more pelf increases with renewed eagerness, and he holds by a sinking world with an agonizing grasp, till he drops into the earth with the increased curses of wretchedness on his head, without the tribute of a tear from child or parent, or any inscription on his memory but that he lived to counteract the distributive justice of Providence, and died without hope or title to a blessed immortality.
Dean Kirwan.

MISER—Deception of the.

But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods o'er his gold, and griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
Dryden.

MISER—Treasures of the.

Good morning to the day, and next, my gold;
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint:
Hail the world's soul and mine! More glad than is
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial ram,
Am I, to view thy splendour, dark'ning his;
That lying here amongst my other hoards,
Show'st like a flame by night: or like the day,
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol!
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss
With adoration thee, and every relict
Of sacred treasure in this blessèd room!
Well did wise poets by thy glorious name,
Title that age, which they would have the best:
That being the best of things, and far transcending
All still of joy in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth;
Thy looks, when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given twenty thousand cupids,—
Such are thy beauties and our love's dear saint.
Riches the dumb god, that givest all men tongues;
That canst do nought, yet makest men do all things:
The price of souls! Even hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heaven!—thou art virtue, fame,
Honour, and all things else: who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise.
Johnson.

MISERY—Causes of.

Misery is caused for the most part, not by a heavy crush of disaster, but by the corrosion of less visible evils, which canker enjoyment, and undermine security. The visit of an invader is necessarily rare, but domestic animosities allow no cessation. *Ibid.*

MISERY—Characteristics of.

I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells;
This is her house, where the sun never dawns;
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof:
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings. *Rowe.*

MISERY—of Wealth.

Misery assails riches, as lightning does the highest towers; or as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.
Burton.

MISERY AND HAPPINESS—How made up.

The *misery* of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily;—in all but the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man's life are easily counted and distinctly remembered. The *happiness* of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions; the little soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling. *Coleridge.*

MISERY AND IGNORANCE.

Misery and ignorance are always the cause of great evils. Misery is easily excited to anger, and ignorance soon yields to perfidious counsels. *Addison.*

MISFORTUNE—Consolation in.

The brave unfortunate are our best acquaintance;
They show us virtue may be much distress'd,
And give us their example how to suffer.
Francis.

When any calamity has been suffered, the

first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped. *Johnson.*

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it; for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face. *Jerome.*

MISFORTUNE—Effects of.

A soul exasperated in ills, falls out
With everything,—its friend, itself. *Addison.*

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it. *Washington Irving.*

MISFORTUNE—Resignation in.

Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so:
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves,
If anything that's manly, than to make
Ill-fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

MISFORTUNE—State of.

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low. *Shakspeare.*

MISFORTUNE—Use of.

Misfortune does not always wait on vice,
Nor is success the constant guest of virtue. *Havard.*

Who hath not known ill-fortune, never knew
Himself, or his own virtue. *Mallet.*

MISFORTUNES—Unavoidable.

As daily experience makes it evident, that misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor escaped by flight; neither awed by greatness, nor eluded by obscurity; philosophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to merit, by persuading us that most of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverseness, and that nature has annexed to every vicissitude of external circumstances some advantage sufficient to over-balance all its inconveniences. *Johnson.*

MISSAL—The.

That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
Those ample clasps of solid metal made,
The close-press'd leaves unoped for many an age,
The dull-red edging of the well-filled page;
On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd,
When yet the title stands in tarnished gold. *Coleridge.*

MISSAL—Printed.

Profuse in garniture of wooden cuts,
Strange and uncouth; dire faces, figures dire,
Sharp-knee'd, sharp-elbow'd, and lean-ancled too,
With long and ghostly shanks,—forms which, once seen,
Could never be forgot. *Wordsworth.*

MISTAKES—Non-Exemption from.

Exemption from mistake is not the privilege of mortals: but when our mistakes are involuntary, we owe each other every candid consideration; and the man who, on discovering his errors, acknowledges and corrects them, is scarcely less entitled to our esteem than if he had not erred. *Dr. Pye Smith.*

MISTRUST—Prevalence of.

The world is an old woman, that mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; whereby, being often cheated, she will henceforth trust nothing but the common copper. *Carlyle.*

MISTS—Autumnal.

Now, by the cool declining year condensed,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd,
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but, in a night
Of gathering vapour from the baffled sense,
Sinks dark and dreary; thence expanding far,
The huge dusk gradual swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow to roll the misty wave.
E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray,
Whence glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear, and, wilder'd o'er the waste,
The shepherd stalks gigantic; till, at last,
Wreathed dun around in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog.
Unbounded o'er the world, and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all. *Thomson.*

MISUNDERSTANDING AND INATTENTION—Evil of.

Misunderstanding and inattention create more uneasiness in the world than deception and artifice, or, at least, their consequences are more universal. *Goethe.*

MOB—The.

The scum that rises upmost, when the nation boils. *Dryden.*

MOB—Blindness of the.

The mob is a monster with the hands of Briareus, but the head of Polyphemus, strong to execute, but blind to perceive. *Colton.*

MOB—Fickleness of the.

What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate;
Him vile, that was your garland. *Shakspeare.*

MOB—Thoughtlessness of the.

Some popular chief,
More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo,
And in a trice the bellowing herd come out;
The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricado'd,
And one and all is the word: true cocks of th' game,
They never ask for what or whom they fight,
But turn 'em out, and show 'em but a foe,
Cry liberty, and that's a cause of quarrel.
Dryden.

MOB—the Tools of Tyrants.

The captain of the rabble issued out,
With a black shirtless train; each was an host;
A million strong of vermin, every villain;
No part of government, but lords of anarchy;
Chaos of power, and privileged destruction;
Outlaws of nature! *Ibid.*

And since the rabble now is ours,
Keep the tools hot, preach dangers in their ears;
Spread false reports o' th' senate; working up
Their madness to a fury quick and desperate;
Till they run headlong into evil discords,
And do our business with their own destruction.
Otway.

MODERATION—Boundary of.

The boundary of man is moderation. When once we pass that pale, our guardian angel quits his charge of us. *Feltham.*

MODESTY—Characteristics of.

When the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes; when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers. *Rowley.*

MODESTY—Graces of.

That modest grace subdued my soul,
That chastity of look which seems to hang
A veil of purest light o'er all her beauties,
And by forbidding most inflames desires.
Young.

MODESTY—of Merit.

Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture; giving it strength and beauty.
La Bruyère.

MODESTY—Silence of.

Modesty is silent when it would be improper to speak; the humble, without being called upon, never recollects to say anything of himself. *Lavater.*

MODESTY—a Virtue.

Among the virtues which ought to secure a kind regard, we universally assign to modesty a high rank. A simple and modest man lives unknown, until a moment, which he could not have foreseen, reveals his estimable qualities and his generous actions. I compare him to the concealed flower, springing from an humble stem, which escapes the view, and is discovered only by its perfume. Pride quickly fixes the eye, and he who is always his own eulogist, dispenses every other person from the obligation to praise him. A truly modest man, emerging from his transient obscurity, will obtain those delightful praises which the heart awards without effort. His superiority, far from being importunate, will become attractive. Modesty gives to talents and virtues the same charm which chastity adds to beauty. *Stanley.*

MODESTY—associated with Virtue.

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. *Goldsmith.*

MODESTY—when a Weakness.

Modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself. *Johnson.*

MODESTY AND PRESUMPTION—Consequences of.

The man that's silent, nor proclaims his want,
Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint. *Creech.*

MOMENT—Importance of the Present.

There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence. *Miss Edgeworth.*

MOMENT—Duty of a.

There is not a moment without some duty. *Cicero.*

MOMENT—Mightiness of a.

A moment is a mighty thing
Beyond the soul's imagining;
For in it, though we trace it not,
How much there crowds of varied lot;
How much of life, life cannot see
Darts onward to eternity! *Robert Montgomery.*

MONASTERIES—Reasons for adopting.

There are some solitary creatures who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only to meet the devil in private. *Adams.*

MONEY.

The picklock that never fails. *Massinger.*

MONEY—Amassing.

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engross'd and pilèd up
The canker'd heaps of strange achievèd gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with hearts and martial exercises;
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. *Shakspeare.*

MONEY—Benefits of.

By doing good with his money, a man as it were stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven. *Rutledge.*

MONEY—Deifying.

If you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil. *Fielding.*

MONEY—Despising.

To despise money on some occasions leads to the greatest gain. *Terence.*

MONEY—Evils of.

Gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell. *Shakspeare.*

Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold
. . . will make black white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! . . . Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench. *Ibid.*

Tempting gold alone
In this our age more marriages completes,
Than virtue, merit, or the force of love.
'Tis not th' external sweetness of the face;
Th' inward excellence of a virtuous mind;
The just behaviour, and the graceful mien,
With all th' endowments nature can bestow,
Can please the wretch whose riches are his god;
Who'd rather ransack Indian mines for gold,
Than revel in some matchless beauty's arms;
For which, may he ne'er taste the joys it yields;
But, as a Midas wallowing in his store,
Let him cursèd be amidst his heaps of wealth.
Wandesford.

The god of this world is riches, pleasure, and pride, wherewith it abuses all the creatures and gifts of God. *Luther.*

Mammon has two properties: it makes us secure, first, when it goes well with us, and then we live without fear of God at all; secondly, when it goes ill with us, then we tempt God, fly from Him, and seek after another god. *Ibid.*

Mammon has enriched his thousands, and has damned his ten thousands. *South.*

MONEY—Impotence of.

The wretched impotence of gold. *Young.*

MONEY—Influence of.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Shakspeare.

See what money can do; that can change
Men's manners; alter their conditions!
How tempestuous the slaves are without it!
O thou powerful metal! what authority
Is in thee! thou art the key of all men's
Mouths; with thee a man may lock up the jaws
Of an informer, and without thee, he
Cannot the lips of a lawyer. *Broome.*

Pray, sir, what turn'd you Turk?—
That for which many their religion,
Most men their faith, all change their honesty,—
Profit; that gilded god, commodity.
Dauborne.

Gold is the fool's curtain, which hides all his defects from the world. *Feltham.*

Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. *Addison.*

MONEY—Love of.

The love of money is a vertiginous pool, sucking all into it to destroy it. It is troubled and uneven, giddy and unsafe, serving no end but its own, and that also in a restless and uneasy motion. But the love of God is a holy fountain, limpid and pure, sweet and salutary, lasting and eternal. The love of God spends itself upon him, to receive again the reflections of grace and benediction: the love of money spends all its desires upon itself, to purchase nothing but unsatisfying instruments of exchange or supernumerary provisions, and ends in dissatisfaction, emptiness of spirit, and a bitter curse. *Jeremy Taylor.*

That I might live alone once with my gold.
O, 'tis a sweet companion, kind and true:
A man may trust it when his father cheats him,
Brother, or friend, or wife. O wondrous pelf,
That which makes all men false, is true itself.
Johnson.

I could wish, that everything I touch'd might
Turn to gold: this is the sinews of war,
And the sweetness of peace. Is it not gold
That makes the chastest yield to lust? the wisest to
Folly? the faithfullest to deceit? and
The most holy in heart, to be most hollow of heart?
In this word *gold,* are all the powers of the Gods; the desires of men; the wonders
Of the world; the miracles of nature;
The looseness of fortune; and the triumphs of Time. By gold, you may shake off the courts of
Other princes, and have your own settled:
One spade of gold undermines faster than
A hundred mattocks of steel.
Religious balance are golden bags.
The first star of virtue is money.
Doth any thirst after gentry, and wish
To be esteemed beautiful?
King Coin hath a mint to stamp gentlemen,
And art to make amiableness. *Lilly.*

The love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. *St. Paul.*

That meanest rage
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear!
Moore.

Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatever he touched became gold, and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it. Midas had insulted Apollo and the gods; the gods gave him his wish, and a pair of long ears, which also were a good appendage to it. What a truth in these old fables! *Carlyle.*

Some have been so wedded to their riches, that they have used all the means they could to take them with them. Athenæus reporteth of one, that at the hour of his death he devoured

many pieces of gold, and sewed the rest in his coat, commanding that they should be all buried with him. Hermocrates being loath that any man should enjoy his goods after him, made himself, by his will, heir of his own goods. *Grey.*

MONEY—Lust of.

The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquests;
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless,
The last corruption of degenerate man.
Johnson.

MONEY—the only Patent.

Money is oftentimes the only patent of nobility, beside lofty pretensions. *Zimmerman.*

MONEY—Personification of.

Mammon led them on:
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures, better hid. *Milton.*

MONEY—Power of.

Why nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal. *Shakspeare.*

'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? *Ibid.*

God of the world and worldlings,
Great Mammon!—greatest god below the sky.
Spenser.

Stronger than thunder's wingèd force,
All-powerful gold can spread its course,
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes
That crush'd the Grecian augur rose:
Philip with gold through cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;
Captains of ships to gold are slaves,
Though fierce as their own winds and waves.
Francis.

MONEY—Proper Place of.

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart. *Swift.*

MONEY—a Servant.

Money is a good servant, but a dangerous master. *Bouhours.*

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that it may be said to possess him. *Charron.*

MONEY—must be Spread.

Money is like manure, of very little use except it be spread. *Bacon.*

MONEY—Temptations of.

Money does all things for reward: some are pious and honest as long as they thrive upon it, but if the devil himself gives better wages, they soon change their party. *Seneca.*

MONEY—in Trust.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust. *Holmes.*

MONEY—Unrighteousness connected with.

In all wealth a principle of evil is implied; for in a perfect state of society,—in a realized kingdom of God upon earth,—there would be no such thing as property belonging to one man more than another. In the moment of the Church's first love, when that kingdom was for an instant realized, "all that believed were together, and had all things common;" and this existence of property has ever been so strongly felt as a witness for the selfishness of man, that in all ideas of a perfect commonwealth,—which, if perfect, must of course be a church as well as a state,—from Plato's down to the Socialists', this of the communion of goods has been made a necessary condition. So that, though the possessor of the wealth, or those who transmitted it to him, may have fairly acquired it, yet it is not less this *unrighteous* mammon, witnessing in its very existence as one man's, and not every man's, for the corruption and selfishness of man,—for the absence of that highest love which would have made each man feel that whatever was his, was also every one's beside, and would have rendered it impossible that a *mine* and *thine* should ever have existed. With all this, we must not of course forget that the attempt prematurely to realize this or any other little

fragment or corner of the kingdom of God, apart from the rest, has ever been one of the most fruitful sources of the worst mischiefs in the world. *Trench.*

MONEY—Want of.

He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends. *Shakspeare.*

MONEY—Wishing for.

"I wish I had his money," said a young hearty-looking man, as a millionaire passed him in the street. And so has wished many a youth before him, who devotes so much time to wishing, that too little is left for working. But never does one of these draw a comparison between their several fortunes. The rich man's money looms up like a balloon before them, hiding uncounted cares and anxieties, from which they are free; keeping out of sight those bodily ills that luxury breeds, and all the mental horrors of *ennui* and satiety; the fear of death that wealth fosters, the jealousy of life and love from which it is inseparable. Let none wish for unearned gold. The sweat by which 'tis gathered is the only sweet by which it is preserved for enjoyment; for in too literal a sense is it true, "that 'tis easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." Wish for no man's money. The health, and strength, and freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young love, by day and night, encircles you. Hearts unsoiled by the deep sin of covetousness beat fondly with your own. None, ghoul-like, listen for the death-tick in your chamber; your shoes have value in men's eyes only when you tread in them. The smiles no wealth can purchase, greet you—living; and tears that rarely drop on rose-wood coffins, will fall from pitying eyes upon you—dying. Be wise in being content with competency. You have to eat, to drink, to wear enough? then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously? He shortens life, increases pains and aches, impairs his health thereby. What if his raiments be more costly? God loves him none the more, and man's respect in such regard comes ever mingled with his envy. Nature is yours in all her glory; her ever-varying and for ever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, and rocks and streams, and holy places, know no desecration in the step of poverty, but welcome ever to their wealth of beauty—rich and poor alike. Be content! The robin chirps as gaily as the gorgeous bird of Paradise. Less gaudy is his plumage, less splendid his surroundings; yet no joy that cheers the Eastern beauty, but comes upon his barren hills to bless the nest that robin builds. His flight is as strong, his note as gay, and in his humble home the light of happiness shines all as bright, because no envy dims it. Let us, then, labour and be strong in the best use of that we have, wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those who own them, and could not bless us if we had them, as the gifts already bestowed by a Wisdom that never errs. Being content, the poorest man is rich; while he who counts his millions hath little joy if he be otherwise. *Hunt.*

MONEY—Worshipper of.

Your god, your great Bel, your fish-tailed Dagon, rises before me as a demon. You, and such as you, have raised him to a throne, put on him a crown, given him a sceptre. Behold how hideously he governs! See him busied at the work he likes best—making marriages. He binds the young to the old, the strong to the imbecile. He stretches out the arm of Mezentius, and fetters the dead to the living. In his realm there is hatred—secret hatred: there is disgust—unspoken disgust: there is treachery—family treachery; there is vice—deep, deadly, domestic vice. In his dominions, children grow unloving between parents who have never loved; infants are nursed in deception from their very birth; they are reared in an atmosphere corrupt with lies. Your god rules at the bridal of kings—look at your royal dynasties! your deity is the deity of foreign aristocracies—analyze the blue blood of Spain! Your god is the Hymen of France—what is French domestic life? All that surrounds him hastens to decay: all declines and degenerates under his sceptre. *Your* god is a masked Death!

Charlotte Brontë.

MOON—Address to the.

With how sad steps, O moon! thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that, even in heavenly place,
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure if that long with love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.

Sir Philip Sidney.

MOON—Beauties of the.

So when the sun's broad beams have tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And, unobserved, the glaring orb delines.

Pope.

MOON—Cold Beauty of the.

The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's
bright isles,
Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles!
That wandering shrine of soft, yet icy flame,
Which ever is transform'd, yet still the same,
And warms, but not illumines. *Shelley.*

MOON—Description of the.

Meanwhile the moon,
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd
clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson east,
Turn'd to the sun, directs her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales
descend,
And caverns deep, as oblique tubes descry
A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing clouds she seems to
stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming
mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quiv'ring
gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance trembling round the world.
Thomson.

MOON—Full.

A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul,
As, ghost-like, from the dim and tumbling sea
Starts the completed moon. *Alexander Smith.*

MOON—Glories of the.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred
light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect
rise,
A flood of glory bursts through all the skies;
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
Pope.

MOON—Influence of the.

The moon charms the watery world below,
Wakes the still seas, and makes them ebb and
flow. *Lee.*

MOON—The New.

Like the young moon,
When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might,
Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear
The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim form
Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair.
Shelley.

MOON—the Queen of Night.

Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon
Riding in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
Milton.

MOON—Reflection of the.

When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed glass.
Shakspeare.

MOON—Risen.

See,
The moon is up, it is the dawn of night.
Stands by her side one bold, bright, steady
star—
Star of her heart. . . . .
Mother of stars! the heavens look up to thee:
They shine the brighter but to hide thy
waning;
They wait and wane for thee to enlarge thy
beauty;
They give thee all their glory night by night
Their number makes not less thy loneliness
Nor loveliness. *Bailey.*

MOONLIGHT—Fascination of.

'Tis midnight—on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down:
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky.
Spreads like an ocean hung on high
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly spiritually bright:
Who ever gazed upon them shining
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away
And mix with their eternal ray. *Byron.*

MOONLIGHT—Beautifying Influence of.

Upon such a night
I stood within the Colosseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome:
. . . . . .
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries:
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old! *Ibid.*

MOONLIGHT—Scene by.

The old grey village slumbered in the tranquil moonlight, not a sound breaking its stilly repose, except the low calling of the sea, whose murmurs lulled it into yet deeper quietude. The cold beams hung upon the ivied gateway of the manor, and lighted up the silent chancel of the church, as they marked unwonted hours in shadow upon the dial at the porch, and threw the branches of the dead tree into spectral relief against the deep blue sky. They bathed the gables with their silver flood, and twinkled in the small window panes of the inn. *Albert Smith.*

MOONLIGHT—in Summer.

Low on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light;
Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky still more serene)
Others, detach'd in ranges through the air.
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
These to the raptured mind aloud proclaim
Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name;
And thus the loit'rer's utmost stretch of soul
Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that roll,
And loosed imagination, soaring goes
High o'er his home, and all his little woes.
Bloomfield.

MOONRISE—Appearance of.

Soon will the moon and all her stars be here!
A smiling light proclaims her o'er yon hill;
Slowly she raises up her radiant sphere,
And stillness, at her voice, becomes more still.
My heart forgets all thought of human ill,
And man seems happy as his place of birth:
All things that yield him joy my spirit fill
With kindred joy! and even his humblest mirth
Seems at this peaceful hour to beautify the earth. *Wilson.*

MOONRISE—Majesty of.

How like a queen comes forth the lovely moon
From the slow opening curtains of the clouds;
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!
The stars are veil'd in light: the ocean-floods,
And the ten thousand streams, the boundless woods,
The trackless wilderness, the mountain's brow,
Where winter on eternal pinions broods,
All height, depth, wildness, grandeur, gloom, below,
Touch'd by thy smile, lone moon! in one wild splendour glow. *Croly.*

Beholding the moon-rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows,
Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossom'd the lovely stars, the Forget-me-nots of the angels. *Longfellow.*

MORALITY—Christian.

Morality, distinguished from and independent of Christian faith, is nothing; but Christian morality is of the very essence, it is the true fruit, the sure testimony, the faithful companion, the glory and perfection, yea, the very life and soul of true Christian faith. Let us beware, that we do not confound things so different as worldly and Christian morality; as the works of the natural man and those of the disciples of Christ! Let us beware how we suppose that because a man cannot be saved by morality of one sort, therefore he can be saved without morality of the other sort; that because one who rejects the Gospel will not be saved for being a moral man, therefore there is a hope of salvation for an immoral professor of the Gospel! Christian morality assumes to itself no merit—it sets up no arrogant claim to God's favour—it pretends not to "open the gates of heaven;" it is only the handmaid in conducting the Christian believer in his road towards them. Without it no man shall enter in: but they who disesteem and reject it are well apprized by God's word of the evil which they shall incur; when Christ shall command "the workers of iniquity," "the slothful and unprofitable servant to depart from him," and when "vengeance shall be taken in flaming fire on them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." *Bishop Mant.*

MORALITY—without Religion.

Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. *Washington.*

MORALITY—Regard to the Rules of.

The regard to the general rules of morality is what is properly called a sense of duty; a principle of the greatest consequence in human life, and the only principle by which the bulk of mankind are capable of directing their

actions. There is scarce any man who, by discipline, education, and example, may not be impressed with a regard to these general rules of conduct, as to act upon almost every occasion with tolerable decency, and through the whole of his life, avoid a tolerable degree of blame. Without this sacred regard to the general rules of morality, there is no man whose conduct can be much depended upon. It is this which constitutes the most essential difference between a man of principle and honour, and a worthless fellow. The one adheres on all occasions, steadily and resolutely to his maxims, and preserves through the whole of his life, one even tenour of conduct. The other acts variously and accidentally, as humour, inclination, or interest, chance to be uppermost. *Adam Smith.*

MORNING—Appearance of.

At last fair Hesperus in his highest sky
Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light;
Then up he rose and clad him hastily,
The dwarfe him brought his steed, and both away did fly. *Spenser.*

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Shakspeare.

The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of the dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east;
Till far o'er ether spreads the wid'ning glow,
And from before the lustre of her face,
While break the clouds away, with quicken'd step
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all a lawny prospect wide.
Thomson.

Now from night's womb the glorious day breaks forth,
And seems to kindle from the setting stars.
Lee.

The morn is up again; the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb—
And glowing into day. *Byron.*

MORNING—Approach of.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.
Milton.

MORNING—Approach of.

Morning fair,
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey.
Milton.

Lo on the eastern summit, clad in grey,
Morn like a horseman girt for travel, comes,
And from his tower of mist
Night's watchman hurries down. *H. K. White.*

MORNING—Brightness of.

Thou canst not tell
How bright a morn it was: never such sun
Look'd on the nether earth, as now above
Heaven's everlasting hills, with perfect orb,
Rose joyous, and from every brake the birds,
Under the thick leaves, starr'd with prisms of dew,
Crowded their mellow warbles. *Alford.*

MORNING—Evanescence of.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy, straying
'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover-dew;
She calls, but he still thinks of nought save playing;
And so she smiles, and waves him an adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that morn, sweet morn! returns no more. *Swain.*

MORNING—Orient Glory of.

Morn, in the white wake of the morning star,
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.
Tennyson.

MORNING—Reflections on.

The God of mercy walks his round,
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
"No longer stand ye idle here."

Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of youth the morning light:
Oh, fools, why stand ye idle here?

And ye whose scanty locks of grey
Foretell your latest travail near,
How fast declines your useless day,
And stand ye yet so idle here?

One hour remains, there is but one,
But many a grief and many a tear,
Through endless ages, must atone
For moments lost and wasted here. *Heber.*

MORNING—Signs of.

How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature,—

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.
Shakspeare.

Sullen, methinks, and slow the morning breaks,
As if the sun, were listless to appear,
And dark designs hung heavy on the day.
Dryden.

The morning rises black, the low'ring sun
Drives heavily his sable chariot on;
The face of day now blushes scarlet deep. *Lee.*

The glowworm shows the matin to be near.
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.
Shakspeare.

Yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.
Ibid.

The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson;
The flowers more od'rous seem; the garden birds
Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends
The gaudy earth with an unusual brightness;
All nature smiles, and the whole world is pleased.
Lee.

The morn
Rises upon my thoughts; her silver hand
With her fair pencil strikes the darkness out,
And paints the glorious face of day. *Havard.*

From amber shrouds I see the morning rise,
Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies;
And now the city emmets leave the hive,
And rousing hinds to cheerful labour drive.
High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,
And Nature smiles upon the mountain-brow;
The joyful birds salute the sun's approach;
The sun, too, laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach;
While from his car the drooping gems distil,
And all the earth and all the heavens do smile.
Lee.

Is not yon gleam the shudd'ring morn, that flakes
With silver tincture the east verge of heaven?
Marston.

See! the dapple-grey coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky. *Ibid.*

MORNING—Signs of.

See! Aurora puts on her crimson blush,
And with resplendent rays gilds o'er the height
Of yon aspiring hill! the pearly dew
Hangs on the rosebud's top. *Sharp.*

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards. *Shakspeare.*

The eye of day hath opened its lids! *Ibid.*

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
Ibid.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheel of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Ibid.

MORNING—a Simile.

Morn, like a maiden glancing o'er her pearls,
Stream'd o'er the manna-dew, as though the ground
Were sown with star-seed. *P. J. Bailey.*

MORTALITY—Common Lot of.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The path of glory leads but to the grave.
Gray.

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
Mrs. Hemans.

MORTALITY—Remembering our Own.

When we see our enemies and friends gliding away before us, let us not forget that we are subject to the general law of mortality, and shall soon be where our doom will be fixed for ever. *Johnson.*

MOTHER—Death of a.

The loss of a mother is always severely felt: even though her health may incapacitate her from taking any active part in the care of her family, still she is a sweet rallying-point, around which affection and obedience, and a thousand tender endeavours to please, concentrate; and dreary is the blank when such a point is withdrawn: it is like that lonely star before

us.—neither its heat nor light are anything to us in themselves; yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad if he missed it, when he lifts his eye to the brow of the mountain over which it rises when the sun descends.

Lamartine.

MOTHER—Hopes of a.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

Campbell.

MOTHER—Joy of a.

As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word,
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard;
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear, for ever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How bless'd to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart:
Watch o'er his slumbers, like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love.

Rogers.

MOTHER AND HER INFANT.

There is a sight all hearts beguiling,—
A youthful mother on her infant smiling,
Who, with spread arms and dancing feet,
And cooing voice, returns its answer sweet.
Who does not love to see the grandame mild
Lesson with yearning looks the listening child?
But 'tis a thing of saintlier nature,
Amidst her friends of pigmy stature,
To see the maid, in youth's fair bloom,
A guardian sister's charge assume,
And, like a touch of angel's bliss,
Receive from each its grateful kiss.
To see them, when their hour of lore is past,
Aside their grave demeanour cast;
With her in mimic war they wrestle;
Beneath her twisted robe they nestle;
Upon her glowing cheek they revel,
Low bended to their tiny level;
While oft, her lovely neck bestriding,
Crows some arch imp, like huntsman riding.
This is a sight the coldest heart may feel,—
To make down rugged cheeks the kindly tear to steal.

Joanna Baillie.

MOTION.

Motion is the life of all things.

Duchess of Newcastle.

MOTIVES—Interested.

And yet he thinks—ha, ha, ha, ha,—he thinks
I am the tool and servant of his will.
Well, let it be: through all the maze of trouble
His plots and base oppression must create,
I'll shape myself a way to higher things;
And who will say 'tis wrong? *Basil.*

MOTIVES—the Result of Weakness.

Motives imply weakness, and the reasoning powers imply the existence of evil and temptation. The angelic nature would act from impulse alone. *Coleridge.*

MOUNTAIN—Physical Aspect of the.

His proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curling brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and streams his lofty forehead beat,—
The common fate of all that's high and great.
Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
That with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively green put on;
No frisky goats bound o'er the ridgy stone.

Garth.

MOUNTAINEER—Hardihood of the.

An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain,
Who, while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
A lawless force from confidence will grow,
Insult the plenty of the vale below. *Gray.*

MOUNTAINS—Beauty of the.

Blue, and baseless, and beautiful,
Did the boundless mountains bear
Their folded shadows into the golden air.
The comfortlessness of their chasms was full
Of orient cloud, and undulating mist,
Which, where their silver cataracts hiss'd,
Quiver'd with panting colour. *Ruskin.*

MOUNTAINS—Design of the.

The mountains are nature's monuments.
Dr. James Hamilton.

MOUNTAINS—Moral Influence of the.

Hills draw like heaven,
And stronger sometimes, holding out their hands
To pull you from the vile flats up to them.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

In the mountains did he feel his faith.
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality.
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seem'd infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects; nor did he believe,
He saw. *Wordsworth.*

MOURNERS—for the Dead.

There is a tear for all that die;
A mourner o'er the humblest grave. *Byron.*

MOURNING—Blessedness of.

Oh! deem not they are bless'd alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light. *Bryant.*

MOURNING—Consolation in.

We must all die,
All leave ourselves, it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well; and can that man
that does so
Need lamentation for him? Children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear;
Women for want of will, and anger; is there
In noble man, that truly feels both poises
Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness
To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
I'm ashamed to see ye, yet ye move me;
And were't not my manhood would accuse me
For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

MUMMY—Address to a.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have
seen,
How the world look'd when it was fresh and
young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent, uncommunicative elf?
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But, prythee, tell us something of thyself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house!
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures
numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange
mutations,—
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old
nations;
And countless kings have into dust been
humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.
Horace Smith.

MUMMY—An Egyptian.

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecay'd within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment-
morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with
its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh let us keep the *soul embalm'd and pure*
In living virtue; that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!
Ibid.

MURDER—the First of Crimes.

Murder but intentional, not wrought
To horrid act, before the eternal throne
Stands forth the first of crimes. Who dares
assume,
Unwarranted, Heaven's high prerogative
O'er life and death, with double force shall find,
Turn'd on themselves the mischiefs they de-
sign'd. *Whitehead.*

MURDER—Horror of.

O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor
heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!
What's the matter?—
Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building. *Shakspeare.*

MURDER—will Speak out.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelms them to men's eyes:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. *Shakspeare.*

MURDERER—Doom of the.

Think, timely think, on the last dreadful day,
How you will tremble there, to stand exposed
The foremost in the rank of guilty ghosts,
That must be doom'd for murder! think on murder!
That troop is placed apart from common crimes;
The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that band
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.
'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me;
I know this truth, but I repell'd the thought.
Sure there is none but fears a future state;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues. *Dryden.*

MURDERER—Contending Passions of the.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital life again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—one more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love. *Shakspeare.*

MURDERER—Demon Spirit of the.

And wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design,
Moves like a ghost. *Ibid.*

MURDERERS—Dire Intent of.

Our course will seem too bloody,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
Shakspeare.

MUSE—Influence of the.

The muse, by fate's eternal plan, designed
To light, exalt, and humanize the mind;
To bid kind pity melt, just anger glow;
To kindle joy, or prompt the sighs of woe;
To shake with horror, rack with tender smart,
And touch the finest strings that rend the heart. *Blacklock.*

MUSIC—Associations of.

Once upon a time we knew a school-boy who, if he but chanced on the street to hear an urchin blowing a whistle, or playing on a Paris pipe, would forthwith conjure up Sicily, Theocritus, Mount Ida, and the Muses in a ring; wild thyme and the drowsy hum of Hyblæan bees, Syrinx, and the old mythologies, with many a sweet old pastoral. Then he would hear the little boy piping sweetly under the great plane tree by the fountain of Callirhoë—the boy who, when asked where he learnt to play so well, answered with a look of wondering simplicity, that "it piped itself!" He would also listen in reverie to the Genius in the vision of "Mirza," or to the sweet melodies of the Good Genius in "Vathek." He would hear Blake's happy "Songs of Innocence," or the child piping in Sir Phillip Sydney's "Arcadia," as if he would never grow old. Each or all would visit him by turns; for then every sound, present or remembered, had its instant and vivid association. Thus for years he walked, continually surrounded by a bright world of enchantment and delight, sweet sounds and visions haunting him, till at times it became difficult to say whether his waking or sleeping dreams were the more real.
Symington.

MUSIC—Charms of.

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rooks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
Congreve.

That which I have found the best recreation both to my mind and body, whensoever either of them stands in need of it, is music, which exercises at once both my body and soul; especially when I play myself; for then,

methinks, the same motion that my hand makes upon the instrument, the instrument makes upon my heart. It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, re-creates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart, at the present, with pure and useful thoughts; so that when the music sounds the sweetliest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind. And hence it is that I find my soul is become more harmonious, by being accustomed so much to harmony, and so averse to all manners of discord, that the least jarring sounds, either in notes or words, seem very harsh and unpleasant to me.

Bishop Beveridge.

MUSIC—Definition of.

The soul of art best loved when love is by.

Brown.

MUSIC—Delights of.

I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made. *Pope.*

MUSIC—Discovery of.

When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren throng'd around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound;
Less than a God, they thought, there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That sung so sweetly and so well. *Dryden.*

MUSIC—when Dying.

Let me have music dying, and I seek
No more delight. *Keats.*

MUSIC—Ear for.

A good ear for music and a taste for music are two very different things, which are often confounded; and so is comprehending and enjoying every object of sense and sentiment.

Greville.

MUSIC—Enravishment of.

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death. *Milton.*

MUSIC—Indulgence in.

Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings.

Addison.

MUSIC—Influence of.

The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!

Carlyle.

Amid the golden gifts which Heaven
Has left, like portions of its light on earth,
None hath such influence as music hath.
The painter's hues stand visible before us
In power and beauty—we can trace the thoughts,
Which are the workings of the poet's mind:
But music is a mystery, and viewless
Even when present, and is less man's act,
And less within his order; for the hand
That can call forth the tones, yet cannot tell
Whither they go, or if they live or die,
When floated once beyond his feeble ear;
And then, as if it were an unreal thing,
The wind will sweep from the neglected strings,
As rich a swell as ever minstrel drew.

L. E. Landon.

I'm never merry when I hear sweet music;
The reason is your spirits are attentive.

Shakspeare.

MUSIC—Gentle Influence of.

Music, which gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes. *Tennyson.*

MUSIC—Soothing Influence of.

Music!—oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell;
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign—
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray. *Moore.*

MUSIC—the Food of Love.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. *Shakspeare.*

MUSIC—a Divine Present.

Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can *calm* the agitations of the soul: it is one of the most magnificent and delightful presents God has given us. *Luther.*

MUSIC—Power of.

Music can noble hints impart.
Engender fury, kindle love;

With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
Addison.

Of all the arts beneath the heaven,
That man has found, or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love. *Hogg.*

Through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul,
Wrung from the coyest breast the imprison'd sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye.
James Montgomery.

MUSIC—Raptures of.

Where should this music be,—in the air or the earth? *Shakspeare.*

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence. *Milton.*

MUSIC—Reminiscences inspired by.

Mysterious keeper of the key
That opes the gates of memory,
Oft in thy wildest, simplest strain,
We live o'er years of bliss again!

The sun-bright hopes of early youth,
Love, in its first deep hour of truth,—
And dreams of life's delightful morn,
Are on thy seraph-pinions borne!

To the enthusiast's heart thy tone
Breathes of the lost and lovely one,
And calls back moments, brief as dear,
When last 'twas wafted on his ear.

To gloom of sadness thou canst suit
The chords of thy delicious lute;
For every heart thou hast a tone,
Can make its pulses all thine own!
A. A. Watts.

MUSIC—of the Spheres.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony,
. . . Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Shakspeare.

MUSICIANS—Influence of.

Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeased the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tamed the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre
Tuned to soft woe, made all the mountains weep.
Soothed even th' inexorable powers of hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain;
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days adored
One power of physic, melody, and song.
Armstrong.

MUSICIANS—Inspiration of.

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps, to dance on sands.
Shakspeare.

MUSICIANS—Triumphs of.

Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found. *Pope.*

MYSTERY—Characteristics of.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones. *Chesterfield.*

MYSTERY—Effect of.

Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the sun.
Colton.

MYSTERY—Suspicion of.

Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil. *Byron.*

N.

NAME—A Good.

Consider that the invisible thing called a good name is made up of the breath of numbers that speak well of you; so that, if by a disobliging word you silence the meanest, the gale will be less strong which is to bear up your esteem. And though nothing is so vain as the eager pursuit of empty applause, yet to be well thought of, and to be kindly used by the world, is like a glory about a woman's head; it is a perfume she carries about with her, and leaveth wherever she goeth; it is a charm against its will. Malice may empty her quiver, but cannot wound; the dirt will not stick, the jests will not take; without the consent of the world, a scandal doth not go deep; it is only a slight stroke upon the injured party, and returneth with the greater force upon those that gave it. *Saville.*

NAME—Honours of a.

The honours of a name 'tis just to guard;
They are a trust but lent us, which we take,
And should, in reverence to the donor's fame,
With care transmit them down to other hands.
Shirley.

NAMES—Importance of.

There is much, nay almost all, in names. The name is the earliest garment you wrap round the earth, to which it thenceforth cleaves more tenaciously (for these are names that have lasted nigh thirty centuries) than the very skin. And now from without, what mystic influences does it not send inwards, even to the centre, especially in those plastic first-times, when the whole soul is yet infantine, soft; and the invisible seed-grain will grow to be an all-over-shadowy tree! Names? Could I unfold the influence of names, which are the most important of all clothings, I were a second great Trismegistus. Not only all common speech, but science—poetry itself—is no other, if thou consider it, than a right *naming*. Adam's first task was giving names to natural appearances. What is ours still but a continuation of the same, be the appearance exotic, vegetable, organic, mechanic, stars, or starry movements (as in science); or (as in poetry) passions, virtues, calamities, God, attributes, gods! *Carlyle.*

NAMES (Great)—Proper Use of.

Great names debase instead of raising those who know not how to use them.
La Rochefoucauld.

NATURE—worthy of Admiration.

A pious acquaintance, remarkable for the quaint shrewdness of his observations, one day, when walking in a garden, having pulled a flower of exquisite loveliness, after expressing, in his own characteristic way, his admiration of its various beauties, took up a clod of the soil in his other hand, and naïvely, but emphatically, exclaimed, "What but Almighty power could extract that from this?" If there was anything ludicrous in the manner, there was nothing but truth and sublimity in the sentiment. Everything in the operations of the Creator is worthy of devout admiration, but I scarcely know anything in the inanimate world which brings together and concentrates so many wonders of designing wisdom and benevolence, as the structure and qualities of a flower,—and assuredly not a little is added to the surprise and pious feeling with which this delightful production is contemplated, when we think of the crude materials from which it is elaborated. The beauty of form and colour, the sweetness of the fragrance, the delicate and skilful nature of the organization, the careful provisions, the forethought, the contrivance, the suiting of parts, as regards the propagation of the species, the adaptations to the subsistence and enjoyment of the insect tribes,—all produced by the artificial union of a few simple and apparently unfit substances, cannot fail to excite in the reflecting mind the most lively sentiments of astonishment, and to force upon it the conviction, that here, without doubt, is the finger of God. *Duncan.*

NATURE—alone Antique.

It struck me much, as I sat by the Kuhbach one silent noontide, and watched it flowing, gurgling, to think how this same streamlet had flowed and gurgled through all changes of weather and of fortune, from beyond the earliest date of history. Yes, probably on the morning when Joshua forded Jordan; even as at the mid-day when Cæsar, doubtless with difficulty, swam the Nile, yet kept his Commentaries dry,—this little Kuhbach, assiduous as Tiber, Eurotas, or Siloa, was murmuring on across the wilderness, as yet unnamed, unseen: here, too, as in the Euphrates and the Ganges, is a vein or veinlet of the grand world-circulation of waters, which, with its atmospheric

NATURE.

arteries, has lasted, and lasts, simply with the world. Thou fool! Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom; that idle crag thou sittest on is six thousand years of age.

Carlyle.

NATURE—Great Author of.

The day is Thine, the night also is Thine: Thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: Thou hast made summer and winter. *David.*

Men are impatient, and for precipitating things; but the Author of nature appears deliberate throughout His operations, accomplishing His natural ends by slow, successive steps. And there is a plan of things beforehand laid out, which, from the nature of it, requires various systems of means, as well as length of time, in order to the carrying on its several parts into operation—making one thing subservient to another; this to somewhat further, and even through a progressive series of means which extend both backward and forward beyond our utmost view.

Bishop Butler.

Nothing can be more ungrateful than to pass over the works of God without consideration. To study them is among the highest gratifications the human mind can enjoy, provided the study is conducted upon religious principles. The book of Nature is open to all. "On every leaf, 'Creator, God,' is written." Let us, then, daily employ some of those intervals of leisure, which all may command, in examining those objects which fall under our immediate observation, and we shall find cause to say, with the inspired Psalmist, from the conviction of our own minds, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches!" *Mrs. Trimmer.*

NATURE—Exhaustless Beauty of.

Nature has scattered around us, on every side, and for every sense, an inexhaustible profusion of beauty and sweetness, if we will but perceive it. The pleasures we derive from musical sounds, and the forms of trees, are surely not given us in vain; and if we are constantly alive to these, we can never be in want of subjects of agreeable contemplation, and must be habitually cheerful. *Basil Hall.*

NATURE—Calmness in.

Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
I heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. *Thomson.*

The wind breathed soft as lovers sigh,
And oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,
With breathless pause between.
O who with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene! *Sir Walter Scott.*

The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently as if it fear'd to wake
The slumbers of the silent tides. *Moore.*

NATURE—Celestiality of.

O nature! by impassion'd hearts alone
Thy genuine charms are felt. The vulgar mind
Sees but the shadow of a power unknown:
Thy loftier beauties beam not to the blind
And sensual throng, to grovelling hopes resign'd:
But they who high and lofty thoughts inspire,
Adore thee, in celestial glory shrined,
In that diviner fane, where love's pure fire
Burns bright, and genius tunes his loud immortal lyre. *Pringle.*

NATURE—Successive Changes of.

Nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own; and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy that we can scarcely mark their progress. *Dickens.*

NATURE—Communion with.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Longfellow.

Art sick?—art sad?—art angry with the world?
Do all friends fail thee? Why, then, give thyself
Unto the forests and the ambrosial fields:
Commerce with them, and with the eternal sky.
Despair not, fellow. He who casts himself
On Nature's fair full bosom, and draws food,
Drinks from a fountain that is never dry.
The Poet haunts there: Youth that ne'er grows old
Dwells with her and her flowers; and Beauty sleeps

In her most green recesses, to be found
By all who seek her truly. *Barry Cornwall.*

'Tis a bright Summer moon; along the shore
Float the white sea-mews rapturously; the grove,
Responsive to the small birds' song of love,
Is murmurous with sweet sound. But ah! no more
Come bright skies to me, as they came of yore,
When youth's Elysian cestus girdled all
The visible world, and every object bore
The trace of what Earth was before Man's fall.
Yet pleasant is the green-sward; bright the day
And musical hoar Ocean, as he raves
With a majestic voice among his caves.
But Memory heedeth not; and far away
Turns to calm sunshine sleeping on the graves
Of Joys that perish'd in life's morning ray.
Shelley.

NATURE—Contemplation of.

In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. *Milton.*

Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Cowper.

A man finds in the productions of Nature an inexhaustible stock of material upon which he can employ himself, without any temptations to envy or malevolence; and has always a certain prospect of discovering new reasons for adoring the Sovereign Author of the universe. *Johnson.*

Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God. *Job.*

It is truly a most Christian exercise to extract a sentiment of piety from the works and appearances of Nature. Our Saviour expatiates on a flower, and draws from it the delightful argument of confidence in God. He gives us to see that taste may be combined with piety, and that the same heart may be occupied with all that is serious in the contemplations of religion, and be, at the same time, alive to the charms and loveliness of Nature. *Chalmers.*

I am persuaded that the more we inquire and search into the economy of Nature, so far from finding any defects, we shall have more and more reason to be convinced that not only every bird, but every animal, from the highest to the lowest in the scale of creation, is equally well adapted for the purpose for which it was intended. The chief object of a naturalist should be always to "look through Nature up to Nature's God," and if we do so with a sincere desire to be benefited by the survey, we shall have fresh cause for wonder and admiration, and find our minds more fitted to receive the good impressions which such a study must produce. *Jesse.*

When we contemplate the wonderful works of Nature, and, walking about at leisure, gaze upon this ample theatre of the world, considering the stately beauty, constant order, and sumptuous furniture thereof; the glorious splendour, and uniform motion of the heavens; the pleasant fertility of the earth; the curious figure and fragrant sweetness of plants; the exquisite frame of animals; and all other amazing miracles of nature, wherein the glorious attributes of God, especially his transcendent goodness, are more conspicuously displayed: so that by them, not only large acknowledgments, but even gratulatory hymns, as it were, of praise have been extorted from the mouths of Aristotle, Pliny, Galen, and such like men, never suspected guilty of an excessive devotion: then should our hearts be affected with thankful sense, and our lips break forth in praise. *Barrow.*

NATURE—to be Copied.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare:
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Pope.

NATURE—Definition of.

The living visible garment of God. *Goethe.*

NATURE—Divinity of.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches. *David.*

O Nature! all thy seasons please the eye
Of Him who sees a present Deity in all.
It is His presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable o'er mountain, wood, and stream:
To think that He, who hears the heavenly choir,
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song;
To think that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,

Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;
To mark His presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds, as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower; to hear His awful voice
In thunders speak, and whisper in the gale;
To know and feel His care for all that lives;
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
Grahame.

NATURE—Economy of.

In nature, all is managed for the best with perfect frugality and just reserve, profuse to none, but bountiful to all; never employing on one thing more than enough, but with exact economy retrenching the superfluous, and adding force to what is principal in everything. *Shaftesbury.*

Each moss,
Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank
Important in the plan of Him who framed
This scale of beings; holds a rank which, lost,
Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
Which nature's self would rue. *Thomson.*

Nature is avariciously frugal; in Matter, it allows no atom to elude its grasp; in Mind, no thought or feeling to perish. It gathers up the fragments that nothing be lost.
David Thomas.

NATURE—Eternity of.

Nature is the most thrifty thing in the world; she never wastes anything; she undergoes change, but there's no annihilation—the essence remains—matter is eternal. *Binney.*

NATURE—God in.

Nature's self, which is the breath of God,
Or His pure word by miracle revealed.
Wordsworth.

Nature is still, as ever, the thin veil
Which half conceals, and half reveals the face,
And lineaments supernal of our King,—
The modifying medium through which
His glories are exhibited to man,—
The grand repository where He hides
His mighty thoughts, to be dug out like diamonds,
Still is the day irradiate with His glory,
Flowing in steady, sun-streaked, ocean gush
From his transcendent nature,—still at night
O'er our horizon trail the sable robes
Of the Eternal One, with all their rich
Embroidery and emblazonment of stars.
J. Stanyan Bigg.

The time-vesture of God, that reveals Him to the wise, and hides Him from the foolish.
Carlyle.

NATURE—God in.

It is particularly worth observation, that the more we magnify, by the assistance of glasses, the works of nature, the more regular and beautiful they appear; while it is quite different in respect to those of art: for when they are examined through a microscope, we are astonished to find them so coarse, so rough and uneven, although they have been done with all imaginable care by the best workmen. Thus God has impressed, even on the smallest atom, an image of his infinity. *Sturm.*

Nature has perfections, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is *only* his image.
Pascal.

NATURE—Grandeur of.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year;
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Thomson.

NATURE—Silent Grandeur of.

The glorious light of all the sky was underneath this globe, and birds grew silent.
Washington Irving.

NATURE—Historians of.

Nature will be reported: all things are engaged in writing its history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The fallen drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a foot-step in the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground of memoranda and signatures; and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent. *Hugh Miller.*

NATURE—Human.

It surely is one of the prominent frailities of human nature, that we are incapable of duly appreciating those favours which are offered to us at little cost. The inference is plain: we place fictitious value on what we desire, and on what we possess; and it may be instructive to carry our researches further into the affairs of this present life, and endeavour to ascertain what real importance attaches to any of those

objects which we aim to obtain. It may be useful, although disagreeable, to discover that we run after bubbles, which burst in the hand.
Maund.

NATURE—Influence of.

Surely there is something in the unruffled calm of nature that overawes our little anxieties and doubts: the sight of the deep-blue sky, and the clustering stars above, seems to impart a quiet to the mind. *Edwards.*

NATURE—Silent Influence of.

The watchman on the battlement partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which, in that brightest moonlight well-nigh quench'd,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with everlasting influence
Towards eternity the attemper'd mind.
Southey.

NATURE—Love of.

I could spend whole days, and moonlight nights, in feeding upon a lovely prospect! My eyes drink the rivers as they flow. If every human being upon earth could think for one quarter of an hour, as I have done for many years, there might, perhaps, be many miserable men among them; but not an unawakened one could be found, from the arctic to the antarctic circle. I delight in baubles, and know them to be so; for, rested in, and viewed without a reference to their Author, what is the earth, what are the planets, what is the sun itself, but a bauble? Better for a man never to have seen them, or to see them with the eyes of a brute, stupid and unconscious of what he beholds, than not to be able to say: "The Maker of all these wonders is my friend!" Their eyes have never been opened to see that they are trifles; mine have been, and will be, till they are closed for ever. They think a fine estate, a large conservatory, a hot-house rich as a West-Indian garden, things of consequence; visit them with pleasure, and muse upon them with ten times more. I am pleased with a frame of four lights, doubtful whether the few panes it contains will ever be worth a farthing; amuse myself with a green-house, which Lord Bute's gardener could take upon his back, and walk away with; and when I have paid it the accustomed visit, and watered it, and given it air, I say to myself,—"This is not mine; 'tis a plaything lent me for the present; I must leave it soon." *Cowper.*

NATURE—Love of.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam.
The desert, forest, cavern, breakers' foam
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tone
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages, gloss'd by sunbeams on the lake.
Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite.
Byron.

There is a gentler element, and man
May breathe it with a calm unruffled soul,
And drink its living waters till the heart
Is pure.—And this is human happiness!
Its secret and its evidence are writ
In the broad book of nature. 'Tis to have
Attentive and believing faculties;
To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well-created things;
To love the voice of waters, and the sheen
Of silver fountains leaping to the sea;
To thrill with the rich melody of birds
Living their life of music; to be glad
In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm;
To see a beauty in the stirring leaf
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree;
To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world!
Willis.

NATURE—Different Meanings of.

Nature sometimes means the Author of Nature, or *Natura naturans;* as Nature hath made man partly corporeal and partly immaterial. For *Nature,* in this sense, may be used the word "Creator." Nature sometimes means that on whose account a thing is what it is and is called; as when we define the nature of an angle. For nature in this sense may be used essence or quality. Nature sometimes means what belongs to a living creature at its nativity, or accrues to it at its birth; as when we say, a man is noble by nature; a child is naturally forward. This may be expressed by saying, the man was born so, the thing was generated such. Nature sometimes means an internal principle of local motion; as we say, the stone falls, or the flame rises, by nature. For this we may say, that the motion up or down is spontaneous, or produced

by its proper cause. Nature sometimes means the established course of things corporeal; as, nature makes the night succeed the day. This may be termed established order, or settled course. Nature sometimes means the aggregate of the powers belonging to a body, especially a living one; as when physicians say that nature is strong, or, nature left to herself will do the cure. For this may be used, constitution, temperament, or structure of the body. Nature is put likewise for the system of the corporeal works of God; as, there is no phœnix or chimera in nature. For nature, thus applied, we may use, the world, or the universe. Nature is sometimes, indeed, taken for a kind of semi-deity. In this sense it is better not to use it at all. *Boyle.*

NATURE—free from Melancholy.

Midnight—when asleep so still and silent—seems inspired with the joyous spirit of the owls in their revelry—and answers to their mirth and merriment through all her clouds. The moping owl, indeed!—the boding owl, forsooth! the melancholy owl, you blockhead! why, they are the most cheerful, joy-portending, and exulting of God's creatures. Their flow of animal spirits is incessant—crowing cocks are a joke to them—blue devils are to them unknown—not one hypochondriac in a thousand barns—and the Man-in-the-Moon acknowledges that he never heard one of them utter a complaint. *Professor Wilson.*

NATURE—Obedience to.

The more a man follows Nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer he will live; the farther he deviates from these, the shorter will be his existence. *Hufeland.*

NATURE—Philosophy of.

The true philosophy of nature is a religious philosophy—that is, a philosophy binding us to God. Nature rightly studied *must* disclose the Creator, but the sights which we see are according to the spirit that we bring to the investigation. Standing within a cathedral, and looking through its stained and figured windows *towards* the light, we behold the forms and colours by the light. Standing outside, and gazing at the same windows, we see nothing but a blurred and indistinct enamelling. Thus the soul, standing within the great cathedral of God's material world, and looking through it upward to the light, beholds the meaning of its forms and colours; but standing without, and studying nature in detail, not with reference to the light pouring through it from God, but for itself alone, there is nothing better seen than the mere material enamelling. The meaning of a transparency can be seen only by looking *at* the light, or in the *direction* of the light which is shining through it; not by looking upon it from without, in an external or reflected light. *Cheever.*

NATURE—Power of.

There was a boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander!—Many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely, palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hooting to the silent owls,
That they might answer him.—And they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again
Responsive to his call—with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of mirth and jocund din! And, when it chanced
That pauses of deep silence mocked his skill,
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.
Wordsworth.

NATURE—Religion of.

There is religion in everything around us—a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in, as it were, unawares upon the heart; it comes quietly, and without excitement; it has no terror, no gloom in its approaches; it does not rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man; it is fresh from the hands of its Author, glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit, which pervades and quickens it; it is written on the arched sky; it looks out from every star; it is on the sailing cloud and in the invisible wind; it is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates, before the strong wind, with its dark waves of green foliage; it is spread out, like a legible language, upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean; it is the poetry of nature; it is this which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is strong enough to overlook the

shadows of our place of probation; which breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality; and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness. *Ruskin.*

NATURE—Spirit of.

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. *Wordsworth.*

NATURE—Exquisite Subtlety of.

Light passes from the sun to the earth, a space of ninety-five millions of miles, in eight minutes, and the beams of the smallest taper are visible at sea, in a dark night, for at least three miles: so that the particles of light instantaneously fill a spherical space of six miles in diameter, or 1,130,976 cubical miles.

Instances of the exquisite subtlety of nature are infinite. That so small a drop of ink in a pen should be drawn out into so many letters or lines, as we find it; that silver, gilt upon its external surface, should be drawn to such a vast length of gilded wire; that so very small a worm as that found in the skin should have a spirit, and a peculiar structure and organisation of different parts; that a little saffron should tinge a whole hogshead of water; that a little civet or musk should fill a large chamber with its odour; that such a great cloud of smoke should be raised from a little incense; that the exact differences of sounds should be every way conveyed through the air, and even through the holes and pores of wood and water, (though much weakened, indeed, in the passage), and be reflected with great distinctness and velocity; that light and colour should so suddenly pass through such a bulk of solid matter, as glass; or of a fluid, as water; yet so as at the same time to convey a great and exquisite variety of images, even though the light suffers refraction and reflection; that the loadstone should operate through all kinds of bodies, even the most compact and solid; and what is still more wonderful, that in all these cases the action of one thing does not greatly hinder the action of another, in a neutral or indifferent medium, such as the air is. Thus cold, heat, and magnetical virtues, all pass through the air at once, without obstructing one another, as if each of them had its own separate way or passage, so as to prevent impinging against, meeting with, or obstructing one another. *Bacon.*

NATURE—Due Successions of.

When I look into my garden, there I see first a small spire look out of the earth, which in some months' time, grows into a stalk; then, after many days' expectation, branches forth into some leaves; at last appears the hope of a flower, which, ripened with many suns and showers, arises to its perfection, and at last puts forth its seed for a succeeding multiplication.

If I look into my orchard, I see the well-grafted scions yield at first a tender bud; itself after many years is bodied to a solid stock, and under patience of many hard winters, spreads forth large arms; at last being grown to a meet age of vegetation: it begins to grace the spring with some fair blossoms, which falling off kindly, give way to a weak embryo of fruit; every day now adds something to the growth, till it attains in autumn its full maturity. The Great God of Heaven who can do all things in an instant, hath thought good to produce all the effects of natural agency, not without a due succession of time. *Bishop Hall.*

NATURE—a Teacher of Truth.

Read Nature: Nature is a friend to truth:
Nature is Christian: preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Young.

From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
Cowper.

NATURE—Undeceptiveness of.

Nature never deceives us; the rocks, the mountains, the streams, always speak the same language; a shower of snow may hide the verdant woods in spring, a thunder-storm may render the blue limpid streams foul and turbulent; but these effects are rare and transient: in a few hours, or at most in a few days, all the sources of beauty are renovated. And nature affords no continued trains of misfortunes and miseries, such as depend upon the constitution of humanity; no hopes for ever blighted in the bud, no beings, full of life, beauty, and promise, taken from us in the prime of youth. Her fruits are all balmy and sweet; she affords none of those blighted ones, so common in the life of man, and so

like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea, fresh and beautiful to the sight, but when tasted, full of bitterness and ashes.

Sir Humphry Davy.

NATURE—Universality of.

Unerring Nature! still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test, of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides;
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills, the whole;
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in th' effect remains. *Pope.*

NATURE—Unsympathizing.

A comely face hath Nature, but no heart.
None!—Are you sad? she smiles. Is your grief past,
And gladness come? Her skies are overcast,
In your chameleon moods she hath no part.
Praise her—your warmest words will ne'er impart
A flush the more to her full loveliness—
Flout her, and she will offer you, no less,
Flowers, fruitage, all the effluence of her art.
Die, she will send her merriest birds to sing
Outside your window, and upon your brow
Shed showers of sunbeams, in bright overflow:
Go down into your grave—no cloud will fling
Its shade, in sorrow that your tale is told:
She is a comely mother, but stone-cold.

A. Lionel Westwood.

NATURE—Variety in.

We see a beautiful and infinite variety everywhere presented to us in the works of nature, and man seeks for primary causes of this exuberant effect, but if he forget that First Great Cause on which all others depend, he is quickly surrounded by doubts and difficulties, and finds his reasoning degenerate into conjecture. We sometimes look on the effect, and discover the agent by which it was produced—the human mind is then too frequently satisfied. True philosophy would pursue the subject still further: and thus we should not stop short of that admiration of our Divine Power, and humiliation of our own wisdom, which is becoming our present state of dependence—a dependence notwithstanding, under which all may so freely enjoy the boundless riches and beauty everywhere presented to their contemplation. *Maund.*

NATURE—Voices of.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, the flower-lips of the sod,
The happy birds that hymn their rapture in the ear of God.
The summer wind that bringeth music over land and sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me.
The world is full of beauty, like other worlds above.
And if we do our duty it might be full of love.

Massey.

NATURE AND ART.

Formerly, it was the fashion to preach the natural; now it is the ideal. People too often forget that these things are profoundly compatible; that, in a beautiful work of imagination, the natural should be ideal, and the ideal natural. *A. W. Von Schlegel.*

Nature is the chart of God, mapping out all His attributes; art is the shadow of His wisdom, and copieth His resources. *Tupper.*

NATURE AND ART—Relations between.

The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest-trees, with all their boughs, to a festal or solemn arcade, as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road cut through pine-woods without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the bareness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods, on a winter afternoon, one will see as readily the origin of the stained-glass window, with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colours of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest; nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw, and plane, still reproduced its forms, its spikes of flowers, its locust, its pine, its oak, its fir, its spruce. The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish as well as the aërial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty. *Emerson.*

NATURE AND REVELATION—Works of.

The works of nature, and the works of revelation, display religion to mankind in characters so large and visible, that those who are not quite blind may in them see and read

the first principles and most necessary parts of it, and from thence penetrate into those infinite depths filled with the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. *Locke.*

NEATNESS—a Test of Character.

Neatness, and its reverse, among the poor, are almost a certain test of their moral character. *Dr. Whitaker.*

NECESSARY—wrong Application of the Term.

The word "necessary" is miserably applied. It disordereth families, and overturneth government, by being so abused. Remember that children and fools want everything because they want judgment to distinguish; and therefore there is no stronger evidence of a *crazy understanding* than the making too large a catalogue of things *necessary.*

Lord Hallifax.

NECESSARY—Things.

We ought to be thankful to nature, for having made those things which are necessary easy to be discovered; while other things that are difficult to be known, are not necessary.

Epicurus.

NECESSITY—often a Complaint.

Though fancy may be the patient's complaint, necessity is often the doctor's.

Zimmerman.

NECESSITY—Definition of.

The tyrant's plea. *Milton.*

NECESSITY—Power of.

There is no contending with necessity; and we should be very tender how we censure those that submit to it. It is one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, and another thing to be tied up to do what we must.

Sir R. L'Estrange.

NECROMANCY—Powers of.

I'll seek for other aid.—Spirits they say,
Flit round invisible, as thick as motes
Dance in the sunbeam. If that spell,
Or necromancer's sigil can compel them,
They shall hold council with me. *James Duff.*

'Tis said that words and signs have power
O'er spirits in planetary hour;
But scarce I praise their venturous part
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Sir Walter Scott.

NECTAR—Delights of.

One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. *Milton.*

NEGLIGENCE—Crime o

In persons grafted in a serious trust,
Negligence is a crime. *Shakspeare.*

NEGLIGENCE—Evil Results of.

The best ground untilled, soonest runs out into rank weeds. A man of knowledge that is either negligent or uncorrected, cannot but grow wild and godless. *Bishop Hall.*

NEGOCIATION—Caution in.

It is better to sound a person with whom one deals afar off, than to fall upon the point at first. *Bacon.*

NEGOCIATION—Use of the right Men in.

In negociating use such persons as are fit for the matter, as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for enquiry and observation, and forward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself. Also use such as have been lucky and prevailed before, for that breeds confidence. *Ibid.*

NEGRO—Countenance of the.

In the negro countenance you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces—or rather masks—that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways. *Lamb.*

NEGRO—Definition of the.

The image of God cut in ebony. *Fuller.*

NEGRO—Qualities of the.

The negro is an exotic of the most gorgeous and superb countries of the world, and he has deep in his heart a passion for all that is splendid, rich, and fanciful; a passion which, rudely indulged by an untrained taste, draws on him the ridicule of the colder and more correct white race. *Mrs. Stowe.*

NERVES—Sympathy of the.

When the nerves, from long habit, have been accustomed to transmit their messages from distinct parts, and are suddenly cut off from them, they still retain along their trunks the sympathetic or sensational actions. Thus, a man who has had a leg amputated will feel distinctly along the course of the trunk of the nerve sensations from toes which no longer exist. The mind also is influenced by this; and frequently this peculiar direct nervous action can only be allayed by that which is negative and reflex. A curious instance occurred

within my own experience. An old sailor suffered much from this; he retained his diseased foot too long, but at last consented to amputation. I knew him only with a wooden leg. When he had his nervous pains, he always called for hot water, into which he put his wooden stump. If told of his folly in supposing that such a proceeding could do any good, he would become enraged, and his paroxysm of pain would increase, but if gratified he took things easy, and the process actually appeared to do him good, though all must know there could be no real benefit. Still, here is the effect of mind over matter.

Ridge.

NERVOUSNESS—Influence of.

He experienced that nervous agitation to which brave men as well as cowards are subject; with this difference, that the one sinks under it, like the vine under the hail-storm, and the other collects his energies to shake it off, as the cedar of Lebanon is said to elevate its boughs to disperse the snow which accumulates upon them.

Sir Walter Scott.

NERVOUS SYSTEM—The.

So delicate is the fine tracery of the nervous structure, that the damage of a single fibre or a set of fibres destroys the unity of the whole. It is like a grand orchestra, in which one instrument alone out of time or tune disturbs the harmony of the rest, and the finest musical composition in the world is entirely spoiled by its discord. And this serious evil is apparent, not only in old age, but even in the young, in whom the disastrous consequences of injury to the brain, &c., are far more important both to themselves and to the world.

Dr. Forbes Winslow.

NEWS—Ill.

When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbour, keep it to yourself.

Zimmerman.

Ill news
Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on crutches. *Massinger.*

NEWS—Sensations caused by.

Old men, and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes. *Shakspeare.*

NEWS—Sensations caused by.

I saw a sweating weaver in his shirt,
Run puffing, with his shuttle in his hand,
To ask a neighbour butcher of the news,
Who, with his knife in's mouth, abruptly tells
Orsino's death, yes, and his daughter's too.
Then comes a tailor, with his hair tuck'd back
Behind his ears, on tiptoes, in his slippers,
And cries in haste, "The Duke of Grandia's murder'd!"
Then spits upon his iron, casts up his eyes,
Threads through the company, as it were a needle.
And vanishes. *Lee.*

NEWSMONGER—Character of a.

A newsmonger is a retailer of rumour, that takes up upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a commodity that will not keep; for if it be not fresh, it lies upon his hands, and will yield nothing. True or false, it is all one to him; for novelty being the grace of both, a truth grows stale as soon as a lie: and as a slight suit will last as well as a better while the fashion holds, a lie serves as well as truth till new ones come up. He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or less news; and if there be any difference, he loves the bad best, because it is said to come soonest; for he would willingly bear his share in any public calamity to have the pleasure of hearing and telling it. He tells news, as men do money, with his fingers; for he assures them it comes from very good hands. The whole business of his life is like that of a spaniel, to fetch and carry news; and when he does it well, he is clapped on the back, and fed for it; for he does not take to it altogether like a gentleman, for his pleasure; but when he lights on a considerable parcel of news, he knows where to put it off for a dinner, and quarter himself upon it, until he has eaten it out; and by this means he drives a trade, by retrieving the first news to truck it for the first meat in season; and, like the old Roman luxury, ransacks all seas and lands to please his palate.

Butler.

NEWSPAPERS—First Establishment of.

Newspapers were first invented by a French physician, who, finding his visits welcome whenever he brought any news or gossip, applied to Cardinal Richelieu for a patent to publish the *Paris Gazette*, in 1622. *Chambers.*

NEWSPAPERS—Importance of.

They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. To show virtue her own feature,

scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.
Shakspeare.

NICKNAMES—Durability of.

A good name will wear out; a bad one may be turned; a nickname lasts for ever.
Zimmerman.

Nicknames stick to people, and the most ridiculous are the most adhesive. *Haliburton.*

Names alone mock destruction; they survive
The doom of all creation. *H. Trevanion.*

NIGGARDLINESS AND WASTEFULNESS.

He that spareth in everything is an inexcusable niggard. He that spareth in nothing is an inexcusable madman. The mean is to spare in what is least necessary, and to lay out more liberally in what is most required in our several circumstances. *Lord Hallifax.*

NIGHT—Beauty of.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
Southey.

Oh! sweet and beautiful is Night, when the silver moon is high,
And countless stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in the sky,
While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whispering down the glen,
And one fond voice alone is heard—oh! Night is lovely then!
But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain,
But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in vain,—
When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,
Where all we love is fading fast—how terrible is Night!!— *Barham.*

I recall
My thoughts, and bid you look upon the night:
As water does a sponge, so the moonlight
Fills the void, hollow, universal air.
What see you?—Unpavilion'd heaven is fair,
Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,
Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or wan
Climbs with diminish'd beams the azure steep;
Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,
Piloted by the many-wandering blast,
And the rare stars rush through them, dim and fast.
All this is beautiful in every land. *Shelley.*

NIGHT—Characteristics of.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud. *Shakspeare.*

NIGHT—Darkness of

Now dark and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense, sunk in the quenching gloom;
Magnificent and vast are heaven and earth;
Order confounded lies, all beauty void;
Distinction lost, and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light to kindle and create the whole.
Thomson.

The night was dark and still: a heavier gloom
Ne'er cover'd earth. In low'ring clouds the stars
Were muffled deep, and not one ray below.
Ibid.

NIGHT—Description of.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Tracing towards the other goal
Of his chamber in the east. *Milton.*

Hail, eldest night! mother of human fear!
Vague solitude while infant man first felt
His native helplessness! Beneath whose drear
And solemn coverture he trembling knelt
To what in thy vast womb of darkness dwelt
Unseen, unknown! *Thomas Cooper.*

Night! that great shadow and profile of day.
Richter.

NIGHT—Drowsiness of.

The drowsy night grows on the world, and now
The busy craftsmen and o'er-labour'd hind

Forget the travail of the day in sleep:
Care only wakes, and moping Pensiveness;
With meagre, discontented looks, they sit,
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.
Rowe.

NIGHT—Gentleness of.

All is gentle, nought
Stirs rudely; but congenial with the night,
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit. *Byron.*

NIGHT—Gloom of.

Night, moonless night! The forest hath no sound
But the low shiver of its dripping leaves,
Save here and there, amid its depths profound,
The sullen sigh the prowling panther heaves;
Save the fierce growling of the cubless bear,
Or tramp of gaunt wolf rushing from his lair,
Where its slow coil the poisonous serpent weaves. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

NIGHT—Influence of.

How well
The night is made for tenderness—so still
That the low whisper, scarcely audible,
Is heard like music—and so deeply pure
That the fond thought is chasten'd as it springs
And on the lip made holy. *Willis.*

NIGHT—Language of.

In her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn the language of another world. *Byron.*

NIGHT—A Moonlight.

How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly scattered leaves and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here, o'er the chesnut's fretted foliage grey
And massy, motionless they spread; here, shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh, how awfully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlement partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth, the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which, in that brightest moonlight well nigh quench'd,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth

Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Towards eternity the attempered mind.
Southey.

NIGHT—Quietude of.

Over the drowsy earth still night prevails;
Calm sleep the mountain-tops and shady vales,
The rugged cliffs and hollow glens;
The wild beasts slumber in their dens,
The cattle on the hill. Deep in the sea,
The countless finny race and monster brood
Tranquil repose. Even the busy bee
Forgets her daily toil. The silent wood
No more with noisy hum of insect rings;
And all the feather'd tribes, by gentle sleep subdued,
Roost in the glade, and hang their drooping wings. *C. Mure.*

NIGHT—the Time for Rest.

Night is the time for rest:
How sweet when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife:
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perish'd young, like things of earth!

Night is the time to watch,
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray:
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will His followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease;
Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!
James Montgomery.

NIGHT—Scenery of.

Another day is added to the mass
Of buried ages. Lo! the beauteous moon,
Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad,
With her full flock of stars, that roam around
The azure mead of heaven. And, oh! how charm'd
Beneath her loveliness, Creation looks;
Far-gleaming hills, and light in weaving streams,
And fragrant boughs with dewy lustre clothed,
And green-hair'd valleys, all in glory dress'd,
Make up the pageantry of night. One glance
Upon old ocean, where the woven beams
Have braided her dark waves. Their roar is hush'd!
Her billowy wings are folded up to rest;
Till once again the wizard wing shall yell,
And tear them into strife.
A lone owl's hoot—
The waterfall's faint drip—or insect stir
Among the emerald leaves—or infant wind
Rifling the pearly tips of sleeping flowers—
Alone disturb the stillness of the scene.
Spirit of all! as up yon star-hung deep
Of air, the eye and heart together mount,
Man's immortality within him speaks
That thou art all around! thy beauty walks
In airy music o'er the midnight heavens
Thy glory garmenteth the slumbering world.
Robert Montgomery.

NIGHT—Silence of.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps! 'tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause! prophetic of her end. *Young.*

How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of night? And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half-sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things, in the great miracle of nature, decay and reproduction, ever beginning, never ending,—the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time. *Longfellow.*

NIGHT—Silence of.

Now all is hush'd, as Nature were retired,
And the perpetual motion standing still;
So much she from her work appears to cease,
And every warring element at peace;
All the wild herds are in their coverts couch'd,
The fishes to their banks or ooze repair'd,
And to the murmurs of the waters sleep:
The feeling air's at rest, and feels no noise,
Except of some short breath upon the trees,
Rocking the harmless birds that rest upon them. *Otway.*

All things are hush'd, as nature's self was dead;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night dew sweat;
Even lust and envy sleep. *Dryden.*

Night's drowsy veil
The soul to thoughtless indolence inclines,
Concealing every object which might keep
The sense awake, which now is hush'd to rest,
While silence o'er the wide creation reigns.
How gently treads each animal! how still
The darkness! Motion's self almost at rest!
While man retires to his soft couch,
To taste the sweets of needful sleep. Just such the care
Of the fond mother, hushing every noise,
When, folded in her arms, she gently lulls
The child, fond object of her love, to rest.
Newcomb.

NIGHT—Solemnity of.

Hail sacred Night, thou too shalt share my song;
Sister of ebon-sceptred Hecat, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
Thy beams encirclest, ever hail!
. . . . . .
Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
Is thy return, than bloomy morn's approach,
Ev'n then in youthful pride of op'ning May,
When from the portals of the saffron east
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
Thomas Warton.

All things are calm, and fair, and passive. Earth
Looks as if lulled upon an angel's lap
Into a breathless, dewy sleep; so still,
That we can only say of things, they be.
The lakelet now, no longer vexed with gusts,
Replaces on her breast the pictured moon,
Pearled round with stars. Sweet imaged scene of time

To come, perchance, when this vain life o'erpast,
Earth may some purer being's presence bear;
Mayhap e'en God may walk among his saints
In eminence and brightness like yon moon,
Mildly outbeaming all the beads of night
Strung o'er night's proud, dark brow. *Bailey.*

NIGHT—Solitude of.

This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity:
Few are the faults we flatter when alone;
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
Young.

NOBILITY—Elective.

Nobility should be elective, not hereditary.
Zimmerman.

NOBILITY—Generosity of.

If a man be endued with a generous mind, this is the best kind of nobility. *Plato.*

NOBILITY—Real.

We must have kings, we must have nobles; nature is always providing such in every society; only let us have the real instead of the titular. In every society, some are born to rule, and some to advise. The chief is the chief all the world over, only not his cap and plume. It is only this dislike of the pretender which makes men sometimes unjust to the true and finished man. *Emerson.*

NOBILITY—Rustic.

A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene.
In no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd.
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace,
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved.
Crabbe.

NOBILITY—Signs of.

How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret. *Shakspeare.*

NOBILITY—True.

Scorn to trample upon a worm, or sneak to an emperor. *Saadi.*

NOBILITY—True.

The nobly born are not the only noble,
There is a line more royal, more majestic,
Than is the sceptred line of mighty crowns;
An ancestry so bright with glorious names,
That he who truly feels himself akin to such,
May stand before the throne, noble
Amidst the noblest, kingly amid kings.
He that inherits Honour, Virtue, Truth,
Springs from a lineage next to the divine,
For these were heirs of God; and we, their heirs,
Prove nearest God, when we stand next to them:
Man heir to these is rich,—and wealth may bow
To greatness it can cherish,—not create.
Swain.

In brave pursuit of honourable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Between the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which, unto things of valorous pretence,
Seems to be borne by native influence.
Spenser.

NOISES—Effects of.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. *Lamb.*

NOISINESS—Emptiness of.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles,—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out. *Pope.*

NONCHALANCE.

Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
And she shall find, indifference conquers love.
Lord Lyttelton.

NONSENSE—Sparing Use of.

To write or talk concerning any subject, without having previously taken the pains to understand it, is a breach of the duty which we owe to ourselves, though it may be no offence against the laws of the land. The privilege of talking and even publishing nonsense is necessary in a free state; but the more sparingly we make use of it the better. *Coleridge.*

NOOK—One Silent.

One silent nook
Was there. Even on the edge of that vast mountain,
Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,
It overlooked in its serenity

The dark earth, and the bending vault of stars.
It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile
Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped
The fissured stones with its entwining arms,
And did embower with leaves for ever green,
And berries dark, the smooth and even space
Of its inviolated floor, and here
The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore,
In wanton sport, those bright leaves, whose decay,
Red, yellow, or ethereally pale,
Rival the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt
Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach
The wilds to love tranquillity. *Shelley.*

NOON—Calm of.

It was so calm, that scarce the feathery weed
Sown by some eagle on the topmost stone
Swayed in the air. So bright that noon did breed
No shadow in the sky beside mine own.
Mine, and the shadow of my chair alone,
Below the smoke of roofs involved in flame,
Rested like night, all else was clearly shown
In the broad glare: yet sound to me none came,
But of the living blood that ran within my frame. *Ibid.*

NOON—Heats of.

Now flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air, the high-raised clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd,
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems
Far-stretch'd around to meet the bending sphere.
Half in a bush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts, and careless rills to muse,
While tyrant heat, dispreading through the sky
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream. *Thomson.*

NOON—Repose of.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains;
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle pathway basks the snake,
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours.
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,
Where the tall oak his spreading arm entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines,
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazels overhang the streams,
Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent fall makes all the woods resound;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And even at noon the sweets of evening taste.
Gay.

NOON—in Summer.

Upon the bosom of the heaving deep
All the day long the pleasant sunbeams sleep:
The lazy streams soft lapsing, deep and slow,
Call you to slumber with their voices low;
Deep in the water stand the sleepy herds,—
The woods are silent all—the voiceless birds
To the sun's eye droop down the gaudy wing,
And hang the drowsy lid, and cease to sing:
From the day's furnace breath, sweetly embower'd
The poet lies, deep heat hath overpower'd
Even his listening thoughts: but through his slumbers
Still waking creep the bright unbidden numbers:
It is the earth's siesta—even the bee
Flags in his deep and dull monotony.
Whitmore Jones.

NOTHING.

Nothing! thou elder brother ev'n to shade!
Thou hadst a being ere the world was made,
And, well-fix'd, art alone of ending not afraid.
Rochester.

Why should I in words attempt to tell
What that is like, which is, and yet is not?
Pollok.

NOTHING—Mystery of.

Mysterious Nothing! how shall I define
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness?
Nor form, nor colour, sound, nor size, are thine,
Nor words, nor fingers, can thy voice express.
But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
A thousand things to thee may likened be;
And though thou art with nobody, nowhere,
Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.
How many books thy history contain,
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue,
What lab'ring hands thy portion only gain,
What busy bodies thy doings only do,
To thee, the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
And—like my sonnet—all in nothing end.
Porson.

NOVEL—A.

A novel was a book
Three-volumed, and once read, and oft cramm'd full
Of poisonous error, blackening every page;

And oftener still, of trifling, second-hand
Remark, and old, diseasèd, putrid thought,
And miserable incident, at war
With nature, with itself, and truth, at war;
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found but dreaming emptiness.
Pollok.

NOVELS—Evils of.

Girls learn from such books to think coarsely and boldly about lovers and marrying; their early modesty is effaced by the craving for admiration; their warm affections are silenced by the desire for selfish triumph; they lose the fresh and honest feelings of youth while they are yet scarcely developed; they pass with sad rapidity from their early visions of Tancred and Orlando to notions of good connections, establishments, excellent matches, &c.; and yet they think, and their mammas think, that they are only advancing in "prudence" and knowledge of the world,—that bad, contaminating knowledge of the world, which I sometimes imagine must have been the very apple that Eve plucked from the forbidden tree. Alas! when once tasted, the garden of life is an innocent and happy Paradise no more. *Sala.*

It cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort. The habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought, by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel-reading. Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and hurry off in quick and profitless succession; each, indeed, for the moment of its stay, prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth; but altogether they leave the mistress of the house—the soul, I mean—flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests. *Coleridge.*

Novels do not force their fair readers to sin, they only instruct them how to sin; the consequences of which are fully detailed, and not in a way calculated to seduce any but weak minds; few of their heroines are happily disposed of. *Zimmerman.*

Writers of novels and romances in general bring a double loss on their readers, they rob them both of their time and money; representing men, manners, and things, that never have been, nor are likely to be; either confounding or perverting history and truth, inflating the mind, or committing violence upon the understanding. *Lady Montague.*

NOVELTY—Appreciation of a.

In science, as in common life, we frequently see that a novelty in system or in practice, cannot be duly appreciated till time has sobered the enthusiasm of its advocates.
Maund.

NOVELTY—Charms of.

Novelty has charms that our minds can hardly withstand. The most valuable things, if they have for a long while appeared among us, do not make any impression as they are good, but give us a distaste as they are old. But when the influence of this fantastical humour is over, the same men or things will come to be admired again, by a happy return of our good taste. *Thackeray.*

NOVELTY—Love of.

Before I translated the New Testament out of the Greek, all longed after it; when it was done, their longing lasted scarce four weeks. Then they desired the books of Moses; when I had translated these, they had enough thereof in a short time. After that, they would have the Psalms; of these they were soon weary, and desired other books. So it will be with the book of Ecclesiastes, which they now long for, and about which I have taken great pains. All is acceptable until our giddy brains be satisfied; afterwards we let things lie, and seek after new. *Luther.*

NOW—Opinions about.

One of our poets (Cowley,) speaks of an "everlasting now." If such a condition of existence were offered to us in this world, and it were put to the vote whether we should accept the offer and fix all things immutably as they are, who are they whose voices would be given in the affirmative? Not those who are in pursuit of fortune, or of fame, or of knowledge, or of enjoyment, or of happiness; though with regard to all of these, as far as any of them are attainable, there is more pleasure in the pursuit than in the attainment. Not those who are at sea, or travelling in a stage coach. Not the man who is shaving himself. Not those who have the tooth-ache, or who are having a tooth drawn. The fashionable beauty might; and the fashionable singer, and the fashionable opera dancer, and the actor who is in the height of his power and reputation. So might the alderman at a city feast. So would the heir who is squandering a large fortune faster than it was accumulated for him. And the thief who is not taken. And the convict who is not hanged, and the

scoffer at religion, whose heart belies his tongue. Not the wise and the good. Not those who are in sickness or in sorrow. Not I. But were I endowed with the power of suspending the effect of time upon things around me, methinks there are some of my flowers which should neither fall nor fade; decidedly my kitten should never attain to cathood; and I am afraid my little boy would continue to mis-speak half-uttered words; and never while I live, outgrow that epicene dress of French grey, half European, half Asiatic in its fashion. *Southey.*

NOW—Eternity of.

Now! it is gone.—Our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How;
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now!
Coleridge.

NUN—likened to a Flower.

The daughter was young and pretty; and a young and pretty nun, what is she but a flower worked in black crape—a silver crest on a funeral-pile? *Hannay.*

NUN—No Praise for becoming a.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world,—we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure. *Milton.*

NUN—Unnatural Sacrifice of a.

So young—too young—consigned to cloistral shade,
Untimely wedded—wedded, yet a maid!
And hast thou left no thought, no wish behind,
No sweet employment for the wandering wind,—
Who would be proud to waft a sigh from thee,
Sweeter than aught he steals in Araby?
Thou wert immured—poor maiden—as I guess,
In the blank childhood of thy simpleness;
Too young to doubt, too pure to be ashamed,
Thou gavest to God—what God had never claimed,
And didst unweeting sign away thine all
Of earthly good,—a guiltless prodigal;
The large reversion of thine unborn love
Was sold to purchase an estate above.
Yet by thy hands upon thy bosom prest
I think indeed thou art not quite at rest;
That Christ that hangs upon the sculptured cross
Is not the Jesus to redeem thy loss;—
Nor will that book, whate'er its page contain,
Convince thee that the world is false and vain,
Even now there is a something at thy heart
That would be off,—but may not, dare not start.
Yes, yes,—thy face, thine eyes, thy closed lips prove
Thou wert created to be loved, and love.
Poor maiden, victim of the vilest craft
At which e'er Moloch grinned or Belial laught,
May all thine aimless wishes be forgiven,
May all thy sighs be registered in Heaven,
And God his mercy and his love impart
To what thou shouldst have been—and what thou art! *Coleridge.*

NUN—Unhappy State of a.

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessèd they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, with'ring on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
Shakspeare.

NYMPHS—Immortal.

And now his limbs imbathed
Amid immortal nymphs, serenely pure,
Like living lilies floating on the tide,
In love with their own shadows, as they lay
Beneath the cooling moon. *Bailey.*

O.

OATH—the End of Controversy.

Of all men, a philosopher should be no swearer; for an oath, which is the end of controversies in law, cannot determine any here, where reason only must induce.
Sir Thomas Browne.

OATH—A Rash.

It's a hard world, neighbours,
If a man's oath must be his master. *Dryden.*

OATH—Sanctity of an.

Yes, he was sworn! be witness heaven and earth!
Be witness sun and moon, and ev'ry star!
Be witness all ye gods, that he was sworn!
Is there an hour either of day or night,
Free from some oath of everlasting love?
Lansdowne.

OATHS.

This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears:
I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
And make it sin not to renounce that vow,
Which I'd have broken. *Congreve.*

What are oaths but fancied bonds, the mind
Gives to insure the body, and put off
Vain words for deeds, and promise for performance?
It is not oaths, which only bind whom nature
Had bound before; nor to warm prayers and vows,
Which the false man can feign, I'd trust my heart. *Themistocles.*

If we want oaths to join us,
Swift let us part, from pole to pole asunder.
A cause like ours is its own sacrament:
Truth, justice, reason, love, and liberty.
The eternal links that clasp the world, are in it,
And he who breaks their sanction, breaks all law,
And infinite connection. *Brooke.*

If oaths be disregarded, come confusion;
Come wild disorder, leading by the hand
The harlot vice, disfeatured humanity,
And ev'ry social grace. Hot violation,
With harpy-talon'd rapine, close the scene,
Razing all virtue from the human heart.
Havard.

Oaths are but words, and words but wind.
Butler.

OATHS—Invalidity of.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
Shakspeare.

OATHS—Rash.

Rash oaths, whether kept or broken, frequently produce guilt. *Johnson.*

It is a great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To 'reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Shakspeare.

OBEDIENCE—Aim of.

Heaven doth divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fix'd, as an aim or butt,
Obedience. *Ibid.*

OBEDIENCE—not always a Duty.

I hear much of "obedience,"—how that the kindred virtues are prescribed and exemplified by Jesuitism; the truth of which, and the merit of which, far be it from me to deny. Obedience, a virtue universally forgotten in these days, will have to become universally known again. Obedience is good and indispensable; but if it be obedience to what is wrong and false, there is no name for such a depth of human cowardice and calamity, spurned everlastingly by the gods. Loyalty! Will you be loyal to Beelzebub? Will you make "a covenant with death and hell"? I will not be loyal to Beelzebub; I will become a nomadic Chactau rather, a barricading *Sans culotte*, a Conciliation-hall repealer; anything and everything is venial to that.
Carlyle.

OBEDIENCE—Happiness of.

It is foolish to strive with what we cannot avoid; we are born subjects, and to obey God is perfect liberty: he that does this, shall be free, safe, and quiet; all his actions shall succeed to his wishes. *Seneca.*

OBEDIENCE—to God.

We will obey the voice of the Lord our God, that it may be well with us. *Zechariah.*

OBEDIENCE—Learning.

I hourly learn a doctrine of obedience.
Shakspeare.

OBEDIENCE—Motives to.

Wicked men obey for fear, but the good for love. *Aristotle.*

OBEDIENCE—from the Powerless.

Let them obey that know not how to rule.
Shakspeare.

OBLIGATION—Discharge of an.

An extraordinary haste to discharge an obligation is a sort of ingratitude.
La Rochefoucauld.

OBLIGATION—Thraldom of.

Obligation is thraldom, and thraldom is hateful.
Hobbes.

OBSCURITY.

Thus, when my fleeting days at last,
Unheeded, silently are past,
Calmly I shall resign my breath,
In life unknown, forgot in death;
While he, o'ertaken unprepared,
Finds death an evil to be fear'd,
Who dies, to others too much known,
A stranger to himself alone. *Seneca.*

OBSEQUIOUSNESS.

Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose,
But from a crowd can single out His Grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.
Churchill.

OBSERVATION—Acuteness of.

He alone is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed.
Lavater.

OBSERVATION—Correctness of.

To behold, is not necessarily to observe, and the power of comparing and combining is only to be obtained by education. It is much to be regretted that habits of exact observation are not cultivated in our schools: to this deficiency may be traced much of the fallacious reasoning, the false philosophy, which prevails.
Humboldt.

OBSERVATION—Definition of.

An old man's memory. *Swift.*

OBSTINACY—Causes of.

Narrowness of mind is often the cause of obstinacy: we do not easily believe beyond what we see. *La Rochefoucauld.*

OBSTINACY—Definition of.

I believe that obstinacy, or the dread of control and discipline, arises not so much from self-willedness, as from a conscious defect of voluntary power; as foolhardiness is not seldom the disguise of conscious timidity.
Coleridge.

OBSTINACY—Passion of.

There is something in obstinacy which differs from every other passion. Whenever it fails, it never recovers, but either breaks like iron, or crumbles sulkily away, like a fractured arch. Most other passions have their periods of fatigue and rest, their sufferings and their cure; but obstinacy has no resource, and the first wound is mortal. *Johnson.*

OBSTINACY—Perverseness of.

You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabric of his folly. *Shakspeare.*

OBSTINACY—Prevalence of.

There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake. *Swift.*

OBSTINACY—Slavishness of.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him. *Pope.*

OBSTINACY—Wrong-headedness of.

Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong. *Dryden.*

OCCUPATION—A Base.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.
Sir Philip Sidney.

OCCUPATION—Happiness of.

Occupation was one of the pleasures of Paradise, and we cannot be happy without it.
Mrs. Jameson.

OFFENCE—Denunciation against.

Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!
St. Matthew.

OFFENCE—where not Intended.

Nothing is more unpleasing than to find that offence has been received where none was intended, and that pain has been given to those who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of society is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneasy when he finds himself acting in opposition to the purposes of life; because, though his conscience may easily acquit him of *malice prepense*, of settled hatred, or contrivances of mischief, yet he seldom can be certain that he has not failed by negligence or indolence, that he has not been hindered from consulting the common interest by too much regard to his own ease, or too much indifference to the happiness of others. *Johnson.*

OFFENCES—to be Pardoned.

Offences ought to be pardoned, for few offend willingly, but as they are compelled by some affection. *Hegesippus.*

OMENS—of Evil.

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign,
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands.
This morning are they fled away, and gone;

And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Shakspeare.

A common slave
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd, unscorch'd.
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me and went surly by,
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets;
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. *Ibid.*

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign!
The night-crow cried, foreboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung.
Ibid.

OMENS—Portentous.

What now? Thou bledd'st,
Three, and no more! What then? And why what then?
But just three drops! and why not just three drops.
As well as four or five, or five-and-twenty?
Must I stumble too?
Away, ye dreams: what if it thunder'd now?
Or if a raven cross'd me in my way?
Or, now it comes, because last night I dream'd
The council-hall was hung with crimson round,
And all the ceiling plaster'd o'er with black?
No more blue fires, and ye dull rolling lakes,
Fathomless caves, ye dungeons of the night,—
Phantoms, begone; if I must die, I'll fall
True politician, and defy you all.
Dryden and Lee.

The sacred oil which, for a hundred years
Supplied the sun, behind the golden veil
Went out, and all the mystic lights were quench'd.
Strange doleful voices shrilly echo'd through
The darken'd fane; the monuments did open,
And all the marble tombs, like sponges squeezed,
Spouted big sweat; the curtain was consumed
With wondrous flame, and every shining altar
Dissolved to yellow puddle, which anon
A flash of thirsty lightning quite lick'd up.
Lee.

Ill omens may the guilty tremble at,
Make every accident a prodigy,
And monsters frame, where nature never err'd;
May the scared conscience start at blazing meteors,
And call the scream of every hooting owl,
Or croaking raven, fate's most dreadful voice:
For me, I laugh at them. Should now the heavens
Flame with a thousand fires, ne'er seen before,
And thunder beat the winds from ev'ry corner;
Not for the calm of all the universe,
Would I put off my joys a moment longer.
Ibid.

OMISSIONS—Sin of.

Omissions, no less than commissions, are oftentimes branches of injustice.
Antoninus.

OPINIATORS.

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
. . . I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing. *Shakspeare.*

OPINIATORS—Perverseness of.

Nothing's so perverse in nature
As profound opiniators. *Butler.*

OPINIATORS—Stiffness of.

Opiniators naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soe'er they are design'd to go.
Ibid.

OPINION—Change of.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion. *Cicero.*

The history of a cause seems much less interesting than that of one great man, or of a people; but could the historian really tell it, it would be the story of all stories, and would enchant a listening world. It seems to abide in dates, and public documents, and resolutions of public assemblies; in short, in the material husk of events, and forms a narrative which even serious and dutiful readers are

very glad to have passed over. Yet the most beautiful part of private life, the silent revolutions in men's souls, the most quiet heroism on earth, are all to be found twined together in one continued chain of finely-wrought action and meditation, constituting the secret history of a great cause. Consider the growth of opinion in any one man's mind; how crudely the opinion is formed at first in his thought; how he is affected by discussion with friends, by controversy with sincere opponents, by some remote analogy in present life or in past history; how, strange to say, when his mind has apparently been disengaged from the subject, he finds, all of a sudden, great growth or change of opinion has been going on in him, so that it seems as if he had been thinking while he had been sleeping. Then, if the mind of this man is of deep and fertile soil, how all the beautiful influences of literature, of natural scenery, of science, and of art, enlarge and modify the growing opinion, hardly now to be called by so small a name as an opinion, but a cause; how this thought is modified by chance remarks from his fellows, which were not meant to influence him—those remarks which tell so much upon most of us, because the moral we draw from them is all our own. Then consider how the ordinary motives and occurrences of life affect the growth of this great cause; how it is lapped in the indolence of public and private men, now strangled by cares, now overpowered by the loud noises of really unimportant events; now oppressed by a vicious conservation, now fairly conquered by sophistry; so that, like some great subterranean river, it is forced to descend into the soil, burying itself in the hearts of the few faithful until, being a divine thing, it emerges clear and beautiful as ever, and unobservant men suppose that it has sprung up amongst them for the first time. Soon it enters on a larger career, is at one time furthered, at another hindered, by men's vanity; partakes largely of love, of honour, and ambition; enters into the intrigues of courts, of senates, of administrations; is borne out in fleets and armies, and comes forth to conquer or to die. *Helps.*

OPINION—Diversity of.

There is no accounting for the difference of minds or inclinations, which leads one man to observe with interest the development of phenomena, another to speculate on their causes; but were it not for this happy disagreement, it may be doubted whether the higher sciences could ever have attained even their present degree of perfection.

Sir John Herschel.

OPINION—Evil attending.

Opinion is more often the cause of discontent than nature. *Epicurus.*

OPINION—Fallacy of.

There are numbers of circumstances which attend every action of a man's life, which can never come to the knowledge of the world,—yet ought to be known, and well weighed, before sentence with any justice can be passed upon him. A man may have different views, and a different sense of things, from what his judges have; and what he understands and feels, and what passes within him, may be a secret treasured up deeply there for ever. A man, through bodily infirmity or some complexional defect, which perhaps is not in his power to correct, may be subject to inadvertencies—to starts—and unhappy turns of temper; he may lie open to snares he is not always aware of; or, through ignorance and want of information and proper helps, he may labour in the dark: in all which cases he may do many things which are wrong in themselves, and yet be innocent;—at least, an object rather to be pitied than censured with severity and ill-will. These are difficulties which stand in everyone's way, in the forming a judgment of the character of others,

It is interesting and useful, though often very painful, to retire into ourselves, after the first tumult of excited feelings has subsided, and consider the probable consequences of our words and actions. We may indeed frequently be mistaken, and magnify or diminish the importance of what has occurred; or look forward to events that may never happen; but by endeavouring to connect the past and the future, we strengthen a habit of thoughtfulness, and are able to trace more easily the secret sources of the sufferings which so frequently arise, apparently from the ignorance or selfishness of our fellow-creatures, but in reality from some error in ourselves. *Sewell.*

OPINION—Force of.

Whenever a painful duty comes before us, we must not think what the world will say, but we must set our faces as a flint, and go through with it. Human respect has been the ruin of many souls. It is the close connection of moral cowardice, that fruitful source of everything that is base and wicked. And it must be remarked that this is especially the sin of civilization. In earlier times, when every man's hand is openly against his neighbour, he cares less what that neighbour thinks of him; but as peace prevails, credit is generated, character assumes a new value, a corporate public opinion begins to act; and then

the temptation is to refer things to an enlightened public opinion, rather than to the law of God. *Bishop Forbes.*

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so. *Katharine Philips.*

All power, even the most despotic, rests ultimately on opinion. *Hume.*

OPINION—Popular.

The people,
Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And, like a field of standing corn that's moved
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

OPINION—Public.

The public voice!
There's not an arrant rogue but calls
The wretched raving of his paltry gang
"The *public voice*;" nay, those who dare not speak
Above their breath, for fear of punishment,
Will whisper forth that voice, if you believe
Their timid accents: but it is not thus
Great passions cry; nor thus the boiling surge
Doth notify to the affrighted shore,
When anger heaves the ocean. *Haynes.*

OPINION—Social.

Social opinion is like a sharp knife. There are foolish people who regard it only with terror, and dare not touch or meddle with it; there are more foolish people who, in rashness or defiance, seize it by the blade, and get cut and mangled for their pains; and there are wise people, who grasp it discreetly and boldly by the handle, and use it to carve out their own purposes. *Jameson.*

OPINIONS—Correct.

Correct opinions well established on any subject, are the best preservative against the seductions of error. *Bishop Mant.*

OPINIONS—First.

As beauty does not consist in taking what lies immediately before you, so neither, in our pursuit of taste, are those opinions which we first received and adopted, the best choice or the most natural to the mind and imagination. In the infancy of our knowledge we seize with greediness the goodness that is within our reach; it is by after consideration, and in consequence of discipline, that we refuse the present for a greater good at a distance. The nobility or elevation of all arts, like the excellency of virtue itself, consists in adopting this enlarged and comprehensive idea, and all criticism built upon the confined view of what is natural, may properly be called *shallow* criticism, rather than false; its defect is, that the truth is not sufficiently extensive.
Sir Joshua Reynolds.

OPINIONS—Forming.

When men first take up an opinion, and then afterwards seek for reasons for it, they must be contented with such as the absurdity of it will afford. *South.*

OPPORTUNITIES—Pursuit of.

The person who is in continual pursuit of opportunities for exercising the benevolent affections, either by conferring or acknowledging kindness, will overlook a thousand trifling causes of offence, which might have awakened resentment in the breast of another; while those in whom the selfish passions prevail will be equally insensible to numberless instances of kindness, which would have filled the hearts of others with gratitude and joy; just as a person who is eager in the chase will disregard the beauties of the prospect which surrounds him, and know no more of the country through which he passed, than if he had never seen it. *Bowdler.*

OPPORTUNITY—Right Choosing of.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. *Shakspeare.*

The moment comes—
It is already come—when thou must write
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
And tell thee, "Now's the time!" *Schiller.*

Uttered out of time, or concealed in its season, good savoureth of evil. *Tupper.*

OPPORTUNITY—Improvement of.

You do well to improve your opportunity; to speak in the rural phrase, this is your sowing time, and the sheaves you look for can never be yours, unless you make that use of it. The colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters, make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to

treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes or disappointments. *Cowper.*

OPPORTUNITY—Neglect of.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more. *Shakspeare.*

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows *individual attempts* to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments. *Crabbe.*

Begin betimes, occasion's bald behind,
Stop not thine opportunity, for fear too late
Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass it. *Marlowe.*

OPPORTUNITY—not to be Passed by.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
Shakspeare.

OPPORTUNITY—Temptations of.

Thou strong seducer, opportunity. *Dryden.*

How strangely am I tempted
With opportunity, which, like a sudden gust,
Has swell'd my calmer thoughts into a tempest:
Accursèd opportunity?
The midwife and the bawd to all our vices:
That work'st our thoughts into desires; desires
To resolutions: and these, being ripe and quicken'd,
Thou giv'st them birth, and bring'st them forth to action:
Thou, when my dire and bloody resolutions,
Like sick and froward children,
Were rock'd asleep by reason, or religion,
Thou, like a violent noise, com'st rushing in,
And mak'st them start, and wake to new unquietness. *Denham.*

OPPOSITION—Utility of.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise *against* and not *with* the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lies down by the wayside to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself to the struggle when the winds blow, gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows. *J. Neal.*

OPPRESSION—Hatred of.

But shall I reverence pride, and lust, and rapine?
No. When oppression stains the robe of state,
And power's a whip of scorpions in the hands
Of heartless knaves, to lash th' o'erburthen'd back
Of honest industry, the loyal blood
Will turn to bitterest gall, and th' o'ercharged heart
Explode in execration. *Shee.*

ORATOR—The.

Elate he stood, with frank and earnest mien,
No measured cadence heard or motion seen;
No art scholastic, no theatric grace,
Unmeaning gesture, passion out of place,
Mouthing, false emphasis, or labour'd leer,
Nothing superfluous, nothing insincere,
But man-like moved, and bore him in discourse
Ardent and grave, and tempering still his force,
With arms stretch'd forth, or folded, or at rest,
As will'd the power by whom he seem'd possess'd,
With features augur'd all his tongue alleged,
And tones wing'd home each barbèd shaft they edged,
And with spontaneous sallies bright and bold,
Resistless streams of oratory roll'd. *Moyle.*

ORATORS—Failing of.

What the orators want in depth, they give you in length. *Montesquieu.*

ORATORY—Definition of.

Oratory is a graceful management of the voice, countenance, and gesture. *Tully.*

ORCHARD—Fruits of the.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error let us tread the maze
Of autumn unconfined; and taste, revived,
The breath of orchard, big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away; the juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By nature's all-refining hand prepared;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth and air:

In ever-changing composition mix'd.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores, and active points
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue.
Thomson.

ORDER—Advantages of.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things. *Southey.*

ORDER—Characteristics of.

Desultoriness may often be the mark of a full head; *connection* must proceed from a thoughtful one. *Danby.*

So work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
Shakspeare.

ORDER—Disorderliness of.

There are persons who are never easy unless they are putting your books and papers in order—that is, according to their notions of the matter,—and hide things, lest they should be lost, where neither the owner nor anybody else can find them. This is a sort of magpie faculty. If anything is left where you want it, it is called litter. There is a pedantry in housewifery, as well as in the gravest concerns. Abraham Tucker complained that whenever his maid-servant had been in his library, he could not set comfortably to work again for several days. *Hazlitt.*

ORDER—Limits of.

You must confine yourself within the modest limits of order. *Shakspeare.*

ORDER—Preservation of.

Let all things be done decently and in order. *St. Paul.*

ORDER—Virtues of.

Order is a lovely nymph, the child of Beauty and Wisdom; her attendants are Comfort, Neatness, and Activity; her abode is the valley of happiness: she is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when contrasted with her opponent,—Disorder. *Johnson.*

ORIGINALITY.

The little mind who loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar; but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road, from universal benevolence. *Goldsmith.*

ORIGINALITY—Meaning of.

People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us; and this goes on to the end. And after all, what can we call our own, except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favour. *Goethe.*

ORGANIZATION (Animal) — Adaptability of.

Very curious is the power of adaptation to an external medium possessed by the organism. In an atmosphere so vitiated that a vigorous animal instantly perishes if plunged into it, an animal of the same species can live for some time, and will quite recover if restored to a purer atmosphere. In an air-tight glass bell jar a sparrow was placed. After he had remained there two hours another sparrow was introduced, and was instantly suffocated by the foul air; nevertheless the original occupant remained another hour in the glass, after which he was withdrawn, nearly dead. The fresh air and warmth revived him. In a little while he had recovered sufficiently to fly. When he had recovered all his vigour, he was again placed in the atmosphere from which he had been withdrawn, and immediately died. If the reader remembers what a suffocating sensation has seized him on entering a crowded room, or one full of smokers, and how, after a few minutes, he has grown so used to the atmosphere as to be almost unconscious of any discomfort, he will understand how a depression of the functions in a vitiated atmosphere tends to establish a sort of equilibrium between his organism and the atmosphere. *Claude Bernard.*

ORPHAN—Curse of an.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high. *Coleridge.*

ORPHAN—Innocence of an.

How steadfastly he fix'd his eyes on me,—
His dark eyes shining through forgotten tears,
Then stretch'd his little arms, and call'd me mother!
What could I do? I took the bantling home—
I could not tell the imp he had no mother.
Count Basil.

ORPHAN—Tears of an.

That his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em! *Shakspeare.*

OUTLAW—Night, the Day of the.

Quiet night, that brings
Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,
In which he rises early to do wrong,
And when his work is ended, dares not sleep.
Massinger.

OVERSEER—Government of the.

There govern'd in that year
A stern stout churl, an angry overseer.
Crabbe.

P.

PAIN—Alternations of.

Pain itself is not without its alleviations. It may be violent and frequent, but it is seldom both violent and long-continued; and its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which, I believe, few enjoyments exceed. *Paley.*

PAIN—Effects of.

Pleasure is oft a visitant; but pain
Clings cruelly to us, like the gnawing sloth
On the deer's tender haunches; late and loth,
'Tis scared away by slow-returning pleasure.
Keats.

PAIN—Endurance of.

Long pains, with use of bearing, are half eased.
Dryden.

PAIN—Expression of.

Pain is less subject than pleasure to caprices of expression. *Johnson.*

PAIN—Intolerance of.

Who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh, no! th' apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Shakspeare.

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.
Shakspeare.

PAIN—Sensations of.

The brute animals have all the same sensations of pain as human beings, and, consequently, endure as much pain when their body is hurt; but in their case the cruelty of torment is greater, because they have no *mind* to bear them up against their sufferings, and no hope to look forward to, when enduring the last extreme of pain, their happiness consisting entirely in present enjoyment.
Chalmers.

PAIN—Uses of.

Pain has been the means of increasing our knowledge, our skill, and our comforts. Look to the discoveries made in Science, in Botany, in Chemistry, in Anatomy; what a knowledge have we gained of the structure and uses of plants, while we were seeking some herb to soothe pain or cure disease!—what a knowledge have we gained of drugs, and salts, and earths, useful for agriculture or for the fine arts, while we have been seeking only to find an ointment or a medicine; we have sought a draught to allay the burning thirst of a fever, and we have found a dozen delicious beverages to drink for our pleasure or relief. We studied anatomy to find out the seat of disease, and how to attack it, and we found what we did not seek, a thousand wonderful works of God! a thousand most curious contrivances, most admirable delights! We found a model for the ribs of a ship—we found a pattern of a telescope in the eye—we found joints, and straps, and knittings, and valves which have been copied into the workshop of the mechanic, and the study of the philosopher. Yes, we may thank our liability to pain for these—for if pain had not existed, who can tell whether these things would have been so soon, if at all, discovered? *Sharpe.*

PAINTER—Characteristics of the.

The painter is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic; but as to his conception, his spirit, and design, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. *Steele.*

PAINTING—Expression of.

Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness or Bridgewater's eyes.
Pope.

PAINTING—Immortality of.

Blest be the art that can immortalize,—
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it. *Cowper.*

PAINTING—a Universal Language.

The poets are confined to narrow space,
To speak the language of their native place;
The painter widely stretches his command,
His pencil speaks the tongue of every land.
Dryden.

PAINTING—Perfection of.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse;
Where, from the mingled strength of shade and light,
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
Addison.

PAINTING—Proficiency of.

The first degree of proficiency is, in painting, what grammar is in literature,—a general preparation for whatever species of the art the student may afterwards choose for his more particular application. The power of drawing, modelling, and using colours, is very properly called the language of the art.
Sir Joshua Reynolds.

PAINTING—Style in.

Style in painting is the same as in writing, —a power over materials, whether words or colours, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed. *Ibid.*

PAINTING—Subjects of.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Shakspeare.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. *Ibid.*

PANDEMONIUM—Description of.

Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height: and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement; from the arch'd roof
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. *Milton.*

PARADISE—Individually Lost.

Every man has a Paradise around him till he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden. And even then there are holy hours, when this angel sleeps, and man comes back, and with the innocent eyes of a child looks into his lost Paradise again—into the broad gates and rural solitudes of nature. *Longfellow.*

PARASITE—The.

Your friend, your pimp, your hanger-on, what not?
Your lacquey, but without the shoulder-knot.
Horace.

PARASITE—Description of the.

All the wide world is little else in nature
But parasites, or sub-parasites; and yet
I mean not those that have your bare town art,
To know who's fit to feed them; have no house,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears to bait that sense, or get
Kitchen invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly and the groin; nor those
With their court-dog tricks, that can fawn and fleer,
Make their revenue out of legs and faces,
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise
And stoop almost together; like an arrow,
Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;
Turn short, as doth a swallow, and be here
And there, and here and yonder, all at once.
Ben Jonson.

PARASITE—Qualities of the.

A tassel that hangs at my purse-strings; he dogs
Me, and I give him scraps, and pay for his
Ordinary, feed him; he liquors himself
In the juice of my bounty; and when he
Hath suck'd up strength of spirit, he squeezeth

It in my own face; when I have refined
And sharpen'd his wits with good food, he cuts
My fingers, and breaks jests upon me;
I bear them, and beat him. *Marston.*

PARDON—for Baseness.

Can you forgive the follies of my passion?
For I have been to blame; oh! much to blame;
Have said such words, nay, done such actions too,
Base as I am, that my awed conscious soul
Sinks in my breast; nor dare I lift an eye
On him I have offended. *Dryden.*

PARDON—Entreating of.

Oh! do not call to memory
My disobedience, but let pity enter
Into your heart, and quite deface th' impression;
For, could you think how mine's perplex'd, what sadness,
Fears, and despairs, distract the peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear, dear arms,
Hover with strong compassion o'er your young one,
To shelter me with a protecting wing
From the black-gather'd storm that's just a-breaking. *Otway.*

PARDON—for Evil.

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!—
A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.
Shakspeare.

Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. *St. Luke.*

PARDON—Extension of.

I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy. *Shakspeare.*

PARDON—from God.

Pardon, I beseech thee, the iniquity of this people, according unto the greatness of thy mercy! And the Lord said, I have pardoned, according to thy word. *Moses.*

Thou art a God ready to pardon, gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness. *Nehemiah.*

Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by transgression? *Micah.*

PARDON—Imploring of.

I must be heard,—I must have leave to speak:
Oh! look upon me with an eye of mercy;
With pity and with charity behold me.
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance;
But as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications;
For ah! I've lost what never can be counted:
My friend, O Belvidera, that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my heart rejoiced in,
Has used me like a slave, shamefully used me;
'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story.
What shall I do? Resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear, and memory, how I've wrong'd him;
Distract my quiet with the very thought on't,
And tear my heart to pieces in my bosom.
Otway.

PARDON—Seeking for.

I've wrong'd thee much, and Heaven has well avenged;
I have not, since we parted, been at peace,
Nor known one joy sincere; our broken friendship
Pursued me to the last retreat of love,
Stood like a glaring ghost, and made me cold with horror. *Rowe.*

PARDON—for Sins.

Thus to the angry gods, offending mortals,
Made sensible by some severe affliction,
How all their crimes are register'd in heaven;
In that nice court, how no rash word escapes,
But ev'n extravagant thoughts are all set down;
Thus the poor penitents with fear approach
The reverend shrines, and thus for mercy bow;
Thus melting, too, they wash the hallow'd earth,
And groan to be forgiven. *Lee.*

Forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. *St. Luke.*

PARENTS—Duties of.

Behold the fatal work of my dark hand,
That by rude force the passions would command,
That ruthless sought to root them from the breast:
They may be ruled, but will not be oppressed.
Taught hence, ye parents, who from nature stray,
And the great ties of social life betray;
Ne'er with your children act a tyrant's part:
'Tis yours to guide, not violate the heart.
Ye vainly wise, who o'er mankind preside,
Behold my righteous woes, and drop your pride;
Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil, good can ever rise.
Thomson.

PARENTS—Duties of.

The voice of parents is the voice of gods,
For to their children they are heaven's lieutenants;
Made fathers not for common uses merely
Of procreation (beasts and birds would be
As noble then as we are); but to steer
The wanton freight of youth through storms and dangers,
Which with full sails they bear upon, and straighten
The mortal line of life they bend so often.
For these are we made fathers, and for these
May challenge duty on our children's part.
Obedience is the sacrifice of angels,
Whose form you carry. *Shakspeare.*

PARENTS—Example of.

Parents must give good example and reverent deportment in the face of their children. And all those instances of charity which usually endear each other—sweetness of conversation, affability, frequent admonition—all significations of love and tenderness, care and watchfulness, must be expressed towards children; that they may look upon their parents as their friends and patrons, their defence and sanctuary, their treasure and their guide. *Bishop Taylor.*

PARENTS—Fondness of.

Thou art the only comfort of my age:
Like an old tree, I stand amongst the storms;
Thou art the only limb that I have left me,
My dear green branch! and how I prize thee, child,
Heaven only knows. *Lee.*

PARENTS—Over-strict.

Parents are o'erseen,
When, with too strict a rein, they do hold in
Their child's affections; and control that love,
Which the powers divine instruct them with:
When in their shallow judgments, they may know,
Affection cross'd, brings misery and woe.
Robert Taylour.

PARENTS—Suspicious.

A suspicious parent makes an artful child.
Haliburton.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

The joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears: they cannot utter the one, they will not utter the other. Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. *Bacon.*

PARKS—Scenery and Adjuncts of.

Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them, the hare bounding away to the covert, or the pheasant suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in the most natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake; the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple, or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.
Washington Irving.

PARLIAMENT—Acts of.

Acts of Parliament are venerable; but if they correspond not with the writing on the "adamant tablet," where are they? Properly their one element of venerableness, of strength or greatness, is, that they at all times correspond therewith as near as by human possibility they can. They are cherishing destruction in their bosom every hour that they continue otherwise. *Carlyle.*

PARLIAMENT—Assembling of the.

The king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together.
Shakspeare.

We assemble parliaments and councils, to have the benefit of their collected wisdom; but we necessarily have, at the same time, the inconveniences of their collected passions, prejudices, and private interests. By the help of these, artful men overpower their wisdom, and dupe its possessors; and if we may judge by the acts, arrêts, and edicts, all the world over, for regulating commerce, an assembly of great men are the greatest fools upon earth.
Franklin.

PARSIMONY—not Economy.

When a cold penury blasts the abilities of a nation, and steals the growth of its active energies, the ill is beyond all calculation. Mere parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists, not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind, may produce this false economy in perfection. The other economy has larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment, and a firm, saga-

cious mind. It shuts the door to impudent importunity, only to open another, and a wider, to unpresuming merit. If none but meritorious or real service or talent were to be rewarded, this nation has not wanted, and this nation will not want, the means of rewarding all the service it will ever receive, and encouraging all the merit it will ever produce. No state, since the foundation of society, has been impoverished by that species of profusion.

Burke.

PARTING—Anxieties of.

Long did his wife,
Suckling her babe, her only one, look out
The way he went at parting—but he came not.

Rogers.

PARTING—Endearments at.

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such;
Or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing. *Shakspeare.*

PARTING—Grief of.

His eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted. *Ibid.*

———

Grief is but guess'd while thou art standing by!
But I too soon shall know what absence is:
Why? 'tis to be no more—another name for death;
'Tis the sun parting from the frozen north!
And I, methinks, stand on some icy cliff,
To watch the last low circles that he makes,
Till he sink down from heav'n. O only Cressida!
If thou depart from me, I cannot live,—
I have not soul enough to last for grief;
But thou shalt hear what grief has done for me:
If I could live to hear it, I were false;
But as a fearful traveller, who fearing
Assaults, leaves his wealth behind,
I trust my heart with thee, and carry with me
Only an empty casket;

Then I will live, that I may keep that treasure;
And, arm'd with this assurance let me go
Loose, yet secure, as is the gentle hawk,
When wifted off, she mounts into the wind.
Our loves, like mountains hid above the clouds,
Though winds and tempests beat their aged feet,
Their peaceful heads nor storms nor thunder know,
But scorn the threatening rack that rolls below. *Shakspeare.*

———

To die and part
Is a less evil; but to part and live,
There—there's the torment. *Lansdowne.*

———

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death. *Shakspeare.*

PARTING—Manner of.

Adieu! I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave. *Ibid.*

———

Let's not unman each other—part at once:
All farewells should be sudden, when for ever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.

Byron.

PARTING—Melancholy of.

Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again;
I have a faint, cold fear thrill through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

Shakspeare.

———

At length this joy—these dreams—this parting—dissolved themselves into that nameless melancholy in which the overflowing of happiness covers the borders of pain, because our breasts are ever more easily overflowed than filled. *Richter.*

PARTING—Pangs of.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the richness of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where

once we had bread, and shelter, and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful, but we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards. *Emerson.*

My heart is heavy at the remembrance of all the miles that lie between us; and I can scarcely believe that you are so distant from me. We are parted; and every parting is a form of death, as every reunion is a type of heaven. *Edwards.*

PARTING—Perils of.

There is one warning lesson in life which few of us have not received, and no book that I can call to memory has noted down with an adequate emphasis. It is this, "Beware of parting." The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting—it is in the when and the how you are to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view; from the passionate farewell to the woman who has your heart in her keeping, to the cordial good-bye exchanged with pleasant companions at a watering-place, a country house, or the close of a festive day's blithe and careless excursion—a chord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder in every parting, and time's busy fingers are not practised in re-splicing broken ties. Meet again you may: will it be in the same way? with the same sympathies? with the same sentiments? Will the souls, hurrying on in diverse paths, unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream? Rarely, rarely. *Bulwer Lytton.*

PARTING—Reluctance at.

Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd,
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Shakspeare.

Heaven knows how loath I am to part from thee:
So from the seal is soften'd wax disjoin'd,
So from the mother plant the under rind.
Dryden.

Didst thou say, part?—O, where is resolution?
Where now the steadfast purpose of my soul,
Which, at thy loved command, hath arm'd my heart?
Sunk into tremblings, into sighs and tears,
I cannot bear the trial. O my husband!
Havard.

O my fair, I cannot bid thee go;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious Heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing steps;
If fate pursues me, let it find me here.
Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cause neglected, while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our passions not infused in vain.
Johnson.

I've sworn I ne'er will see you more:
I go—a last embrace I must bequeath you.
Farewell, for ever: ah! though now we part,
In the bright orbs prepared us by our fates
Our souls shall meet. *Dryden and Lee.*

PASSION—Disappointment of.

It is folly to pretend that one ever wholly recovers from a disappointed passion. Such wounds always leave a scar. There are faces I can never look upon without emotion, there are names I can never hear spoken without almost starting. *Longfellow.*

PASSION—Fire of.

Let the sap of reason quench the fire of passion. *Shakspeare.*

PASSION—Present Gratification of.

It is of the nature of passion to seize upon the present gratification, utterly irrespective of consequences, and utterly regardless of other or more excellent gratifications, which may be obtained by self-denial. He whose passions are inflamed looks at nothing beyond the present gratification. Hence, he is liable to seize upon a present enjoyment, to the exclusion of a much more valuable one in future, and even in such a manner as to entail upon himself poignant and remediless misery. And hence, in order to be enabled to enjoy all the happiness of which his present state is capable, the sensitive part of man needs to be combined with another, which, upon a comparison of the present with the future, shall impel him towards that mode either of gratification or of self-denial, which shall most promote his happiness upon the whole. Such is self-love. We give this name to that part of our constitution by which we are incited to do or to forbear, to gratify or to deny our desires, simply on the ground of obtaining the greatest amount of happiness for ourselves, taking into view a limited future, or else our entire future existence. When we act from

simple respect to present gratification, we act from passion. When we act from a respect to our whole individual happiness, without regard to the present, only as it is a part of the whole, and without any regard to the happiness of others, only as it will contribute to our own, we are then said to act from self-love. *Wayland.*

PASSION—Impressibility of.

When passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
Takes each impression, and is work'd at pleasure. *Young.*

PASSION—Progress of.

In the slow progress of some insidious disease which is scarcely regarded by its cheerful and unconscious victim, it is mournful to mark the smile of gaiety as it plays over that very bloom, which is not the freshness of health but the flush of approaching mortality, amid studies, perhaps, just opening into intellectual excellence, and hopes and plans of generous ambition that are never to be fulfilled. But how much more painful is it, to behold that equally insidious and far more desolating progress with which guilty passion steals upon the heart, when there is still sufficient virtue to feel remorse; and to sigh at the remembrance of purer years, but not sufficient to throw off the guilt, which is felt to be oppressive, and to return to that purity in which it would again, in its bitter moments, gladly take shelter, if only it had energy to vanquish the almost irresistible habits that would tear it back! *Brown.*

PASSION—The Ruling.

Search then the ruling passion; there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere:
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
Pope.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength;
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came.
Ibid.

PASSION—the Spring of the Soul.

Passion is the great mover and spring of the soul. When men's passions are strongest, they may have great and noble effects; but they are then also apt to fall into the greatest miscarriages. *Sprat.*

PASSION—Sullen.

Now what a sullen-blooded fool was this,
At sulks with earth and heaven! Could he not
Out-weep his passion like a blustering day
And be clear-skied thereafter. *A. Smith.*

PASSIONS—Bounds set to the.

No man's body is as strong as his appetites, but Heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desires by stinting his strength and contracting his capacities.
Tillotson.

PASSIONS—Contrasted.

Angry and choleric men are as ungrateful and unsociable as thunder and lightning, being in themselves all storms and tempests; but quiet and easy natures are, like fair weather, welcome to all, and acceptable to all men; they gather together what the others disperse, and reconcile all whom the others incense; as they have the good will and the good wishes of all other men, so they have the full possession of themselves, have all their own thoughts at peace, and enjoy quiet and ease in their own fortune, how strait soever it may be.
Clarendon.

PASSIONS—Controversy with.

Authors should avoid as much as they can, replies and rejoinders, the usual consequences of which are loss of time, and loss of temper. Happy is he who is engaged in controversy with his own passions, and comes off superior; who makes it his endeavour that his follies and weaknesses may die before him, and who daily meditates on mortality and immortality.
Jortin.

PASSIONS—Evil Effects of.

The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wreck by passion left behind;
A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn-blast of grief. *Byron.*

Our passions are like convulsion-fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after. *Pope.*

As rivers, when they overflow, drown those grounds, and ruin those husbandmen, which, whilst they flowed calmly betwixt their banks, they fertilized and enriched; so our passions, when they grow exorbitant and unruly, destroy those virtues, to which they may be very serviceable whilst they keep within their bounds. *Boyle.*

A very small part of the disorders of the world proceed from ignorance of the laws by which life ought to be regulated; nor do many

even of those whose hands are polluted with the foulest crimes, deny the reasonableness of virtue, or attempt to justify their own actions. Men are not blindly betrayed into corruption, but abandon themselves to their passions with their eyes open; and lose the direction of truth, because they do not attend to her voice, not because they do not understand it.

Johnson.

PASSIONS—The Human.

They sat them down to weep: not only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise,—high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord,—and shook sore
Their inward state of mind,—calm region once,
And full of peace,—now toss'd and turbulent;
For understanding ruled not, and the will
Heard not her love; both in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath,
Usurping over sov'reign reason, claim'd
Superior sway. *Milton.*

PASSIONS—Governing the.

What profits us that we from heaven derive
A soul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the stars, if, like the brutal kind,
We follow where our passions lead the way?

Dryden.

Govern your passions, or otherwise they will govern you. *Horace.*

The passions may be humoured till they become our master, as a horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early discipline will prevent mutiny, and keep the helm in the hands of reason. *Cumberland.*

The worst of slaves are those that are constantly serving their passions. *Diogenes.*

He whom passion rules, is bent to meet his death. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

PASSIONS—Violence of the.

Now by heaven
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way. *Shakspeare.*

Passions without power,
Like seas against a rock, but lose their fury.

Denham.

Passions, like raging storms, grow loud and high,
When they're most opposed. *Howard.*

PASSIONS—Violence of the.

Passions, like seas, will have their ebbs and flows. *Lee.*

The passions, like heavy bodies down steep hills, once in motion, move themselves, and know no ground but the bottom. *Fuller.*

Oh! she has passions which outstrip the wind,
And tear her virtue up, as tempests root the sea. *Congreve.*

PAST—Reflections on the.

We will stand and watch the great river of people flow through this arch, as it has been doing ever since Oates snuffled or Nell Gwynne sang. Oh, that stout gentleman with the complacent face, brushing a spot of dust off his sere brown coat, is Mr. Pepys, a great man in the Admiralty; let him pass, he is not a street hero. That? Oh, that is the quiet country gentleman, Mr. Evelyn, a travelled, art-loving man—nothing to Clark, the posture-maker, or Hugh Massey, the merry fiddler. That long-faced, pale creature is only one Isaac Newton, an absent college man, who has just written a book no one cares about, called *The Principia*. The young vain buck in the gilt coach is Kneller, the great painter, who thinks that at the last day there will be a peculiar special awakening trumpet blown to arouse *him*. That gay fellow with him is the celebrated French artist, Delafosse, a pupil of Le Brun, who has come to London to paint the apotheosis of Isis on a ceiling of Montague House (now the British Museum), Isis having long evaporated. Do you see that benevolent man who looks as if when he caught a poacher up a tree in the episcopal woods he would entreat him to take care how he came down. That is Bishop Ken, of Bath and Wells, the good man who wrote our Evening Hymn. Wait here an hour or two—now that the waggons and chairs hurry on to Buckingham House at Aldersgate, or westward to Westminster, dogged by dark, deep-cut shadows—now, just at twelve, that a bright river of sun along the shady side of the street fast widens as the heat spreads and day advances—and you might see pass these taverns and this Temple gateway, with its treacherous lamb and flag, that looks so like a bill, among a motley group of Alsatian squires, with broad sword belts and copper belts, among Izaak Walton citizens, bullies like Blood, who bagged the crown; the fat Duke of Albemarle; the burly Earl of Devonshire, who was fined £30,000 for drawing Colonel Culpepper by his nose out of the Presence Chamber; the cruel

Earl of Faversham, nephew of the great Turenne, who brought Monmouth to the block; the bloated Jeffries; Sherlock or Tillotson; Burnet, just ready to start for Holland; Baxter going to trial; Locke, on some kind errand; Blow or Purcell. *Timbs.*

PAST—Regret for the.

Oh! if in after-life we could but gather
The very refuse of our youthful hours.
C. Lloyd.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread;
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And none are wakeful but the dead;
No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,—
Visions of long-departed joys. *W. R. Spenser.*

PAST DAYS.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking on the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under-world,
Sad as the last which reddens over me.
That sinks with all we love below the verge,
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.
Tennyson.

PAST FAVOURS AND INJURIES.

The memory of past favours is like a rainbow, bright, vivid, and beautiful; but it soon fades away. The memory of injuries is engraved on the heart, and remains for ever.
Haliburton.

PAST AND FUTURE.

The world has arrived at a period which renders it the part of fashion to pay homage to the prospective precedents of the future, in preference to those of the past. The past is dead, and has no resurrection; but the future is endowed with such a life, that it lives to us even in anticipation. The past is, in many things, the foe of mankind; the future is, in all things, our friend. For the past has no hope; the future is both hope and fruition. The past is the text-book of tyrants; the future the bible of the free. Those who are solely governed by the past, stand, like Lot's wife, crystallized in the act of looking backward, and for ever incapable of looking forward.
Marryat.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Methought I saw
Life swiftly treading over endless space,
And, at her foot-print, but a bygone pace,
The ocean-past, which, with increasing wave,
Swallow'd her steps like a pursuing grave.
Tennyson.

It is necessary to look forward as well as backward, as some think it always necessary to regulate their conduct by things that have been done of old times; but that past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the present, was itself founded on an alteration of some past that went before it.
Madame de Stael.

PASTIME—Abuse of.

Pastime is a word that should never be used but in a bad sense: it is vile to say such a thing is agreeable because it helps to pass the time away. *Shenstone.*

PATIENCE—Advantages of.

It was thy patience, Masinissa,—patience,
A champion clad in steel, that in the waste
Attended still thy step, and saved my friend
For better days. What cannot patience do?
A great design is seldom snatch'd at once;
'Tis patience heaves it on. From savage nature
'Tis patience that has built up human life,
The nurse of arts. *Thomson.*

It is but reasonable to bear that accident patiently, which God sends, since impatience does but entangle us, like the fluttering of a bird in a net, but cannot at all ease our trouble, or prevent the accident; it must be run through, and therefore it were better we compose ourselves to a patient than to a troubled and miserable suffering.
Jeremy Taylor.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.
Rousseau.

By their patience and perseverance God's children are truly known from hypocrites and dissemblers. *Augustine.*

PATIENCE—under Affliction.

The sincere and earnest approach of the Christian to the throne of the Almighty, teaches the best lesson of patience under affliction; since, wherefore should we mock the Deity with supplications, when we insult Him by murmuring under His decrees; or how while our prayers have in every word admitted the vanity and nothingness of the things of

time, in comparison to those of eternity, should we hope to deceive the Searcher of Hearts, by permitting the world and worldly passions to reassume the reins, even immediately after a solemn address to Heaven?

Sir Walter Scott.

PATIENCE — Beautiful Characteristics of.

'Tis *patience*, the beloved of Heaven! the meek,
The mild, the lowly, and the gentle patience,
Whose eye looks up to God; and ne'er unbends
Its fixed and placid gaze to look upon
The thorns that tear her bleeding breast; who stands
Pale, calm, unmoved amid the storms of life;
Whose soul weeps not for heart's torture—patience,
The meek-eyed pilgrim of the earth, that child
Of heaven——perfection's crown.

C. L. Reddell.

PATIENCE—of Cowardice and Bravery.

Patience in cowards is tame, hopeless fear;
But in brave minds, a scorn of what they bear.

Dryden.

PATIENCE—Endurance of.

When did I complain
Or murmur at my fate?
I bore my load of infamy with patience,
As holy men do punishments from heaven;
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee.

Rowe.

PATIENCE—Grace of.

Patience—
Of whose soft grace, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Shakspeare.

PATIENCE—mingled with Grief.

I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.—
Grow, Patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Ibid.

PATIENCE—respecting Missions.

Earnestness is a great thing, but *patience* is a better; and what should be now preached to the people of England, in respect of this great matter of Christianity in India, is, that they should possess themselves in patience. That all who appreciate the inestimable blessings of Christianity should eagerly desire to impart to others the glad tidings of salvation, is the necessary result of their own sincerity of faith. If I have said anything to encourage this desire, I shall not have written in vain. But, as one earnestly desiring to hasten the coming of Christ's kingdom, I cannot refrain from counselling moderation in language and forbearance in action. The Devil himself could not, in such a crisis as this, desire anything better for his own interests than a display of ignorant, unreflecting Christian zeal on the part of his enemies. Pure as may be the source from which it springs, such zeal is not in accordance with those blessed lessons of practical wisdom taught by Him who lifted up his voice against the folly of putting new wine into old bottles, and upon whose lips ever hung the loving exhortation to give no offence. The people of England may be assured that the question which many would rashly attempt to solve—at any time, and under any circumstances, a very difficult and a very delicate one—is surrounded with peculiar perplexities and embarrassments, the growth of recent events, and that any arrogant rushings-in, regardless of the warning voices of those whose zeal takes another direction, will assuredly retard the coming which they seek to accelerate.

William Kaye.

PATIENCE—Prayer of.

"O dreary life!" we cry, "O dreary life!"
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle. Ocean girds
Unslacken'd the dry land: savannah-swards
Unweary sweep: hills watch, unworn; and rife
Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest-trees,
To show, above, the unwasted stars that pass
In their old glory. O thou God of old!
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to *these*;—
But so much patience, as a blade of grass
Grows by contented through the heat and cold.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

PATIENCE—Submissiveness of.

I see thou hast pass'd sentence on my heart;
And I'll no longer weep, or plead against it:
But with the humblest, most obedient patience,
Meet thy dear hands, and kiss them when they wound me.

Otway.

PATIENCE—Sufferance of.

I will bear it
With all the tender sufferance of a friend;
As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The surgeon's hand that ministers his cure.

Ibid.

PATIENCE—Unendurance of.

Patience! do you think
The mangled wretch, fix'd to the torturing rack,
Amidst convulsive throes and agonies,
Can think of patience?
A mind at ease, like yours, may talk of patience,
Displaying the philosopher and hero. *Martyn.*

PATIENCE—a Virtue.

Patience sat by him, in an angel's garb,
And held out a full bowl of rich content,
Of which he largely quaff'd. *Havard.*

PATIENCE—Virtue of.

How poor are they who have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Shakspeare.

If thou intendest to vanquish the greatest, the most abominable and wickedest enemy, who is able to do thee mischief both in body and soul, and against whom thou preparest all sorts of weapons, but can not overcome, then know that there is a sweet and loving physical herb to serve thee, named *Patientia*. *Luther.*

Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the state, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman, and improves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age.
Bishop Horne.

PATRIOT—Characteristics of the.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honour'd by the muse he loved.
Pope.

PATRIOT—Devotedness of the.

'Tis not indulging private inclination,
The selfish passions, that sustains the world,
And lends its rulers grace; no, it is not then
That glory springs, and high immortal deeds
The public good, the good of others, still
Must bear fond nature down, in him who dares
Aspire to worthy rule; imperious honour
Still o'er the most distinguish'd lords it most.
Thomson.

Dear as thou art, whene'er our country calls,
Friends, sons, and sires, should yield their treasure up,
Nor own a sense beyond the public safety.
Brooke.

PATRIOT—Devotion to his Country.

Who would not bleed with transports for his country,
Tear every tender passion from his heart,
And greatly die to make a people happy?
Thomson.

My country claims me all, claims every passion;
Her liberty henceforth be all my thought!
Though with a brother's life yet cheaply bought;
For her my own I'd willingly resign,
And say, with transport, that the gain was mine.
Martyn.

PATRIOTS—Rewards of the.

He who undertakes an occupation of great toil and great danger, for the purpose of serving, defending, and protecting his country, is a most valuable and respectable member of society; and if he conducts himself with valour, fidelity, and humanity, and amidst the horrors of war cultivates the gentle manners of peace, and the virtues of a devout and holy life, he most amply deserves, and will assuredly receive, the esteem, the admiration, and the applause of his grateful country; and, what is of still greater importance, the approbation of his God.
Bishop Porteus.

PATRIOTISM—Appreciation of.

What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Shakspeare.

PATRIOTISM—Examples of.

Grave precepts fleeting notions may impart,
But bright example best instructs the heart;
Then look on Fabius, let his conduct show,
From active life what various blessings flow.

In him a just ambition stands confess'd ;
It warms, but not inflames his equal breast.
See him in senates act the patriot's part,
Truth on his lips, the public at his heart ;
There neither fears can awe, nor hopes control,
The honest purpose of his steady soul.
No mean attachments e'er seduced his tongue
To gild the cause his heart suspected wrong ;
But, deaf to envy, faction, spleen, his voice
Joins here or there, as reason guides his choice.
To one great point his faithful labours tend,
And all his toil in Britain's interest end.
Melmoth.

PATRIOTISM—True.

The noblest motive is the public good. *Virgil.*

PEACE—Advantages of.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser. *Shakspeare.*

PEACE—Attributes of.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility. *Ibid.*

PEACE—Blessings of.

O beauteous Peace,
Sweet union of a state ! what else but thou
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people !
I bow, lord constable, beneath the snow
Of many years ; yet in my breast revives
A youthful flame. Methinks I see again
Those gentle days renew'd that bless'd our isle,
Ere by this fury of division,
Worse than our Etna's most destructive fires,
It desolated sunk. I see our plains,
Unbounded, waving with the gifts of harvest,
Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports
With cheerful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh ;
Afresh the sweets of thee, my Hybla, flow :
Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.
Thomson.

PEACE—Delights of.

Fair Peace ! how lovely, how delightful thou !
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combined,
And unsuspicious faith ; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
Beneath thy calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports.
Bless'd be the man divine who gives us thee !
Ibid.

PEACE—Desirableness of.

I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace :
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity ;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
Shakspeare.

PEACE—Happiness of.

Peace is the happy, natural state of man ;
War his corruption, his disgrace. *Thomson.*

PEACE—of Mind.

Would you taste the tranquil scene ?
Be sure your bosoms be serene :
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life ;
And much it 'vails you, in their place,
To graft the love of human race. *Shenstone.*

Peace is the proper result of the Christian temper. It is the great kindness which our religion doth us, that it brings us to a settledness of mind, and a consistency within ourselves. *Bishop Patrick.*

PEACE—Rejoicings of.

Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends,
Their generous discord with the battle ends ;
In peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.
Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound ;
The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
As scatter'd armies seek their native land.
The hardy veteran, proud of many a scar,
The manly charms, and honours of the war,
Who hoped to share his friend's illustrious doom,
And in a battle find a soldier's tomb,
Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
And, sighing, bids the glorious camp adieu.
Tickell.

PEACE—Suing for.

They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,—
To stop effusion of our Christian blood.
Shakspeare.

PEACE—Sweets of.

Peace has sweets
That Hybla never knew ; it sleeps on down,
Cull'd gently from beneath the cherub's wing.
Brooke.

PEACE—Universal.

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks ; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. *Isaiah.*

PEACE—Victories of.

Peace hath her victories,
No less renown'd than war. *Milton.*

PEACEMAKERS—Blessedness of.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. *St. Matthew.*

PEASANT—Life of the.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleep,
While by his side the faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face.
Never his humble house nor state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him!
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him. *Fletcher.*

PEASANTRY—a Country's Pride.

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.
Goldsmith.

PEBBLES—Natural History of.

Only a pebble! Oh man, that stone which you thrust so contemptuously out of your way is older than all else on this earth. When the waters under heaven were gathered together unto one place, that pebble was there. Who can tell us the story of those first days, when the earth was in sore travail, when her heaving bosom belched forth torrents of fire, vast avalanches of hissing, seething water, and volumes of deadly vapours;—when glowing, blazing streams of lava threw a bloody red glare on the silent, lifeless earth, and, amidst a trembling and thundering that shook the firmament, a thousand volcanoes at once lifted up their fiery heads;—when out of the foaming waters there rose suddenly the rocky foundations of firm land, and greeted the light that God had created? That pebble was life's first offspring on earth. The Spirit of God moved on the waters, and life was breathed on the very gases that were hid in the heart of the vapoury globe. They parted in love, they parted in hate; they fled and they met. Atom joined atom; loving sisters kissed each other; and this love, the great child of that spirit on earth, brought forth its first fruit,—the pebble. *De Vere.*

PEDANT—The.

The man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years compleat,
See? strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare;
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
Horace.

PEDANTRY—Affectation of.

Brimful of learning, see that pedant stride,
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puff'd with pride!
A thousand authors he in vain has read,
And with their maxims stuff'd his empty head;
And thinks that without Aristotle's rule,
Reason is blind, and common sense a fool!
Boileau.

PEDANTRY—Characteristics of.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life. What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him in the playhouses a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and you strike him dumb. The military pedant always talks in a camp, and in storming towns, making lodgments, and fighting battles, from one end of the year to the other. Everything he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. The law pedant is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster Hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention any of the sovereigns of Europe, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Gazette*, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous. *Addison.*

PEDANTRY—Definition of.

Pedantry, in the common acceptation of the word, means an absurd ostentation of learning, and stiffness of phraseology, proceeding from a misguided knowledge of books, and a total ignorance of men. *Mackenzie.*

PEERAGES—One Source of.

In olden times, the wealth and commerce of London, conducted as it was by energetic and enterprising men, was a prolific source of peerages. Thus, the Earl of Cornwallis was founded by Thomas Cornwallis, the Cheapside merchant; that of Essex by William Capel, the draper; and that of Craven by William Craven,

the merchant tailor. The modern Earl of Warwick is not descended from "the Kingmaker," but from William Greville, the woolstapler; whilst the modern Earls of Northumberland find their head, not in the Percies, but in Hugh Smithson, a respectable London apothecary. The founders of the families of Dartmouth, Radnor, Ducie, and Pomfret, were respectively a skinner, a silk manufacturer, a merchant tailor, and a Calais merchant; whilst the founders of the peerages of Tankerville, Dormer, and Coventry, were mercers. The ancestors of Earl Romney, and Lord Dudley and Ward, were goldsmiths and jewellers; and Lord Dacres was a banker in the reign of Charles I., as Lord Overstone is in that of Queen Victoria. Edward Osborne, the founder of the Dukedom of Leeds, was apprentice to William Hewet, a rich clothworker on London-bridge, whose only daughter he courageously rescued from drowning, by leaping into the Thames after her, and eventually married. Among other peerages founded by trade, are those of Fitzwilliam, Leigh, Petre, Cowper, Darnley, Hill, and Carrington. The founders of the houses of Foley and Normanby were remarkable men in many respects, and, as furnishing striking examples of energy of character, the story of their lives is especially worthy of preservation. *Smiles.*

PEEVISHNESS—the Canker of Life.

Peevishness may be considered the canker of life, that destroys its vigour, and checks its improvement; that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume. *Johnson.*

PENETRATION—Characteristics of.

The balls of sight are so formed, that one man's eyes are spectacles to another, to read his heart with. *Ibid.*

PENSION—as a State Reward.

A pension, given as a reward for service to the state, is surely as good a ground of property as any security for money advanced to the state. It is a better; for money is paid, and well paid, to obtain that service. *Burke.*

PENSIVENESS—Pleasures of.

Resplendent halls and fashion's proud array,
The smiles of flattery and the pomp of art,
Music, and mirth, and dancing, to the heart
Of him whose every hope hath waned away,
Are but as mockeries. Him it pleases more,
When sunlight fades from the grey western sky,
To listen to the sere leaves whirling dry
Around his path, and to the torrent's roar;
There, resting on some mossy pediment,
Contemplative, beneath a blasted tree,
Deeply he feels earth's futile vanity;
That life is but a tower by lightning rent;
Mirth madness, hope illusion: he can see
Nought but the shadows of despair unblent.
Milton.

PENURY—Evils of.

Chill penury weighs down the heart itself; and though it sometimes be endured with calmness, it is but the calmness of despair. *Mrs. Jameson.*

PEOPLE—Different Kinds of.

The world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox hunters. *Shenstone.*

PEOPLE—Knowing the.

I confess myself to be one of those who believe, that it is not always in the capital, or among the busy haunts of a large town, that a traveller has the best opportunities of making himself acquainted with the character, and habits, and dispositions of a strange people. To the capital you doubtless turn, if your object be to examine into the machinery of the general government, or to hold converse with the great and distinguished members of the community, whether they deserve to be so accounted because of any merit attaching to themselves, or owe their greatness to circumstances not of their own creating. But of the people, properly so called, a foreigner can see in the capital very little. He may join them in their public amusements; he may observe their modes of buying and selling; he may listen to their conversation in the streets, or at a table d'hôte, and form a correct enough judgment of their skill as artisans; but of their character properly so called, that is to say, of the temper of their minds, and of the causes which produce it, he can know nothing. The state of society in one large town resembles, in all essential points, so closely the state of society in another, that the traveller becomes bewildered, and is not unapt to treat as peculiarities in one place, habits which, in point of fact, extend far beyond it. *Gleig.*

PERFECTION—Acquisition of.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time. *Voltaire.*

PERFECTION—Advancing.

Methinks this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period

will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being, but he knows that how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

Addison.

PERFECTION—Aids to.

To arrive at perfection, a man should have very sincere friends or inveterate enemies; because he would be made sensible of his good or ill conduct, either by the censures of the one, or the admonitions of the other.

Diogenes.

PERFECTION—Aiming at.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable. *Chesterfield.*

PERFECTION—in Creation.

God never made his work for man to mend.

Dryden.

PERFECTION—Extent of.

A good man is sometimes liable to blame, and a bad man, though not often, may possibly deserve to be commended. *Polybius.*

PERFECTION—of Slow Growth.

They say those herbs will keep best, and will longer retain both their hue and verdure, which are dried in the shade, than those which are suddenly scorched with fire or sun.

Those wits are like to be most durable, which are closely tutored with a leisurely education: time and gentle constancy ripens better than a sudden violence: neither is it otherwise in our spiritual condition; a wilful slackness is not more dangerous than an overhastening of our perfection. If I may be every moment drawing nearer to the end of my hope, I shall not wish to precipitate.

Bishop Hall.

PERFECTION—in Humanity.

All the harmonies
Of form, of feature, and of soul, displayed
In one bright creature. *Chase.*

PERSECUTION—in the Name of Religion.

In 1551 it was enacted, that if any person was known to be present at any forms of prayer or ecclesiastical rites, other than those set forth in the Book of Common Prayer, he should suffer imprisonment for life. Under another act, if they denied the queen's (Elizabeth's) supremacy, they were to suffer the pains of death, and forfeit their estates, as in cases of high treason. Under another act, if those that were sixteen years of age went not to church, they were to pay a penalty of £20 per month, or be imprisoned until they conformed; and again, if you did not become a member of the established church, you dared not move more than five miles from your house. In 1581 it was enacted, "that it shall be treason to be reconciled to, or withdrawn to, the Romish religion,—aiders to suffer as for misprision of treason. A man marrying not according to the Church of England, could take no lands in right of his wife. A child educated in a popish seminary could not inherit his estate or make a purchase." These and other similar laws were enforced by the tolerant Protestant church and State. They stood so late as the year 1791, when the 31st of George III. somewhat abated their severity. When the Act of Uniformity was passed in Charles the Second's time, 2,000 of the Presbyterian clergymen resigned in one day, although many of them had been tempted by wealth and the highest preferment. When the Society of Friends arose, they were persecuted with the most rancorous hatred: it was a system that cut at the roots of clerical influence, the craft was in danger, and the work of extermination commenced; their meeting-houses were pulled down, and the materials sold; and when, firm in their duty, they met on the ruins, they were attacked by the brutal soldiery, and old men, women, and children, indiscriminately slaughtered. Under the act for fining £20 for non-attendance at church, they were fined grievously, their houses were broken into, their property plundered and destroyed, under the plea of seizing for tithes, church-rates, fines, &c. At Bristol, thirty-eight men paid fines for non-attendance at church for eleven months, £8,360; two of their wives paid £220; and 111 men, for non-attendance for three months, paid £6,660, and forty of their wives, for the same time, paid £1,200; in all, £16,440. The amount of property taken from the Society of Friends, from 1665 to 1833, is estimated at £1,192,820, besides the utter ruin of trade, and property wantonly destroyed in the collection. In London, the prisons were literally filled to suffocation, where, in 1662, twenty died, and seven more soon after their liberation, in consequence of their treatment; in 1664, twenty-five more, and in 1665,

fifty-two others. The same inhuman persecutions were practised throughout the kingdom, from which 369 perished. *Lowry.*

PERSECUTION—Reward of.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. *St. Matthew.*

PERSEVERANCE.

Yet I argue not,
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. *Milton.*

PERSEVERANCE—to be Admired.

If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated. *Dr. Arnold.*

PERSEVERANCE—to the End.

When I take the humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle,—I go through. *Ben Jonson.*

He that shall endure unto the end the same shall be saved. *St. Luke.*

PERSEVERANCE—Power of.

Great works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance. *Johnson.*

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings. *Ibid.*

PERSEVERANCE—Success of.

A falling drop at last will cave a stone. *Lucretius.*

PERSEVERANCE—a Virtue.

Perseverance is a Roman virtue,
That wins each god-like act, and plucks success
Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger. *Havard.*

PERSEVERANCE AND HONOUR.

Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright. To have none, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail
In monumental mockery. *Shakspeare.*

PERSPECTIVE—Attack on.

No great painters ever trouble themselves about perspective, and very few of them know its laws; they draw everything by the eye, and, naturally enough, disdain, in the easy parts of their work, rules which cannot help them in difficult ones. It would take about a month's labour to draw imperfectly, by laws of perspective, what any great Venetian will draw perfectly in five minutes, when he is throwing a wreath of leaves round a head, or bending the curves of a pattern in and out among the folds of drapery. In modern days, I doubt if any artist among us, except David Roberts, knows so much perspective as would enable him to draw a Gothic arch to scale at a given angle and distance. Turner, though he was professor of perspective to the Royal Academy, did not know what he professed, and never, as far as I remember, drew a single building in true perspective in his life; he drew them only with as much perspective as suited him. Prout also knew nothing of perspective, and twisted his buildings, as Turner did, into whatever shapes he liked. I do not justify this; and would recommend the student at least to treat perspective with common civility, but to pay no court to it. *Ruskin.*

PERSPICUITY—Advantage of.

A proposition must be plain, to be adopted by the understanding of a people. A false notion, which is clear and precise, will always meet with a greater number of adherents in the world, than a true principle which is obscure or involved. Hence it arises that parties, which are like small communities in the heart of the nation, invariably adopt some principle or some name as a symbol, which very inadequately represents the end they have in view, and the means which are at their disposal, but without which they could neither act nor subsist. The governments which are founded upon a single principle or a single feeling which is easily defined, are perhaps not the best, but they are unquestionably the strongest and the most durable in the world. *De Tocqueville.*

PERSUASION—Virtue of.

There is a way of winning, more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear;
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodness, may be good;

But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit:
Then if they stray, but warn 'em, and the same
They would for virtue do, they'll do for shame.
Ben Jonson.

Yet hold it more humane, more heav'nly, first,
By winning words, to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear.
Milton.

PETITIONS—Various Demands of.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where from ambrosia Jove retires for ease;
There in his seat two spacious vents appear;
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of all mankind.
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply.
Amused he reads, and then returns the bill,
Sign'd with that ichor which the gods distil.
Pope.

PETITIONS—Unsavouriness of.

Petitions not sweeten'd
With gold, are but unsavoury, oft refused;
Or if received, are pocketed, not read.
A suitor's swelling tears by the glowing beams
Of choleric authority are dried up
Before they fall; or if seen, never pitied.
Massinger.

PHILANTHROPIST—The.

Not for himself, but for the world, he lives.
Lucan.

PHILANTHROPY—Genius of.

This is true philanthropy, that buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its hospital in the human heart. *Harley.*

PHILANTHROPY—Spirit of.

A sense of an earnest will
To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart-thrill,
If you have no power of giving;
An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless:
The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are all.
Milnes.

PHILOSOPHER—The Real.

'Tis not wit merely, but temper, which must form the well-bred man. In the same manner, 'tis not a head merely, but a heart and resolution, which must complete the real philosopher. *Shaftesbury.*

PHILOSOPHER (Religious)—Exalted Character of a.

The world cannot show us a more exalted character, than that of a truly religious philosopher, who delights to turn all things to the glory of God; who, in the objects of his sight, derives improvement to his mind; and in the glass of things temporal, sees the image of things spiritual. *Jones of Nayland.*

PHILOSOPHER (A Sceptical)—an Object of Compassion.

He who can imagine the universe fortuitous or self-created, is not a subject for argument, provided he has the power of thinking, or even the faculty of seeing. He who sees no design, cannot claim the character of a philosopher: for philosophy traces means and ends. He who traces no causes, must not assume to be a metaphysician; and if he does trace them, he must arrive at a First Cause. And he who perceives no final causes, is equally deficient in metaphysics and in natural philosophy; since, without this, he cannot generalize,—can discover no plan, where there is no purpose. But if he who can see a Creation, without seeing a Creator, has made small advances in knowledge, so he who can philosophize on it, and not feel the eternal presence of its Great Author, is little to be envied, even as a mere philosopher; since he deprives the universe of all its grandeur, and himself of the pleasures springing from those exalted views which soar beyond the details of tangible forms and common events. And if, with that presence around him, he can be evil, he is an object of compassion, for he will be rejected by Him whom he opposes or rejects. *Macculloch.*

PHILOSOPHY.

O Philosophy, thou guide of life, and discoverer of virtue. *Cicero.*

PHILOSOPHY—Charms of.

How charming divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabb'd, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute;
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Milton.*

PHILOSOPHY—Two Kinds of.

Philosophy is of two kinds: that which relates to conduct, and that which relates to knowledge. The first teaches us to value all things at their real worth, to be contented with little, modest in prosperity, patient in trouble, equal-minded at all times. It teaches us our duty to our neighbour and ourselves. But it is he who possesses both that is the true philosopher. The more he knows, the more he is

desirous of knowing; and yet the farther he advances in knowledge, the better he understands how little he can attain, and the more deeply he feels that God alone can satisfy the infinite desires of an immortal soul. To understand this is the height and perfection of philosophy. *Southey.*

PHILOSOPHY—of Life.

What is life worth without a heart to feel
The great and lovely, and the poetry
And sacredness of things? For all things are
Sacred—the eye of God is on them all,
And hallows all unto it. It is fine
To stand upon some lofty mountain-height
And feel the spirit stretch into a view
To joy in what might be, if will and power
For good would work together but one hour.
Yet millions never think a noble thought,
But with brute hate of brightness, bay a mind
Which drives the darkness out of them, like hounds. *Bailey.*

PHILOSOPHY—Minute.

We deal largely in general knowledge—an excellent article, no doubt; but one may have too much of it. Sometimes ignorance is really bliss. It has not added to my personal comfort to know to a decimal fraction what proportion of red earth I may expect to find in my cocoa every morning; to have become knowingly conscious that my coffee is mixed with ground liver and litmus, instead of honest chicory; and that bisulphuret of mercury forms the basis of my Cayenne. It was once my fate to have a friend staying in my house who was one of these minute philosophers. He used to amuse himself after breakfast by a careful analysis and diagnosis of the contents of the teapot, laid out as a kind of *hortus siccus* on his plate. "This leaf now," he would say, "is fuchsia: observe the serrated edges; that's no tea leaf—positively poisonous. This, now, again, is blackthorn, or privet—yes, privet; you may know it by the divisions in the panicles: that's no tea leaf." A most uncomfortable guest he was; and though not a bad companion in many respects, I felt my appetite improved the first time I sat down to dinner without him. It won't do to look into all your meals with a microscope. Of course there is a medium between these over-curious investigations and an implicit faith in everything that is set before you. *Sala.*

PHILOSOPHY—Objects of.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy. *Voltaire.*

PHILOSOPHY—Powers of.

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line;
Empty the haunted air and gnomèd mine—
Unweave a rainbow. *Keats.*

PHILOSOPHY—a Modest Profession.

Philosophy is a modest profession, it is all reality and plain dealing; I hate solemnity and pretence, with nothing but pride at the bottom. *Pliny.*

PHILOSOPHY—Pursuits of.

Some few, whose lamps shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause to nature's secret head,
And found that one first principle must be:
But what or who that universal He;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmoved, yet making, moving all;
Of various atoms' interfering dance
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity:
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see,
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.
As blindly groped they for a future state,
As rashly judged of Providence and fate.
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern the good of human kind;
For happiness was never to be found,
But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoyed;
This ev'ry little accident destroy'd;
The wiser madmen did for virtue toil;
A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
But found their lines too short, the well too deep,
And leaky vessels, which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul.
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end;—
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
Dryden.

PHILOSOPHY—Real.

Many persons have been injured by the imposing name of PHILOSOPHY. Philosophy, when it is employed in promoting good morals, in cultivating liberal arts, in strengthening social union, in contemplating the works of creation, and thus leading man to acknowledge and adore the Supreme Being, is a noble science: it is noble, because true; and true, because consistent and corresponding with the nature of man, and with the relations he bears to his fellow-creatures, and to his Maker. But that which *assumes* the name of philosophy,

and under this mask injures morals, dissuades from mental improvement, disunites society, discerns not the wisdom of God, either in the earth or the heavens, and discourages men from paying the tribute of gratitude to their universal Father, such a system of doctrines is detestable, because false,—and false, because contrary to the nature of man, and his several relations to society and God. Real philosophy we should cherish and love; it is the friend of man, being the source of wisdom, the origin of many comforts, and the handmaid of religion. That which comes under its borrowed name, which puts on a semblence of what in fact it is not, and which if we are compelled to call philosophy, we must, if we would speak properly, term false philosophy; *that* is the evil against which we are to guard, that the credulous and innocent may not be betrayed by the deceits, the forgeries, and enchantments of this visored impostor.

Bishop Huntingford.

PHILOSOPHY—Study of.

Philosophy, when superficially studied, excites doubt; when thoroughly explored, it dispels it. *Bacon.*

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth of philosophy bringeth a man's mind about to religion. *Ibid.*

PHILOSOPHY—Sublimity of.

Sublime philosophy!
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beckoning angels; but, alas!
We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step, dull slumbering on the earth.

Bulwer Lytton.

PHILOSOPHY—Teaching of.

There is even room for philosophy in the courts of princes, but not for that speculative philosophy that makes everything to be alike fitting at all times; but there is another philosophy that is more pliable, that knows its proper scene, accommodates itself to it, and teaches a man, with propriety and decency, to act that part which has fallen to his share.

Sir Thomas More.

Philosophy can hold an easy triumph over the misfortunes which are past and to come; but those which are present triumph over her. By philosophy we are taught to dismiss our regrets for the past, and our apprehensions of future evils; but the immediate sense of suffering she cannot teach us to subdue.

La Rochefoucauld.

PHILOSOPHY—Touch of.

Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy? *Keats.*

PHILOSOPHY AND GOD.

When philosophy has gone as far as she is able, she arrives at Almightiness, and in that labyrinth is lost; where not knowing the way, she goes on by guess and cannot tell whether she is right or wrong; and like a petty river, is swallowed up in the boundless ocean of Omnipotency. *Feltham.*

She's God's own mirror; she's a light whose glance
Springs from the lightning of his countenance,
She's mildest heaven's most sacred influence;
Never decays her beauties' excellence,
Aye like herself; and she doth always trace
Not only the same path, but the same pace.
Without her honour, health and wealth would prove
Three poisons to me. Wisdom from above
Is the only moderatrix, spring and guide,
Organ and honour of all gifts beside.

Du Bartas.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy, she is not to be found at her post; but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade religion; whom, on most other occasions, she affects to despise.

Colton.

PHYSICIANS—Calling in.

Physicians mend or end us,
Secundem artem:—but although we sneer
In health—when sick, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer. *Byron.*

PHYSICIANS—Doing Without.

The patient can oftener do without the doctor, than the doctor without the patient.

Zimmerman.

PHYSICIANS—Importance of.

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal. *Pope.*

PIC-NICS—Picture of.

The lake is calm; a crowd of sunny faces
And plumèd heads, and shoulders round and white,
Are mirror'd in the waters. There are traces
Of merriment in those sweet eyes of light.
Lie empty hampers round; in shady places,

The hungry throw themselves with ruthless
might
On lobster salads; while champagne to cheer
'em,
Cools in the brook that murmurs sweetly near
'em.

Green leagues of park and forest lie around;
Wave stately antlers in the glimmering
distance:
Up from the dusky arches comes a sound
That tells the story of old Pan's existence.
And now in song the summer wind is drown'd;
Now comes a call that conquers all resistance:
A dance upon the turf! up, up, instanter,
Away with quarried pie and stain'd decanter.

Small hands are link'd, and dance divinest
tresses,
And agile feet fly down the pleasant glade in
A merry measure; through the deep recesses
How gaily trip they, youth and laughing
maiden;
The shaken turf is swept by silken dresses,
The woodland breeze with many a jest is
laden,
And lips are curl'd, and haughty heads are
toss'd too,
As none could picture them but Ariosto.
Collins.

PICTURE—Definitions of a.

A picture is a poem without words. *Horace.*

A picture is an intermediate something between a thought and a thing. *Coleridge.*

PICTURE—Idea and Realization in a.

I often think what interest there is in a picture quite independent of its subject, or its merit, or its author. I mean the interest belonging to the history of it, as a work of some one man's labour. I can imagine he was so joyous in the beginning of it: the whole work was already done, perhaps, in his mind, where the colours are easily laid on, while the canvass yet was white. Then there were the early sketches. He finds the idea is not so easy after all to put on canvass. At last a beginning is made; and then the work proceeds for a time rapidly. How often he draws back from the canvass, approaches it again, looks at it fondly yet wistfully, as a watching mother at a sick child. He is interrupted, tries to be courteous or kind, as the occasion requires, but is delighted when the door closes and leaves him alone with the only creature whose presence he cares much for just now. All day long his picture is with him in the background of his mind. He goes out: the bright colours in the shops, the lines of buildings, little children on the door-steps, all show him something; and when he goes back, he rushes into his painting-room, to expend his fresh vigour and his new insight upon the work of his heart. So it goes on. Let us hope that it prospers. Then there comes a time when the completion of the picture is foreseen by him, when there is not much room for more to be made of it, and yet it is not nearly finished. He is a little weary of it. Observe this, Ellesmere, there is the same thing throughout life, in all forms of human endeavour. These times of weariness need watching. But our artist is patient and plods on. The end of the drama approaches, when the picture is to go into a gilt frame, and be varnished, and hung up—like the hero of a novel upon whom a flood of good fortune is let in at last. *Ruskin.*

PICTURES—Influence of.

A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows; for pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves. They are, as Ugo Foscolo has well said, the chickweed to the gilded cage, and make up for the want of many other enjoyments to those whose life is mostly passed amidst the smoke and din, the bustle and noise of an over-crowded city. *Gilbert.*

PICTURES—Life in.

It is by seizing the leading lines, when we cannot seize all, that likeness and expression are given to a portrait, and grace and a kind of vital truth, to the rendering of every natural form. I call it vital truth, because these chief lines are always expressive of the past history and present action of the thing. They show, in a mountain, first, how it was built or heaped up; and secondly, how it is now being worn away, and from what quarter the wildest storms strike it. In a tree they show what a kind of fortune it has had to endure from its childhood; how troublesome trees have come in its way, and pushed it aside, and tried to strangle or starve it; where and when kind trees have sheltered it, and grown up lovingly together with it, bending as it bent; what winds torment it most; what

boughs of it behave best, and bear most fruit, and so on. In a wave or cloud these leading lines show the run of the tide and of the wind, and the sort of change which the water or vapour is at any moment enduring in its form, as it meets shore or counter wave, or melting sunshine. Now, remember, nothing distinguishes great men from inferior men more than their always, whether in life or art, knowing the way things are going. Your dunce thinks they are standing still, and draws them all fixed; your wise man sees the change or changing in them, and draws them so—the animal in its motion, the tree in its growth, the cloud in its course, the mountain in its wearing away. *Ruskin.*

PICTURESQUE—The.

Compare a new field-gate, square and tight, with a nodding, crazy, weather-stained stile. The latter goes into the sketch-book as picturesque, the former is instinctively avoided for any such purpose. The difference consists, in the first place, in the character of the lines, proportions, and colours. The lines of the stile are broken, opposed, and combined in a variety of angles. In the gate they are straight, and their angles are right angles. The shadows of the stile are naturally the more complex, with its greater complexity of form; and the colours are alike enriched, subdued, and blended; while those of the gate are crude and staring. In these distinctions we find the *primary* causes of the picturesqueness of the one object as compared with the other. But far more important are those which belong to the character, purpose, history, of the object itself. See how the stile appeals in these respects to the imagination, while the gate has nothing to say! The stile leans with the stress and weight of wear, its feet are buried in herbage, its bars are held together by extra clamps, empty holes betray the loss of rusted nails, worms have covered it with elaborate tracery, lichens have crept into every cranny. It is bleached from many a sun and shower; polished by the hands, and grated by the feet, of many a labourer, who, morning and evening, and year after year, has crossed it on his outward and homeward way. It is scored and hacked by generations of school-boys; and it is cunningly inscribed with the joint initials of whispering lovers. The gate, in its naked newness, speaks of nothing but the carpenter's shop and the paint pot. The stile is a poem, the gate a mechanical fact. The one is picturesque; it demands, as it is fitted for, artistic expression; the other is unpicturesque, and no considerations of usefulness or fitness can make it otherwise. *Gilbert.*

PICTURESQUENESS.

Picturesqueness is the very soul of Gothic architecture. The architects, I presume, did not aim at it, probably never troubled their heads about it, perhaps had not even any word to express it. They aimed at beauty, solemnity, and an imposing effect, and knew how to obtain it; but the picturesqueness came naturally and without intention. It was a part of the character of the age. Whatever they did was necessarily picturesque; they could not help it. Perhaps a future generation may find out some pervading characteristic of our own age, of which we are unconscious, and have not any word to express. Now we aim at picturesqueness; we discover in it a great source of beauty, and therefore endeavour to obtain it by every means in our power. Our love of it is shown in imitations of Swiss cottages, Italian villas, buildings crowded with gables, and all sorts of useless projections that may give a varied outline, and productions of the most fanciful and incongruous nature. But an artificial picturesqueness, as we have observed, is all but valueless; and when it is artificial, it is almost impossible to disguise it; we see at once whether the effect results from the honest adaptation of a building to its professed purposes, and its truth of construction, or from artifice; and we esteem it accordingly. *Petit.*

PIETY—Filial.

E'er since reflection beam'd her light upon me,
You, sir, have been my study. I have placed,
Before mine eyes in ev'ry light of life,
The father and the king. What weight of duty
Lay on a son from such a parent sprung;
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown;
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night.

. . . . . .

But first and ever nearest to my heart
Was this prime duty; so to frame my conduct
Toward such a father, as, were I a father,
My soul would wish to meet with from a son.
And may reproach transmit my name abhorr'd
To latest time, if ever thought was mine
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love. *Mallet.*

Have I, then, no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years
Thy tenderness for me? An eye still beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harsh word thy tongue? Shall I for these
Repay thy stooping venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour?

It must not be, thou first of angels! Come,
Sweet filial Piety, and firm my breast!
Thomson.

PIETY—Indications of.

A beauty of holiness, which effloresces on the countenance, the manner, and the outward path. *Chalmers.*

PIETY—Motives to.

We are surrounded by motives to piety and devotion, if we would but mind them. The poor are designed to excite our liberality: the miserable our pity; the sick our assistance; the ignorant our instruction; those that are fallen our helping hand. In those who are vain, we see the vanity of the world; in those who are wicked, our own frailty. When we see good men rewarded, it confirms our hope; and when evil men are punished, it excites our fear. *Bishop Wilson.*

PIETY—the only Relief.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulf of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper and deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish and precipices of horror. *Johnson.*

PITY—Exercise of.

To him that is afflicted, pity should be showed from his friend. *Job.*

Pity those whom nature abuses, but never those who abuse nature. *Vanbrugh.*

PITY—Feelings of.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold;
When every part a part of woe doth bear,
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords;
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words. *Shakspeare.*

PITY—Associated with Love.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest.
As wandering saints poor huts have blessèd made,
He hallows every heart he once has sway'd;

And when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there.
Sheridan.

A common pity does not love express;
Pity is love when grown into excess.
Sir H. Howard.

Take heed of pity: pity was the cause
Of my confusion; pity hath undone
Thousands of gentle natures in our sex;
For pity is sworn servant unto love;
And this be sure, wherever it begin
To make the way, it lets the master in.
Daniel.

PITY—Radiancy of.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that, twinkling, hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that treaks
For others' woe down virtue's manly cheeks.
Darwin.

PITY—Renouncing of.

My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Shakspeare.

For love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
Let venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords.
Ibid.

PITY—Use of.

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
Ibid.

PLAGIARISTS.

Away ye imitators, servile herd! *Horace.*

PLAGIARISTS—Suspicions of.

Plagiarists are always suspicious of being stolen from. *Coleridge.*

PLANTS—Force of Gravity on.

As a curious instance of adaptation between the force of gravity, and forces which exist in the vegetable world, we may take the positions

of flowers. Some flowers grow with the hollow of their cup upwards: others "hang the pensive head," and turn the opening downwards. Now of these "nodding flowers," as Linnæus calls them, he observes that they are such as have their pistils longer than the stamens; and, in consequence of this position, the dust from the anthers which are at the end of the stamens can fall upon the stigma or extremity of the pistil; which process is requisite for making the flower fertile. Other botanists have remarked, that the position changes at different periods of the flower's progress. The pistil of the *Euphorbia* (which is a little globe or germen upon a slender stalk) grows upright at first, and is taller than the stamens: at the period suited to its fecundation, the stalk bends under the weight of the ball at its extremity, so as to depress the germen below the stamens: after this it again becomes erect, the globe being now a fruit filled with fertile seeds.

The positions in all these cases depend upon the length and flexibility of the stalk which supports the flower, or, in the case of the Euphorbia, the germen. It is clear that a very slight alteration in the force of gravity, or in the stiffness of the stalk, would entirely alter the position of the flower-cup, and thus make the continuation of the species impossible. We have therefore here a little mechanical contrivance, which would have been frustrated if the proper intensity of gravity had not been assumed in the reckoning. An earth greater or smaller, denser or rarer than the one on which we live, would require a change in the structure and strength of the footstalks of all the little flowers that hang their heads under our hedges. There is something curious in thus considering the whole mass of the earth from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, as employed in keeping a snowdrop in the position most suited to the promotion of its vegetable health. *Whewell.*

PLAYERS—Instructions to.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-show and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy of, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

. . . . . .

Oh, reform it altogether: and let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. *Shakspeare.*

PLAYERS—Fictitious Passions of.

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion.
Could force his soul to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Ibid.

PLEASING—Pleasure of.

We all live upon the hope of pleasing somebody; and the pleasure of pleasing ought to

be greatest, and, at least, always will be greatest, when our endeavours are exerted in consequence of our duty. *Johnson.*

PLEASURE—not Continuous.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
Shakspeare.

PLEASURE—Definition of.

Pleasure is the reflex of unimpeded energy.
Sir William Hamilton.

PLEASURE—Disappointment of.

Pleasure, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself; and the constant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves the sense of our inability for that we wish, with a disrelish of everything else. Thus the intermediate seasons of the man of pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest criminal. *Steele.*

PLEASURE—Enervation of.

What if a body might have all the pleasures in the world for asking? Who would so unman himself as, by accepting them, to desert his soul, and become a perpetual slave to his senses? *Seneca.*

Like dew upon the grass, when pleasure's sun
Shines on your virtues, all your virtue's done.
Marston.

PLEASURE—Enjoyment of.

Enjoy your present pleasures so as not to injure those that are to follow. *Seneca.*

PLEASURE—Epochs of.

No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.
Sidney Smith.

PLEASURE—Dangerous Fascination of.

I have sat upon the shore, and waited for the gradual approach of the sea, and have seen its dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with His hand had given to it such life and motion; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and had well nigh swept me from my firmest footing. So have I seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of an inviting pleasure, till it has detained his eye and imprisoned his feet, and swelled upon his soul, and swept him to a swift destruction. *Hon. Mrs. Montague.*

PLEASURE—a Gift.

Of pleasure next the final cause explore;
Its mighty purpose, its important end,
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human; — pleasure came from heaven;
In aid to reason was the goddess sent,
To call up all its strength by such a charm,
Pleasure first succours virtue; in return,
Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.
Young.

PLEASURE—Man of.

He is one who, desirous of being more happy than any man can be, is less happy than most men are; one who seeks happiness everywhere but where it is to be found;—one who outtoils the labourer, not only without his wages, but paying dearly for it. He is an immortal being that has but two marks of a man about him,—upright stature, and the power of playing the fool, which a monkey has not. He is an immortal being that triumphs in this single, deplorable, and yet false hope, that he shall be as happy as a monkey when he is dead, though he despairs of being so while yet alive. He is an immortal being that would lose none of its most darling delights, if he were a brute in the mire; but would lose them all entirely, if he were an angel in heaven. It is certain, therefore, that he desires not to be there: and if he not so much as desires it now, how can he ever hope it, when his day of dissipation is over? And if no hope, what is our man of pleasure?—A man of distraction and despair to-morrow.
Young.

The man of pleasure, as the phrase is, is the most ridiculous of all beings: he travels, indeed, with his riband, plume, and bells; his dress and his music; but through a toilsome and beaten road; and every day nauseously repeats the same tract. *Ibid.*

PLEASURE—Moderation in.

Though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence leads to inevitable destruction.
Dodsley.

Pleasure must first have the warrant that it is without sin; then, the measure, that it is without excess. *Adams.*

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity. *Lavater.*

PLEASURE—a Stern Moralist.

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.
Byron.

PLEASURE—Refined.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others. *La Bruyère.*

PLEASURE—Roses of.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty. *Blair.*

PLEASURE—Satiety of.

The youth who bathes in pleasure's limpid stream
At well-judged intervals, feels all his soul
Nerved with recruited strength; but if too oft
He swims in sportive mazes through the flood,
It chills his languid virtue. *Mason.*

PLEASURE—Slave of.

The slave of pleasure soon sinks into a kind of voluptuous dotage; intoxicated with present delights, and careless of everything else, his days and his nights glide away in luxury or vice, and he has no care, but to keep thought away: for thought is troublesome to *him*, who lives without his own approbation. *Johnson.*

PLEASURE—Spiritual.

The spirit,
Inured to meditate alone on God,
Pleasure no more can please, finds scant delight
In fragrant fields, grows discontent with heaven;
Yea, in pure wantonness with terror, tears
The masque material from time's phantom face. *Bailey.*

PLEASURE—Transitoriness of.

Pleasure soon exhausts us and itself also; but Endeavour never does. *Richter.*

PLEASURE AND APPETITE.

No man's body is as strong as his appetites, but Heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desires by stinting his strength and contracting his capacities. The pleasure of the religious man is an easy and a portable pleasure, such as he can carry about in his bosom. A man putting all his pleasures into this one, is like a traveller putting all his goods into one jewel, the value is the same, and the convenience greater. *Tillotson.*

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

One reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with, is, that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him with whom "there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore." *Locke.*

PLEASURES—in Anticipation.

All earthly delights are sweeter in expectation and enjoyment; but all spiritual pleasures more in fruition than expectation. *Feltham.*

PLEASURES—Choice of.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much, and cost little. *Fuller.*

PLEASURES—of the Mind.

Pleasures of the mind are more at command than those of the body. A man may think of a handsome performance, or of a notion that pleases him, at his leisure. This entertainment is ready, with little warning or expense; a short recollection brings it upon the stage, brightens the idea, and makes it shine as much as when it was first stamped upon the memory.
Jeremy Collier.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment. *Colton.*

PLEASURES—Moderation in.

There is not a little generalship required in the managing and marshalling our pleasures, so that each shall not mutually encroach to the destruction of all: for pleasures are very voracious, too apt to worry one another; and each, like Aaron's serpent, is prone to swallow up the rest. Thus drinking will soon destroy the power, gaming the means, and sensuality the taste for other pleasures less seductive, but far more salubrious and permanent, as they are pure.
Ibid.

Put only this restriction on your pleasures—be cautious that they hurt no creature that has life. *Zimmerman.*

PLEASURES—Moderation in.

Pleasures waste the spirits more than pains; therefore the latter can be endured longer, and in greater degree, than the former.

Zimmerman.

Venture not to the utmost bounds of even lawful pleasure; the limits of good and evil join. *Fuller.*

PLEASURES—Rational.

It is an error to imagine that devotion enjoins a total contempt of all the pleasures and amusements of human society. It checks, indeed, that spirit of dissipation which is too prevalent. It not only prohibits pleasures which are unlawful, but likewise that unlawful degree of attachment to pleasures in themselves innocent, which withdraws the attention of man from what is serious and important. But it brings amusement under due limitation, without extirpating it. It forbids it as the business, but permits it as the relaxation of life. For there is nothing in the spirit of true religion which is hostile to a cheerful enjoyment of our situation in the world. *Blair.*

PLEASURES—inimical to Virtue.

In the pursuit of pleasure, the greatest virtues lie neglected. *Tully.*

POESY—Characteristics of.

What is poesy, but to create,
From overfeeling, good or ill, and aim
At an external life beyond our fate?
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain!
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the seashore.

Byron.

POESY—Inspirations of.

In dim outshadowing, earth's first poets, from the loveliness of external nature, evoked beautiful spiritualizations. To them the sturdy forests teemed with aërial beings; the gushing spirits rejoiced in fantastic sprites; the leaping cataracts gleamed with translucent shades; the cavernous hills were the abodes of genii; and the earth-girdling ocean was guarded by mysterious forms. Such were the creations of the far-searching mind in its early consciousness of the existence of unseen powers.

Robert Hunt.

POESY—Objects of.

Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation. *Bacon.*

POET—Death of the.

Call it not vain: they do not err,
Who say that when the poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard may moan;
The mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh;
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach the rustling wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Sir Walter Scott.

POET—Difficulties of the.

Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound;
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then wrote, and flounder'd on in mere despair.

Pope.

POET—Dower of the.

Nature denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he valued—
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here, or grand or beautiful—
A setting sun, or lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance:
And, what transcends them all, a noble action.

Rogers.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.
He saw through life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,
Before him lay. *Tennyson.*

POET—Fate of the.

Trace the young poet's fate:
Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,
His heart upon his lips, he seeks the world,
To find him fame and fortune, as if life
Were like a fairy tale. His song has led
The way before him: flatteries fill his ear,
His presence courted, and his words are caught;
And he seems happy in so many friends.
What marvel if he somewhat over-rate
His talents and his state? These scenes soon change:

The vain, who sought to mix their name with his;
The curious, who but live for some new sight;
The idle,—all these have been gratified;
And now neglect stings even more than scorn.
Envy has spoken, felt more bitterly,
For that it was not dreamt of; worldliness
Has crept upon his spirit unaware;
Vanity craves for its accustom'd food;
He has turn'd sceptic to the truth which made
His feelings poetry; and discontent
Hangs heavily on the lute, which wakes no more
Its early music:—social life is fill'd
With doubts and vain aspirings; solitude,
When the imagination is dethroned,
Is turn'd to weariness. What can he do
But hang his lute on some lone tree, and die?
L. E. Landon.

POET—Genius of the.

Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;
Fancy, that from the bow that spans the sky,
Brings colours dipp'd in heaven, that never die;
A soul exalted above earth; a mind
Skill'd in the characters that form mankind.
Cowper.

POET—Musings of the.

Poet-like,
She could not sleep for thinking, but stole out
To ring the chimes of fancy, undisturb'd,
In the still ear of morning. *Hurdis.*

POET—Revelations of the.

The poet's pen is the true divining rod
Which trembles towards the inner founts of feeling;
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,
The many sweet clear sources which we have
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms;
And marks the variations of all mind
As does the needle. *Bailey.*

POET—Wishes of the.

These, where they are sound, are moderate: a small house and a large garden, few friends and plenty of books. May we not add a dear companion and helper, who will attend to his small house, and make his quiet home happier? *Southey.*

POETIC MANIA.

I begin shrewdly to suspect the young man of a terrible taint—poetry; with which idle disease, if he be infected, there is no hope of him in a state course. *Actum est* of him for a commonwealth's man, if he go to't in rhyme once. *Ben Jonson.*

POETICAL FACILITY.

No blood from bitten nails those poems drew;
But, churn'd like spittle, from the lips they flew.
Persius.

POETRY—Character of.

In the specific or technical sense, by poetry we mean the expression in words, most appropriately metrical words, of the truths of imagination and feeling. But in the generic and larger sense, poetry is the expression of imaginative truth in any form, provided only that it be symbolic, suggestive and indirect. Hence there is a poetry of sculpture, architecture, painting; and hence all nature is poetical, because it is the form in which the eternal feeling has clothed itself with infinite suggestiveness. *Frederick W. Robertson.*

POETRY—Characteristics of.

Poetry is in itself strength and joy, whether it be crowned by all mankind, or left alone in its own magic hermitage. *Sterling.*

POETRY—Definitions of.

It is the natural language of excited feeling; and a work of imagination wrought into form by art. *Frederick W. Robertson.*

Poetry is the eloquence of truth. *Campbell.*

POETRY—Emotions of.

There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers. *Richter.*

POETRY—False.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong;
In the bright muse, though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds, as some to church repair
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;

Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line "it whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened, not in vain, with "sleep;"
Then at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along. *Pope.*

POETRY—Great Fountain of.

The very source of true poetry is love,—a divine glow and vision conscious of the radiant glories belonging to all surrounding things in God's creation, whether in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. We cannot approach perfection in this holy art, until at least we have begun to ascend one step in that great "ladder of revelation." This single step taken, is truly the beginning of that wonderful power which casts its bright beams upon our heads through the valley below, amidst its gloom, anticipating the destiny that awaits us; where the great trials of humanity are perpetually going on, comparatively unsoothed and unheeded; where each carries about with him the great mystery and kingdom of his own mind, in which many a battle is fought and won,—a triumph rejoiced over in secret, defeat deplored, submitted to patiently (or pusillanimously), and all immortalized, though not made history of,—it must ever be a blessing to relieve the groaning, over-surfeited, worldly world of some of its worldliness; and the more we really spiritualize and refine the sense, the better we can ever perform its meanest drudgery. Let us rejoice over and impart with assiduity and confidence such poetry as England has ever maintained pure, simple, and holy. The best of poetry is ever in alliance with real uncorrupted Christianity; and with the degeneracy of the one always comes the decline of the other; for it is to Christianity that we owe the fullest inspirations of the celestial spirit of poetry.
J. A. St. John.

POETRY—Might of.

A drainless shower
Of light is poesy, 'tis the supreme of power,
'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm. *Keats.*

POETRY—Music of.

Poetry is music in words; and music is poetry in sound; both excellent sauce; but they have lived and died poor, that made them their meat. *Fuller.*

POETRY—how Obtained.

This is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous acts and affairs. *Milton.*

POETRY—Origin of.

Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets poets, and the more
We feel of poesy do we become
Like God in love and power. *Bailey.*

POETRY—Resplendent Qualities of.

Poetry has been to me "its own exceeding great reward;" it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me. *Coleridge.*

POETRY—Social.

Among modern nations it is difficult to say where we should look for success in the art of social poetry. "Wherever," said Mr. Lewes the other day, "the French go, they take what they call their civilization—that is, a *café* and a theatre." And though this be a trifle severe, yet in its essence its meaning is correct. The French have in some manner or other put their mark on all the externals of European life. The essence of every country remains little affected by their teaching; but in all the superficial embellishments of society they have enjoined the fashion; and the very language in which those embellishments are spoken of shows at once whence they were derived. Something of this is doubtless due to the accidents of a central position, and an early and prolonged political influence; but more to a certain neatness of nature, a certain finish of the senses, which enables them more easily than others to touch lightly the light things of society, to see the *comme-il-faut*. "I like," said a good judge, "to hear a Frenchman talk; he strikes a light." In a hundred topics he gives the bright sharp edge, where others have only a blunt approximation. *Sala.*

POETRY—Spontaneous.

As wine that with its own weight runs is best,
And counted much more noble than the press'd;
So is that poetry whose gen'rous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.
Butler.

POETS—Difficulties of.

How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores
Be clear'd with verses to my creditors?
Hexameter's not sterling; and I fear
What the brain coins, goes scarce for current there.
Can metre cancel bonds? Is there a time
Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?
Or if I now were hurrying to a gaol,
Are the nine muses held sufficient bail?
Would they to any composition come,
If we should mortgage our Elysium,
Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams
Of Tagus and Pactolus, those rich dreams
Of active fancy? *Randolph.*

POETS—Haunt and Home of the.

Where rise the hills, and rolls the sacred deep
Her minstrelsy of many-voicèd waves,
There is the poet's haunt and home of song!—
If true to nature, his responsive heart
Replies in music to those myriad calls
Which still accost him from her shrines august,
Or lone, or lovely; then, the lyre of thought
Is thrill'd with magic, and each pensive chord
Vibrates at once in poetry and praise!—
For, aye between the mountains and the mind,
Infinite soul and God's unfathom'd sea,
A poetry of pure attraction dwells
For ever. Ye have felt it! who the lyre
Have struck, by intellectual beauty charm'd,
In answer to a living harp of song
Within you—Poets! that our mystic world
Alone interpret, and to thought create
A richer paradise than Adam saw,
Ere ruin fell on Eden's forfeit bowers.
Robert Montgomery.

POETS—Influence of.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. *Shakspeare.*

POETS—Secondary.

I don't think there are many poets in the sense of creators; but of those sensitive natures which reflect themselves naturally in soft and melodious words, pleading for sympathy with their joys and sorrows, every literature is full. Nature carves with her own hands the brain which holds the creative imagination, but she casts the over sensitive creatures in scores from the same mould. There are two kinds of poets, just as there are two kinds of blondes. There are blondes who are such simply by deficiency of colouring matter—*negative* or *washed* blondes, arrested by Nature on the way to become albinesses. There are others that are shot through with golden light, with tawny or fulvous tinges in various degree,—*positive* or *stained* blondes, dipped in yellow sunbeams, and as unlike in their mode of being to the others, as an orange is unlike a snowball. The albino style carries with it a wide pupil and a sensitive retina. The other, or the leoline blonde, has an opaline fire in her clear eye, which the brunette can hardly match with her quick, glittering glances. Just so we have the great sun-kindled, constructive imaginations, and a far more numerous class of poets who have a certain kind of moonlight genius given them to compensate for their imperfection of nature. Their want of mental colouring matter makes them sensitive to those impressions which stronger minds neglect or never feel at all. Many of them die young, and all of them are tinged with melancholy. There is no more beautiful illustration of the principle of compensation which marks the Divine benevolence than the fact that some of the holiest lives, and some of the sweetest songs, are the growth of the infirmity which unfits its subject for the rougher duties of life. When we read the life of Cowper or of Keats, or of Lucrezia and Margaret Davidson,—of so many gentle, sweet natures, born to weakness, and mostly dying before their time,—one cannot help thinking that the human race dies out singing, like the swan in the old story. The French poet, Gilbert, who died at the Hotel Dieu, at the age of twenty-nine (killed by a key in his throat, which he had swallowed when delirious, in consequence of a fall) this poor fellow was a very good example of the poet by excess of sensibility. I found, the other day, that some of my literary friends had never beard of him, though I suppose few educated Frenchmen do not know the lines which he wrote, a week before his death, upon a mean bed in the great hospital of Paris.

"At life's gay banquet placed, a poor unhappy guest,
One day I pass, then disappear;

I die, and on the tomb where I at length shall rest,
No friend shall come to shed a tear."

You remember the same thing in other words somewhere in Kirk White's poems. It is the burden of the plaintive songs of all these sweet albino-poets. "I shall die and be forgotten, and the world will go on just as if I had never been;—and yet how I have loved! how I have longed! how I have aspired!" And so singing, their eyes grow brighter and brighter, and their features thinner and thinner, until at last the veil of flesh is thread-bare, and, still singing, they drop it and pass onward. *Holmes.*

POETS—Own Times.

Mrs. Browning holds—and the idea is a common one at the present day—that it is best to represent modern ideas in their actual modern dress. Perhaps it is. Perhaps the poet ought to be able to see his own times at the same moment with the eyes of one removed from them, and one near to them; but we know no poet who has ever done so. It is obvious enough to cite Homer; but even granting that "Wolff's an atheist," it is not easy to believe that "the tale of Troy divine" was written in the actual times it deals with. The Homeric poems give us our knowledge of the Homeric age; but whether they are a true description of the times of Achilles, or a story cast in those times, and an incidentally true delineation of the manners and thoughts of a later time, in which they were written, is, to say the least of it, an open question. Even the satirist paints his times, not as they are, but in their relation to a special preconceived idea of his own. No doubt it is easy to clothe some of the simpler elements of the present life in the dress of the time; but the deeper and more searching the knowledge of a poet of the great and fundamental characteristics of the life which surrounds him, the more difficult and intricate a task does it become to reproduce these things in their actual context with the thousand crossing and entangled details through which he has pierced to and gathered up their real significance. His instinct—and we think it is a true one—is, to take what he has gained quite away from these complications, and crystallize it in some new form, in which it may shine in fuller clearness and simplicity. *J. A. St. John.*

POISON—Direness of.

Dire was his thought, who first in poison steep'd
The weapon form'd for slaughter; direr his,
And worthier of damnation, who instill'd
The mortal venom in the social cup,
To fill the veins with death instead of life.
Cowper.

POKERS—Domestic Uses of.

There is more than common importance attached to this most useful article of domestic economy, the poker. "I have known you seven years, so I may stir your fire," is a proverbial piece of courtesy. It is an English idea, and has more philosophy in it than a German stove or Mr. Coleridge can supply. When I sit alone in the calm interval between dinner and tea, with my feet on each hob, and my negus on the mantel-shelf, the poker is my magician's wand. With this I can annihilate castles or build up rocks; with this I can quench the volcano of a gas-spouting coal, or sweep off the Ariel wings of the filmy bars. A lord-chamberlain's staff is a thing to be flung away after birth-nights, or broke over a grave; but a poker is an ever-present appendage to home delights. No ill-tempered man ever used a poker skilfully. A Scotchman pokes a fire timidly, from niggardliness; an Irishman rashly, from a careless and self-willed abstraction. The most dainty master of the poker I ever knew was Charles Lamb. He accomplished the feat with the most amiable and *poco-curante* air in the world. *Mayhew.*

POLITENESS—Characteristics of.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself. *Chesterfield.*

POLITENESS—Definitions of.

As to politeness, many have attempted definitions of it. I would venture to call it benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves, in little, daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, &c., what is it but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention—by habit, it grows easy and natural to us—to the little wants of those we are with; by which we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this, but a mind benevolent, and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with? Benevolence in greater matters takes a higher name, and is the queen of virtues. *Lord Chatham.*

POLITENESS—French and English.

The constantly taking off the hat to a lady or the touching it to a stranger is the ceremony which distinguishes other nations from the English. Even in England a gentleman doffs his hat to a lady of his acquaintance; but in France a man does not enter any place where a petticoat is visible without doing the same ceremony; and if there be any one thing that more than another has decredited the politeness of the English among the Parisians, it is the forgetfulness of taking off to the presiding goddess of the restaurants. The Speaker of our House of Commons is not more inexorable on that point than those wax dolls. I have amused myself as I have sat in the room of a consul by watching the pantomime of a foreigner who has gone in and out repeatedly At each entrance there has been a military salute, not addressed to any one in particular, but practised under a strong sense of self-approbation. Touch the hat on every occasion is the foreigner's eleventh commandment. Nor is this shibboleth of the gentleman at all peculiar to France. In Germany it prevails to a harassing extent. Ceremony, though still lingering in France, has departed from England. But it would be rash to conclude that because a people is more formal it is therefore more polite. I have lately noticed, in walking the streets of Paris, that in no place is there less consideration shown for the feelings of others. I observe that a Parisian turns off the causeway every one he meets. With a lady on my arm, I have again and again been thrust into the carriage-way by a man having the look of a gentleman. Indeed, I have heard it stated by an Englishman who has resided a great deal abroad, that the English are the most polite people in the world. I am afraid there is some John Bull prejudice implied in this assertion, even though we take politeness to mean, not external polish, but kindness in small matters. *Sargant.*

POLITENESS—Over.

Whoever pays you more court than he is accustomed to pay, either intends to deceive you, or finds you necessary to him. *Courtenay.*

POLITENESS—Study and Practice of.

Study with care politeness, that must teach
The modish forms of gesture and of speech;
In vain formality, with matron mien,
And pertness, apes her with familiar grin.
They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain.
She moves with easy, though with measured pace,
And shows no part of study but the grace;
Yet e'en by this, man is but half refined,
Unless philosophy subdues the mind.
Stillingfleet.

POLITENESS—True.

When two goats met on a bridge which was too narrow to allow either to pass or return, the goat which lay down that the other might walk over it, was a finer gentleman than Lord Chesterfield. *Cecil.*

POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE — A. Marvell.

Persuaded that Marvell would be theirs (the administration's) for properly asking, they sent his old schoolfellow, the Lord Treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the lord treasurer, out of *pure affection*, slipped into his hand an order upon the treasury for £1,000, and then went to his chariot. Marvell, looking at the paper, calls after the treasurer—"My lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant-boy, was called. "Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?"—"Don't you remember, sir? you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market."—"Very right, child. What have I for dinner to-day?"—"Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the *blade-bone to broil?*"—"'Tis so; very right, child; go away.—My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided; there's your piece of paper—I want it not. I know the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents: the ministry may seek men for their purpose—*I am not one.*" *Coleridge.*

POLITICIAN—Conduct of the.

A politician must like lightning melt
The very marrow, and not taint the skin;
His ways must not be seen. *Chapman.*

A politician—Proteus-like—must alter
His face and habit; and, like water, seem
Of the same colour that the vessel is
That doth contain it, varying his form,
With the chameleon, at each object's change.
Mason.

POLITICIANS—Vanity of.

Your politicians
Have evermore a taint of vanity;
As hasty still to show and boast a plot,
As they are greedy to contrive it. *Davenant.*

POLITICS AND WAR.

In politics, as in war, we meet with certain ardent minds which never understand the

utility of marches, countermarches, ambuscades, and affairs of outposts, but are always, and under all circumstances, for pitched battles. Such men may be very good soldiers, but they would be very bad captains. The wise general never gives battle but on favourable ground; and until he has found it, he manœuvres, skirmishes, and harasses the enemy. For in politics, as in war, not combat, but victory, is the object to be pursued. *Manin.*

POOR—Sentiments of the.

I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly-cultivated minds, too, in my time; but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe, yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with, except in the pages of the Bible. *Sir Walter Scott.*

POOR LAW—as it is.

An anodyne; not a remedy. *Carlyle.*

POPERY—Atrocities of.

The atrocities of Popery are on a par with its arrogance. In every age it has been ready with the fire and the fagot; and every one who dared to dissent from its opinions was put to death with the cruellest brutality. Galileo's forced renunciation of what he knew to be the truth has been a popular theme in every age; the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the burnings in bloody Mary's time, the Inquisition, the butcheries of the Jesuits, are all matters of note and history. Popery is a wreck and a scorn; and man and knowledge have triumphed.
William Howitt.

POPERY—Converts to.

The converts to Romanism have gone to a church in which men pray to saints, with the same form of words in which they pray to God; a church in which men are taught to worship images with the same worship with which they worship God and Christ, or him or her, whose image it may be; to a church in which they may be absolved from their vows to God, their oaths to the sovereign, their promises to man, and in some cases their duty to their parents. They are gone to a church which pretends to be infallible, and yet is infinitely deceived in many particulars, and endures no contradiction, and is impatient if her children inquire into anything her priests obtrude. They are gone from receiving a whole sacrament to a mutilated rite; from Christ's institution to a human invention; and from ancient traditions to new pretences; from confidence in God to rely upon creatures; and from entire dependence upon inward acts to the dangerous temptation of resting too much in outward ministries, and in the external work of sacraments and sacramentals. They are gone from a church of which the worship is simple, Christian, apostolic, to a church where men's consciences are laden with a burden of ceremonies greater than that which pressed so intolerably on the children of Israel. *Bishop Taylor.*

Inquisitive and restless spirits frequently take refuge from their own scepticism in the bosom of a church which pretends to infallibility, and, after questioning the existence of a Deity, bring themselves to worship a wafer.
Macaulay.

POPERY—Impiety of.

O that the free would stamp the impious name
Of Pope into the dust! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind!
Ye the oracle have heard;
Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul Gordian word,
Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
The axes and the rods which awe mankind.
The sound has poison in it—'tis the sperm
Of what makes life foul, cank'rous, and abhorr'd;
Disdain not, then, at thine appointed term,
To set thine armèd heel on this reluctant worm! *Shelley.*

POPERY—Incompatibility of.

Popery can build new chapels;—welcome to do so, to all lengths. Popery cannot come back, any more than Paganism can, *which* also still lingers in some countries. But, indeed, it is with these things as with the ebbing of the sea: you look at the waves oscillating hither, thither, on the beach; for *minutes* you cannot tell how it is going; look in half an hour where it is,—look in half a century where your Popehood is! Alas, would there were no greater danger to our Europe than the poor old Pope's revival! Thor may as soon try to revive. And in that, this oscillation has a meaning. The poor old Popehood will not die away entirely, as Thor has done, for some time yet; nor ought it. We may say, the Old never dies till this happens; till all the soul of good that was in it has got itself transfused into the practical New. While a good work remains capable of being done

by the Romish form; or, what is inclusive of all, while a *pious life* remains capable of being led by it, just so long, if we consider, will this, or the other human soul adopt it, go about as a living witness of it. So long it will obtrude itself on the eye of us who reject it, till we in our practice, too, have appropriated whatsoever of truth was in it. Then—but also not till then—it will have no charm more for any man. It lasts here for a purpose. Let it last as long as it can. *Carlyle.*

POPERY—Mummeries of.

Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, then away with books, and up with candles; away with bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles; yea, at noonday. *Bishop Latimer.*

POPERY—Perversions of.

Christianity offers no concession to human appetite; it permits no indulgence of a mischievous fancy; its gate has been made by Almighty power strait, and its way narrow; and in straitness and narrowness they are preserved. But Popery sees the difficulty of holding mankind in restraint and obedience under such conditions, and she at once smoothes her face, throws open her arms, and invites all mankind to salvation along an easier way. "Salvation Made Easy," the title of one of their popular books, is the true secret and theory of the morals of Popery, especially as fully developed in the casuistry and the confessionals of Jesuitism. She introduces a new body of mediators to propitiate the mercy of God, while for another important purpose they hinder the sinner's personal approach to His throne. She makes these mediators purely human, that they may be approached with less of awe. They are individualized, that they may be placed still more on a level of familiarity with the suppliant. Even in human nature man may be thought too stern, and therefore the female character is introduced; and to set female mediation before men in the most tender, delicate, pliable, and resistless of all its forms, the Virgin Mary is the object principally selected, to which their worship is directed, and on which their hopes are fixed. Popery knows that no worship is so easy or so agreeable as the idolatry which creates a divine being out of a stock or a stone; combining at once the pleasure of bowing down before a superior power, and that of feeling at the same time our own superiority to it. And this is the secret of the Popish Mariolatry. With one hand they elevate the Virgin to a level even with God Himself; they parody for her the Psalms, the Te Deum, and the Athanasian Creed; they make her the queen of heaven, and mistress of the universe; give to her the right of a mother to command her son, invest her with absolute omnipotence; while, with a vain endeavour to save the words from blasphemy, they make her prayers the condition of pardon; and with the other hand they depict her in all the softness of feminine beauty and delicacy, incapable of a harsh thought, forgiving sin at a single word of prayer. *Dr. Robert Vaughan.*

POPISH RITUAL.

Posture and imposture, flections and genuflections, bowing to the right, curtsying to the left, and an immense amount of man-millinery. *Sidney Smith.*

POPULARITY—Ardour of.

All nations bow their heads with homage down,
And kiss the feet of this exalted man:
The name, the shout, the blast from ev'ry mouth,
Is Alexander! Alexander bursts
Your cheeks, and with a crack so loud,
It drowns the voice of heaven: like dogs you fawn,—
The earth's commanders fawn, and follow him:
Mankind starts up to hear his blasphemy;
And if this hunter of the barb'rous world
But wind himself a god, you echo him
With universal cry. *Lee.*

POPULARITY—Changeableness of.

The crowd, to restless motion still inclined,
Are clouds that rack according to the wind;
Driv'n by their chiefs, they storms of hail-stones pour,
Then mourn and soften to a silent shower.
Ibid.

I have no taste
For popular applause: the noisy praise
Of giddy crowds, as changeable as winds,
Still vehement, and still without a cause:
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swoln success; but veering with the ebb,
It leaves the channel dry. *Dryden.*

POPULARITY—Courting of.

Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What rev'rence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,

And patient under bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their effects with him,
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Shakspeare.

POPULARITY—Danger of Courting.

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *Aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. *Ibid.*

POPULARITY—Fickleness of.

These slaves,
These wide-mouth'd brutes, that bellow thus for freedom!
Oh! how they run before the hand of power,
Flying for shelter into every brake!
Like cowardly, fearful sheep, they break their herd
When the wolf's out, and raging for his prey.
Otway.

The people like a headlong torrent go,
And every dam they break or overflow;
But, unopposed, they either lose their force,
Or wind in volumes to their former course.
Their fright to no persuasions will give ear;
There's a deaf madness in a people's fear.
Shakspeare.

POPULARITY—Different Kinds of.

The only popularity worth aspiring after, is a peaceful popularity—the popularity of the heart—the popularity that is won in the bosom of families, and at the side of death-beds. There is another, a high, and a far-sounding popularity, which is indeed a most worthless article, felt by all who have it most, to be greatly more oppressive than gratifying,—a popularity of stare, and pressure, and animal heat, and a whole tribe of other annoyances which it brings around the person of its unfortunate victim,—a popularity which rifles home of its sweets, and, by elevating a man above his fellows, places him in a region of desolation, where the intimacies of human fellowship are unfelt, and where he stands a conspicuous mark for the shafts of malice, and envy, and detraction,—a popularity which, with its head among storms, and its feet on the treacherous quicksands, has nothing to lull the agonies of its tottering existence but the hosannahs of a drivelling generation.
Chalmers.

POPULARITY—Love of.

Please not thyself the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis fulsome stuff, to please thy itching ear.
Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art. *Persius.*

POPULARITY—Vulgarity of.

Vulgar opinion;
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise;
His lot who dares be singularly good,
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
Milton.

PORTRAIT—The.

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? *Shakspeare.*

POSITION—Influence of.

'T is from high life high characters are drawn:
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just; a chancellor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
More wise, more learned, more just, more everything.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.
Pope.

POSSESSION—True Value of.

One's own—what a charm there is in the words! how long it takes boy and man to find out their worth! how fast most of us hold on to them! faster and more jealously, the nearer we are to the general home, into which we can take nothing, but must go naked as we came into the world. When shall we learn

that he who multiplieth possessions, multiplieth troubles, and that the one single use of things which we call our own, is that they may be his who hath need of them? *Hughes.*

POSSIBILITIES.

To him nothing is possible, who is always dreaming of his past possibilities. *Carlyle.*

POVERTY—Appearance of.

It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting. *Mrs. Jameson.*

With poverty in love we only close,
Because our lovers it most truly shows;
When they who in that blessèd age did move,
Knew neither poverty nor want of love.
Brown.

POVERTY—Bitterness of.

Oh poverty! or what is called a reverse of fortune! among the many bitter ingredients that thou hast in thy most bitter cup, thou hast not one so insupportably bitter as that which brings us in close and hourly contact with the earthenware and huckaback beings of the nether world. Even the vulgarity of inanimate things it requires time to get accustomed to; but living, breathing, bustling, plotting, planning, human vulgarity, is a species of moral ipecacuanha, enough to destroy any comfort. *Carlyle.*

POVERTY—Disadvantages of.

What whets the wit, 'tis true; but wit not blest
With fortune's aid, makes beggars at the best:
Wit is hot fed, but sharpen'd with applause;
For wealth is solid food, but wit is hungry sauce. *Dryden.*

POVERTY—Evils of.

Poverty palls the most generous spirits; it cows industry, and casts resolution itself into despair. *Addison.*

Poverty is a great evil in any state of life; but poverty is never felt so severely as by those who have, to use a common phrase, "seen better days." The poverty of the poor is misery, but it is endurable misery; it can bear the sight of men. The poverty of the formerly affluent is unendurable; it avoids the light of the day, and shuns the sympathy of those who would relieve it; it preys upon the heart, and corrodes the mind; it screws up every nerve to such an extremity of tension, that one cool look—the averted eye even of a casual acquaintance known in prosperity—snaps the chord at once, and leaves the self-despised object of it a mere wreck of man. *Owgan.*

POVERTY—Existence of.

He is poor whose expenses exceed his income. *La Bruyère.*

That man is to be accounted poor, of whatever rank he be, and suffers the pains of poverty, whose expenses exceed his resources; and no man is, properly speaking, poor, but he. *Paley.*

That man is not poor who has the use of things necessary. *Horace.*

POVERTY—with Honesty.

If thy paternal acres be well till'd,
Thou hast a superfluity: for gold,
See it adorn the temples of the gods,
But banish it your coffers and your house:
Let the vain-glorious or the villain hoard it,
Who loves a flatterer, or who sells his country:
Be honest poverty thy boasted wealth;
So shall thy friendships be sincere, though few;
So shall thy sleep be sound, thy waking cheerful. *Havard.*

POVERTY—a Painful Load.

To mortal men great loads allotted be;
But of all packs no pack like poverty. *Herrick.*

POVERTY—accompanied by Pride.

The face of wealth in poverty we wear. *Juvenal.*

POVERTY—its own Protection.

Wealthy men, that have estates to lose,
Whose conscious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may shake with horror.
To have their actions sifted, or appear
Before their judge; but the poor that know themselves
As innocent as poor, that have no fleece
On which the talons of the griping law
Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all
That can be urged against them. *Beaumont.*

POVERTY—Ridiculed.

Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule. *Juvenal.*

Add that the rich have still a gibe in store,
And will be monstrous witty on the poor;

For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest;
The greasy gown sullied with often turning,
Gives a good hint to say, "The man's in mourning;"
Or if the shoe be ript, or patch is put,
"He's wounded; see the plaster on his foot."
Juvenal.

POVERTY—produces Satire.

Poverty makes people satirical,—soberly, sadly, bitterly satirical. *Friswell.*

POVERTY—versus Wealth.

But then, the degrading influences of labour, of slavery, and low, contemptible, torturing cares; the want of intellectual cultivation,—ay, even of mere animal enjoyments; the self-contempt which is but the echo of the world's verdict,—all these, perpetuated from generation to generation, are able at last to vulgarize and deteriorate the type of the species; and the worst of it is, that the soul is vulgarized in the long run as well as the body. On the other hand, the habit of ascendancy and freedom, the consciousness of a recognized elevation, the comparative exemption from suffering and pain and sorrow, eventually produce a superior animal. The analogy holds good through all creation. But again, after the acme comes the decline. The inevitable and uniform cycle of growth, maturity, and decay, is one through which all things—individuals, families, and nations—are ever passing; and and when the descendants of the master mind and the conquering arm become drones or dunces or idiots, then, why then let them sink to their level—down to the clay from which all originally rose. *Owgan.*

POWER—Attributes of.

Power! 'tis the favourite attribute of gods,
Who look with smiles on men, who can aspire
To copy them. *Martyn.*

Power shows the man. *Pittachus.*

POWER—acquired by Guilt.

That power which was acquired by guilt, has seldom been directed to any good end or useful purpose. *Tacitus.*

POWER—Laxity of.

Nothing destroys authority so much as the unequal and untimely interchange of power, pressed too far, and relaxed too much. *Bacon.*

POWER—Force of Moral.

Even in war, moral power is to physical as three parts out of four. *Napoleon I.*

POWER—Provoking those in.

Let him that would be at quiet, take heed not to provoke men in power. *Seneca.*

POWER—Views of.

I doubt she is so flush'd with the vast views
Of power, and the exalted heights she has gain'd,
That, like the falcon tow'ring in her pride,
And warm and eager for the glorious quarry,
She will despise the skilful falc'ner's call,
Nor listen to the voice that used to guide her.
Madden.

PRAISE—Bestowal of.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth: a stranger, and not thine own lips. *Solomon.*

PRAISE—Breath of.

Sweet is the breath of praise when given by those
Whose own high merit claims the praise they give. *Hannah More.*

PRAISE—to the Deceased.

Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praise allotted him, in which, whilst he lived, his friends were too profuse, and his enemies too sparing. *Addison.*

PRAISE—Definition of.

Praise is the reflection of virtue. *Bacon.*

PRAISE—Disavowal of.

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it? *Shakspeare.*

PRAISE—Effect of.

Allow no man to be so familiar with you as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food; at the same time, your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified: men will praise you in their actions: where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities. *Steele.*

Praise has different effects, according to the mind it meets with; it makes a wise man modest, but a fool more arrogant, turning his weak brain giddy. *Feltham.*

PRAISE—from a Friend.

Praise from thy lips. What is it worth to me?
They know, who know the worth of Fame—a star
Plucked from high heaven, to set upon the brow.
Speak it again, for it is sweet to hear
Praise from the voice we love, and thine is soft
And hath a touch of tenderness, as 'twere
A gentle flower grown musical. *Derozier.*

PRAISE—from the Praiseworthy.

It is a great happiness to be praised by them that are most praiseworthy.
Sir Philip Sidney.

It gives me pleasure to be praised by you, whom all men praise. *Tully.*

PRAISE—Power of.

Praise, of all things, is the most powerful incitement to commendable actions, and animates us in our enterprises. *La Bruyère.*

PRAISE—Reasons for.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools. *Steele.*

PRAISE—Self.

The more you speak of yourself, the more you are likely to lie. *Zimmerman.*

PRAISE—Unmerited.

They are the most frivolous and superficial of mankind, who can be much delighted with that praise which they themselves know to be altogether unmerited. *Adam Smith.*

PRAISE—Unmingled.

Think not those faithful who praise all thy words and actions, but those who kindly reprove thy faults. *Socrates.*

PRAYER—Backwardness to.

There is no greater argument in the world of our spiritual weakness, and the falseness of our hearts in matters of religion, than the backwardness most men have always, and all men sometimes, to say their prayers; so weary of their length, so glad when they are done, so ready to find an excuse, so apt to lose an opportunity. Yet it is no labour, no trouble, they are thus anxious to avoid, but the begging a blessing and receiving it: honouring our God, and by so doing, honouring ourselves too. *Jeremy Taylor.*

PRAYER—before Battle.

Lord Ashley before he charged at the battle of Edge Hill made this short prayer:—"O Lord! Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me." *Lord Ashley.*

PRAYER—Benefits of.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day:
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend!
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
Tennyson.

PRAYER—for General Blessings.

Our prayers should be for blessings in general, for God knows best what is good for us. *Socrates.*

PRAYER—Definitions of.

Prayer is the wing wherewith the soul flies to heaven, and meditation the eye wherewith we see God. *Ambrose.*

Heaven is the magazine wherein God puts
Both good and evil; prayer's the key that shuts
And opens this great treasure; 'tis a key
Whose words are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.
Would'st thou prevent a judgment due to sin?
Turn but the key, and thou mayst lock it in.
Or would'st thou have a blessing fall upon thee?
Open the door and it will shower on thee.
Quarles.

PRAYER—Differences of.

Mental prayer, when our spirits wander, is like a watch standing still, because the spring is down; wind it up again, and it goes on regularly. But in vocal prayer, if the words run on and the spirit wanders, the clock strikes false, the hand points not to the right hour, because something is in disorder, and the striking is nothing but noise. In mental prayer we confess God's omniscience, in vocal prayer we call angels to witness. In the first our spirits rejoice in God, in the second the angels rejoice in us. Mental prayer is the best remedy against lightness and indifferency of affections, but vocal prayer is the aptest instrument of communion. That is more angelical, but yet is fittest for the state of separation and glory; this is but human, but it is apter for our present constitution. They have their distinct proprieties, and may be

used according to several accidents, occasions, or dispositions. *Jeremy Taylor.*

PRAYER—Disposition for.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.
St. John.

Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water. *St. Paul.*

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.
St. James.

Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss. *Ibid.*

PRAYER—Faith in.

He that cometh to God, must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. *St. Paul.*

PRAYER—to God.

No man can hinder our private addresses to God: every man can build a chapel in his breast, himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice, and the earth he treads on the altar.
Jeremy Taylor.

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial never-fading bliss!
Thomson.

PRAYER—Ignorance in.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers. *Shakspeare.*

PRAYER—Influence of.

The other morning I happened to rise earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not pass my time better than to go upon the admonition of the morning bells to the church prayers at six of the clock. I was there the first of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity, however I made use of it, to look back on all my life, and contemplate the blessing and advantage of such stated early hours for offering ourselves to our Creator, and prepossess ourselves with the love of Him, and the hopes we have from him against the snares of business and pleasure in the ensuing day. . . . Were this morning solemnity as much in vogue, even as it is now, at more advanced hours of the day, it would necessarily have so good effect upon us, as to make us more disengaged and cheerful in conversation, and less artful and insincere in business. The world would be quite another place than it is now the rest of the day, and every face would have an alacrity in it which can be borrowed from no other reflections but those which give us the assured protection of Omnipotence.
Addison.

PRAYER—Purifying Influence of.

Prayer purifies: it is a self-preached sermon.
Richter.

PRAYER—The Lord's.

The Lord's Prayer, for a succession of solemn thoughts, for fixing the attention upon a few great points, for suitableness to every condition, for sufficiency, for conciseness without obscurity, for the weight and real importance of its petition, is without an equal or a rival. *Paley.*

The Lord's Prayer is short, mysterious, and, like the treasures of the Spirit, full of wisdom and latent senses: it is not improper to draw forth those excellencies which are intended and signified by every petition, that by so excellent an authority we may know what it is lawful to beg of God. *Jeremy Taylor.*

PRAYER—Matters for.

The first petition that we are to make to Almighty God is for a good conscience, the next for health of mind, and then of body.
Seneca.

PRAYER—Object of.

Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.
St. Paul.

Pray to God at the beginning of thy works, that thou mayst bring them to a good conclusion. *Xenophon.*

PRAYER—Power of.

He to the dimly-gleaming shadows taught
A prayer would bring them entrance into bliss,
Like to the magic horn, in faerie halls,
Of blast resistless; thrice blown, every gate
Of every palace opens like a flower:
The odorous home of lightness, coolness, warmth.
Bailey.

PRAYER—Sanctity of.

Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity:
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.
Young.

PRAYER—Sincerity in.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words, than words without a heart.
Bunyan.

PRAYER—Study of.

Let every man study his prayers, and read his duty in his petitions. For the body of our prayer is the sum of our duty; and as we must ask of God whatsoever we need, so we must labour for all that we ask.
Jeremy Taylor.

PRAYER—the Chief Thing.

Prayer is the chief thing that man may present unto God. *Hermes.*

PRAYER—Uses of.

Is not prayer a study of truth,—a sally of the soul into the unfound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily without learning something; but when a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see it in the light of thought, shall, at the same time, kindle science with the fire of the holiest affections, then will God go forth anew into the creation. *Emerson.*

Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening. *Matthew Henry.*

Not many of us pray more than a few times in our lives! Do not start and frown, strict formulists, who, at the appointed season, never fail to go through your *form of prayer*. How often do you—do any of us—lift our thoughts so high that we consciously feel them in God's presence? How often are our thoughts pure enough to wing their way so far above sin and sense? We *trust* God hears us, as we think devout thoughts on our knees; or, at night, laying our heads down wearily, send up an aspiration to One in whom is no darkness at all; but we do not feel our spirits in contact with His glory. Yet this we *may* do; we *may* rise from our prayers, feeling that for awhile we have been out of the flesh; have sent, not our thoughts only, "winged messengers," to the Lord's throne, but our very selves have lain at our Father's feet; have wrung hands without feeling them of flesh; have shed tears without feeling them hot on our cheeks.
Arle.

PRAYER—a Virtue.

Prayer is a virtue that prevaileth against all temptations. *Bernard.*

PRAYER—without Watching.

Prayer without watching is hypocrisy; and watching without prayer is presumption. *Jay.*

PRAYER AND BUSINESS.

The greater thy business is, by so much the more thou hast need to pray for God's good-speed and blessing upon it, seeing it is certain nothing can prosper without his blessing. The time spent in prayer never hinders, but furthers and prospers, a man's journey and business: therefore, though thy haste be never so much, or thy business never so great, yet go not about it, nor out of thy doors, till thou hast prayed. *Bishop Bayley*, 1620.

PREACHING—Opinions about.

What is preaching? is a question to which there would probably be as many replies as to what is truth? Almost every minister, and almost every man, has his own taste, and his own standard, and his own weight, and his own measure on this subject. One man thinks that to preach, means accurately to divide a given topic, logically to illustrate it, and to observe a perfect but cold propriety through the various steps and stages of the discourse. This is the mechanical plan of preaching. Another imagines preaching to be the exposition of a particular passage of scripture, bringing out from it all that is in it, and nothing more. This is the textual idea of preaching. Another cares not a straw for a sermon if it do not contain a train of rigid argumentation, diversified by occasional bursts of party rage, and strong squirts of the *odium theologicum*. This is the polemical idea of preaching. Another likes no preaching but what contains a string of appeals, and queries, and adjurations, unconnected with principles, unsupported by reasonings, and loose as a rope of sand. This is called, though falsely, practical preaching. Another wants a sermon to be a series of electrical shocks—one burst from beginning to end; the clouds returning after the rain, and no cotton so thick, and no conscience so hard as to exclude or resist the perpetual tumult. This is the clap-trap idea of preaching. Anothers wants flowers; whether natural or fresh from the soil, or artificial and faded, it does not matter; if he do but get flowers, and hear them rustling above his ears, in the breeze of brilliant declamation, he is quite satisfied, whether they keep him languishingly awake, or lull him into dreamy repose. This is the florid and Corinthian idea of preaching.

Another is content with exclamations: he is not pleased unless every other sentence begin with Oh: the interjection Ah, has to him a peculiarly pathetic sound; it seems to melt into his midriff like snow; and that preacher would be his Magnus Apollo, who would say, "Oh, we remark in the next place." This is the interjectional idea of preaching. Another desiderates chiefly delivery: no minister is a favourite unless his voice be musical, and his attitude smack of the boards; unless he indulge in a profusion of studied declamation, pointing to the four winds when he names them, and laying his hand gently on the heart, when he wishes to indicate that interesting organ. This is the material or Anthropomorphic idea of preaching. Another judges of a sermon by its length, and likes it, either because it is an hour, or because it is only the half of the time. This is the arithmetical idea of preaching.

Gilfillan.

PRECOCITY—not to be Desired.

This I know, not only by reading books in my study, but also by experience of life abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, best learned, and best men also, when they were old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. Quick wits be apt to take, unapt to keep; soon hot and desirous of this and that, as soon cold and weary of the same again; more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far; even like our sharp tools, whose edges be very soon turned . . . . Also for manners and life quick wits commonly be in desire new-fangled, in purpose inconstant, light to promise anything, ready to forget everything, both benefit and injury, and thereby neither fast to friend nor fearful to foe; inquisitive of every trifle, not secret in the greatest affairs; bold with any person, busy in every manner: soothing such as be present, whipping any that is absent:—of nature, always flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors; and by quickness of wit, very quick and ready to like none so well as themselves. Contrariwise, a wit in youth that is not over dull, heavy, knotty and lumpish, but hard, tough, though somewhat staffish,—such a wit, I say, if it be at the first well handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought by the schoolmaster, both for learning and whole course of living, proveth always the best. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep; painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without new-fangledness; bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfectness of learning in the end that quick wits seem in hope, but do not indeed ever attain unto. Also, for manner, and life, hard wits commonly are hardly carried, either to desire every new thing, or to marvel at every strange thing; therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs; and so they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, stedfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart; not hasty in making, but constant in keeping any promise: not rash in uttering, but wary in considering, every matter, and thereby not quick in speaking, but deep of judgment, whether they write or give counsel on weighty affairs. And these be men that become in the end, both most happy for themselves, and also most esteemed abroad in the world.

Ascham.

PREFACE.

To please one feeling heart, for one calm, thoughtful hour,
Go, little book! content if thine the power.

Jesse.

PREFACE—Reasons for Writing a.

What, after all, is the mite of wisdom that I could throw into the mass of knowledge; or how am I sure that my sagest deductions may be safe guides for the opinions of others? But in writing to amuse, if I fail, the only evil is my own disappointment. If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow,—if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humour with his fellow-beings and himself, surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain.

Washington Irving.

PREFACES—Matter for.

Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every book-worm, when in any fragrant scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it.

Coleridge.

Many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains—
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.
Milton.

Even shavings of gold are carefully to be kept.
Fuller.

Quotation, sir, is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it: classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world.
Johnson.

And herein is conteigned certaine right, highe and profounde sentences, and holsome counsaylles, and mervallous devyses, agaynst the encumbrance of fortune; and right swete consolacions for them that are overthrowen by fortune . . . A right precious meale is the sentences of this boke. *Lord Berners.*

We should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it. *Colton.*

A hope has cross'd me, in the course
Of this self-pleasing exercise, that ye
My zeal to his would liken, who, possess'd
Of some rare gems, or pictures finely wrought,
Unlocks his cabinet, and draws them forth,
One after one, soliciting regard
To this, and this. *Wordsworth.*

PREFACES—Mottoes for.

I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own, but the string that ties them. *Montaigne.*

Reader, now I send thee, like a bee, to gather honey out of flowers and weeds; every garden is furnished with either, and so is ours. Read and meditate. *H. Smith.*

Of things that be strange
Who loveth to read,
In this book let him range
His fancy to feed. *R. Robinson.*

Go, little booke; God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere,
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part, or all. *Chaucer.*

I am but a gatherer, and a disposer of other men's stuff. *Watton.*

PREFACES—Mottoes for.

Thus have I, as well as I could, gathered a posey of observations as they grew; and if some rue and wormwood be found among the sweeter herbs, their wholesomeness will make amends for their bitterness. *Lord Lyttelton.*

There's no want of meat, sir;
Portly and curious viands are prepared,
To please all kinds of appetites. *Massinger.*

Now they that like it, may:
The rest may choose. *G. Wither.*

If the world like it not, so much the worse for them. *Cowper.*

PREJUDICE—Education the Cause of.

All men are apt to have a high conceit of their own understanding, and to be tenacious of the opinions they profess; and yet almost all men are guided by the understandings of others, not by their own; and may be said more truly to adopt, than to beget, their opinions. Nurses, parents, pedagogues, and after them all, and above them all, that universal pedagogue custom, fill the mind with notions which it has no share in framing; which it receives as passively as it receives the impressions of outward objects; and which, left to itself, it would never have framed, perhaps, or would have examined afterwards. Thus prejudices are established by education, and habits by custom. We are taught to think what others think, not how to think for ourselves; and whilst the memory is loaded, the understanding remains unexercised, or exercised in such trammels as constrain its motions and direct its pace, till that which is artificial becomes in some sort natural, and the mind can go to no other. It may sound oddly, but it is true in many cases to say, that if men had learned less, their way to knowledge would be shorter and easier. It is, indeed, shorter and easier to proceed from ignorance to knowledge than from error. They who are in the last must unlearn, before they can learn to any good purpose; and the first part of this double task is not, in many respects, the least difficult; for which reason it is seldom undertaken. *Jerdan.*

PREJUDICE—Force of.

The difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or some discolour'd through our passion shown;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes. *Pope.*

PREJUDICES—Guarding against.

A man who thinks he is guarding himself against prejudices by resisting the authority of others, leaves open every avenue to singularity, vanity, self-conceit, obstinacy, and many other vices, all tending to warp the judgment, and prevent the natural operation of his faculties. We are not, indeed, satisfied with our own opinions, whatever we may pretend, till they are ratified and confirmed by suffrage of the rest of mankind. We dispute and wrangle for over; we endeavour to get men to come to us when we do not go to them.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

PREJUDICES—Peculiar.

Every period of life has its peculiar prejudices: whoever saw old age, that did not applaud the past, and condemn the present times? *Montaigne.*

PREJUDICES—Subjection to.

We are blinded, in examining our own labours, by innumerable prejudices. Our juvenile compositions please us, because they bring to our minds the remembrance of youth; our later performances we are ready to esteem, because we are unwilling to think that we have made no improvement. What flows easily from the pen charms us, because we read with pleasure that which flatters our opinion of our own powers; what was composed with great struggles of the mind we do not easily reject, because we cannot bear that so much labour should be fruitless. *Johnson.*

PRE-RAPHAELITES — Reference to Nature.

This constant reference to nature is one of the points which we entirely coincide with Mr. Ruskin in regarding as essential in education and in after-practice; but it is to the way in which nature is studied and rendered by the so-called pre-Raphaelites, that we enter our protest. It has been said by Burnet, in his "Practical Hints upon Painting," that "the general character of an object is its most important feature, and this is to be preserved at the price of every other quality, if it cannot be retained upon other terms, as it is this which is imprinted on the mind of every one, and which is, therefore, paramount to all its other qualities." It is the almost total absence of this quality, in their representations of objects, which makes us averse to the pre-Raphaelites being held up as the founders of a true school of art, or to allow that their works are to be considered useful and safe examples for the guidance of a student; and the more so, for the reason that Mr. Ruskin, evidently, would rather have the student study nature through the spectacles of the early painters and those who imitate them, than through those of Raphael. That is a matter of taste; for our own part, we would advise the disuse of any spectacles whatever. Let the student look at nature with the naked eye; he will then at least paint only what is visible, and not, like the pre-Raphaelites, render objects which, from their minuteness or distance, would require a microscope at one eye and a telescope at the other, to make them distinguishable at all. *Ballantyne.*

PRESENT—Importance of the.

Be every minute, man, a full life to thee!—Despise anxiety and wishing, the future and the past! If the *second-pointer* can be no road-pointer with an Eden for thy soul, the *month-pointer* will still less be so, for thou livest not from month to month, but from second to second! Enjoy thy existence more than thy manner of existence, and let the dearest object of thy consciousness be this consciousness itself! Make not the present a means of thy future; for this future is nothing but a coming present; and the present which thou despisest, was once a future which thou desiredst. *Richter.*

PRESENTIMENT.

As the sun
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

Schiller.

PRESENTIMENT—Evil of.

Alas! there are times when foreshadowings of evil, vaporous and undefined, rise up over the soul, like the night mists over the meadow-land, obscuring not only the landmarks of earth, but dimming even the star-guides of heaven. At such periods we find our only safety in solitude and prayer. *A. B. Edwards.*

My mind misgives,
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin this fearful date
With this night's revels. *Shakspeare.*

PRESS—Correctors of the.

While the "reader" is seated in his cell, there stands beside him a small intelligent boy, who is, in fact, the reader; that is to say, he reads aloud from the copy while the man pores upon and corrects the corresponding print. This child—for such he is in comparison with the age of the master he serves—cannot be expected to take any more interest in the

heterogeneous mass of literature he emits, than the little marble Cupids in Italy can be supposed to relish the water which is made everlastingly to stream from their mouths. In one cell we found the boy reading aloud to his patron a work in the French language, which he had never learned, and which therefore he was thus most ludicrously pronouncing exactly as if it were English:—"Less ducks knee sonte pass," &c. *(i.e. Les ducs ne sont pas, &c.)* To "the reader's" literary ears this must have been almost as painful as, to common nerves, the setting of a saw; yet he patiently listened, and laboriously proceeded with his task.

Sir F. B. Head.

PRESS—Victories of the.

Much has been accomplished; more than people are aware—so gradual has been the advance. How noiseless is the growth of corn! Watch it night and day for a week, and you will never see it growing; but return after two months, and you will find it all whitening for the harvest. Such, and so imperceptible in the stages of their motion, are the victories of the press. *De Quincey.*

PRESTIGE—Power of.

After the retreat from Moscow, when it became known that Napoleon was once more in Paris, such was the confidence in the man—such the magic influence of his name, that immediately the nation took heart again, and believed all to be saved, all repaired.

Georges Sand.

PRESUMPTION—Daring of.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Pope.

PRESUMPTION—Folly of.

Presumption of every kind supposes *folly* at bottom. *Lavater.*

PRESUMPTION—of Inferiors.

Shall the work say of him that made it, He made me not? or shall the thing framed say of him that framed it, He hath no understanding? *Isaiah.*

PRETENSION—Characteristics of.

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed: nature never pretends.

Lavater.

PRETENSION—Culpability of.

It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious. *Plutarch.*

PREVENTION.

Prevention is the best bridle. *Feltham.*

PRIDE—when Acceptable.

When a proud man forbids you his presence, he awkwardly confers a favour upon you.

Zimmerman.

PRIDE—Assumptions of.

Ask for whose end the heavenly bodies shine;
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, 'Tis for mine.
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower.
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew;
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.

Pope.

Though pride may show some nobleness
When honour's its ally,
Yet there is such a thing on earth
As holding heads too high!
The sweetest bird builds near the ground,
The loveliest flower springs low;
And we must stoop for happiness,
If we its worth would know. *Swain.*

PRIDE—Defeating itself.

Pride is observed to defeat its own end, by bringing the man who seeks esteem and reverence into contempt. *Bolingbroke.*

PRIDE—its own Enemy.

One thing pride has, which no other vice that I know of has; it is an enemy to itself; and a proud man cannot endure to see pride in another. *Feltham.*

PRIDE—Error of.

In pride—in reas'ning pride—our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies;
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes;
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Pope.

PRIDE—Evils of.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it. *Franklin.*

Pride is a vice not only dreadfully mischievous in human society, but perhaps of all

others, the most insuperable bar to real inward improvement. *Mrs. E. Carter.*

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, so in souls, we find,
What wants in blood and spirit's fill'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend and every foe. *Pope.*

Pride either finds a desert or makes one; submission cannot tame its ferocity, nor satiety fill its voracity; and it requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness. *Colton.*

PRIDE—No Excuse for.

We own thy virtues; but we blame beside
Thy mind elate with insolence and pride.
Juvenal.

PRIDE—Family.

Family pride entertains many unsocial opinions. *Zimmerman.*

Pride, in boasting of family antiquity, makes duration stand for merit. *Ibid.*

PRIDE—Folly of.

"Pride was not made for men;" a conscious sense
Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,
Destroys the claim, and to beholders tells,
Here nothing but the shape of manhood dwells.
Waller.

Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man; behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure! When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave; Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection. *Sidney Smith.*

PRIDE—Ridiculous Folly of.

A proud man is a fool in fermentation, that swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He sets out his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a tumour and inflammation of self-conceit, that renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and has transformed him into his own mistress. He is his own gallant, and makes most passionate addresses to his own dear perfections. He commits idolatry to himself, and worships his own image; though there is no soul living of his church but himself, yet he believes as the church believes, and maintains his faith with the obstinacy of a fanatic. He is his own favourite, and advances himself not only above his merit, but all mankind; is both Damon and Pythias to his own dear self, and values his crony above his soul. He gives place to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatever he has, receives a value in being his, as a horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater price than in a common market. He is so proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others; for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially; therefore he treats himself civilly as a stranger, with ceremony and compliment, but admits of no privacy. He strives to look bigger than himself as well as others; and is no better than his own parasite and flatterer. A little flood will make a shallow torrent swell above its banks, and rage and foam, and yield a roaring noise, while a deep, silent stream glides quietly on; so a vainglorious, insolent, proud man swells with a little frail prosperity, grows big and loud, and overflows his bounds, and when he sinks, leaves mud and dirt behind him. His carriage is as glorious and haughty as if he were advanced upon men's shoulders, or tumbled over their heads, like Knipperdolling. He fancies himself a Colosse; and so he is, for his head holds no proportion to his body, and his foundation is lesser than his upper stories. We can naturally take no view of ourselves, unless we look downwards, to teach us what humble

admirers we ought to be of our own value. The slighter and less solid his materials are, the more room they take up, and make him swell the bigger, as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more close and solid parts. *Butler.*

PRIDE—may be Humbled.

He whose pride oppresses the humble may, perhaps, be humbled, but will never be humble. *Lavater.*

PRIDE—that apes Humility.

Beware of that pride which makes a parade of being humble, and avoid all occasions of showing thyself before men; feel thyself as nothing, and then wilt thou act as if self were quite put aside; speak not of thy sins; do not distinguish thyself by any unusual plainness of dress or of manner, but seek to behave in that way which will attract the least notice from others; the test of thy sincerity will be the feelings with which thou bravest, not the taunts or the scorn of others, but the neglect —the being entirely passed over by persons of whom thou thinkest with respect. *Dr. Hook.*

PRIDE—kills Love.

When pride begins, love ceases. *Lavater.*

PRIDE—Paradox in.

There is a paradox in pride; it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so. *Colton.*

PRIDE—Proper.

Many people talk of a proper pride, in which they totally exclude humility, and include all the resentments condemned by the New Testament. There is no such thing as proper pride. A judicious and reasonable estimation of one's own character has nothing to do with it. *Fuller.*

PRIDE—Senseless.

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labour and digest things most
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
Roscommon.

PRIDE—Spiritual.

John Bunyan had a great dread of spiritual pride; and once, after he had preached a very fine sermon, and his friends crowded round to shake him by the hand, while they expressed the utmost admiration of his eloquence, he interrupted them, saying: "Ay! you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit!" *Southey.*

PRIDE—Sullenness of.

Defeated, but not dismayed,—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated,—he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. *Washington Irving.*

PRIDE—Vice of.

Pride is so unsociable a vice, and does all things with so ill a grace, that there is no closing with it. A proud man will be sure to challenge more than belongs to him; you must expect him stiff in his conversation, fulsome in commending himself, and bitter in his reproofs. *J. Collier.*

PRIDE—Weakness of.

Of all human actions, pride seldomest obtains its end; for, aiming at honour and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision. *Walker.*

PRIDE—always Wrong.

He that is ashamed to be seen in a mean condition, would be proud in a splendid one. *Seneca.*

PRIESTS—Luxurious Ease of.

Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face;
How sleek their look, how goodly is their mien,
When big they strut behind a double chin;
Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away;
So wither green and blossom in decay.
Deep sunk in down, they by sloth's gentle care
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd crape the drudgery of prayer. *Dryden.*

PRIESTS—Knaveries of.

When such as thou with sacrilegious hand
Seize on the apostolic key of heaven,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates
That Heaven itself had barr'd against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition.
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the morning, are the words
Of Christian meekness! mission all divine!
The law of love sole mandate. Ye hallow'd men!

In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue,
Who ne'er preach heaven but with a downward eye
That turns your souls to dross; who shouting loose
The dogs of hell upon us, thefts and rapes,
Sack'd towns and midnight howlings through the realm,
Receive your sanction. Oh! 'tis glorious mischief
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Assumes the robe pontifical; the eye
Of saintly elevation blesseth sin,
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heaven
A sign of blood, a label for decrees
That hell would shrink to own. *Brooke.*

PRIESTS—not Christ's Sons.

Your Saviour came not with a gaudy show,
Nor was His kingdom of the world below:
Patience in want and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen He design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown He wore was of the pointed thorn,
In purple He was crucified, not born:
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not His sons, but those of Zebedee.
Dryden.

PRIESTS—Tyranny of.

Fear not that the tyrants shall rule for ever,
Or the priests of the bloody faith;
They stand on the brink of that mighty river
Whose waves they have tainted with death.
It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells;
Around them it foams, and rages, and swells;
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,
Like wrecks in the serge of eternity! *Shelley.*

PRIESTS—Unworthy.

Were all thy tribe like thee, it well might
Startle our lay unlearnèd faith: when through such hands
The knowledge of the gods is reach'd to man:
But thus those gods instruct us, that not all
Who, like intruders, thrust into their service,
And turn the holy office to a trade,
Participate their sacred influence. *Rowe.*

PRINCES—Advice to.

A prince that goes to the top of his power, is like him that shall go to the bottom of his treasure. *Marvell.*

PRINCES—Cares of.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;

And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of reckless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
Shakspeare.

PRINCES—not Esteemed.

It is the fault of princes if they are not esteemed, as they always have it in their power to procure the love of their subjects.
Philip of Macedon.

PRINCES—never without Flatterers.

Princes are never without flatterers to seduce them, ambition to deprave them, and desires to corrupt them. *Plato.*

PRINCES—Instruction to.

Let truth and virtue be their earliest teachers;
Keep from their ear the siren-voice of flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot-form of vice,
Who spread, in every court, their silken snares,
And charm, but to betray. Betimes instruct them,
Superior rank demands superior worth;
Pre-eminence of valour, justice, mercy;
But chief, that though exalted o'er mankind,
They are themselves but men—frail suffering dust;
From no one injury of human lot
Exempt; but fever'd by the same heat, chill'd
By the same cold, torn by the same disease,
That scorches, freezes, racks, and kills the beggar. *Mallet.*

PRINCES—True Pursuits of.

'Tis war that forms the prince; 'tis hardship, toil,—
'Tis sleepless nights, and never-resting days,—
'Tis pain, 'tis danger, 'tis affronted death,—
'Tis equal fate for all, and changing fortune,
That rear the mind to glory, that inspire
The noblest virtues, and the gentlest manners.
Thomson.

PRINCIPLES—to be Rightly Applied.

Right principles will by no means suit wrong practices. *Spinckes.*

PRINTING—Art of.

New shape and voice the immaterial thought
Takes from the invented speaking page sublime,—
The ark which mind has for its refuge wrought
Its floating archive down the floods of time.
Schiller.

PRISON—of the Condemned.

Apart from hence, involved in deeper gloom,
Frowns in dark state, "Fate's dreaded ante-room!"
But oh! what hand can raise the sable screen

That veils the horrors of the "final scene;"
To the shock'd sight the dismal cells expose,
Where death-doom'd felons wait life's awful close?
Where, as the night-clock strikes, the culprits hear
The tread of death, at every stroke more near;
And with the daybreak, startled fancy eyes
Before their view the fatal scaffold rise!
Yet deem not vainly, in these dreary cells,
With guilt that sorrow or contrition dwells;
Or through the conscious walls, as Echo flies,
Her voice repeats repentant groans or sighs!
Oh no! e'en here by terrors unsubdued,
By death unawed *Vice* pens her blackest brood;
Here the short hours, which penitence should claim,
Are blindly wasted in some sinful game.
Gaming, of fraud and infamy the source,
By long indulgence gains resistless force;
While "sentenced wretches" hug the insatiate vice,
And madly stake their souls upon the dice!
Here "demon fury" every sense appals,
And shakes with impotence of rage the walls,
To swell the dreadful scene, while all around
The clanking chains in mournful concert sound.
Halloran.

PRISON—like to a Grave.

How like
A prison's to a grave! when dead, we are
With solemn pomp brought thither, and our heirs,
Masking their joy in false dissembled tears,
Weep o'er the hearse: but the earth no sooner covers
The earth brought thither, but they turn away
With inward smiles, the dead no more remember'd:
So enter'd into a prison. *Massinger.*

A prison is in all things like a grave,
Where we no better privileges have
Than dead men; nor so good. The soul, once fled,
Lives freer now than when she was cloister'd
In walls of flesh; and though the organs want
To act her swift designs, yet all will grant
Her faculties more clear, now separate,
Than if conjunction, which of late
Did marry her to earth, had stood in force,
Incapable of death or of divorce:
But an imprison'd mind, though living, dies,
And at one time feels two captivities:
A narrow dungeon, which her body holds,
But narrower body which herself enfolds.
Bishop King.

PRISON—Miseries of a.

A prison! heavens,—I loathe the hated name;
Famine's metropolis,—the sink of shame,—
A nauseous sepulchre, whose craving womb
Hourly inters poor mortals in its tomb.
Tom Brown.

PRISONER—Trials of a.

A prisoner is an impatient patient, lingring under the rough hands of a cruell phisitian: who hauing come at his disease, knowes his complainte, and hath power to cure him, but takes more pleasure to kill him. He is like Tantalus, who hath freedome running by his doore, yet cannot enjoy the least benefit thereof. His greatest griefe is that his credit was so good and now no better. His land is drawne within the compasse of a sheepe's skin, and his owne hand the fortification that barres him of entrance: hee is fortunes tossing-bal, an object that would make mirth melancholy: to his friends an abject, and a subject of nine dayes' wonder in euery barber's shop, and a mouthfull of pitty (that he had no better fortune) to midwiues and talkatiue gossips; and all the content that this transitory life can giue him seems but to flout him, in respect the restraint of liberty barres the true use. To his familiars hee is like a plague, whom they dare scarce come nigh for feare of infection; he is a monument ruined by those which raysed him; he spends the day with a *hei mihi! væ miserum!* and the night with a *nullis est medicabilis herbis.* *Sir Thomas Overbury.*

PRISONERS—Resolve of.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too;
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out,
In a wall'd prison packs and sets of great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon. *Shakspeare.*

PROBITY—Characteristics of.

The mark of a man of probity is in his keeping reason at the head of practice; in being easy in his condition; to live in a crowd of objects, without suffering either in his sense, his virtue, or his quiet; to have a good understanding at home, and to be governed by that divine principle that is within him; to be all truth in his words; and justice in his actions.
Antoninus.

PROCRASTINATION—Dangers of.

To-morrow, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say to-morrow.
Go to,—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury

Against thy plenty; who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father,
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening. *Cotton.*

He who prorogues the honesty of to-day till to-morrow, will probably prorogue his to-morrows to eternity. *Lavater.*

Faith in *to-morrow*, instead of Christ, is Satan's nurse for man's perdition. *Cheever.*

PROCRASTINATION—Evils of.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. *Shakspeare.*

At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan:
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves and re-resolves; then dies the same.
Young.

PRODIGAL AND THE COVETOUS.

See . . .

The difference 'twixt the covetous and the prodigal;
The covetous man never has money,
And the prodigal will have none shortly!
Ben Jonson.

PRODIGALITY—Evil Results of.

If any man by prodigality squanders his own money, he cannot be entrusted with the money of the state. *Solon.*

Prodigality and dissipation, at last bring a man to the want of the necessaries of life; he falls into poverty, misery, and abject disgrace; so that even his acquaintance, fearful of being obliged to restore to him what he has squandered with them, or upon them, fly from him as a debtor from his creditors, and he is left abandoned by all the world. *Volney.*

PRODIGALITY—Evil Results of.

The injury of prodigality leads to this, that he that will not economize will have to agonize. *Confucius.*

PROFANENESS—Irrationality of.

If there are hypocrites in religion, there are also, strange as it may appear, hypocrites in impiety, men who make an ostentation of more irreligion than they possess. An ostentation of this nature, the most irrational in the records of human folly, seems to lie at the root of profane swearing.

It may not be improper to remind such as indulge this practice, that they need not insult their Maker to show that they do not fear Him: that they may relinquish this vice without danger of being supposed to be devout, and that they may safely leave it to other parts of their conduct to efface the smallest suspicion of their piety. To view this practice in the most favourable light, it indicates, as has been observed by a great writer, "a mind over which religious considerations have little influence." It also sufficiently accounts for that propensity to ridicule piety, which is one of our national peculiarities. It would be uncandid to suppose, that at the best times there was more piety on the Continent than here; be this as it may, it never appears to have exposed its possessors to contempt; nor was the sublime devotion of Fenelon and of Pascal ever considered as forming a shade to their genius. The reverence for religion had not been worn away but for the familiar abuse of its peculiar terms. *Robert Hall.*

PROFESSION AND CONDUCT.

A right profession aggravates the condemnation of a wrong conduct; and a wrong conduct discredits the very name of a right profession. Indeed, the bare profession of that which is good, carries with it an explicit censure upon every thing that is bad. *Knowles.*

PROFLIGACY—Evils of.

To burn away, in mad waste, the divine aromas and plainly celestial elements from our existence; to change our holy-of-holies into a place of riot; to make the soul itself hard, impious, barren! Surely a day is coming, when it will be known again what virtue is in purity and continence of life; how divine is the blush of young human cheeks; how high, beneficent, sternly inexorable, if forgotten, is the duty laid, not on women only, but on every creature, in regard to these particulars? Well; if such a day never come again, then I perceive much else will never come. Magna-

nimity and depth of insight will never come; heroic purity of heart and of eye; noble pious valour, to amend us and the age of bronze and lacker, how can they ever come? The scandalous bronze-lacker age, of hungry animalisms, spiritual impotencies and mendacities, will have to run its course, till the pit swallow it. *Carlyle.*

PROFLIGATE—A Reformed.

It is pleasant to see a notorious profligate seized with a concern for religion, and converting his spleen into zeal. *Addison.*

PROGRESS—Definition of.

Living movement. *Carlyle.*

PROGRESS—Nature of.

The goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of to-morrow. *Ibid.*

PROGRESS—Necessity of.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!
Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—
I, that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!
Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.
Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. *Tennyson.*

PROJECTORS—not equally Rewarded.

Projectors in a state are generally rewarded above their deserts; projectors in the republic of letters, never: if wrong, every inferior dunce thinks himself entitled to laugh at their disappointment; if right, men of superior talents think their honour engaged to oppose, since every new discovery is a tacit diminution of their own pre-eminence. *Goldsmith.*

PROMISES—Caution in making.

He who is most slow in making a promise, is the most faithful in the performance of it. *Rousseau.*

PROMISES—Divine.

Every promise is built upon four pillars:—God's justice or holiness, which will not suffer Him to deceive; His grace or goodness, which will not suffer him to forget; His truth, which will not suffer Him to change; and His power, which makes Him able to accomplish. *Salter.*

PROMISES—Divine Gift of.

Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust. *St. Peter.*

PROMPTITUDE—Advantage of.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. *Shakspeare.*

PROPERTY—Evil of Possessing.

O property! what art thou but a weight
To crush all soul, and paralyze all strength,
And grind all heart and action out of man. *Smythe.*

PROPERTY—Pleasures of Possessing.

Property communicates a charm to whatever is the object of it. It is the first of our abstract ideas: it cleaves to us the closest and the longest. It endears to the child its plaything, to the peasant his cottage, to the landholder his estate. It supplies the place of prospect and scenery. Instead of coveting the beauty of distant situations, it teaches every man to find it in his own. It gives boldness and grandeur to plains and fens, tinge and colouring to clays and fallows. *Paley.*

PROPERTY—Rights and Duties of.

Those whose fortune it is to possess land and rank in this country, cannot be too often or too earnestly reminded of the fact, that the possession of such advantages constitutes, in every case whatever, a retaining fee on the part of the nation. Neither God, nor nature, nor society, contemplates the existence of an idler as that which ought to be. The country gentleman, the peer, and the prince, have their professions fixed on them: let them surrender the fee if they mean to shrink from the work; let the sinecure be a sine-salary. The mighty majority must, in all times and places, earn their living literally by the sweat of their brow, and the only principle on which any are exempted from the literal application of the great primary condition of our human existence is, that there are services essential to the intellectual, moral, political, and religious well-being and advancement of the whole, as a whole, which could not be effectually secured for them, were not some so exempted. The question is not whether a great man could

afford services of plate and regiments of footmen, but whether any man is entitled to consume the produce of the English soil without discharging the duties which his station imposes on him to the English people.

Washington Irving.

PROPHECY—Evidence from.

The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. *St. John.*

PROPRIETORS (Landed)—Joyousness of.

Certainly a landed estate is "an animal with its mouth always open." But compare the physical perception and enjoyment of landed wealth with that of consols and securities. Can I get me rosy cheeks, health, and good humour, riding up and down my Peruvian bonds? Can I go out shooting upon my parchment, or in summer sit under the shadow of my mortgage-deed, and bob for commas and troll for semicolons in my river of ink, that meanders through my meadow of sheep-skin? Wherefore I really think that land will always tempt even the knowing ones, until some vital change shall take place in society; for instance, till the globe makes its exit in smoke, and the blue curtain comes down on the creation. *Reade.*

PROSE AND POETRY—Definitions of.

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry: that is, prose = words in their best order; poetry = the *best* words in the best order. *Coleridge.*

PROSPERITY—Dangers of.

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near. *Webster.*

He that suffers
Prosperity to swell him 'bove a man,
Like those impressions in the air that rise
From dunghill vapours, scatter'd by the wind,
Leaves nothing but an empty name behind.

Nabb.

PROSPERITY—of Knaves.

Knaves will thrive
When honest plainness knows not how to live.

Shirley.

PROSPERITY—Signs of.

Where spades grow bright, and idle words grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn;
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well-governed State.

Confucius.

PROSPERITY—Wins Smiles.

If ye are fair,
Mankind will crowd around you, thick as when
The full-faced moon sits silver in the sea,
The eager waves lift up their gleaming heads,
Each shouldering for her smile!

Alexander Smith.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

The mind that is much elevated and insolent with prosperity, and cast down with adversity, is generally abject and base. *Epicurus.*

Whilst you are prosperous you can number many friends; but when the storm comes you are left alone. *Ovid.*

PROTESTANTISM—True Meaning of.

At first view, it might seem as if Protestantism were entirely destructive to this that we call hero-worship, and represent as the basis of all possible good, religious or social, for mankind. One often hears it said that Protestantism introduced a new era, radically different from any the world had ever seen before: the era of "private judgment," as they call it. By this revolt against the pope, every man became his own pope; and learnt, among other things, that he must never trust any pope, or spiritual hero-captain, any more! Whereby, is not spiritual union, all hierarchy and subordination among men, henceforth an impossibility? So we hear it said. Now I need not deny that Protestantism was a revolt against spiritual sovereignties; popes and much else. Nay, I will grant that English Puritanism, revolt against earthly sovereignties, was the second act of it; that the enormous French Revolution itself was the third act, whereby all sovereignties, earthly and spiritual, were, as might seem, abolished, or made sure of abolition. Protestantism is the grand root from which our whole subsequent European history branches out; for the spiritual will always body itself forth in the temporal history of men; the spiritual is the beginning of the temporal. And now, sure enough, the cry is everywhere for liberty and equality, independence, and so forth; instead of kings, ballot-boxes, and electoral suffrages. It seems made out that any hero-sovereign, or loyal obedience of men to a man, in things temporal or things spiritual, has passed away

for ever from the world. I should despair of the world altogether, if so. One of my deepest convictions is, that it is not so. Without sovereigns, true sovereigns, temporal and spiritual, I see nothing possible but an anarchy; the hatefullest of things. But I find Protestantism, whatever anarchic democracy it may have produced, to be the beginning of new genuine sovereignity and order. I find it to be a revolt against *false* sovereigns; the painful but indispensable first preparative for *true* sovereigns getting place among us. *Carlyle.*

PROVERBS—Definitions of.

The wisdom of many, and the wit of one.
Lord John Russell.

Jewels five-words long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever. *Tennyson.*

PROVIDENCE—Acknowledgment of.

A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army, has turned the stream of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of a battle, but may well remember how many blows and bullets have gone *by* him that might easily have gone *through* him; and by what little odd unforeseen chances death has been turned aside, which seemed in a full, ready, and direct career to have been posting to him. All which passages, if we do not acknowledge to have been guided to their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior and a divine Hand, we do by the same assertion cashier all providence, strip the Almighty of his noblest prerogative, and make God, not the Governor, but the mere Spectator of the world. *South.*

PROVIDENCE—Consolation respecting.

Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss irresistibly caught my eye. I mention it to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots and leaves without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image?—Surely not! I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed. *Mungo Park.*

PROVIDENCE—Designs of.

What the gods intend, is theirs alone:
Let us not bar their great opposeless wills,
By seeming more than they would have us be;
So shall the chain that links propriety
Remain unbroken, and the nerve of hope
But brace obedience to the will of Heaven.
Havard.

Divine Providence tempers His blessings to secure their better effect. He keeps our joys and our fears on an even balance, that we may neither presume nor despair. By such compositions God is pleased to make both our crosses more tolerable, and our enjoyments more wholesome and safe. *Wogan.*

PROVIDENCE—Destinies of.

How Heaven, in scorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
While with incessant thought laborious man
Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and power,
And towers and triumphs in ideal greatness,
Some accidental gust of opposition
Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,
O'erturns the fabric of presumptuous reason,
And whelms the swelling architect beneath it.
Johnson.

PROVIDENCE—Goodness of.

It is remarkable that Providence has given us all things for our advantage near at hand; but iron, gold, and silver, being both the instruments of blood and slaughter, and the price of it, nature has hidden in the bowels of the earth. *Seneca.*

PROVIDENCE—our Guardian.

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows;
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom:
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good. *Johnson.*

PROVIDENCE—our Guide.

I stand like one
Has lost his way, and no man near him to inquire it of;

Yet there's a Providence above that knows
The roads which ill men tread, and can direct
Inquiring justice. The passengers that travel
In the wide ocean, where no paths are,
Look up and leave their conduct to a star.
Sir Robert Howard.

PROVIDENCE—Intention of.

It was not the intention of Providence that men should pass a few years here in ignoble sloth, either with indolence in safety, or pusillanimity in danger; but that we should come forth, and act some useful and honourable part on that theatre where we have been placed; might glorify Him that made us; and, by a steady perseverance in virtue, rise in the end to an immortal state. *Mathew.*

PROVIDENCE—Manifestations of.

Two manifestations of the course of Providence have often been pointed out as the most distinct and prominent which have yet occurred in the history of the human race. The coming of our Lord and Saviour is one, at that precise time when the world, in its moral and political circumstances, was best fitted for the reception and diffusion of the Gospel; the other, far indeed inferior in moment to that paramount event, but inferior to it alone, is the discovery of printing, just when the Gospel itself was to be raised as it were from the dead. *Southey.*

PROVIDENCE—Mysteries of.

Tell me, O ye powers,—
For I'll be calm,—was I not worthy of your care?
And why, ye gods, was virtue made to suffer,
Unless this world be but as fire, to purge
Her dross, that she may mount and be a star!
Lee.

Yet sure the gods are good: I would think so,
If they would give me leave!
But virtue in distress, and vice in triumph,
Make atheists of mankind. *Dryden.*

If piety be thus debarr'd access
On high; and of good men, the very best
Be singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,—
What is reward?—and what is punishment?
But who shall dare to tax Eternal Justice?
Congreve.

Thou great mysterious Power, who hast involved
Thy wise decrees in darkness, to perplex
The pride of human wisdom, to confound
The daring scrutiny, and prove the faith
Of thy presuming creatures! *Hannah More.*

The decrees of Providence are inscrutable; in spite of man's short-sighted endeavours to dispose of events according to his own wishes and his own purposes, there is an Intelligence beyond his reason, which holds the scales of justice, and promotes his well-being, in spite of his puny efforts. *Morier.*

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate;
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search,
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.
Addison.

Forbear, fond man;—*that* Heaven thou dar'st accuse,
Just, though mysterious, leads us on unerring
Through ways unmark'd, from guilt to punishment. *Eurydice.*

O Eternal Providence, whose course,
Amidst the various maze of life, is fix'd
By boundless wisdom and by boundless love,
I follow Thee, with resignation, hope,
With confidence and joy; for Thou art good,
And of thy rising goodness is no end.
Thomson.

"What a strange Providence that a mother should be taken in the midst of life from her children!" Was it Providence?—No! Providence had assigned her threescore years and ten—a term long enough to rear her children; but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and, of course, she lost it. A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz arises on every side, "What a striking Providence!" The man has been in the habit of studying half the night; in passing his days in his office in the courts; of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various kinds of wine. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children. It has been customary in some of our cities for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl thus dressed, in violation of Heaven's laws, paid the penalty

—a checked circulation, colds, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaimed her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly! Look at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating and drinking, in study or business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, and pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight-lacing, &c.; and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed, from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut life short, and of the long list of maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body,—this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die as if falling asleep. *Sedgwick.*

In this world we are children standing on the bank of a mighty river. Casting our eyes upward and downward, along the channel, we discern various windings of its current; and perceive that it is now visible, now obscure, and now entirely hidden from our view. But being far removed from the fountain whence it springs, and from the ocean into which it is emptied, we are unable to form any conceptions of the beauty, usefulness, or grandeur of its progress. Lost in perplexity and ignorance, we gaze, wonder, and despond. In this situation, a messenger from heaven comes to our relief, with authentic information of its nature, its course, and its end; conducts us backward to the fountain, and leads us forward to the ocean. This river is the earthly system of providence: the Bible is the celestial messenger: and Heaven is the ocean in which all preceding dispensations find their end.

Dwight.

PROVIDENCE—Order of.

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd;
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike.
Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion, but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole, must fall.
Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh, madness! pride! impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?

Pope.

PROVIDENCE—Reliance on.

To make our reliance upon Providence both pious and rational, we should, in every great enterprise we take in hand, prepare all things with that care, diligence, and activity, as if there were no such thing as Providence for us to depend upon; and again, when we have done all this, we should as wholly and humbly rely upon it, as if we had made no preparations at all. And this is a rule of practice which will never fail, or shame any who shall venture all that they have and are upon it,—for, as a man, by exerting his utmost force in any action or business, has all that human strength can do for him therein, so, in the next place, by quitting his confidence in the same, and placing it only in God, he is sure of all that Omnipotence can do in his behalf. *South.*

PROVIDENCE—Retribution of.

So just and wonderful are the overruling councils of God's Providence, that the arrow which strikes through the heart of the transgressor is oftentimes directed from the very bow which he had vainly trusted would be his strength. The companion of his sin is the first to cast reproach and shame on him for the evil which he has done.

—— *J. S. M. Anderson.*

How just is Providence in all its works!
How swift to overtake us in our crimes!

Lansdowne.

PROVIDENCE—Star of.

There is a light in yonder skies,—
A light unseen by outward eyes;
But clear and bright to inward sense,
It shines, the star of Providence.
The radiance of the central throne,
It comes from God, and God alone;
The ray that never yet grew pale,
The star "that shines within the veil."

And faith, uncheck'd by earthly fears,
Shall lift its eye, though fill'd with tears;
And while around 'tis dark as night,
Untired shall mark that heavenly light.
In vain they smite me;—men but do
What God permits with different view;
To outward sight they wield the rod,
But faith proclaims it all of God.
Unmoved, then, let me keep my way,
Supported by that cheering ray
Which, shining distant, renders clear
The clouds and darkness thronging near.
Madame Guyon.

PROVIDENCE—Superintendence of.

Who is it, that will doubt
The care of Heaven, or think immortal
Powers are slow, 'cause they take the privilege
To choose their own time, when they will send their
Blessings down? *Davenant.*

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Shakspeare.*

There is a power
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,—
That guides its motions, from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.
Thomson.

The holy power that clothes the senseless earth
With woods, with fruits, with flowers, and verdant plains,
Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us. *Rowe.*

Even as a mother o'er her children bending
Yearns with maternal love: her fond embraces
And gentle kiss to each in turn extending,
One at her feet, one on her knee she places,
And from their eyes, and voice, and speaking faces,
Their varying wants and wishes comprehending,
To one a look, to one a word addresses,
Even with her frowns a mother's fondness blending;
So o'er us watches Providence on high,
And hope to some and help to others lends,
And yields alike to all an open ear,
And when she seems her favours to deny,

She for our prayers alone the boon suspends,
Or, seeming to deny, she grants the prayer.
Fibicajee.

PROVIDENCE—Work of.

This is thy work, Almighty Providence,
Whose power, beyond the stretch of human thought,
Revolves the orbs of empire; bids them sink
Deep in the dead'ning night of Thy displeasure,
Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world.
Thomson.

PROVIDENT—Necessity of being.

If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.
St. Paul.

He who plays with dollars in his *youth*, will have to beg for farthings in his *age*. *Hone.*

PROVISION—Advantage of.

Provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence.
Sir Philip Sidney.

PRUDENCE—Characterictics of.

Prudent men lock up their motives, letting familiars have a key to their hearts, as to their garden. *Shenstone.*

PRUDENCE—Great Object of.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilirate.
Johnson.

PRUDENCE—Value of.

Those who, in the confidence of superior capacities or attainments, neglect the common maxims of life, should be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; but that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible. *Ibid.*

PRUDENCE—Virtue of.

Prudence is a necessary ingredient in all the virtues, without which they degenerate into folly and excess. *Jeremy Collier.*

Prudence is that virtue by which we discern what is proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place. *Milton.*

PRUDENCE—Want of.

Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty. *Goldsmith.*

PSALMS—Book of.

What is there necessary for man to know which the Psalms are not able to teach? They are, to beginners, an easy and familiar introduction, a mighty augmentation of all virtue and knowledge; in such as are entered before, a strong confirmation to the most perfect amongst others. Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come,—all good necessary to be either known, or done, or had, this one celestial fountain yieldeth. Let there be any grief or disease incident to the soul of man, any wound or sickness named, for which there is not, in this treasure-house, a present comfortable remedy at all times ready to be found. *Hooker.*

How beautiful and how varied are the forms of prayer and thanksgiving in the book of Psalms! They appear as the outpourings of a grateful heart before God for the glories of His creation,—for succour in the hour of danger,—for deliverance from affliction,—for national privileges,—and for anticipated salvation. There is an earnestness in many of them that lays hold upon our strongest sympathies; for (without speaking of their inspired and prophetic character) they may be truly said to spring from feelings which are natural to every man who is not utterly debased, and in the exercise of which generous tempers ever take delight. *Sedgwick.*

PUNCTUALITY—Importance of.

A singular mischance has occurred to some of our friends. At the instant when He ushered them into existence, God gave them a work to do, and He also gave them a competency of time; so much time, that if they began at the right moment, and wrought with sufficient vigour, their time and their work would end together. But, a good many years ago, a strange mischance befell them. A fragment of their allotted time was lost. They cannot tell what became of it; but sure enough it has dropped out of existence; for just like two measuring-lines laid alongside, the one an inch shorter than the other, their work and their time run parallel, but the work is always ten minutes behind the time. They are not irregular; they are never too soon. Their letters are posted the very minute after the mail is shut; they arrive at the wharf just in time to see the steamboat off; they come in sight of the depôt precisely when the train starts. They do not break any engagement, nor neglect any duty; but they systematically go about it too late, and usually too late by about the same fatal interval. How can they retrieve the lost fragment, so essential to character and comfort? Perhaps like this: Suppose that on some auspicious morning they contrived to rise a quarter of an hour before their usual time, and were ready for their morning worship fifteen minutes sooner than they have been for the last ten years; or, what will equally answer the end, suppose that for once they omitted their morning meal altogether, and went straight out to the engagements of the day; suppose that they arrive at the class-room, or the workshop, or the place of business, fifteen minutes before their usual time, or that they forced themselves to the appointed rendezvous on the week-day, or to the sanctuary on the Sabbath-day, a quarter of an hour before their instinctive time of going—all would yet be well. This system carried out would bring the world and themselves to synchronize; they and the marching hours would come to keep step again, and, moving on in harmony, they would escape the jolting, fatigue, and awkwardness they used to feel when old father Time put the right foot foremost and they advanced the left: their reputation would be retrieved, and friends, who at present fret, would begin to smile; their fortunes would be made; their satisfaction in their work would be doubled; and their influence over others, and their power for usefulness, would be unspeakably augmented.

Dr. James Hamilton.

PUNCTUALITY—Want of.

Amongst other follies, Beau Brummell had that of choosing to be always too late for dinner. Wherever he was invited, he liked to be waited for. He thought it was a proof of his fashion and consequence; and the higher the rank of his entertainer, the later was the arrival of this impudent *parvenu*. The Marquis of Abercorn had for some time submitted to this oft-repeated trial of his patience, but at length he would bear it no longer. Accordingly, one day, when he had invited Brummell to dine, he desired to have the dinner on the table punctually at the time appointed. The servants obeyed, and Brummell and the cheese arrived together. The wondering beau was desired by the master of the house to sit down. He vouchsafed no apology for what had happened, but coolly said, "I hope, Mr. B., cheese is not disagreeable to you." It is said that Brummell was never late at that house in future. *Amelia Opie.*

PUNISHMENT — proportionate to Crime.

Let rules be fix'd that may our rage contain,
And punish faults with a proportion'd pain;
And do not flay him, who deserves alone
A whipping for the fault that he has done.
Horace.

PUNISHMENT—Sequence of.

The seeds of our own punishment are sown at the same time we commit sin. *Hesiod.*

PUNISHMENT—Severity of.

See they suffer death:
But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws, to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity and justice in its rigour.
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws:
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.
Addison.

PURITANISM—Dissimulation of.

He was a man that would keep church duly, rise
Early before his servants, and e'en for
Religious haste, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd,
To morning prayer;
Dine quickly upon high days; and when I
Had great guests, would e'en shame me, and rise from
The table, to get a good seat at an
Afternoon sermon. *Shakspeare.*

PURITANISM—Doings of.

We may censure Puritanism as we please; and no one of us, I suppose, but would find it a very rough, defective thing. But we, and all men, may understand that it was a genuine thing; for nature has adopted it, and it has grown, and grows. I say sometimes, that all goes by wager of battle in this world; that *strength*, well understood, is the measure of all worth. Give a thing time; if it can succeed, it is a right thing. Look now at American Saxondom; and at that little fact of the sailing of the *Mayflower*, two hundred years ago, from Delft Haven, in Holland! Were we of large sense as the Greeks were, we had found a poem here,—one of nature's own poems, such as she writes in broad facts over great continents: for it was properly the beginning of America. There were straggling settlers in America before, some material as of a body was there; but the soul of it was first this.
Carlyle.

PURITANS—of our Day.

The sour aspect and sad-coloured garb of the puritans have descended to us without the high heroism of the puritan's soul. You can forgive a man for despising art, letters, beauty, pleasure, song, and sport in the crisis of some tremendous battle. Men sing when the field is won. And so you forgive the puritan for mortifying even unto death half the faculties which God has given him for use in this living and beautiful world, when he found himself born into the midst of a terrible moral and political struggle, in which all that man holds dear—all that makes man's life—was in peril of being lost. He was a man shut up to the work of reformation. The gloom of his aspect and the sadness of his suit were the meet dress of his stern, devoted, heroic soul. But the conditions of our life are essentially different. He fought our battles; we have to occupy and use what his devotion won. We have to possess the world of Christian life and freedom which his heroism saved. A mien more genial and loving better becomes us, a spirit more prompt to harmonize with all the genuine concords of the universe around us, more ready to recognize and accept whatever may offer employment and education to any of our powers. *Baldwin Brown.*

PURITANS—Dress and Manners of the.

But in the manner of dress and manners, the Puritan triumph has been complete. Even their worst enemies have come over to their side, and "the whirligig of time has brought about its revenge." Their canons of taste have become those of all England," and high churchmen, who still call them roundheads and cropped ears, go about rounder-headed and closer cropped than they ever went. They held it more rational to cut the hair to a comfortable length than to wear effeminate curls down the back; and we cut ours much shorter than they ever did. They held (with the Spaniards, then the finest gentlemen in the world), that sad, *i. e.*, dark colours, above all black, were the fittest for stately and earnest gentlemen. We all, from the Tractarian to the Anythingarian, are exactly of the same opinion. They held that lace, perfumes, and jewellery on a man were marks of unmanly foppishness and vanity; and so hold the finest gentlemen in England now. They thought it equally absurd and sinful for a man to carry his income on his back, and bedizen himself out in reds, blues, and greens, ribbons, knots, slashes, and "treble quadruple dædalian ruffs, built up on iron and timber (a fact), which have more arches in them for pride than London-bridge for use." We, if we met such

a ruff and ruffled worthy as used to swagger by hundreds up and down Paul's-walk, not knowing how to get a dinner, much less to pay his tailor, should look on him as firstly a fool, and secondly a swindler; while if we met an old Puritan, we should consider him a man gracefully and picturesquely dressed, but withal in the most perfect sobriety of good taste; and when we discovered (as we probably should), over and above, that the harlequin cavalier had a box of salve and a pair of dice in one pocket, a pack of cards and a few pawnbrokers' duplicates in the other; that his thoughts were altogether of citizens' wives, and their too easy virtue; and that he could not open his mouth without a dozen oaths, we should consider the Puritan (even though he did quote Scripture somewhat through his nose) as the gentleman, and the courtier as a most offensive specimen of the "snob triumphant," glorying in his shame. *Wilson.*

PURITY—Enjoyment of.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day.
Milton.

PURITY—Female.

An angel might have stoop'd to see,
And bless'd her for her purity. *Dr. Mackay.*

PURITY—Reward of.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. *St. Matthew.*

PURITY AND TRUTH.

Purity is the feminine, truth the masculine, of honour. *Hare.*

PURPOSE—Earnestness of.

The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is *energy, invincible determination*—a purpose once fixed, and then *death or victory!* That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature *a man* without it. *Buxton.*

PURSE—Consumption of the.

I can get no remedy against the consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.
Shakspeare.

PURSUITS—Diversity of.

I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.
Terence.

Q.

QUACKS—Impostures of.

I have heard they are the most lewd impostors,
Made of all terms and shreds; no less beliers
Of great men's favours than their own vile med'cines,
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths;
Selling that drug for two pence ere they part,
Which they have valued at twelve crowns before. *Ben Jonson.*

QUACKS—Learned Jargon of.

"Good Dr. Alcon, I am come to crave
Your counsel, to advise me for my health;
For I suppose, in troth, I am not well;
Methinks I should be sick, yet cannot tell;
Something there is amiss that troubles me,
For which I would take physic willingly."—
"Welcome, fair nymph, come let me try your pulse;
I cannot blame you hold yourself not well.
Something amiss, quoth you: here's all amiss!
The whole fabric of yourself distemper'd is;
The systole and diastole of your pulse
Do show your passions most hysterical:
It seems you have not careful been
T' observe the prophylactic regimen
Of your own body; so that we must now
Descend unto the therapeutical;
That so we may prevent the syndrome
Of symptoms, and may afterwards apply
Some analeptical alexipharmacum,
That may be proper for your malady."
Daniel.

QUAKERESS—The.

Hers was one of those faces that time seems to touch only to brighten and adorn. The snowy crape cap, made after the strait Quaker pattern; the plain white muslin handkerchief, lying in placid folds across her bosom; the drab shawl and dress, showed at once the community to which she belonged. Her face was round and rosy, with a healthful downy softness, suggestive of a ripe peach. Her hair, partially silvered by age, was parted smoothly back from a high placid forehead, on which time had written no inscription except "Peace on earth, good-will to men;" and beneath shone a large pair of clear, honest, loving, brown eyes; you only needed to look straight into them, to feel that you saw to the bottom of a heart as good and true as ever throbbed in woman's bosom. Hers was just the face and form that made "mother" seem the most natural word in the world;—for why? For twenty years or more, by nothing but loving words, and gentle moralities, and motherly

loving-kindness, head-aches and heart-aches innumerable had been cured, difficulties, spiritual and temporal, solved, all by one good loving woman.—God bless her! *Mrs. Stowe.*

The Quaker matron generally carries with her that serene atmosphere of moral repose, to which a gay and flaunting vesture would be a discord; but a young quaker lady, in the most sportive season of life, full of laughing fancies and fluttering sensibilities, being pinned up in a plain grey boddice, is as great a mistake in its way, as a minister of the Gospel or a grave philosopher in a harlequin's coat; and therefore I have observed that young ladies of that sect, especially when they are pretty and lively, do not at all affect the severe costume. *Professor Blackie.*

QUARRELLING—Avoidance of.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Shakspeare.

QUARRELLING—Evils of.

Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot; and are far more tractable in cold blood. It is an observation of seamen, that if a single meteor or fire-ball falls on their mast, it portends ill-luck; but if two come together (which they count Castor and Pollux), they presage good success. But sure in a family it bodeth most bad, when two fire-balls (husband and wife's anger) come both together. *Fuller.*

Jars concealed are half-reconciled; which, if generally known, 'tis a double task to stop the breach at home, and men's mouths abroad. To this end, a good husband never publicly reproves his wife. An open reproof puts her to do penance before all that are present; after which, many study revenge rather than reformation. *Ibid.*

QUARRELLING—Iniquity of.

Whatever mitigates the woes or increases the happiness of others, is a just criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, is a criterion of iniquity. One should not quarrel with a dog without a reason sufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality. *Goldsmith.*

QUARRELLING — Power of Money over.

Yet all those dreadful feuds, this doubtful fray,
A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay.
Virgil.

QUARRELSOMENESS.

If he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other. *Johnson.*

QUARRELSOMENESS—Dangers of.

I consider your very testy and quarrelsome people in the same light as I do a loaded gun, which may, by accident, go off and kill one. *Shenstone.*

QUEEN—Picture of a.

In the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien,
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign queen.
. . . . . .
And as in beauty she surpass'd the choir,
So nobler than the rest was her attire;
A crown of ruddy gold inclosed her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show;
A branch of agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft, her symbol of command.
Chaucer.

QUEEN—in Regal State.

High above all a cloth of state was spread,
And a rich throne as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royal robes and gorgeous array,
A maiden queen, that shone, as Titan's ray,
In glistering gold and peerless precious stone;
Yet her bright-blazing beauty did essay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As envying herself, that two exceeding shone.
Spenser.

QUESTIONS—Judgment in.

Judge of a man by his questions rather than by his answers. *Voltaire.*

QUILL—My Grey-Goose.

Oh! nature's noblest gift, my grey-goose quill,
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes
Of brains that labour, big with verse or prose.
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,
The lover's solace and the author's pride;
What wits! what poets dost thou daily raise!
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.
Byron.

R.

RABBLE—Censures of the.

They condemn what they do not understand.
Cicero.

RABBLE—Clamour of the.

A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass inspired with iron lungs.
Virgil.

RACE—Nobility in the Antiquity of.

A very dark complexion, as far removed from the Negro swarthiness as from the bright Caucasian hue, to which the red blood coursing under the thin transparent skin gave a wonderful vivacity, finely-chiselled features, regular teeth of dazzling whiteness, jet-black pointed beard and moustaches, large lustrous swimming eyes in which many a fair lady would love to see her image reflected,—all gave to his head a rare distinction. His fresh youthful voice, slim form, the delicacy of his hands and feet, his quiet elastic step, like that of a racer, all bore witness to the purity of his descent. I never felt less ashamed of acknowledging my belief in the real value of blood than when in presence of this gentleman of seventy descents, before whose nobility the sovereigns and gentry of Europe must hide their insignificant antiquity. The picturesqueness of his costume matched the beauty of his person. Over a white caftan he wore a loose cherry-coloured jubba; round his waist a Cashmere shawl, in which was stuck crosswise a large silver-sheathed curved poniard, called the jambiah; over his shoulder a sabre was slung by silken cords. His head was covered by the yellow and red kufiah, which hung down behind, and was fastened to his head by a wide white muslin turban, over the sides of which the ends of the kufiah were thrown up. His feet were bare, his sandals, like those of a Roman statue, being left at the edge of the carpet. With all this, his manners were so coldly quiet, that the stiffest drawing-room in England could have found nothing in them to blame; and I confess, that when he left my room after the first meeting, I was inclined to wish that his highness had sent us some less high-born or less unbending guide.
Hamilton.

RACE—Physiology of.

We anticipate in the doctrine of race something like that law of physiology, that, whatever bone, muscle, or essential organ is found in one healthy individual, the same part or organ may be found in or near the same place in its congener; and we look to find in the son every mental and moral property that existed in the ancestor. In race, it is not the broad shoulders, or litheness, or stature, that give advantage, but a symmetry that reaches as far as to the wit. Then the miracle and renown begin. Then first we care to examine the pedigree, and copy heedfully the training,—what food they ate, what nursing, school, and exercises they had, which resulted in this mother-wit, delicacy of thought, and robust wisdom. How came such men as King Alfred, and Roger Bacon, William of Wykeham, Walter Raleigh, Philip Sidney, Isaac Newton, William Shakspeare, George Chapman, Francis Bacon, George Herbert, Henry Vane, to exist here? What made these delicate natures? Was it the air? was it the sea? was it the parentage? For it is certain that these men are samples of their contemporaries. The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue; and no genius can long or often utter anything which is not invited and gladly entertained by men around him. It is race, is it not? that puts the hundred millions of India under the dominion of a remote island in the north of Europe. Race avails much, if that be true, which is alleged, that all Celts are Catholics, and all Saxons are Protestants; that Celts love unity of power, and Saxons the representative principle. Race is a controlling influence in the Jew, who, for two millenniums, under every climate, has preserved the same character and employments. Race in the negro is of appalling importance. The French in Canada, cut off from all intercourse with the parent people, have held their national traits. I chanced to read Tacitus "On the Manners of the Germans," not long since, in Missouri and the heart of Illinois, and I found abundant points of resemblance between the Germans of the Hercynian forest and our Hoosiers, Suckers, and Badgers of the American woods. But whilst race works immortally to keep its own, it is resisted by other forces. Civilization is a re-agent, and eats away the old traits. The Arabs of to-day are the Arabs of Pharaoh; but the Briton of to-day is a very different person from Cassibelaunus or Ossian. Each religious sect has its physiognomy. The Methodists have acquired a face; the Quakers a face; the nuns a face. An Englishman will pick out a dissenter by his manners. Trades and professions carve their own lines on face and form. Certain circumstances of English life are not less effective: as personal liberty; plenty of food; good ale and mutton; open market, or good wages for every kind of labour; high bribes to talent and skill; the

island life, or the million opportunities and outlets for expanding and misplaced talent; readiness of combination among themselves for politics or for business; strikes, and sense of superiority founded on habit of victory in labour and in war; and the appetite for superiority grows by feeding. *Emerson.*

RAGE—Excessive.

The pain is in my head; 'tis in my heart;
'Tis everywhere; it rages like a madness,
And I most wonder how my reason holds.
Otway.

Tempests and whirlwinds through his bosom move,
Heave up, and madly mount the soul above
The reach of pity, or the bounds of love.
Dryden.

'Tis all in vain, this rage that tears thy bosom!
Like a bird that flutters in his cage,
Thou beat'st thyself to death. *Rowe.*

There is not in nature
A thing that makes a man so deform'd, so beastly,
As doth intemp'rate anger. *Webster.*

RAGE—a Transient Passion.

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls.
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.
Still as it ebbs, the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver love supplies its place.
Rowe.

RAGE—Submission to.

Oppose not rage, while rage is in its force;
But give it way a while, and let it waste:
The rising deluge is not stopp'd with dams,—
Those it o'erbears, and drowns the hopes of harvest.
But wisely managed, its divided strength
Is sluiced in channels, and securely drain'd;
And while its force is spent, and unsupplied,
The residue with mounds may be restrain'd,
And dryshod we may pass the naked ford.
Shakspeare.

RAGE—Violence of.

He cryde as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat,
The roaling billows beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seate;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge;
Then 'gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge. *Spenser.*

RAGS.

Rags are the reproach of poverty. *Lamb.*

RAILLERY—to be Avoided.

But, above all things, raillery decline,—
Nature but few does for that task design;
'Tis in the ablest hand a dang'rous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool:
For all must grant, it needs no common art
To keep men patient when we make them smart.
Not wit alone, nor humour's self will do,
Without good-nature, and much prudence too,
To judge aright of persons, place, and time;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime;
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,
Perhaps at court, or next day, would not pass.
Then leave to low buffoons, by custom bred,
And form'd by nature to be kick'd and fed,
The vulgar and unenvied task, to hit
All persons, right or wrong, with random wit.
Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,
Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase;
The motley coat gave warning for the jest,
Excused the wound, and sanctified the pest;
But we, from high to low, all strive to sneer,
Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.
Stillingfleet.

RAILWAYS—in Belgium.

We laboured slowly forward, stopping at some little station every ten minutes, and then trumpeting on again, like a procession of teetotallers returning from one of their excitable festivals. On either side lay the well-tilled and fruitful lands of the Low Countries. Everywhere the same flat, smiling level. Quiet villages cluster picturesquely over the landscape, and the flight of every quarter of an hour is pealed musically from many steeples. Yonder is a thick, shadowy wood, which looks like a fine property for somebody; and near, winds a canal, which must have suffered by the railway. Long lines of poplars mark disused dusty roads in every direction. Stunted pollard-trees cast their broad shadow over dikes where the jack lies watchful and ravenous; the dull tench is sleeping among the weeds of many a silent pond; the eel writhes through the mud beneath him, and the frogs croak around—a noisy multitude. In one spot the tall chimney of a manufactory rises high in the air; and wherever a breeze is to be caught, it turns a windmill. The modest homesteads of the comfortable farmers, with their white-washed walls and straw-thatched roofs, their

plentiful gardens and thriving crops, stud the prospect everywhere. The bee goes about with a business-like hum, and the butterfly, on fluttering wings, wantons on his whimsical way among the bean-fields. The peasants working on the soil look up with wistful eyes, and repose for a moment from their labour as we wander along. All speaks of a gentle government and a prosperous community; though I cannot help moralizing, as we draw near to Ghent, on the mutability of all human things, and reflecting how matters are altered since Charles the Fifth wittily boasted he could put all Paris in his glove (Ghent.) *Dickens.*

RAILWAYS—Labours and Costs of.

The great pyramid of Egypt was, according to Diodorus Siculus, constructed by three hundred thousand; according to Herodotus, by one hundred thousand men. It required for its execution twenty years, and the labour expended on it has been estimated as equivalent to lifting 15,733,000,000 (fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three millions) of cubic feet of stone one foot high. Now, in the same measure, the labour expended in constructing the *Southern* division only of the present London and North-western Railway, if it be reduced to one common denomination, the result is 25,000,000,000 (twenty-five thousand millions) of cubic feet of similar material lifted to the same height, being 9,267,000,000 (nine thousand two hundred and sixty-seven millions) of cubic feet *more* than was lifted for the pyramid; and yet the English work was performed by about 20,000 men only, in less than five years. Again, it has been calculated by Mr. Lecount, that the quantity of earth moved in the single division (112 miles in length) of the railway in question, would be sufficient to make a footpath a foot high and a yard broad round the whole circumference of the earth! the cost of this division of the railway in penny-pieces being sufficient to form a copper kerb or edge to it. Supposing, therefore, the same proportionate quantity of earth to be moved in the 7,150 miles of railway sanctioned by Parliament at the commencement of 1848, our engineers, within about fifteen years, would, in the construction of our railways alone, have removed earth sufficient to girdle the globe *with a road one foot high and one hundred and ninety-one feet broad!* *Sir F. B. Head.*

RAIN—Philosophy of.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered. 1. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow: the water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapour, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated. 2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionably greater in warm than in cold air. 3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth, the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate. Now, when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapour, though, if it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature be suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and, like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! Who but Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth? *Dr. Ure.*

RAIN—Prognostics of.

Careful observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower:
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage;
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage. *Broome.*

RAIN—Showers of.

Dashing in big drops on the narrow pane
And making mournful music for the mind.
Burleigh.

RAIN—Signs of.

The hollow winds begin to blow;
The clouds look black, the glass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky;

The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine,—
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket too, how sharp he sings;
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits, wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch th' incautious flies;
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk, the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The fog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dress'd.
Though June, the air is cold and still;
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain; I see, with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.
Dr. Jenner.

RAINBOW—The.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town;
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down! *Campbell.*

RAINBOW—Description of the.

Meantime, refracted from you eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here awful Newton! the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism,
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light by thee disclosed,
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy:
He, wondering, views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but, amazed,
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. *Thomson.*

That arc of light,
Born of the shower, and colour'd by the sun;
Which spans the heavens when April skies are bright. *J. C. Prince.*

RAINBOW—Philosophy of the.

Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctured hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of science pointed out the path
In which the sunbeams, gleaming from the west,
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient, and that trickling shower,
Piercing through every crystalline convex
Of clust'ring dewdrops, to their flight opposed,
Recoil at length, where, concave all behind,
Th' internal surface of each glassy orb
Repels their forward passage into air;
That thence direct they seek the radiant goal
From which their course began; and as they strike
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Assumes a different lustre, through the braid
Of colours changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's dejected hue. *Akenside.*

RAINBOW—a Divine Sign.

Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous, with three listed colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Milton.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man. *Campbell.*

RANK—Necessary Distinction of.

Distinction of rank is highly necessary for the economy of the world, and was never called in question but by barbarians and enthusiasts. *Rowe.*

RANK—Preservation of.

There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank, than those who have no rank at all. *Shenstone.*

RANKS—Division of.

Yes, there's a patent of nobility
Above the meanness of our common state;
With what they *do* the vulgar natures buy
Its titles,—and with what they *are*, the *great!*
Schiller.

RAPTURE—Definition of.

Rapture is a dream. *Byron.*

RASCALS—Remedy for.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world. *Carlyle.*

RASHNESS—akin to Valour.

That's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. *Shakspeare.*

READING—Social Benefits of.

When the business of the day is over, how many men does the evening hour find comfortably seated in their easy-chairs, reading to themselves, or to some fair friend, or happy group! In how many pleasant homes, while the ladies are seated at their morning employments, or amusements, or whatever they may please to call them, does some glad creature read aloud, in a voice full of music, and marked by the sweetest emotions of a young pure heart, a lay of our mighty bards, or a story of one of our most cunning interweavers of the truth of nature with the splendour of fiction, or follow the wonderful recitals of our travellers, naturalists, and philosophical spirits, into every region of earth or mind! Publishers may tell us "poetry don't sell;" critics may cry "poetry is a drug;" thereby making it so with the frivolous and unreflecting, who are the multitude; but we will venture to say, that at no period were there ever more books read by that part of our population most qualified to draw delight and good from reading; and when we enter mechanics' libraries, and see them filled with simple, quiet, earnest men, and find such men now sitting on stiles in the country, deeper sunk into the very marrow and spirit of a well-handled volume, where we used to meet them in riotous and reckless mischief, we are proud and happy to look forward to that wide and formerly waste field, over which literature is extending its triumphs, and to see the beneficent consequences that will follow to the whole community. *William How.*

READING—Choice of Books in.

Young reader—you, whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted with the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you! Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful, may after all be innocent, and that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so, if you have felt that such were the effects that it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear on the title-page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend; young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture in the rosewood bookcase. *Southey.*

READING—Inclination for.

For general improvement, a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though, to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. What we read with inclination makes a stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but half to be employed on what we read. If a man begins to read in the middle of a book, and feels an inclination to go on, let him not quit it to go to the beginning. He may, perhaps, not feel again the inclination. *Johnson.*

READING—Different Kinds of.

Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination,—this is perfectly free to every man; but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is on this. *Dr. Arnold.*

READING—Pleasures of.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

Lady M. W. Montague.

READING—Reflecting while.

The mind should be accustomed to make wise reflections, and draw curious conclusions as it goes along; the habitude of which made Pliny the younger affirm that he never read a book so bad but he drew some profit from it.

Sterne.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse,—but to weigh and consider.

Bacon.

To read without reflecting, is like eating without digesting. *Burke.*

READING—Proper System of.

A proper and judicious system of reading is of the highest importance. Two things are necessary in perusing the mental labours of others; namely, not to read too much, and to pay great attention to the nature of what you do read. Many persons peruse books for the express and avowed purpose of consuming time; and this class of readers forms by far the majority of what are termed the reading public; others, again, read with the laudable anxiety of being made wiser; and when this object is not attained, the disappointment may generally be attributed, either to the habit of reading too much, or of paying insufficient attention to what falls under their notice. *Blakey.*

Toy with your books, and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from philosophy
To fable shift, from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.
While reading pleases, but no longer, read,
And read aloud resounding Homer's strains,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes:
The chest so exercised improves in strength,
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else through unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits: to stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best; but o'er your leaves
To lean, for ever cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

Armstrong.

READING—Taste for.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and the best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It civilizes the conduct of men, and *suffers* them not to remain barbarous.

Sir John Herschel.

READING—Use of.

It is manifest that all government of action is to be obtained by knowledge, and knowledge, best, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

He picked something out of everything he read. *Pliny.*

REASON.

He who will not reason, is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave. *Byron.*

REASON—for Acting.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone. *Sir Walter Scott.*

REASON—Adjuncts of.

When reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions with the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
The radiant track of glory; passions then

Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant reason
Firm in her seat and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence, and smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame for high renown.
Young.

REASON—not to be Bound.

If reason's reache transcende the skye,
Why shoulde it then to earthe be bounde?
The witte is wronged and leadde awrye,
If mynde be maried to the grounde.
Robert Recorde, 1556.

REASON—Definition of.

Reason, in the English language, is sometimes taken for true and clear principle; sometimes for clear and fair deductions; sometimes for the cause, particularly the final cause. *Locke.*

REASON—a Director.

Reason is the director of man's will, discovering in action what is good; for the laws of well-doing are the dictates of right reason.
Hooker.

REASON—Dwelling-place of.

Within the brain's most secret cells
A certain lord chief justice dwells,
Of sov'reign power, whom one and all,
With common voice, we Reason call.
Churchill.

REASON—Fallibility of.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul; and as on high
Those glimmering lights discover but the sky—
Not light us higher, so reason's feeble ray
But guides us upward to a better day;
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends the hemisphere,
So pale grows reason in religion's light—
So sinks and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Dryden.

REASON—Gift of.

Reason was given to curb our headstrong will,
And yet but shows a weak physician's skill;
Gives nothing while the raging fit doth last,
But stays to cure it when the worst is past.
Reason 's a staff for age, when nature 's gone:
But youth is strong enough to walk alone.
Ibid.

REASON—Glory of.

Reason is the glory of human nature, and one of the chief eminences whereby we are raised above the beasts, in this lower world.
Watts.

REASON—Glory of.

Man is not the prince of creatures,
But in reason; fail that, he is worse
Than horse, or dog, or beast of wilderness.
Field.

REASON—Elevating Influence of.

Reason elevates our thoughts as high as the stars, and leads us through the vast spaces of this mighty fabric; yet it comes far short of the real extent of our corporeal being.
Johnson.

REASON—Insufficiency of.

There are few things reason can discover with so much certainty and ease as its own insufficiency. *Collier.*

REASON—Judgment of.

If, king of England, in this weighty matter,
On which depends the weal and life of thousands,
You love and seek the truth, let reason judge,—
Cool, steady, quiet, and dispassion'd reason;
For never yet, since the proud selfish race
Of men began to jar, did passion give,
Nor ever can it give, a right decision.
Thomson.

REASON—Levity of.

Reason is a very light rider, and easily shook off. *Swift.*

REASON—independent of Passion.

He is next to the gods whom reason, and not passion impels. *Claudian.*

REASON—Prudence of.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason.
Sir Philip Sidney.

REASON—Reflection of.

Polished steel will not shine in the dark; no more can reason, however refined, shine efficaciously, but as it reflects the light of Divine truth, shed from heaven. *Foster.*

REASON—Rejection of.

Wouldst thou destroy the dignity of man,
And level him with brutes—depose fair reason,
And substitute wild, warring appetites,
Disgracing her mild sway? But thou dost best;
The man who dares to act as thou hast done,
Is in the right to banish his reflection.
Havard.

REASON—Shallowness of.

But reason's line wants depth to sound
Heaven's will. *Aaron Hill.*

REASON—Strength of.

When my reason is afloat, my faith cannot long remain in suspense, and I believe in God as firmly as in any other truth whatever; in short, a thousand motives draw me to the consolatory side, and add the weight of hope to the equilibrium of reason. *Rousseau.*

REASON—Test of.

Reason is the test of ridicule—not ridicule the test of truth. *Warburton.*

REASON—Unheard.

Neither great poverty, nor great riches, will hear reason. *Fielding.*

REASON—Voice of.

The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination; since inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination. *Addison.*

REASON—Weakness of.

Alas! had reason ever yet the power
To talk down grief, or bid the tortured wretch
Not feel his anguish?—'tis impossible.
Whitehead.

REASON AND FAITH.

Stoop, stoop, proud man! the gate of heaven is low,
And all who enter in thereat must bend!
Reason has fields to play in, wide as air,
But they have bounds; and if she soar beyond,
Lo! there are lightnings and the curse of God,
And the old thundered "Never!" from the jaws
Of the black darkness and the mocking waste.
Come not to God with questions on thy lips,
He will have love—love and a holy trust,
And the self-abnegation of a child.
'Tis a far higher wisdom to believe,
Than to cry "Question" at the porch of truth.
Think not the Infinite will calmly brook
The plummet of the finite in its deeps.
J. Stanyan Bigg.

REASON AND KINDNESS—Power of.

The language of reason, unaccompanied by kindness, will often fail of making an impression; it has no effect on the understanding, because it touches not the heart. The language of kindness, unassociated with reason, will frequently be unable to persuade; because, though it may gain upon the affections, it wants that which is necessary to convince the judgment. But let reason and kindness be united in a discourse, and seldom will even pride or prejudice find it easy to resist.
Gisborne.

REASON AND PASSION—Seeming Absurdities of.

As reason is a rebel unto faith, so passion unto reason: as the propositions of faith seem absurd unto reason, so the theories of reason unto passion. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

REASONS—Good.

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better. *Shakspeare.*

RECONCILIATION—a Positive Duty.

If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. *St. Matthew.*

RECREATION—Social Benefits of.

Recreation is intended to the mind, as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed starve: as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted, that it may cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening. *Bishop Hall.*

RECREATION—Necessity for.

It being impossible for the mind of man to be always intent upon business, and for the body to be exercised in continual labours, the wisdom of God has therefore adjudged some diversions and recreation (the better to fit both body and mind for the service of their Maker) to be both needful and expedient; such is the constitution of our bodies, and the complexion of our minds, that neither of them can endure a constant toil, without some relaxation and delighting diversion. As a bow, if always bent, will prove sluggish and unserviceable; in like manner will a Christian's mind, if always intent upon the best things; the arrow of devotion will soon flag, and fly but slowly towards heaven. A wise and good man, perhaps, would wish that his body needeth no such diversion; but finding his body tire and grow weary, he is forced to give way to reason, and let religion choose such recreations as are healthful, short, recreative, and proper to refresh both mind and body. *Burkitt.*

RECREATION—Want of.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at their heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.
Shakspeare.

RECREATIONS.

Amusements to virtue are like breezes of air to the flame—gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out. *David Thomas.*

RECRIMINATION—False.

Thou doest me wrong in seeking a scar in a smooth skin. *Lyly.*

REDEMPTION—Attributes of.

Redemption is the confluence of every attribute in Deity, extinguishing by contrast whatever else was splendid, while God himself effused the sparkles of heaven upon the question of despair, and dissolved the darkness of human destiny in a flood of everlasting light! *Dr. Andrews.*

REDEMPTION—Eternal Glories of.

Redemption is the science and the song
Of all eternity. Archangels day
And night into its glories look: the saints,
The elders, round the throne, old in the years
Of heaven, examine it perpetually. *Pollok.*

REFINEMENT—Characteristics of.

That only can with propriety be styled refinement which, by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners. *Coleridge.*

REFLECTION—Art of.

Reader! you have been bred in a land abounding with men able in arts, learning, and knowledges manifold: this man in one, this in another; few in many, none in all. But there is one art of which every man should be a master,—the art of *reflection.* If you are not a *thinking* man, to what purpose are you a *man* at all? In like manner, there is one knowledge which it is every man's duty and interest to acquire, namely, *self-knowledge.* Or to what end was man alone, of all animals, endued by the Creator with the faculty of *self-consciousness?* *Ibid.*

REFLECTION—on Heavenly Objects.

As men enjoy dainties at the dessert, so do wise souls gain a taste for heavenly things when they ascend from their college to the universe, and there look around them. He who has discerned the frailty of human affairs will aspire heavenward from earth.

Happy! to whom this first was given to see,
O happy souls! who did to heaven ascend!

He will begin to set less value on what once appeared to him the most excellent. He will esteem God's works above all things, and in the contemplation of them he will find a pure enjoyment. Great Artist of the world! I look with wonder on the works of thy hands, constructed after five regular forms, and in the midst the sun, the dispenser of light and life. I see the moon and stars, strewn over the infinite field of space. Father of the world! what moved Thee thus to exalt a poor, weak, little creature of earth so high, that he stands in light a far-ruling king, almost a god, for he thinks thy thoughts after Thee! *Keppler.*

REFLECTION—Necessity of.

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs. *Young.*

REFORM—Abhorrence of.

So it is and must be always, my dear boys. If the angel Gabriel were to come down from heaven and head a successful rise against the most abominable and unrighteous vested interest which this poor old world groans under, he would most certainly lose his character for many years, probably for centuries, not only with upholders of the said vested interest, but with the respectable mass of the people he had delivered. They wouldn't ask him to dinner, or let their names appear with his in the papers; they would be careful how they spoke of him in the palaver or at their clubs. What can we expect, then, when we have only poor gallant blundering men like Kossuth, Garibaldi, Mazzini; and righteous causes which do not triumph in their hands; men who have holes enough in their armour, God knows, easy to be hit by respectabilities sitting in their lounging chairs, and having large balances at their bankers? But you are brave gallant boys, who have no balances or bankers, and hate easy-chairs. You only want to have your heads set straight to take the right side: so bear in mind that majorities, especially respectable ones, are nine times out of ten in the wrong; and that if you see man or boy striving earnestly on the wrong side, however wrong-headed or blundering he may be, you are not to go and join the cry against him. If you can't join him and help him, and make him wiser, at any rate remember that he has found something in the world which he will fight and suffer for, which is just what you have got to do for yourselves; and so think and speak of him tenderly. *Hughes.*

REFORM—to Begin at Home.

Reform, like charity, must begin at home. Once well at home, how will it radiate outwards, irrepressible, into all that we touch and handle, speak and work; kindling ever new light by incalculable contagion, spreading, in geometric ratio, far and wide, doing good only wherever it spreads, and not evil.

Carlyle.

REFORMATION—a Work of Time.

Reformation is a work of time. A national taste, however wrong it may be, cannot be totally changed at once; we must yield a little to the prepossession which has taken hold on the mind, and we may then bring people to adopt what would offend them if endeavoured to be introduced by violence.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

REFORMATORIES — Social Advantages of.

God's blessing on the architects who build
The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses
Before impassable to human feet,
No less than on the builders of cathedrals,
Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across
The dark and terrible abyss of death.
Well has the name of Pontifex been given
Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder
And architect of the invisible bridge
That leads from earth to heaven! *Longfellow.*

REFORMERS—Advice to.

Public reformers had need first practise on their own hearts that which they purpose to try on others. *Charles I.*

REFORMS—of the Past and the Present.

There was a time when it was the fashion for public men to say, "Show me a proved abuse, and I will do my best to correct it." Times are changed. Men now say, "Show me a practical improvement, and that improvement I will do my best to realize."

Lord Palmerston.

REGICIDE—Punishment of.

If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. *Shakspeare.*

REGRET.

We might have been—but these are common words,
And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing,
They are the echo of those finer chords,
Whose music we deplore, when unavailing.
We might have been!

Life knoweth no like misery—the rest
Are single sorrows; but in this are blended,
All sweet emotions that disturb the breast,
The light that once was loveliest is ended.
We might have been!

Henceforth, how much of the full heart must be
A sealèd book, at whose contents we tremble;
A still voice mutters 'mid our misery,
The worst to bear, because it must dissemble,
We might have been!

L. E. Landon.

REGULARITY—is Unity.

Regularity is unity, unity is godlike, only the devil is changeable. *Richter.*

RELATION—A Poor.

A poor relation is—the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondency, an odious approximation, a haunting conscience, a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity, an unwelcome remembrancer, a perpetually recurring mortification, a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride, a drawback upon success, a rebuke to your rising, a stain in your blood, a blot on your escutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's-head at your banquet, Agathocles' pot, a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing not needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet, the bore *par excellence*. . . . . His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances. *Lamb.*

RELATIVES—Resemblance in.

As a natural resemblance may be traced between relatives, in respect to their features, their voice, and even their handwriting, so also there is generally a strong resemblance in their characters and feelings. This forms an instinctive congeniality of mind, which makes a friendship more easily begun, and more apt to be permanent, among relatives, than among those who have no such common origin. The most enthusiastic friendships, begun at school, and carried on for years, often unaccountably degenerate into indifference and forgetfulness, if a long period elapse without meeting or hearing from each other; but relations, even when long absent, are often discussed at the fireside circle. All they do

is reported among their connections, who feel in some degree answerable for them; and, after the longest interval, the return of an almost forgotten relative is an event of interest among all his connections; while the mutual kindness of former times is more easily revived, considering the many persons and subjects of common interest in which all parties are united in feeling a concern. Relations should cultivate each other's attachment, as the friends appointed them by God Himself. *Lamb.*

RELAXATION—Advantages of.

I have been employed these last three hours with John Elliott and other boys in trying how long we could keep up two cricket-balls. Lord Minto caught us. He says he must send me on a mission to some very young monarch, for that I shall never have the gravity of an ambassador for a prince turned of twelve. He, however, added the well-known and admirable story of Henry IV. of France, who, when caught on all-fours carrying one of his children, by the Spanish envoy, looked up and said, "Is your excellency married?"—"I am, and have a family," was the reply. "Well, then," said the monarch, "I am satisfied, and shall take another turn round the room;" and off he galloped, with his little son flogging and spurring him on his back. I have sometimes thought of breaking myself of what are termed boyish habits; but reflection has satisfied me that it would be very foolish, and that I should esteem it a blessing that I can find amusement in everything, from tossing a cricket-ball to negotiating a treaty with the emperor of China. Men who will give themselves entirely to business, and despise (which is their term) trifles, are very able in their general conception of the great outlines of a plan, but they feel a want of that knowledge which is only to be gained by mixing with all classes in the world, when they come to those lesser points upon which its successful execution may depend. Of this I am certain. Besides, all habits which give a man light elastic spirits are good.

Sir John Malcolm.

RELAXATION—Pleasures of.

A person accustomed to a life of activity longs for ease and retirement; and when he has accomplished his purpose, finds himself wretched. The pleasure of relaxation, indeed, is known to those only who have regular and interesting employment. Continued relaxation soon becomes a weariness; and, on this ground, we may safely assert that the greatest degree of real enjoyment belongs, not to the luxurious man of wealth, or the listless votary of fashion, but to the middle classes of society, who, along with the comforts of life, have constant and important occupation. *Dr. Abercrombie.*

RELIGION—Appearance of.

The appearance of religion only on Sundays proves that it is only an appearance.

J. Adam.

RELIGION—Armour of.

Religion is the best armour that a man can have, but it is the worst cloak. *Bunyan.*

RELIGION—Present Aspect of.

Religion in most countries—more or less in every country—is no longer what it was, and should be,—a thousand-voiced psalm from the heart of man to his invisible Father, the fountain of all goodness, beauty, truth, and revealed in every revelation of these; but for the most part a wise, prudential feeling, grounded on mere calculation; a matter, as all others now are, of expediency and utility; whereby some smaller quantum of earthly enjoyment may be exchanged for a far larger quantum of celestial enjoyment. Thus religion, too, is profit, a working for wages; not reverence, but vulgar hope or fear. Many, we know—very many, we hope—are still religious in a far different sense; were it not so, our case were too desperate: but to witness that such is the temper of the times, we take any calm observant man, who agrees or disagrees in our feeling on the matter, and ask him whether our view of it is not in general well founded.

Carlyle.

RELIGION—Attributes of.

Know,
Without star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud science fails.

Young.

True religion
Is always mild, propitious, and humble;
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels;
But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,
And builds her grandeur on the public good.

Miller.

RELIGION—Blessedness of.

If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness. *J. Adam.*

A man can even here be with God, so long as he bears God within him. We should be able to see without sadness our most holy wishes fade like sun flowers, because the sun above us still for ever beams, eternally makes new, and cares for all; and a man must not so much

prepare himself for eternity, as plant eternity in himself: eternity, serene, pure, full of depth, full of light, and of all else. *Richter.*

RELIGION—Brightness of.

An everlasting lodestar, that beams the brighter in the heavens the darker here on earth grows the night around him. *Carlyle.*

RELIGION—Changes in.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.
Shakspeare.

RELIGION—Characteristics of.

True piety is cheerful as the day,
Will weep indeed, and heaves a pitying groan
For others' woes, but smiles upon her own.
Cowper.

RELIGION—Charms of.

Seeming devotion does but gild the knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
But where religion does with virtue join,
It makes an hero like an angel shine. *Waller.*

RELIGION—Comforts of.

Good men are comforted under their troubles by the hope of heaven, while bad men are not only deprived of this hope, but distressed with fears arising from a future state. The soul of man can never divest itself wholly of anxiety about its fate hereafter; there are hours when, even to the prosperous, in the midst of their pleasures, eternity is an awful thought, but much more when those pleasures. one after another, begin to withdraw; when life alters its forms, and becomes dark and cheerless—when its changes warn the most inconsiderate, that what is so mutable will soon pass entirely away. Then with pungent earnestness comes home that question to the heart—"Into what world are we next to go?" How miserable the man who, under the distractions of calamity, hangs doubtful about an event which so nearly concerns him; who, in the midst of doubts and anxieties, approaching to that awful boundary which separates this world from the next, shudders at the dark prospect before him, wishing to exist after death, and yet afraid of that existence; catching at every feeble hope which superstition can afford him, and trembling in the same moment, from reflection upon his crimes.
Blair.

RELIGION—Consistency in.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause. *Cowper.*

RELIGION—Consolations of.

It is painful to grow old, to lose by degrees the suppleness, strength, and activity of the body; to perceive each day our organs growing weaker; but when we feel that the soul, constantly exercised, becomes daily more reflective, more mistress of herself, more skilful to avoid, more strong to sustain, without yielding to the shock of all accidents, gaining on the one hand what we lose on the other, we are no longer sensible of growing old.
Robert Hall.

RELIGION—Conventional.

Religion she looked upon in the light of a ticket, which, being once purchased and snugly laid away in a pocket-book, is to be produced at the celestial gate, and thus secure admission to heaven. . . . Like many other apparently negative characters, she had a pertinacious intensity of an extremely narrow and aimless self-will. Her plans of life, small as they were, had a thousand crimps and plaits, to every one of which she adhered with invincible pertinacity. The poor lady little imagined, when she sat with such punctilious satisfaction, while her pastor demonstrated that selfishness is the essence of all moral evil, that the sentiment had the slightest application to her, nor dreamed that the little quiet muddy current of self-will, which ran without noise or indecorum under the whole structure of her being, might be found, in a future day, to have undermined all her hopes of heaven. *Mrs. Stowe.*

RELIGION—Defence of.

Arouse thee, youth!—it is no human call,—
God's church is leagur'd—haste to man the wall;
Haste where the red-cross banners wave on high,—
Signal of honour'd death or victory!
James Duff.

RELIGION—Definition of.

Religion is equally the basis of private virtue and public faith; of the happiness of the individual, and the prosperity of the nation. *W. Barrow.*

RELIGION—Dictates of.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. *St. Matthew.*

RELIGION—Difficulty attending.

If it were only the exercise of the body, the moving of the lips, the bending of the knee, men would as commonly step to heaven as they go to visit a friend; but to separate our thoughts and affections from the world, to draw forth all our graces, and increase each in its proper object, and to hold them to it till the work prospers in our hands, this—this is the difficulty. *Baxter.*

RELIGION—Effects of.

The principles of the Christian religion are beautiful, its consequences natural, and its origin ancient; that it enlightens the mind, comforts the heart, and establishes the welfare of society. *C. Ramsay.*

RELIGION—Gospel Effects of.

Oh, the wonders it will accomplish! It wipes guilt from the conscience, rolls the world out of the heart, and darkness from the mind. It will brighten the most gloomy scene, smoothe the most rugged path, and cheer the most despairing mind. It will put honey into the bitterest cup, and health into the most diseased soul. It will give hope to the heart, health to the face, oil to the head, light to the eye, strength to the hand, and swiftness to the foot. It will make life pleasant, labour sweet, and death triumphant. It gives faith to the fearful, courage to the timid, and strength to the weak. It robs the grave of its terrors, and death of its sting. It subdues sin, severs from self, makes faith strong, love active, hope lively, and zeal invincible. It gives sonship for slavery, robes for rags, makes the cross light, and reproach pleasant; it will transform a dungeon into a palace, and make the fires of martyrdom as refreshing as the cool breeze of summer. It snaps legal bonds, loosens the soul, clarifies the mind, purifies the affections, and often lifts the saint to the very gates of heaven. . . . No man can deserve it; money cannot buy it, or good deeds procure it; grace reigns here! *Balfern.*

RELIGION (A Little)—Evils of.

"Drink deep, or taste not," is a direction fully as applicable to religion, if we would find it a source of pleasure, as it is to knowledge. A little religion is, it must be confessed, apt to make men gloomy, as a little knowledge is to render them vain; hence the unjust imputation often brought upon religion by those whose degree of religion is just sufficient, by condemning their course of conduct, to render them uneasy; enough merely to impair the sweetness of the pleasures of sin, and not enough to compensate for the relinquishment of them by its own peculiar comforts. Thus then men bring up, as it were, an ill report of that land of promise, which, in truth, abounds with whatever, in our journey through life, can best refresh and strengthen us. *Wilberforce.*

RELIGION—Excellence of.

It is an excellent thing when men's religion makes them generous, free-hearted, and open-handed, scorning to do a thing that is paltry and sneaking. *Matthew Henry.*

RELIGION—with Civil Freedom.

Religion grows and blooms among the highest and most palmy branches of the tree of liberty, and ripens in luxuriance amongst its topmost boughs. . . . It is by a favourable arrangement of political circumstances that religion is most likely to be advanced; by the establishment of that genuine and legitimate freedom which is equally removed from the extremes of anarchy on the one side, and tyranny on the other.

Robert Hall.

RELIGION—Influence of.

Religion, whether natural or revealed, has always the same beneficial influence on the mind. In youth, in health, and prosperity, it awakens feelings of gratitude, and sublime love, and purifies at the same time that which it exalts: but it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt: when submission in faith, and humble trust in the divine will, from duties become pleasures, undecaying sources of consolation; then it creates powers which were believed to be extinct, and gives a freshness to the mind which was supposed to have passed away for ever, but which is now renovated as an immortal hope. Its influence outlives all earthly enjoyments, and becomes stronger, as the organs decay, and the frame dissolves; it appears, as that evening star of light, in the horizon of life, which we are sure is to become, in another season, a morning star, and it throws its radiance through the gloom and shadow of death.

Sir Humphrey Davy.

RELIGION—in Common Life.

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting clime:
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
And ply their daily task with busier feet
Because their hearts some holy strain repeat.

Keble.

RELIGION—Light of.

It is highly worthy of observation, that the inspired writings received by Christians are distinguishable from all other books pretending to inspiration, from the scriptures of the Brahmins, and even from the Koran, in their strong and frequent recommendations of truth. I do not here mean veracity, which cannot but be enforced in every code which appeals to the religious principle of man; but knowledge. This is not only extolled as the crown and honour of a man, but to seek after it is again and again commanded us as one of our most sacred duties. Yea, the very perfection and final bliss of the glorified spirit is represented by the Apostle as a plain aspect, or intuitive beholding of truth in its eternal and immutable source. Not that knowledge can of itself do all! The light of Religion is not that of the moon, light without heat; but neither is its warmth that of the stove, warmth without light. Religion is the sun whose warmth swells, and stirs, and actuates the life of nature, but who at the same time beholds all the growth of life with a master eye, makes all objects glorious on which he looks, and by that glory visible to all others.

Coleridge.

RELIGION—Loving.

A prince who loves and fears religion is a lion, who stoops to the hand that strokes, or to the voice that appeases him. He who fears and hates religion, is like the savage beast that growls and bites the chain, which prevents his flying on the passenger. He who has no religion at all, is that terrible animal, who perceives his liberty only when he tears in pieces, and when he devours. *Montesquieu.*

RELIGION—Mission of.

Religion finds the love of happiness and the principle of duty separated in us; and its mission—its masterpiece—is to reunite them.

Vinet.

RELIGION—Motive to.

He is a pious man who, contemplating all things with a serene and quiet soul, conceiveth aright of God, and worshippeth Him in his mind; not induced thereto by hope or reward, but for His supreme nature and excellent majesty. *Epicurus.*

RELIGION—Necessity of.

I have lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honour without the sentiment of religion. *La Place.*

RELIGION—Necessity of.

True religion is the foundation of society. When that is once shaken by contempt, the whole fabric cannot be stable nor lasting.

Burke.

RELIGION—Perversions of.

Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts:
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,
The harlot of your fancies; and by adding
False beauties, which she wants not, make the world
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,
And will not bear all lights. *Rowe.*

RELIGION—Pleasure of.

The pleasure of the religious man is an easy and portable pleasure, such an one as he carries about in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or the envy of the world.

South.

RELIGION—Political.

When in our days religion is made a political engine, she exposes herself to having her sacred character forgotten. The most tolerant become intolerant towards her. Believers, who believe something else besides what she teaches, retaliate by attacking her in the very sanctuary itself. *Beranger.*

RELIGION—Practice of.

Live well, and then, how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity. *Randolph.*

RELIGION—Elevating Principle of.

Religion is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease, when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue.

Burke.

RELIGION—a Safe Principle.

Whether religion be true or false, it must be necessarily granted to be the only wise principle and safe hypothesis for a man to live and die by. *Tillotson.*

There are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real distress; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies, and to bear us up under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject. *Sterne.*

RELIGION—Profession of.

O, the cursed madness of many that seem to be religious! They thrust themselves into a multitude of employments, till they are

loaded with labours and clogged with cares, and their souls are as unfit to converse with God, as a man to walk with a mountain on his back; and as unapt to soar in meditation, as their bodies to leap above the sun! And when they have lost that heaven upon earth, which they might have had, they take up with a few rotten arguments to prove it lawful; though indeed they cannot. *Baxter.*

RELIGION—Professors of.

Nothing exposes religion more to the reproach of its enemies than the worldliness and hard-heartedness of the professors of it. *Matthew Henry.*

RELIGION—Pure.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. *St. James.*

Religion consists not in knowledge, but in a holy life. *Bishop Taylor.*

RELIGION—Reasonableness of.

The calm, composed, and strictly-reasonable character of a religion, which so entirely relates to things invisible as that delivered in the Gospel, has always afforded to my mind the most conclusive internal evidence of the divine authority of its author. Such a system could not have emanated from an enthusiast; for the points on which the enthusiast would have enlarged and insisted the most, the Gospel absolutely excludes. Neither could such a system have proceeded from an impostor; for where the impostor would have delighted to expatiate, in attractive inventions respecting the circumstances of the higher and unseen world, the Gospel is altogether silent. There is a certain plain, severe, direct, substantial impression of the truth stamped upon the Christian revelation, which declares its origin to be derived from the very source of truth. It is, at the same time, purely spiritual, and strictly practical. It represents the earth as the school for heaven; our moral duties are God's service; our domestic and social affections, purified by faith, are identified with the graces of His Spirit; and the active business of a Christian life—its labours, its temptations, and its anxieties—constitute the discipline by which we are prepared for that more exalted state of being in a better world, of which we only know that it will be a social state, and secure from the intrusion of sin, and care, and death. *Harness.*

RELIGION—the Surest Refuge.

Come then, Religion, holy, heaven-born maid,
Thou surest refuge in our day of trouble,
To thy great guidance, to thy strong protection,
I give my child. *Francis.*

RELIGION—Unjust Representation of.

How common it is for men first to throw dirt in the face of religion, and then persuade themselves it is its natural complexion! They represent it to themselves in a shape least pleasing to them, and then bring that as a plea why they give it no better entertainment. *Stillingfleet.*

RELIGION—Restraint of.

It is rare to see a rich man religious; for religion preaches restraint, and riches prompt to unlicensed freedom. *Feltham.*

RELIGION—Simplicity of.

Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain:
But since men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say;
For it's not likely we should higher soar,
In search of heaven, than all the church before.
Dryden.

RELIGION—without Superstition.

A man should be religious, not superstitious. *Gell.*

RELIGION—No Support without.

There are few instances, I believe, to be met with, in any situation, of a regular and supported conduct, without the aid of religion. This is necessary to fill up and quicken those dull intervals which happen in the busiest life, and to preserve a retired one from a total stagnation. It is religion which must plant in the soul that motive principle, which will display itself in a useful course of employment, whatever be the circumstances in which we are placed, like a perennial spring, that still sends forth a pure and salubrious stream, notwithstanding every alteration of weather or vicissitude of seasons.

The activity of man, as a rational being, depends chiefly on the end he has in view. Now the end presented to him by religion, is of the most excellent and interesting nature, and, if duly apprehended, will always command a vigorous exercise of his moral and intellectual powers; and thus furnish him with the noblest occupation, even in the midst of a desert. He who is fully conscious that he has a soul to save, and an eternity to secure, and,

still further, to animate his endeavours, that God and angels are the spectators of his conduct, can never want motives for exertion in the most sequestered solitude. *Bates.*

RELIGION—the Best Teacher.

Man has called in the friendly assistance of Philosophy, and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of Religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them: and, on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and it will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery; and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak, but religion comforts in a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing for another abode. To religion then we must hold in every circumstance of life, for our truest comforts: for if already we are happy it is a pleasure to think we can make that happiness unending; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think there is a place of rest. Thus to the fortunate, religion holds out a continuance of bliss, to the wretched a change from pain. *Goldsmith.*

RELIGION—Value of.

Take away God and religion, and men live to no purpose, without proposing any worthy and considerable end of life to themselves. *Tillotson.*

RELIGION—Virtues of.

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth. *Bacon.*

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

They that cry down moral honesty, cry down that which is a great part of my religion, —my duty towards God, and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home? On the other side, morality must not be without religion; for if so, it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. *Seldon.*

REMEMBRANCE.

Dispute it like a man.—
I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. *Shakspeare.*

REMEMBRANCE—of Divine Beneficence.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Shakspeare.

REMEMBRANCE—Paradise of.

Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away. Indeed, our first parents were not to be deprived of it. *Richter.*

REMORSE—Definitions of.

Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue. *Bulwer Lytton.*

One of those terrible moments when the wheel of passion stands suddenly still. *Ibid.*

REMORSE—before actual Sin.

Sin and hedgehogs are born without spikes, but how they prick and wound after their birth we all know. The most unhappy being is he who feels remorse before the (sinful) deed, and brings forth a sin already furnished with teeth in its birth, the bite of which is soon prolonged into an incurable wound of the conscience. *Richter.*

REMORSE—Torment of.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear for their scourge mean villains have;
Thou art the torturer of the brave.
Sir Walter Scott.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,—
To be forestall'd, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up:
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul
murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
Shakspeare.

Out, damned spot! out, I say! *Ibid.*

REMORSE—Torment of.

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentence; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that, pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of blood. *Coleridge.*

REMORSE—when Useless.

Man has an unlucky tendency in his evil hour, after having received an injury, to rake together all the moon-spots on his antagonist, and thus change a single deed into a whole life, so as more fully to relish the pleasure of wrath. Fortunately, with regard to love, he has the opposite tendency, that of pressing together all the lights—all the rays emitted from the beloved object by the burning-glass of fantasy—into one focus, and making of them one radiant sun without any spots. But, alas, man too often does so for the first time when his beloved one—yes, often blamed one—has passed beyond the cloudy sky of this life. Now, in order that we may act thus sooner and oftener, we should follow Winckelmann's example; only in another way: viz., as this man spent one half-hour every day barely in contemplating and reflecting upon his unfortunate existence in Rome, so ought we daily or weekly to dedicate and sanctify a solitary hour to the reckoning up of all the virtues of one's belongings,—Wife, children, friends,—and contemplating them then in a beautiful collection. And we should do so now, that we may not pardon and love in vain and too late, after the beloved one has been taken away from us to a better world. *Richter.*

RENEGADE—Malice of the.

There is no malice like the malice of the renegade. *Macaulay.*

REPENTANCE—Anguish of.

Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limèd soul; that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged. Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! *Shakspeare.*

Good ruffians, give me leave; my blood is yours;
The wheel's prepared, and you shall have it all;
Let me but look one moment on the dead,
And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.
Is this Alonzo? where's the haughty mien?
Is that the hand which smote me? heavens, how pale!
And art thou dead? so is my enmity:
I war not with the dust; the great, the proud,
The conqueror of Afric, was my foe.
A lion preys not upon carcasses;
This was the only method to subdue me;
Terror and doubt fall on me; all thy good
Now blazes; all thy guilt is in the grave:
Never had man such funeral applause.
If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great;
O vengeance! I have follow'd thee too far,
And to receive me, hell blows all her fires.
Young.

'Tis ever thus
With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly;
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience
Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
Of their severe repentance. *Mason.*

These books teach holy sorrow and contrition,
And penitence. Is it become an art, then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't.
I've more real anguish in my heart
Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.
Rowe.

REPENTANCE—Benefits of.

Heaven and angels
Take great delight in a converted sinner.
Why should you, then, a servant and professor,
Differ so much from them? If every woman
That commits evil should be therefore kept
Back in desires of goodness, how should virtue
Be known and honour'd? From a man that's blind
To take a burning taper, 'tis no wrong;
He never misses it: but to take light
From one that sees, that's injury and spite.
Pray, whether is religion better served
When lives that are licentious are made honest?
Or when they still run through a sinful blood?
'Tis nothing virtue's temple to deface;
But build the ruins, there's a work of grace.
Middleton.

REPENTANCE—a Cordial.

Repentance,
A salve, a comfort, and a cordial;
He that hath her, the keys of heaven hath:
This is the guide, this is the post, the path.
Drayton.

REPENTANCE—Definitions of.

Repentance is heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing. *Shakspeare.*

The relinquishment of any practice, from the conviction that it has offended God. Sorrow, fear, and anxiety are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they

are too closely connected with it to be easily separated. *Addison.*

REPENTANCE—Effects of.

What! will this penitence not move thee?
Know
There is a rose-lipp'd seraph sits on high,
Who ever bends his holy ear to earth
To mark the voice of penitence, to catch
Her solemn sighs, to tune them to his harp,
And echo them in harmonies divine
Up to the throne of grace. *Mason.*

REPENTANCE—Fault of.

Man should do nothing that he should repent;
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault, if he be not truly.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

REPENTANCE—issuing a Forgiveness.

If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. *St. Luke.*

REPENTANCE—Clothing the Past.

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers,
The grave in which the past is laid. *Sterling.*

REPENTANCE—For the Past.

He who seeks repentance for the past, should woo the angel virtue for the future.
Bulwer Lytton.

REPENTANCE—Purifying Power of.

Repentance hath a purifying power, and every tear is of a cleansing virtue; but these penitential clouds must be still kept dropping: one shower will not suffice; for repentance is not one single action, but a course. *South.*

REPENTANCE—Sincerity of.

O ye powers! that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts!
If I've done amiss, impute it not:
The best may err, but ye are good! *Addison.*

REPENTANCE—Sweetness of.

This affliction hath a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. *Shakspeare.*

REPENTANCE—True.

A sorrow that needeth not to be repented of.
St. Paul.

True repentance is to cease from sin. *Ambrose.*

REPENTANCE—Virtue of.

Sorrow for past ills doth restore frail man
To his first innocence. *Nabb.*

REPINERS—A Lesson for.

Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do: loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for healthened competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.
Izaak Walton.

REPORTS—False.

Open your ears; for which you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud rumour speaks!
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence;
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant, war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant, wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. *Shakspeare.*

REPROACH—Unjust.

I also could speak as ye do, if your soul were in my soul's stead: I could heap up words against you, and shake mine head against you. But I would strengthen you with my mouth, and the moving of my lips should assuage your grief. *Job.*

REPROOF—Friendly.

Prithee, forgive me;
I did but chide in jest; the best loves use it
Sometimes; it sets an edge upon affection.
When we invite our best friends to a feast,

'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them ;
There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet appetite
And make them taste their wine well ; so, methinks,
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' th' grape. *Middleton.*

REPROOF—Gentleness of.

You have heard
The fiction of the north-wind and the sun,
Both working on a traveller, and contending
Which had most power to take his cloak from him ;
Which, when the wind attempted, he roar'd out
Outrageous blasts at him, to force it off,
Then wrapt it closer on : when the calm sun
(The wind once leaving) charged him with still beams,
Quiet and fervent, and therein was constant ;
Which made him cast off both his cloak and coat :
Like whom should men do. *Chapman.*

REPROOF—Sharpness of.

Forbear sharp speeches to her ; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her. *Shakspeare.*

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct. *Ibid.*

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men ;
Good counsel comes clean out of season then :
But when his fury is appeased and past,
He will conceive his fault, and mend at last.
When he is cool, and calm, then utter it :
No man gives physic in the midst o' th' fit.
Randolph.

REPROOF—Strength of.

I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink ;
But I will ring thee such a piece of chiding
Thou shalt confess the troubled sea more calm ;
That thunder with less violence cleaves the air.
The ravens, screech-owls, and the mandrake voice,
Shall be thy constant music. *Ibid.*

REPROOF—Utility of.

The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors ; which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage. The reproaches, therefore, of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent. *Budgell.*

REPUTATION—Importance of.

O reputation ! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet to smell ;
Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand,
Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil
Of the rude spiller, ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness.
Sewell.

Dost thou know what reputation is ?
Upon a time, Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travel o'er the world ; and 'twas concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways.
Death told 'em they should find him in great battles ;
Or cities visited with plagues ; Love gives them counsel
To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talk'd of ; and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left 'em
By their dead parents. But, says Reputation,
Do not forsake me ; for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again ! *Webster.*

REPUTATION—a Jewel.

Good name, in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Shakspeare.*

REPUTATION—Living on.

How many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made !
Holmes.

REPUTATION—Loss of.

Had he unjustly fallen, your name had then
Been stain'd to latest times with foul reproach ;
And what more dreadful, more to be abhorr'd,
Than to be known with infamy for ever ?
Paterson.

Oh ! I have lost my reputation !
I have lost 'th immortal part of myself :
And what remains is bestial. *Shakspeare.*

REPUTATION—Preserving Power of.

If entreaty fail,
The force of reputation shall prevail.
Tourneurs.

REPUTATION—Sporting with.

If Parliament were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as sporting on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, there are many who would thank them for the bill. *Sheridan.*

REPUTATION—a Treasure.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away.
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
Shakspeare.

REPUTATIONS—Conventional.

Literary life is full of curious phenomena. I don't know that there is anything more noticeable than what we may call *conventional reputations*. There is a tacit understanding in every community of men of letters that they will not disturb the popular fallacy respecting this or that electro-gilded celebrity. There are various reasons for this forbearance: one is old; one is rich; one is good-natured; one is such a favourite with the pit, that it would not be safe to hiss him from the manager's box. The venerable augurs of the literary or scientific temple may smile faintly when one of the tribe is mentioned; but the farce is in general kept up as well as the Chinese comic scene of entreating and imploring a man to stay with you, with the implied compact between you that he shall by no means think of doing it. A poor wretch he must be who would wantonly sit down on one of these bandbox reputations. A Prince Rupert's drop, which is a tear of unannealed glass, lasts indefinitely, if you keep it from meddling hands; but break its tail off, and it explodes, and resolves itself into powder. These celebrities I speak of are the Prince Rupert's drops of the learned and polite world. See how the papers treat them. What an array of pleasant kaleidoscopic phrases, that can be arranged in ever so many charming patterns, is at their service. How kind the "Critical Notices"—where small authorship comes to pick up chips of praise, fragrant, sugary, and sappy—always are to them. Well, life would be nothing without paper credit and other fictions; so let them pass current. *Holmes.*

RESENTMENT—Depth of.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
Shakspeare.

RESENTMENT—Pain of.

Resentment is, in every stage of the passion, painful, but it is not disagreeable, unless in excess; pity is always painful, yet always agreeable; vanity, on the contrary, is always pleasant, yet always disagreeable. *Home.*

RESIGNATION—Blessing of.

Whate'er my doom;
It cannot be unhappy: God hath given me
The boon of resignation. *Wilson.*

RESIGNATION—to God.

It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good. ——— *Samuel.*

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. *Job.*

———

Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.
——— *Samuel.*

Heart, be still!
In the darkness of thy woe,
Bow thou silently and low;
Comes to thee whate'er God will,—
Be thou still!

Be thou still!
Vainly all thy words are spoken,
Till the word of God hath broken
Life's dark mysteries—good or ill—
Be thou still!

Rest thou still!
'Tis thy Father's work of grace,—
Wait thou yet before His face;
He thy sure deliverance will—
Keep thou still!

Lord my God!
By thy grace, O may I be
All submissive, silently,
To the chastenings of thy rod:
Lord my God!

Shepherd King!
From thy fulness grant to me
Still, yet fearless, faith in thee,
Till from night the day shall spring!—
Shepherd King! *Schiller.*

———

Accuse not Heaven's high will,
Nor struggle with the tenfold chain of fate
That links thee to thy woes! Oh, rather yield,
And wait the happier hour, when innocence

Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing hope,
And yield thyself to Heaven. *Barbarossa.*

Resolved and agreed, that God's will ought to determine mine, and not mine pretend to determine the will of God. *Gossner.*

RESIGNATION—Light of.

True resignation, which always brings with it the confidence that unchangeable goodness will make even the disappointment of our hopes and the contradictions of life conducive to some benefit, casts a grave but tranquil light over the prospect of even a toilsome and troubled life. *Humboldt.*

RESIGNATION—Need for.

Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeased,
That with unthankfulness you take His doing;
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Shakspeare.

RESIGNATION—Recommended.

Intrust thy fortune to the powers above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.
In goodness as in greatness they excel:
Ah! that we loved ourselves but half so well!
Dryden.

Still raise for good the supplicated voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice. *Johnson.*

RESIGNATION—under Severe Trial.

I remember I saw an old officer, having his son with him (a fine man, about twenty years of age), going into the tent to dine. Whilst they were at dinner, a shot from the bastion of St. Antonio took off the head of the son. The father immediately rose up, first looking down upon his headless child, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks, only said, "*Thy will be done!*" It was a sad spectacle, and truly it affects me even now whilst I am writing.
Captain Carleton.

RESIGNATION—Wisdom of.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven. *Cotton.*

RESISTANCE—Spirit of.

There is a spirit of resistance implanted by the Deity in the breast of man, proportioned to the size of the wrongs he is destined to endure. *C. J. Fox.*

RESOLUTION—Firmness of.

I stand
On a sure ground, unshaken as a rock
That bears the force of storms, yet still remains
Firm on the base, and rears its lofty head
Above the clouds. *Bushe.*

How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine. *Shakspeare.*

To a mind resolv'd and wise,
There is an impotence in misery,
Which makes me smile when all its shafts are in me. *Young.*

RESOLUTION—Determined Spirit of.

Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victory
Or die with fame, renown'd for chivalry;
He is not worthy the honeycomb
That shuns the hive because the bees have stings,
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand dangers do accompany;
For nothing can dismay our regal mind,
Which aims at nothing but a golden crown,—
The only upshot of mine enterprises.
Were they enchainèd in grim Pluto's court,
And kept for treasure 'mong his hellish crew,
I'd either quell the triple Cerberus,
And all the army of his hateful hags,
Or roll the stone with wretched Sisyphus.
Shakspeare.

I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Not fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly. *Ibid.*

Experience teacheth us
That resolution's a sole help in need:

And this, my lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in ev'ry enterprise:
Then since there is no way, but fight or die,
Be resolute, my lord, for victory. *Shakspeare.*

Why look you sad?
Be great in act as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviour from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.
Ibid.

RESPECT—Procurement of.

Respect is better procured by exacting than soliciting for it. *Greville.*

RESPIRATION—Pure Air Necessary for.

It appears that when respiration is performed naturally, there are about 18 respirations in one minute, 1,080 in the hour, and 25,920 in the 24 hours. By each inspiration a pint of air is sent to the lungs—that is, 18 pints in a minute; in the hour more than two hogsheads, and in the 24 hours more than 57 hogsheads. When the body is in a state of health, there will be 72 pulsations of the heart in one minute. Every pulsation sends to the lungs two ounces of blood. Thus, 146 ounces, about an imperial gallon, are sent to the lungs, for the purpose of arterialization, or purification, every minute. In one hour, there are sent 450 pints, in 24 hours nearly 11,000 pints. The blood performs a complete circuit in the system in 110 seconds, and 540 circuits in 24 hours. There are three complete circulations of the blood in every eight minutes of time. The object of this beautiful arrangement is to ventilate the blood. A constant supply of fresh air is an absolute necessity of our nature. If we are deprived of it, we die at once; if the air is vitiated, we suffer languor, which very often results in disease.
Dr. S. Smith.

RESPONSIBILITY—to God.

All men, if they work not as in a Great Task-master's eye, will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and you. *Carlyle.*

RESPONSIBILITY—Necessity of.

If the master takes no account of his servants, they will make small account of him, and care not what they spend, who are never brought to an audit. *Fuller.*

REST—the Object of All.

Rest unto our souls!—'tis all we want—the end of all our wishes and pursuits: give us a prospect of this, we take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth to have it in possession: we seek for it in titles, in riches, and pleasures—climb up after it by ambition,—come down again, and stoop for it by avarice,—try all extremes: still we are gone out of the way; nor is it till after many miserable experiments that we are convinced at last, we have been seeking everywhere for it, but where there is a prospect of finding it; and that is within ourselves, in a meek and lowly disposition of heart. *Sterne.*

O happiness of sweet retired content!
To be at once secure and innocent. *Denham.*

REST AND LABOUR—Beneficial.

Alternate rest and labour long endure. *Ovid.*

RESTITUTION—Exceptional Mode of Making.

I have taken notice of several in my time, who, convinced by their consciences of unjustly detaining the goods of another, have endeavoured to make amends by their will, and after their decease; but they had as well do nothing as delude themselves both in taking so much time in so pressing an affair, and also in going about to repair an injury with so little demonstration of resentment and concern. They owe over and above something of their own; and by how much their payment is more strict and incommodious to themselves, by so much is their restitution more perfect, just, and meritorious; for a penitency requires penance. *Montaigne.*

RESTLESSNESS—Folly of.

An anxious, restless temper, that runs to meet care on its way, that regrets lost opportunities too much, and that is over-painstaking in contrivances for happiness, is foolish, and should not be indulged. "On doit être heureux sans trop penser à l'être." If you

cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy; for health and good-humour are almost the whole affair. Many run after felicity like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head or in his hand. Though sometimes, small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases. *Sharpe.*

RESURRECTION—The.

At midnight, 'tis presumed this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness; sudden as the spark
From smitten steel, from nitrous grain the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire,
All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Young.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thoughts?
I think of nothing else,—I see! I feel it!
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All deities, like summer swarms, on wings,
All basking in the full meridian blaze!
I see the Judge enthroned, the flaming guard!
The volume open'd—open'd every heart!
A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought!
No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet, the clement mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!
Inexorable all! and all extreme! *Ibid.*

RETIREMENT—Blessings of.

O bless'd retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine!
A youth of labour with an age of ease!
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly;
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!
Goldsmith.

RETIREMENT—Men of.

We are men of secluded habits, with something of a cloud upon our early fortunes; whose enthusiasm, nevertheless, has not cooled with age; whose spirit of romance is not yet quenched; who are content to ramble through the world in a pleasant dream, rather than ever waken again to its harsh realities. We are alchemists, who would extract the essence of perpetual youth from dust and ashes, tempt coy Truth in many light and airy forms from the bottom of her well, and discover one crumb of comfort, or one grain of good, in the commonest and least-regarded matter that passes through our crucible. Spirits of past times, creatures of imagination, and people of to-day, are alike the objects of our seeking; and, unlike the objects of search with most philosophers, we can insure their coming at our command. *Dickens.*

RETIREMENT—Necessity for.

He must know little of the world, and still less of his own heart, who is not aware how difficult it is, amidst the corrupting examples with which it abounds, to maintain the spirit of devotion unimpaired, or to preserve, in their due force and delicacy, those vivid moral impressions, that quick perception of good, and instinctive abhorrence of evil, which form the chief characteristics of a pure and elevated mind. These, like the morning dew, are easily brushed off in the collisions of worldly interest, or exhaled by the meridian sun. Hence the necessity of frequent intervals of *retirement*,—when the mind may recover its scattered powers, and renew its strength by a devout application to the Fountain of all grace. *Robert Hall.*

RETIREMENT—Reprehension of.

Exert your talents and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire. I hate a fellow, whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness, drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do, and bark. *Johnson.*

RETIREMENT—Sweets of.

Ah, prince! hadst thou but known the joys which dwell
With humble fortunes, thou wouldst curse thy royalty!

Had fate allotted us some obscure village,
Where, only blest with life's necessaries,
We might have pass'd in peace our happy days,
Free from the cares which crowns and empires bring!
There no stepmother, no ambitious mother,
No wicked statesman, would with impious arts
Have strove to wrest from us our small inheritance,
Or stir the simple hinds to noisy faction!
Our nights had been all bless'd with balmy slumbers,
And all our waking hours been crown'd with love! *Rowe.*

I see there is no man but may make his paradise;
And it is nothing but his love and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys that keeps him out on't;
For he that lives retired in mind and spirit
Is still in paradise. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything!
Shakspeare.

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life!
There live retired; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good!—
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
Addison.

RETIREMENT AND STUDY—Use to be made of.

It is a mean of obtaining knowledge which may rightly influence the conduct of the individual. Knowledge is still the object, but it is not the ultimate object: it is not the knowledge which lies, like the miser's hoard, unproductive, while other heaps are accumulating; it is rather like the wealth which is continually current, and is ever ministering to the necessities and comforts of mankind. From such a description of the end of study, it follows that the proper season for its cultivation is the spring of life, while there is yet a future which the knowledge to be acquired may influence. In general, the foundations of a happy old age must be laid in youth; and in particular, he who has not cultivated the reason young, will be utterly unable to improve it old. *Cooke.*

RETREAT—Discretion of.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain;
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art. *Butler.*

RETRIBUTION — Unperceived Approach of.

There is no strange handwriting on the wall,
Thro' all the midnight hum no threatening call,
Nor on the marble floor the stealthy fall
Of fatal footsteps. All is safe. Thou fool,
The avenging deities are shod with wool!
W. Allen Butler.

RETROSPECTION.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every motion of envy dies; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire forsakes me; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I reflect how vain it is to grieve for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying beside those who deposed them, when I behold rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the frivolous competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. *Addison.*

RETROSPECTION—Pleasures of.

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be bless'd—
Delight and liberty the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—

. . . . . .

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake,
To perish never:
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,

Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore. *Wordsworth.*

RETROSPECTION—provoking a vain Wish.

I can remember, with unsteady feet,
Tottering from room to room, and finding pleasure
In flowers, and toys, and sweetmeats, things which long
Have lost their power to please; which, when I see them,
Raise only now a melancholy wish
I were the little trifler once again
Who could be pleased so lightly. *Southey.*

REVELATION—Character of.

As revelation is a communication from an infinite mind to a finite capacity, it may be expected to mingle shadow with its splendour; for what finite comprehension can grasp infinity? *Leslie.*

REVENGE—Definition of.

Wild justice. *Bacon.*

REVENGE—an Evil.

A pure and simple *revenge* does in no way restore man towards the felicity which the injury did interrupt. For revenge is but doing a simple evil, and does not, in its formality, imply reparation; for the mere repeating of our own right is permitted to them that will do it by charitable instruments. All the ends of human felicity are secured without revenge, for without it we are permitted to restore ourselves; and therefore it is against natural reason to do an evil, that no way co-operates the proper and perfective end of human nature. And he is a miserable person, whose good is the evil of his neighbour; and he that revenges, in many cases, does worse than he that did the injury; in all cases as bad.
Jeremy Taylor.

REVENGE—Folly of.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. *Shakspeare.*

REVENGE—Implacability of.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. *Shakspeare.*

REVENGE—Passion of.

Revenge is an act of passion; vengeance, of justice: injuries are revenged, crimes are avenged. *Johnson.*

REVENGE—Self-punishment of.

He who studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green. *Bacon.*

REVENGE—Best Sort of.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury. *Antoninus.*

REVENGE—Spirit of.

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
I would have him nine years a killing.
Shakspeare.

REVENGE—to whom Sweet.

But O! revenge is sweet.
Thus think the crowd; who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into rage.
Not so mild Thales nor Chrysippus thought,
Nor that good man who drank the pois'nous draught
With mind serene, and could not wish to see
His vile accuser drink as deep as he:
Exalted Socrates! divinely brave!
Injured he fell, and dying he forgave:
Too noble for revenge; which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind. *Dryden.*

REVENGE—Vindication of.

Lo, by thy side, where Rape and Murder stand:
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes,
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves;
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea. *Shakspeare.*

But they were not aware that there are things
Which make revenge a virtue by reflection,
And not an impulse of mere anger; though
The laws sleep, justice wakes, and injured souls

Oft do a public right with private wrong,
And justify their deeds unto themselves.
Byron.

REVERENCE—to God alone.

Rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven. *Shakspeare.*

REVERIE—Indulgence of.

Sit in reverie, and watch
The changing colour of the waves that break
Upon the idle seashore of the mind.
Longfellow.

REVILED—Blessedness of the.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven. *St. Matthew.*

REVOLUTION—Dangers of.

The whirlpool of the hour ingulfs
The growth of centuries! Pause ere ye rive,
With strength of fever, things embedded long
In social being; you'll uproot no form
With which the thoughts and habits of weak mortals
Have long been twined, without the bleeding rent
Of thousand ties, which to the common heart
Of nature link it; wrench'd, perchance you'll mock
A clumsy relic of forgotten days;
While you have scatter'd in the dust, unseen,
A thousand living crystals. *Talfourd.*

REVOLUTION—a Law of Nature.

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death: day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See, the summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid autumn; winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the spring: soft spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first; all, to reflourish, fades.
As, in a wheel, all sinks to reascend,
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
Young.

REVOLUTIONISTS — Characteristics of.

Who quarrel more than beggars? Who does more earnestly long for a change than he that is uneasy in his present circumstances? And who run to create confusions with so desperate a boldness as those who, having nothing to lose, hope to gain by them?
Sir T. More.

REWARD—Expectation of Future.

The Christian expects his reward, not as due to merit; but as connected, in a constitution of grace, with those acts which grace enables him to perform. The pilgrim who has been led to the gate of heaven will not knock there as worthy of being admitted; but the gate shall open to him, because he is brought thither. He who *sows*, even *with tears*, the *precious seed* of faith, hope, and love, shall "*doubtless come again with joy and bring his sheaves with him*," because it is in the very nature of that seed to yield, under the kindly influence secured to it, a joyful harvest. *Cecil.*

REWARD AND RETRIBUTION — Future.

External happiness and misery are not in this life always the consequences of virtue and vice; this world is not the theatre of Divine retribution; but there is a life beyond the grave, where the good will receive their reward, and the wicked be punished. *Michaelis.*

RICHES—Avidity of.

Fond men, by passions wilfully betray'd,
Adore those idols which their fancy made:
Purchasing riches with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare,
And, having all, all to ourselves refuse,
Oppress'd with blessings which we fear to lose.
In vain our fields and flocks increase our store.
If our abundance makes us wish for more.
Denham.

RICHES—Comparison of.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Goldsmith.

RICHES—Definition of.

I take him to be the only rich man that lives upon what he has, owes nothing, and is contented; for there is no determinate sum of money, nor quantity of estate, that can denote a man rich, since no man is truly rich that has not so much as perfectly satiates his desire of having more; for the desire of more is want, and want is poverty. *Howe.*

RICHES—Emptiness of.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason thine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness:

Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state;
The happy only are the truly great.
Those are great souls who, touch'd with warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine;
All hoarded pleasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own till well bestow'd.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness
Through secret streams diffusively they bless,
And while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our wants and spare our blushes too.
Young.

RICHES—Evanescence of.

Labour not to be rich, for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven.
Riches are not for ever. *Solomon.*

RICHES—Hurtful.

Riches for the most part are hurtful to them that possess them. *Plutarch.*

RICHES—Leaving.

Men leave their riches either to their kindred or their friends, and moderate portions prosper best in both. *Bacon.*

RICHES—Loss of.

Riches do not exhilarate us so much with their possession as they torment us with their loss. *Gregory.*

RICHES—Need beyond.

However rich or elevated, a nameless something is always wanting to our imperfect fortune. *Horace.*

RICHES—produce Satiety.

Satiety comes of riches, and contumaciousness of satiety. *Solon.*

RICHES—associated with Sin.

Great abundance of riches cannot of any man be both gathered and kept without sin.
Erasmus.

RICHES—a great Slavery.

A great fortune is a great slavery. *Seneca.*

RICHES—Sufficiency of.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

RICHES—Use of.

Believe not much them that seem to despise riches; for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse when they come to them. Be not penny-wise; riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves, sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. *Bacon.*

Riches, like insects, while conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
To whom can riches give repute and trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold. *Pope.*

We see how much a man *has*, and therefore we envy him; did we see how little he *enjoys*, we should rather pity him. *Seed.*

A great estate is a great disadvantage to those who do not know how to use it, for nothing is more common than to see wealthy persons live scandalously and miserably; riches do them no service in order to virtue and happiness; therefore 'tis precept and principle, not an estate, that makes a man good for something. *Antoninus.*

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or, what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed, and patronise the neglected. Be great; but let it be in considering riches as they are, as talents committed to an earthen vessel; that thou art but the receiver, and that to be obliged and to be vain, too, is but the old solecism of pride and beggary, which, though they often meet, yet ever make but an absurd society. *Sterne.*

If a rich man is proud of his wealth, he should not be praised until it is known how he employs it. *Socrates.*

RICHES—when Useless.

Young was I once and poor, now rich and old;
A harder case than mine was never told:
Blest with the power to use them—I had none;
Loaded with riches now, the power is gone.
Antiphilus.

RICHES—Vices of.

The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy straw doth pierce it.
Shakspeare.

RICHES—not Wanting.

That's true plenty, not to have, but not to want riches. *Chrysostom.*

RICHES AND AVARICE.

See!
The diff'rence 'twixt the covetous and prodigal!
The covetous man never has money.
And the prodigal will have none shortly.
Ben Jonson.

RICH AND POOR—Counsels to the.

Rich, be not exalted; poor, be not dejected.
Cleobulus.

RICH AND POOR—How to Rule the.

Those who are poor are sufficiently chastised by their poverty, and a sovereign's whole mind should be applied to relieve and protect them; their gratitude and support is certain, because they must always have so many despots to torment them, that it is their nature, as men, to cling steadily to the most powerful, while they are sure of his will and power to protect them. On the other hand, we see that nobles are generally bad; the rich have seldom any feelings of kindness, but have strong feelings of fear, and should treat the rich with severe watchfulness and rigour, and take every opportunity of striking at their purses. Let him make them poor, and he will make them grateful. Exalt the poor and abase the rich; the nearer you can bring them to a level the more easily can they be ruled; for it is clear that the more equally a pair of scales is balanced, the less is the weight required to give the preponderance to either side.
Sir Charles Napier.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

When I compare together different classes, as existing at this moment in the civilized world, I cannot think the difference between the rich and the poor, in regard to mere physical suffering, so great as is sometimes imagined. That some of the indigent among us die of scanty food, is undoubtedly true; but vastly more in this community die from eating too much than from eating too little, vastly more from excess than starvation. So as to clothing, many shiver from want of defence against the cold; but there is vastly more suffering among the rich from absurd and criminal modes of dress, which fashion has sanctioned, than among the poor from deficiency of raiment. Our daughters are oftener brought to the grave by their rich attire, than our beggars by their nakedness. So the poor are often overworked; but they suffer less than many among the rich, who have no work to do, no interesting object to fill up life, to satisfy the infinite cravings of man for action. According to our present modes of education, how many of our daughters are subject to an *ennui*—a misery unknown to the poor, and more intolerable than the weariness of excessive toil. The idle young man, spending the day in exhibiting his person in the street, ought not to excite the envy of the over-tasked poor; and this cumberer of the ground is found exclusively among the rich. *W. Ellery Channing.*

Riches do not consist in having more gold and silver, but in having more in proportion, than our neighbours; whereby we are enabled to procure to ourselves a greater plenty of the conveniences of life than comes within their reach, who, sharing the gold and silver of the world in a less proportion, want the means of plenty and power, and so are poorer. *Locke.*

RIDICULE—Dangers of.

'Tis dangerous, too, in these licentious times,
Howe'er severe the smile, to sport with crimes;
Vices, when ridiculed, experience says,
First lose that horror which they ought to raise,
Grow by degrees approved, and almost aim at praise.
Whitehead.

RIGHT—is Might.

A man is right and invincible, virtuous, and on the road towards sure conquest, precisely while he joins himself to the great deep law of the world, in spite of all superficial laws, temporary appearances, profit-and-loss calculation;—he is victorious while he co-operates with that great central law—not victorious otherwise; and surely his first chance of co-operating with it, or getting into the course of it, is to know with his own soul that it *is*—that it is good, and alone good. This is the soul of Islam; it is properly the soul of Christianity; for Islam is definable as a confused form of Christianity; had Christianity not been, neither had it been. Christianity also commands us, before all, to be resigned to God. We are to take no counsel with flesh and blood; give ear to no vain cavils, vain sorrows and wishes; to know that we know nothing; that the worst and cruellest to our eyes is not what it seems; that we have to receive whatsoever befalls us as sent from God above, and say, "It is good and wise—God is great! Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Islam means in its way denial of self—annihilation of self. This is yet the highest wisdom that Heaven has revealed to our earth.
Carlyle.

RIGHT—is Might.

O 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength! but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. *Shakspeare.*

RIGHT—Practicability of.

It is common for men to say that such and such things are perfectly right, very desirable—but, unfortunately, they are not practicable. Oh, no. Those things which are not practicable, are not desirable. There is nothing really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us that He has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and moral world. If we cry like children for the moon, like children we must cry on. *Burke.*

RIGHTEOUSNESS — Characteristic Effects of.

The work of righteousness shall be peace: and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever. *Isaiah.*

RIGHTEOUSNESS—Perfection in.

Plato had so great and true an idea of perfect righteousness, and was so thoroughly acquainted with the corruption of mankind, that he makes it appear, that if a man, perfectly righteous, should come upon earth, he would find so much opposition in the world, that he would be imprisoned, reviled, scourged, and in fine crucified by such, who, though they were extremely wicked, would yet pass for righteous men. *Plato.*

RIGOUR—Extreme.

An extreme rigour is sure to arm everything against it, and at length to relax into a supine neglect. *Burke.*

RIVALRY.

Two stars keep not motion in one sphere.
Shakspeare.

RIVER—A.

So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide, like happiness, away.
Byron.

RIVERS—Geology of.

Streams and rivers—in fact, all water-currents—act chiefly in a mechanical way, and their influence depends partly on the nature of the rocks over which they run, the rapidity of their flow, and the size or volume of water. If the rocks over which they pass be of a soft or friable nature, they soon cut out channels, and transport the eroded material in the state of mud, sand, or gravel, to the lower level of some lake, to their estuaries, or to the bed of the ocean. Their cutting as well as transporting power is greatly aided by the rapidity of their currents; hence the power of mountain-torrents compared with the quiet and sluggish flow of the lowland river. It has been calculated, for example, that a velocity of three inches per second will tear up fine clay, that six inches will lift fine sand, eight inches sand coarse as linseed, and twelve inches fine gravel; while it requires a velocity of twenty-four inches per second to roll along rounded pebbles an inch in diameter, and thirty-six inches per second to sweep angular stones of the size of a hen's egg. During periodical rains and landfloods, the currents of rivers often greatly exceed this velocity; hence the tearing up of old deposits of gravel, the sweeping away of bridges, and the transport of blocks many tons in weight—an operation greatly facilitated by the fact that stones of ordinary specific gravity (from 2·5 to 2·8) lose more than a third of their weight by being immersed in water. *David Page.*

RIVULET—Music of the.

While we view,
Amid the noon-tide walk, a limpid rill
Gush through the tickling herbage, to the thirst
Of summer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink
Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow.
Akenside.

ROBBERS—Character of.

They were, in truth, great rascals, and belonged to that class of people who find things before they are lost. *Grimm.*

ROBIN—a Domestic Visitant.

The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats, then brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is!
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. *Thomson.*

ROGUERY—Unhappiness of.

After long experience of the world, I affirm, before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy. *Junius.*

ROMANCE—Love of.

In this common-place world, every one is said to be romantic who either admires a fine thing or does one. *Pope.*

ROMANCER.

O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you. *Shakspeare.*

RUDENESS—Folly of.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune. *Steele.*

RUDENESS—has no License.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down. *Johnson.*

RUIN—Overwhelming.

Destruction
O'ertakes as often those that fly as those that
Boldly meet it. *Denham.*

RUINS—Historic Reverence for.

I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some rev'rend history;
And questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some lie interr'd,
Loved the church so well, and gave so largely
to't,
They thought it should have canopied their
bones
Till doomsday: but all things have their end;
Churches and cities, which have diseases like
to men.
Must have like death that we have. *Webster.*

RULER AND RULED.

Justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subjects. *Schiller.*

RULERS—Advice to.

He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself, richly endued
With depth of understanding, height of knowledge. *Massinger.*

RUMOUR—Character of.

Loud Rumour speaks:
I, from the Orient to the drooping West,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of Earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders rise;
Upon which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
Shakspeare.

Hosts raised by fear, and phantoms of a day;
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow;
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests and party-zealots, numerous
bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign
lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience stared in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,—
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it
grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to
mouth:
So from a spark, that, kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quick'ning flames
advance,
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.
Pope.

RUMOUR—an Evil Messenger.

Rumour was the messenger
Of defamation, and so swift, that none
Could be the first to tell an evil tale. *Pollok.*

RUMOURS—Spreading.

The art of spreading rumours may be compared to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which I call the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.
John Newton.

S.

SABBATH—Blessedness of the.

Sunday, that day so tedious to the triflers of earth, so full of beautiful repose, of calmness and strength for the earnest and heavenly-minded. *Maria J. M'Intosh.*

SABBATH—Hallowing of the.

Now on earth the seventh
Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of heaven's high-seated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down
With his Great Father, for He also went
Invisible yet staid (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordain'd,
Author and End of all things; and from work
Now resting, *bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day.* *Milton.*

Welcome the hour of sweet repose,
The evening of the Sabbath day:
In peace my wearied eyes shall close,
When I have tuned my vesper lay,
In humble gratitude to Him
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,
In the calm solitude of even,
To hold with Heaven communion meet—
Meet for a spirit bound to heaven;
And, in this wilderness beneath,
Pure zephyrs from above to breathe.
Bowring.

SABBATH—Hymn for the.

Great Lord of time! great King of heav'n,
Since weekly thou renew'st my days,
To Thee shall daily thanks be given,
And weekly sacrifice of praise.

This day the light, Time's eldest born,
Her glorious beams did first display,
And then the evening and the morn
Did first obtain the name of day.

Discretion grant me, so to know
What Sabbath-rites Thou dost require,
And grace, my duty so to do,
That I may keep thy law entire. *G. Wither.*

SABBATH—to the Labourer.

Poor sons of toil; oh, grudge them not the breeze
That plays with Sabbath flowers; the clouds that play
With Sabbath winds; the hum of Sabbath bees?
The Sabbath walk; the skylark's Sabbath lay;
The silent sunshine of the Sabbath-day.
Leigh Hunt.

SABBATH—an Oasis.

The green oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where, after the week-days' journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose; where he rests beneath the shade of the lofty palm-trees, and dips his vessel in the waters of the calm, clear stream, and recovers his strength to go forth again upon his pilgrimage in the desert with renewed vigour and cheerfulness. *Reade.*

SABBATH—Observance of the.

Life and blessing will attend the man who observes the Sabbath. The Sabbath of rest is a continual lesson to him to turn his eye from all created objects, and look to that heavenly rest into which God is entered, and which is promised to man. *J. Milner.*

Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.
Fuller.

He that remembers not to keep the Christian Sabbath at the beginning of the week, will be in danger to forget before the end of the week that he is a Christian. *Sir Edmund Turner.*

The importance of the religious observance of the Sabbath is seldom sufficiently estimated. The violation of this duty by the young is one of the most decided marks of incipient moral degeneracy. Religious restraint is fast losing its hold upon that young man, who, having been educated in the fear of God, begins to spend the Sabbath in idleness or in amusement. And so also of communities. The desecration of the Sabbath is one of those evident indications of that criminal recklessness, that insane love of pleasure, and that subjection to the government of appetite and passion, which forebodes that the "beginning of the end" of social happiness, and of true national prosperity, has arrived.

Hence we see how imperative is the duty of parents, and of legislators, on this subject. The head of every family is obliged, by the command of God, not only to honour this day himself, but to use all the means in his power to secure the observance of it by all those committed to his charge. He is thus not only promoting his own, but his children's happiness; for nothing is a more sure antagonist force to all the allurements of vice, as nothing tends more strongly to fix in the minds of the young a conviction of the existence and attributes of God, than the solemn keeping of this day. And hence, also, legislators are false to their trust, who, either by the enactment of laws, or by their example, diminish, in the least degree, in the minds of a people, the reverence due to that day which God has set apart for Himself. *Wayland.*

SABBATH—Uses of the.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious king.
On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and ripe,
More plentiful than hope. *Herbert.*

SABBATHS—like Way-marks.

Sabbaths, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path,
His progress mark, and keeps his rest in view.
In life's bleak winter, they are pleasant days,
Short foretastes of the long-long spring to come,
To every new-born soul each hallowed morn
Seems like the first, when everything was new—
Time seems an angel come afresh from heaven;
His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,
And his bright hour-glass running sands of gold. *Charles Wilcox.*

SAGACITY—Perceptions of.

Sagacity finds out the intermediate ideas, to discover what connection there is in each link of the chain, whereby the extremes are held together. *Locke.*

SAILOR—Love toward the.

I love the sailor;—his eventful life—
His generous spirit—his contempt of danger—
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, and strife;—
And though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger,
God grant he make that port, when life is o'er,
Where storms are hush'd, and billows break no more. *Cotton.*

SAILOR—Shout of the.

Hark to the sailors' shouts the rocks rebound,
Thundering in echoes to the joyful sound!
Long have they voyaged o'er the distant seas,
And what a heart-delight they feel at last,
So many toils so many dangers past,
To view the port desir'd, he only knows
Who in the stormy deep for many a day
Hath tost, aweary of the ocean way,
And watched all anxious every wind that blows. *Southey.*

SALUTATION—Importance of.

As a man's salutation, so is the total of his character: in nothing do we lay ourselves so open as in our manner of meeting and salutation. *Lavater.*

SALUTATION—Various Modes of.

Of all the different modes of salutation in various countries, there is none so graceful as that which prevails in Syria. At New Guinea the fashion is certainly picturesque; for they place upon their hands the leaves of trees as symbols of peace and friendship. An Ethiopian takes the robe of another and ties it about his own waist, leaving his friend partially naked. In a cold climate this would not be very agreeable. Sometimes it is usual for persons to place themselves naked before those whom they salute as a sign of humility. This custom was put in practice before Sir Joseph Banks when he received the visit of two Otaheitan females. The inhabitants of the Philippine Islands take the hand or foot of him they salute, and gently rub their face with it, which is at all events more agreeable than the salute of the laplanders, who have a habit of rubbing noses, applying their own proboscis with some degree of force to that of the person they desire to salute. The salute with which you are greeted in Syria is at once most graceful and flattering; the hand is raised with a quick but gentle motion, to the heart, to the lips, and to the head, to intimate that the person saluting is willing to serve you, to think for you, to speak for you, and to act for you. *Farley.*

SALVATION—Simplicity of the Plan of.

Oh! how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unencumber'd plan:
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile:
From ostentation as from weakness free;
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity,
Inscribed above the portal, from afar,
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quickening words—Believe and live. *Cowper.*

SARCASM—Language of.

Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the devil; for which reason I have, long since, as good as renounced it. *Carlyle.*

SARDONIC MAN.

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope, withering, fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell! *Byron.*

SATAN—Ambition of.

Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell.
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven. *Milton.*

SATAN—Avenging Character of.

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left:
Now shaves with level wing the deep: then soars
Up to the fiery concave, tow'ring high.
Milton.

SATAN—Characteristics of.

He, above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
All its original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscured; as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs; darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and consid'rate pride,
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss!) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits, for his fault amerced
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung,
For his revolt: yet faithful now they stood,
Their glory wither'd; as when heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. *Ibid.*

SATAN—Evil Qualities of.

Satan, as a master, is bad; his work much worse; and his wages worst of all. *Fuller.*

SATAN—Stratagems of.

If Satan doth fetter us, 'tis indifferent to him whether it be by a cable or a hair; nay, perhaps the smallest sins are his greatest stratagems. *Ibid.*

SATIETY—Effects of.

A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.
Shakspeare.

SATIETY—Cause of.

Satiety comes of a too often repetition; and he who will not give himself leisure to be thirsty, can never find the true pleasure of drinking. *Montaigne.*

SATIETY—a Curse.

Some are cursed with the fulness of satiety; and how can they bear the ills of life, when its very pleasures fatigue them? *Colton.*

SATIRE—Circulation of.

Satires and lampoons on particular people circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties, than by printing them? *Sheridan.*

SATIRE—Nature of.

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own;—which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. *Swift.*

SATIRE—Province of.

A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and should make a due discrimination between those that are and those that are not the proper objects of it. *Addison.*

SATIRE—Success of.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful proved,
And cures, because the remedy is loved.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more
Without repeating things oft said before;
Some vulgar errors only we remove,
That stain a beauty which so much we love.
Of well-chose words some take not care enough,
And think they should be, as the subject, rough;
This great work must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words conveyed:
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail;
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satire from a scold:
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down:—
A satire's smile is sharper than his frown.
Mulgrave.

SATIRE—Treatment of.

Of satires I think as Epictetus did: "If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it." By dint of time and experience I have learned to be a good post-horse; I go through my appointed daily stage, and I care not for the curs who bark at me along the road.
Frederick the Great.

SATIRE—Use of.

Oh, sacred weapon, left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence,
To all but heaven-directed hands denied;
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide.
Rev'rent I touch thee, but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal;
To virtue's work promote the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate, slumbering in his stall.
Pope.

Poets alone found the delightful way
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that, as men grew
Pleased with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts.
In satire, too, the wise took different ways,
To each allowing its peculiar praise:
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame;
Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into shame;
But of these two, the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind,
That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil.
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the forced scenes of our declining stage;
Above all censure, too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit,
Who, judging better, though concern'd the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
Dryden.

SATIRE—Writers of.

Satirical writers and talkers are not half so clever as they think themselves, nor as they are thought to be. They do winnow the corn, 'tis true, but 'tis to feed upon the chaff. It is much easier for an ill-natured than for a good-natured man to be witty; but the most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes. Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Fox, were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, wit-speaking fellow, is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters as when he reviles; he seldom blames John but to vex Thomas. Do not, pray do not, "sit in the seat of the scorner." Are these poor heartless creatures to be envied? Can you think that the Duc de Richelieu was a happier man than Fenelon? or Dean Swift than Bishop Berkeley?
Sharpe.

SATIRE—Writers of.

For a young and presumptuous poet (and presumptuousness is but too naturally connected with the consciousness of youthful power) a disposition to write satires is one of the most dangerous he can encourage. It tempts him to personalities, which are not always forgiven after he has repented and become ashamed of them; it ministers to his self-conceit; if he takes the tone of invective, it leads him to be uncharitable; and if he takes that of ridicule, one of the most fatal habits which any one can contract, is that of looking at all things in a ludicrous point of view.
Southey.

SATIRIST—Power of the.

Horace, with sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raise a blush where secret vice he found,
And tickle while he gently probed the wound;
With seeming innocence the crowd beguiled,
But made the desperate passes when he smiled.
Dryden.

SCANDAL—Characteristics of.

These are the spiders of society;
They weave their petty webs of lies and sneers,
And lie themselves in ambush for the spoil.
The web seems fair, and glitters in the sun,
And the poor victim winds him in the toil
Before he dreams of danger or of death.
L. E. Landon.

SCANDAL—Evils of.

Nor do they trust their Tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
Far better than a printed Book,
Convey a Libel in a Frown,
And wink a Reputation down;
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the Lady and the Man.
Swift.

A whisper broke the air,—
A soft light tone, and low,
Yet barb'd with shame and woe;
Now, might it only perish there,
Nor further go!
Ah, me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound!
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wander'd round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reach'd a gentle heart,
And that—*it broke!*
L. E. Landon.

Now they interpret motions, looks, and eyes,
At every word a reputation dies.
Pope.

SCANDAL—Evils of.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
Shakspeare.

SCANDAL—Never Listening to.

I never listen to calumnies, because, if they are untrue, I run the risk of being deceived, and if they be true, of hating persons not worth thinking about. *Montesquieu.*

SCANDAL—a Monster.

Detraction 's a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on.
Massinger.

SCANDAL—Nature of.

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a state,
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter, who will distort and strain
The general scope and purpose of an author
To his particular and private spleen. *Johnson.*

SCANDAL—Prevalence of.

The world with calumny abounds,
The whitest virtue slander wounds:
There are whose joy is, night and day,
To talk a character away:
Eager from rout to rout they haste,
To blast the generous and the chaste,
And, hunting reputations down,
Proclaim their triumphs through the town.
What mind's in such a base employment
To feel the slightest self-enjoyment! *Pope.*

SCANDAL—Progress of.

My friend advised me, if ever I took a house in a terrace, a little way out of town, to be very careful that it was the centre one—at least if I had any regard for my reputation. For I must be well aware that a story never loses by telling; and, consequently, if I lived in the middle of a row of houses, it was very clear that the tales which might be circulated to my prejudice would only have half the distance to travel on either side of me, and therefore could only be half as bad by the time they got down to the bottom of the terrace, as the tales that might be circulated by the wretched individuals who had the misfortune to live at the two ends of it; so that I should be certain to have twice as good a character in the neighbourhood as they had. For instance, I was informed of a lamentable case that actually occurred a short time since. The servant at No. 1 told the servant at No. 2 that her master expected his old friends, the Bayleys, to pay him a visit shortly; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected to have the Bayleys in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailiffs out; whereupon 4 told 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself being taken in execution, and that it was nearly killing his poor dear wife: and so it went on increasing and increasing until it got to No. 32, who confidently assured the last house, No. 33, that the Bow-street officers had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor dear wife with arsenic, and that it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed. *Fraser.*

SCANDAL—Spread of.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly;
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
Harvey.

SCAR—if Nobly Got.

A scar nobly got is a good livery of honour.
Shakspeare.

SCEPTIC—Folly of the.

As the man of pleasure, by a vain attempt to be more happy than any man can be, is often more miserable than most men are; so the sceptic, in a vain attempt to be wise, beyond what is permitted to man, plunges into a darkness more deplorable, and a blindness more incurable, than that of the common herd whom he despises, and would fain instruct. For the more precious the gift, the more pernicious ever will be the abuse of it, as the most powerful medicines are the most dangerous, if misapplied; and no error is so remediless as that which arises, not from the exclusion of wisdom, but from its perversion. The sceptic, when he plunges into the depths of infidelity, like the miser who leaps from the shipwreck, will find that the treasures which he bears about him will only sink him deeper in the abyss. *Colton.*

SCEPTIC—Miserable Theories of the.

One drop from the pure fountain of faith would have yielded incalculable refreshment and strength. His thoughts might have been profound, but they were not pious; even on the confines of death, the question "to be, or not to be," presented itself to him; he repeated not the Lord's Prayer, but the dogmas of his false philosophy,—"Man is a production of parents and nurses, of art and time, of breath and air, of sound and light, of food and

clothes! And the superior part of us—mind, that is an action of materials:—without phosphor there would be no mind! The action of electricity upon certain materials, bound together by nerves, creates that sensibility of brain which we call consciousness." *Andersen.*

SCEPTICISM—Unreasonableness of.

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief; in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath. *Richter.*

There can be no reasonable doubt that it is better to believe too much than too little, since, as Boswell observes (most probably in Johnson's words), "a man may breathe in foul air, but he must die in an exhausted receiver. Much of the scepticism that we meet with is necessarily affectation or conceit, for it is as likely that the ignorant, weak, and indolent should become mathematicians, as reasoning unbelievers. Patient study and perfect impartiality must precede rational conviction, whether ending in faith or in doubt. Need it be asked, how many are capable of such an examination? But whether men come honestly by their opinions or not, it is more advisable, though less easy, to refute than to burn, or even to scorch them. Galileo would not have been persecuted, could he have been answered; and Sir William Jones tells us that, even now, the Brahmins require a man to be punished who overpowers them in argument. *Sharpe.*

SCHEMES—Idle and Imaginary.

We are not to choose for ourselves what parts to act on the stage of life, but to act those well which are allotted and appointed for us. It is a great misfortune, that people so commonly amuse themselves with idle and imaginary schemes, how they would behave, and what they would do, were they in such or such a situation. They would be very good and very exemplary, were they very great, very learned, very wealthy, very retired, very old, and the like. But they neglect the gift which is in them, and the work which is appointed for them, while they are thinking of that which is not. Alas! their state of probation is their *present* state, whatever it be. And when they are called to an account before the judgment-seat of Christ, it will be a poor excuse to say, that their thoughts were so taken up with dreams and reveries, how they would manage were they in another station, that they did not attend to the discharge of those duties which belonged to their own proper calling. *Tucker.*

SCHISM—Sin of.

The word *schism* is made frightful by misapplication. A schismatic is a man of a bad, turbulent spirit, to whatever party (respecting things indifferent) he may belong: but if we allow that little shades of difference may exist, we still ought to love as brethren; and where Christian candour and love reign, the odious sin of schism, according to its genuine interpretation, can never exist. *Rowland Hill.*

SCHOLAR—Vocation of the.

The most widely-extended survey of the actual advancement of the human race in general, and the steadfast promotion of that advancement. *Fichte.*

SCHOLARS—Power of.

Scholars are men of peace; they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actius's sword, their pens carry further, and give a louder report, than thunder. I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk, than in the fury of a merciless pen.
Sir Thomas Browne.

SCHOLARS—Superficial.

They lightly skim,
And gently sip the dimply river's brim.
Virgil.

SCHOOL—Advice about.

"Now, Tom, my boy," said the Squire, "remember you are going at your own request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear with all your troubles before you, earlier than we should have sent you perhaps. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to, or say anything you wouldn't have your mother or sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or me to see you." *Hughes.*

SCHOOL (A Great)—Different Aspects of.

A great school is very trying; it never can present images of rest and peace; and when the spring and activity of youth are altogether unsanctified by anything pure and elevated in its desires, it becomes a spectacle that is dizzying and almost more morally distressing than the shouts and gambols of a set of lunatics. It is very startling to see so much of sin combined with so little of sorrow. In a parish, amongst the poor, whatever of sin exists,

there is sure, also, to be enough of suffering: poverty, sickness, and old age, are mighty tamers and chastisers. But with boys of the richer classes, one sees nothing but plenty, health, and youth; and these are really awful to behold, when one must feel that they are unblessed. On the other hand, few things are more beautiful than when one does see all holy and noble thoughts and principles, not the forced growth of pain, or infirmity, or privation, but springing up as by God's immediate planting, in a sort of garden of all that is fresh and beautiful, full of so much hope for this world as well as for heaven. *Dr. Arnold.*

SCHOOLMASTER—Character of the.

A good schoolmaster minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him. *Fuller.*

SCHOOLMASTER—Duties of the.

There is neither fortune nor fame to be acquired in fulfilling the laborious duties of a village schoolmaster. Doomed to a life of monotonous labour, sometimes requited with ingratitude and injustice by ignorance, he will often be oppressed with melancholy, and perhaps sink under the weight of his thankless toil, if he do not seek strength and courage elsewhere than in the views of immediate and personal interest. He must be sustained and animated by a profound sense of the moral importance of his labours. He must learn to regard the austere pleasure of having served mankind, and secretly contributed to the public weal, as a price worthy of his exertion, which his conscience pays him. It is his glory to aspire to nothing above his obscure and laborious condition, to make unnumbered sacrifices for those who profit by him, to labour, in a word, for man, and wait for his reward from God. *Guizot.*

SCHOOLMASTER—Occupation of the.

It is a glorious occupation, vivifying and self-sustaining in its nature, to struggle with ignorance, and discover to the inquiring minds of the masses the clear cerulean blue of heavenly truth. *Ibid.*

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed, as that of a schoolmaster. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: first, young scholars make this calling their refuge —yea, perchance before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession, but only a rod and a ferula; secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling; thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to the children, and slaves to their parents; fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of an usher. *Fuller.*

SCHOOLMASTER—The Village.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way.
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,—
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes,—for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew,—
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
Goldsmith.

SCIENCE—Acquisition of.

No science is speedily learned by the noblest genius without tuition. *Watts.*

SCIENCE—Catholicity of.

The first six persons to whom certificates have been awarded at the Society of Arts examination, are respectively, "a mechanic.' "a bookkeeper," "an engineer," "a shipwright," "a warehouseman," and "a gas engineer." Throughout the whole long list of certificated candidates similar occupations are to be read. It is remarkable that the three first prizes—Arithmetic, Algebra, and Men-

suration—should be carried off by "a working engineer." The prize in chemistry is taken by a "worker in a chemical laboratory," and the same candidate, although completely self-educated, gains the first prize in botany. The best of the candidates, the person who gets the three first prizes, has not been at school for the last four years. The two first prizes in Descriptive and Physical Geography are awarded to a draper. The first prize in English Literature, in which the head master of Rugby examined, is taken by a bank cashier, the second by a timber merchant, and the third by a grocer. But the prizes in Latin are perhaps the most astonishing of all: the first prize and first certificate being carried off by a butcher! This classical butcher, however, does not stand alone. Another butcher offered himself for examination in English and French literature, and selected Shakspeare, Spenser, Racine, and Molière as the authors in which he desired to be tested. Prof. Creasy, the examiner in English History, gives his first prize to a bookkeeper, and awards certificates to a printer, a cabinet-maker, a mason, a porter, a spinner, a wool-carder. *W. Dilke.*

SCIENCE—Honour associated with.

To me there never has been a higher source of earthly honour or distinction than that connected with advances in science. I have not possessed enough of the eagle in my character to make a direct flight to the loftiest altitudes in the social world; and I certainly never endeavoured to reach those heights by using the creeping powers of the reptile, who, in ascending, generally chooses the dirtiest path, because it is the easiest.

Sir Humphrey Davy.

SCIENCE—the Safeguard of Religion.

Science ever has been, and ever must be, the safeguard of religion. *Sir David Brewster.*

SCIENCES—Strength of the.

The strength of all sciences, which consisteth in their harmony, each supporting the other, is as the strength of the old man's fagot in the band; for were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a small watch-candle into every corner?

Bacon.

SCORN—Detestation of.

Ah! can you bear contempt; the venom'd tongue
Of those whom ruin pleases, the keen sneer,
The lewd reproaches of the rascal herd;
Who for the self-same actions, if successful,
Would be as grossly lavish in your praise?
To sum up all in one—can you support
The scornful glances, the malignant joy,
Or more detested pity of a rival,—
Of a triumphant rival? *Thomson.*

SCORN—Dread of.

Oh! what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity!
Heap on me, Heaven, the heat of all mankind,
Load me with envy, malice, detestation;
Let me be horrid to all apprehension;
Let the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.

Lee.

SCORN—Grievousness of.

Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death;
Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword. *Home.*

SCOTCHMAN—Characteristics of a.

His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry halves to anything that he finds: he does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing; his understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. He has no faltering of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path: you cannot make excursions with him, for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates, his morality never abates. He cannot compromise or understand middle actions: there can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book; his affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian.

Lamb.

SCOTS—Poverty of the.

The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride.
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.
Are they not, then, in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
Churchill.

SCROLL—Description of a.

Old scroll! the smoke hath thickly crusted
o'er thee,
So long this glimmering lamp hath burn'd
before thee;
Far better had it been, if I
Had spent the little was my own,
Than with its weight oppress'd to lie
Beneath it still to sweat and groan.
That which thy sires to thee have handed
down,
By thine own labour make again thine own;
Whate'er it is thou dost not use, will be
A heavy burden and a load to thee;
Only from what the present moment springs,
Created in the present, profit brings. *Goethe.*

SCULPTURE—Grecian.

The chiselled marble is itself the echo of poetic thought. Of some of these utterances —these bodiless emanations, that hang, rainbow-like, about the marble, or breathe, like Memnon's voice, at solemn mingings of light and darkness, to ears that listen—these heart-speakings, that make us feel, through the waste of years, how God has, indeed, "made of one blood all nations of the earth," I could have adventured a few words. But it is needless. It is the grossest possible mistake to call these things mere exhibitions of material beauty. It is too true that the Greek knew nothing of our Christian heaven, nor of the narrow way of self-renouncing faith that leads to it. Does it follow that we are to renounce, for the above incongruities, his marvellous grasp of all that art can give us of grandeur, grace, power, and energy?—of serene enjoyment, silent grief, lightning vigour, or majestic thought? *E. Young.*

SEA—Beauty of the.

If mere beauty of appearance is in question, the waters need not yield the palm of loveliness to the land. The deep has its butterflies as well as the air. Fire-flies flit through its billows, as their terrestrial representatives dance and gleam amidst the foliage of a tropical forest. Little living lamps are hung in the waves, and pour out their silvery radiance from vital urns, which are replenished as fast as exhausted. The transparency of some of the inhabitants of the waters gives them an appearance of fairy workmanship which is perfectly enchanting. The Globe Beroe *(Cydippe pileus)* resembles a little sphere of the purest ice, about the size of a nutmeg. It is furnished with two long, slender, curving tentacles, each of which bears a number of filaments, twisted in a spiral form along one of its sides. Eight bands are seen to traverse the surface of this animated orb, running from pole to pole like lines of longitude on a terrestrial globe. To these bands are attached a number of little plates, which serve the purpose of paddles; for the creature can work them so as to propel itself through the waters, and either proceed in a straight line, or, like a steam-boat, turn in any direction; or, unlike that vessel, whirl round on its axis and shoot downwards with infinite grace and facility But, not to dwell upon the beauty of the mechanism, is there not something fascinating in the idea of crystalline creatures? *Dr. Robert Vaughan.*

SEA—a Bridegroom.

The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride;
And in the fulness of his marriage joy
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a pace to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her.
Alexander Smith.

SEA—a large Cemetery.

The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small, the rich and poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike distinguished. The same waves roll over all, the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honour. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonoured, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump, when the sea shall give up its dead. *Mantell.*

SEA—named by God.

And the gathering together of the waters called He seas. *Moses.*

SEA—Eternal Grandeur of the.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more.
Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

. . . . . .

Unchangeable, save to thy wild wave's play;
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
Thou glorious mirror, where th' Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests, in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark-heaving:—boundless, endless, and sublime,
Th' image of eternity, the throne
Of th' Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight; and if the fresh'ning sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Byron.

Great Ocean! strongest of creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
That roll'd the wild, profound, eternal bass,
In nature's anthem, and made music, such
As pleased the ear of God! original,
Unmarr'd, unfaded work of Deity,
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill,
From age to age enduring and unchanged,
Majestical, inimitable, vast,
Loud uttering satire day and night, on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man!—unfallen, religious, holy sea,
Thou bow'dst thy glorious head to none, feard'st none,
Heard'st none, to none did'st honour, but to God
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance! Undiscover'd Sea!
Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
And secret haunts, unfathomably deep
Beneath all visible retired, none went
And came again, to tell the wonders there.
Tremendous Sea! what time thou lifted up
Thy waves on high, and with thy winds and storms
Strange pastime took, and shook thy mighty sides
Indignantly,—the pride of navies fell;
Beyond the arm of help, unheard, unseen,
Sunk friend and foe, with all their wealth and war;
And on thy shores, men of a thousand tribes,
Polite and barbarous, trembling stood, amazed,
Confounded, terrified, and thought vast thoughts
Of ruin, boundlessness, omnipotence,
Infinitude, eternity; and thought
And wonder'd still, and grasp'd, and grasp'd, and grasp'd
Again; beyond her reach, exerting all
The soul, to take thy great idea in,
To comprehend incomprehensible;
And wonder'd more, and felt their littleness.
Self-purifying, unpolluted Sea!
Lover unchangeable, thy faithful breast
For ever heaving to the lovely moon.
That like a shy and holy virgin robed
In saintly white, walk'd nightly in the heavens
And to the everlasting serenade
Gave gracious audience, nor was woo'd in vain.

Pollok.

SEA—a Type of the Infinite.

Type of the Infinite. I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till 'tis pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again.
Thou hold'st me by a spell; and on thy beach
I feel all-soul; and thoughts unmeasured reach
Far back beyond all date. And, O! how old
Thou art to me. For countless years thou'st roll'd;
Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,
Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn,
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath.
At last thou didst it well! The dread command
Came, and thou swept'st to death the breathing land;
And then once more unto the silent heaven
Thy lone and melancholy voice was given.

Dana.

SEA—Sound of the.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea,
For ever and the same!
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee,
Whose thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hush'd is many a lovely one
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sigh'd of yore
Along thy wave is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill:

And Memnon's, too, hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs pour'd,
Are with her eagles flown:

And mute the Moorish horn, that rang
O'er stream and mountain free,
And the hymn the learn'd Crusaders sang
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou Deep,
Through many an olden clime,
The billowy anthem, ne'er to sleep
Until the close of time. *Mrs. Hemans.*

SEA—Sublimity of the.

Sea!—of Almightiness itself the immense
And glorious mirror!—how thy azure face
Renews the heavens in their magnificence!
What awful grandeur rounds thy heavy space:
Thy surge two worlds' eternal-warring sweeps,
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps.
Chenedolle.

Thou paragon of elemental powers,
Mystery of waters—never slumbering sea!
Impassioned orator with lips sublime,
Whose waves are arguments which prove a God!
Robert Montgomery.

Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine;
The eagle's vision cannot take it in:
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks halfway o'er it, like a wearied bird.
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament.
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once. *Campbell.*

SEA—Treasures of the.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which beam unreck'd of and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.
Mrs. Hemans.

SEA—Voice of the.

The ocean's surfy, slow, deep mellow voice, full of mystery and awe, moanin' over the dead it holds in its bosom, or lullin' them to unbroken slumbers in the chambers of its vasty depths. *Haliburton.*

SEAFARING—Advantages of.

To be at sea, withdrawn out of the reach of innumerable temptations, with opportunity and a turn of mind disposed to observe the wonders of God in the great deep, and with the two noblest objects of sight—the expanded heavens and the expanded ocean—continually in view, and where evident interpositions of Divine Providence in answer to prayer occur almost every day: these are helps to quicken and confirm the life of faith, which, in a good measure, supply to a religious sailor the want of those advantages which can only be enjoyed upon the shore. *John Newton.*

SEASHORE—adapted for Study.

Is it upon the seashore that the student of nature walks? Each rippling wave lays at his feet some tribute from the deep, and tells of wonders indescribable; brings corallines and painted shells, and thousands of grotesque beings, samples left to show that in the sea, through all its spacious realms, life still is found; that creatures there exist more numerously than on the earth itself, all perfect in their construction; and, although so diversified in shape and attributes, alike subservient to the general welfare. *Professor Jones.*

SEA-VOYAGE—Reflections on a.

In travelling by land, there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthening chain" at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken; we can trace it back link by link; and we feel that the last of them still grapples us to home! But a wide sea-voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes, a gulf subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, that makes distance palpable, and return precarious. *Washington Irving.*

SEASONS—Hymn on the.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields: the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun

Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
Thomson.

SECRECY—aids Success.

Secrecy in suits goes a great way towards success. *Bacon.*

SECRECY—an Aid to Vice.

Where secrecy or mystery begins, vice or roguery is not far off. *Johnson.*

SECRET—Divulging a.

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontent,
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous.
Shakspeare.

What thou seest, speak of with caution. *Solon.*

SECRET—Keeping a.

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
Shakspeare.

Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me. *Ibid.*

You should be careful not to intrust another unnecessarily with a secret which it may be a hard matter for him to keep, and which may expose him to somebody's displeasure when it is hereafter discovered that he was the object of your confidence. Your desire for aid or for sympathy is not to be indulged by dragging other people into your misfortunes. There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets, as in keeping those of your neighbour.
Darley.

What thou intendest to do, speak not of before thou doest it. *Pittachus.*

SECRET—Plague of a.

I vow and protest there's more plague than pleasure with a secret. *Colman.*

SECRETS—Concealment of.

Be well advised, and think what danger 'tis
To receive a prince's secrets : they that do,
Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant
To contain them : I pray thee yet be satisfied,
Examine thine own frailty ; 'tis more easy
To tie knots than unloose them : 'tis a secret
That, like a ling'ring poison, may chance be
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven years hence.
Webster.

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things where knowledge is forbid.
Denham.

SECRETS—Divinely Guarded.

Generally he perceived in men of devout simplicity this opinion ; that the secrets of nature were the secrets of God,—part of that glory into which man is not to press too boldly.
Bacon.

SECRETS—Instinct of.

We must regard every matter as an intrusted secret, which we believe the person concerned would wish to be considered as such. Nay, further still, we must consider all circumstances as secrets intrusted, which would bring scandal upon another if told, and which it is not our certain duty to discuss, and that in our own persons, and to his face. The divine rule of doing as we would be done by, is never better put to the test than in matters of good and evil speaking. We may sophisticate with ourselves upon the manner in which we should wish to be treated, under many circumstances ; but everybody recoils instinctively from the thought of being spoken ill of in his absence.
Leigh Hunt.

SECRETS—Intrusting of.

Trust not him with your secrets who, when left alone in your room, turns over your papers.
Lavater.

SECRETS—Keeping of.

Constantly I see the axiom quoted, as if it were a very excellent lesson in morals, "Never expect another to keep a secret which you cannot keep yourself." The maxim is the concentrated essence of selfishness and falsehood. To receive secrets, to hold them sacredly and use them wisely in intercourse with the depositors, is the highest office of friendship. The power to keep another's secret better than your own is one of the surest signs of a noble nature. The very impulse to confide, the eagerness of the "o'er-fraught heart" to relieve itself, is a suggestion that another *will* keep the secret for it, and love the more, and not the less. All friendship that is worth the name, is a giving and receiving of confidences. My friend is one to whom I can show myself as I am, without reserve, sure of his sympathy and counsel. If he tells me a secret of his, I will strive to deal with it as he would have me do, if he could enter my mind and regulate my thoughts. If by insight or observation I

come to know what I have reason to believe he would not have me know, or if, in a moment of excitement, he himself tells me what when soberer he would wish blotted from my memory, then I will hold such a secret more guardedly than even one which he has formally intrusted to my keeping. *Jerdan.*

When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets, and interchange their keys. *Feltham.*

Neither hear nor tell secrets. *Fuller.*

Conceal thy domestic ills. *Thales.*

SECTS—Difference of.

All sects are different, because they come from men; morality is everywhere the same, because it comes from God. *Voltaire.*

SECURITY—Fancied.

States that never knew
A change but in their growth, which a long peace
Hath brought unto perfection, are like steel,
Which, being neglected, will consume itself
With its own rust; so doth security
Eat through the hearts of states, while they're sleeping
And lull'd in her false quiet. *Nabb.*

The thunderbolt is never seen till felt,
And then it wounds beyond the reach of cure.
Be not secure; none sooner are undone
Than those whom confidence betrays to rest.
Sejanus.

SEEDS—Embryo Life of.

Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise
In miniature a little orchard lies;
The fibrous labyrinths, by just degrees,
Stretch their swoln cells, replete with future trees;
By time evolved, the spreading branches rise,
Yield their rich fruit, and shoot into the skies.
Broome.

SELF—Dissatisfied with.

Be always displeased with what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest I have enough, thou perishest. Always add, always walk, always proceed. Neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate. *Augustine.*

SELF—an Enemy.

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face. *Whately.*

SELF—Regulation of.

Thou must be emptied of self before thou canst be filled with the Spirit. *Thornton.*

SELF—Study of.

Above all subjects study thine own self. For no knowledge that terminates in curiosity or speculation is comparable to that which is of use; and of all useful knowledge, that is most so, which consists in the due care, and just notions of ourselves. This study is a debt which every one owes himself. Let us not then be so lavish, so unjust, as not to pay this debt, by spending some part at least, if we cannot all, or most of our time and care, upon that which has the most indefeasible claim to it. Govern your passions, manage your actions with prudence, and where false steps have been made, correct them for the future. Let nothing be allowed to grow headstrong and disorderly; but bring all under discipline. Set all your faults before your eyes, and pass sentence upon yourself, with the same severity as you would do upon another, for whom no partiality hath biassed your judgment. *Bernard.*

SELF—Thinking Only of.

Of all that have tried the selfish experiment, let one come forth and say he has succeeded. He that has made gold his idol—has it satisfied him? He that has toiled in the fields of ambition—has he been repaid? He that has ransacked every theatre of sensual enjoyment—is he content? Can any answer in the affirmative? Not one. And when his conscience shall ask him, and ask it will, "Where are the hungry, whom you gave meat? The thirsty, whom you gave drink? The stranger, whom you sheltered? The naked, whom you clothed? The prisoned, whom you visited? The sick, whom you ministered unto?" how will he feel, when he must answer, "I have done none of these things,—I thought only for myself!" *Johnson.*

SELF-ACCUSATION.

And be it indeed that I have erred, mine error remaineth with myself. *Job.*

SELF-COMMAND—its own Reward.

We should not sadden the harmless mirth of others by suffering our own melancholy to be seen; and this species of exertion is, like virtue, its own reward; for the good spirits which are at first stimulated become at length real. *Thomas Scott.*

SELF-CONCEIT—Folly of.

Wouldest thou not be thought a fool in another's conceit, be not wise in thy own: he that trusts to his own wisdom, proclaims his own folly: he is truly wise, and shall appear so, that hath folly enough to be thought not worldly wise, or wisdom enough to see his own folly. *Quarles.*

SELF-CONDEMNATION.

Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I. Yea, thine own lips testify against thee.
Job.

SELF-CONFIDENCE—Advantage of.

For they can conquer who believe they can.
Virgil.

SELF-CONTROL.

I kept myself from mine iniquity. *David.*

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king. *Milton.*

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as life wears away.
Watts.

SELF-CULTURE—Time for.

Is it asked, how can the labouring man find time for self-culture? I answer, that an earnest purpose finds time, or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns fragments to golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command. And it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes, when eagerly seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed, that those who have the most time at their disposal profit by it the least. A single hour in the day, steadily given to the study of some interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge.
W. Ellery Channing.

SELF-DENIAL—Advantages of.

Self-denial is an excellent guard of virtue, and it is safer and wiser to abate somewhat of our lawful enjoyments, than to gratify our desires to the utmost extent of what is permitted, lest the bent of nature towards pleasure hurry us further. *Townson.*

SELF-DENIAL—Bravery of.

Brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.
Shakspeare.

SELF-DENIAL—Bravery of.

There never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial. *Sir Walter Scott.*

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer. *Ibid.*

The more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God. *Horace.*

SELF-EXAMINATION—Design of.

Give no quarter unto those vices which are of thine inward family, and having a root in thy temper plead a right and propriety in thee. Examine well thy complexional inclinations. Raise early batteries against those strongholds, built upon the rock of nature, and make this a great part of the militia of thy life. The politic nature of vice must be opposed by policy, and therefore wiser honesties project and plot against sin; wherein, notwithstanding, we are not to rest in generals, or the trite stratagems of art. That may succeed with one temper which may prove successless with another. There is no community or commonwealth of virtue, every man must study his own economy, and erect these rules unto the figure of himself.
Sir Thomas Browne.

SELF-EXAMINATION — Thoroughness of.

Inspect the neighbourhood of thy life; every shelf, every nook of thy abode; and, nestling in, quarter thyself in the farthest and most domestic winding of thy snail-house!—
Richter.

SELF-EXAMINATION—Wisdom of.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news. *Young.*

Let a man examine himself; for if we would judge *ourselves*, we should not be judged.
St. Paul.

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.
Shakspeare.

By all means, use sometimes to be alone;
Salute thyself—see what thy soul doth wear;

Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there. *Wordsworth.*

SELFISHNESS—Characteristics of.

Though selfishness hath defiled the whole man, yet sensual pleasure is the chief part of its interest, and, therefore, by the senses it commonly works; and these are the doors and the windows by which iniquity entereth into the soul. *Baxter.*

SELFISHNESS—Despicability of.

I would cut off my own head, if it had nothing better in it but wit; and tear out my own heart, if it had no better disposition than to love only myself, and laugh at all my neighbours. *Pope.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE — Conduct flowing from.

If we know ourselves, we shall remember the condescension, benignity, and love, that is due to *inferiors:* the affability, friendship, and kindness, we ought to show to *equals:* the regard, deference, and honour, we owe to *superiors;* and the candour, integrity, and benevolence, we owe to *all.* *Mason.*

SELF-LOVE—arouses to Action.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake.
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next the human race;
Wide, and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth swells around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven has stamp'd its image on his breast.
Pope.

SELF-LOVE—the Greatest of Flatterers.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.
La Rochefoucauld.

SELF-LOVE—associated with Flattery.

Self-love never yet could look on truth
But with blear'd beams. Sleek Flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies.
Ben Jonson.

SELF-LOVE—Narrow-Mindedness of.

Thou, who lov'st nothing but what nothing loves,
And that's thyself! *Dryden.*

SELF-PRESERVATION — a Law of Nature.

Even insects sting for aught they seek to save:
This common courage, which with brutes we share,
That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,
Small merit claims. *Byron.*

Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
That doth not all his living faculties
Put forth in preservation of his life?
What deed so daring, which necessity
And desperation will not sanctify? *Coleridge.*

Self-preservation seems to be an inherent principle in animals; a dread of pain and suffering, and a consciousness of death, which consciousness must be of the highest order in some animals, since they feign death as the last remaining struggle for self-preservation, when all other hopes have failed. An implanted knowledge of the termination of life must exist, or its effects would not be feigned, nor the anxiety for safety be so permanent an object. It cannot be example that sets the fox to simulate death so perfectly that he permits himself to be handled, to be conveyed to a distant spot, and then to be flung on a dunghill. The ultimate hope—escape—prompts the measure, which unaided instinct could not have contrived. What we, humanly speaking, call knowledge of the world, which is the mainspring of half our acts and plans, is the result of deep observation of character, and of the leading principles which influence society; and this would apply very well with fox in relation to fox; but the analogy must cease here, and we can only say that this artifice of the fox is an extraordinary display of high cunning, great self-confidence, and strong resolution. There are many insects, particularly the genus *Elater,* the spider and the door-beetle, which feign death when seized by the hand. *Thompson.*

SELF-REGARD — incompatible with Holiness.

Oh! the unspeakable littleness of a soul which, intrusted with Christianity, speaking in God's name to immortal beings, with infinite excitements to the most enlarged, fervent love, sinks down into narrow self-regard, and is chiefly solicitous of its own honour.
W. Ellery Channing.

SELF-RELIANCE—a Noble Quality.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,

Commands all light, all influence, all fate,—
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

SELF-RESPECT—Evil of the Want of.

Who will adhere to him that abandons himself? *Sir Philip Sidney.*

SELF-REVERENCE—Importance of.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power by herself
Would come uncall'd for), but live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear:
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.
Tennyson.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS—Danger of.

It is the devil's masterpiece to make us think well of ourselves. *Adam.*

While a man rests in any degree on his own merits for acceptance with God, it is of little consequence whether he be a pagan idolater or a proud ignorant pharisee: both go about to establish their own righteousness; neither submits to the righteousness of God; and I know not which of the two is *more* distant from the kingdom of God. *J. Milner.*

SELF-WILL—Extreme Folly of.

Self-will is so ardent and active, that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on. *Cecil.*

SENSATION—A Gratifying.

The consciousness of doing that which we are reasonably persuaded we ought to do, is always a gratifying sensation to the considerate mind: it is a sensation by God's will inherent in our nature; and is, as it were, the voice of God Himself, intimating his approval of our conduct, and by his commendation encouraging us to proceed. *Bishop Mant.*

SENSE—Common.

To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy, to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation. *Horace Walpole.*

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense: there are forty men of wit for one man of good sense; and he that will carry nothing about with him but gold, will be every day at a loss for readier change. *Addison.*

SENSE—Depravity of.

He that lives in the kingdom of sense, shall die in the kingdom of sorrow. *Baxter.*

SENSE—Good.

What we call good sense in the conduct of life, consists chiefly in that temper of mind which enables its possessor to view at all times, with perfect coolness and accuracy, all the various circumstances of his situation; so that each of them may produce its due impression on him, without any exaggeration arising from his own peculiar habits. But to a man of an ill-regulated imagination, external circumstances only serve as hints to excite his own thoughts, and the conduct he pursues has in general far less reference to his real situation, than to some imaginary one, in which he conceives himself to be placed: in consequence of which, while he appears to himself to be acting with the most perfect wisdom and consistency, he may frequently exhibit to others all the appearances of folly. *Stewart.*

SENSIBILITY—Application of.

Sensibility appears to me to be neither good nor evil in itself, but in its application. Under the influence of Christian principle, it makes saints and martyrs; ill-directed, or uncontrolled, it is a snare, and the source of every temptation; besides, as people cannot get it if it is not given them, to descant on it seems to me as idle as to recommend people to have black eyes or fair complexions. *Hannah More.*

SENSIBILITY—Delicacy of.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns. *Moore.*

SENSIBILITY—Feelings of.

Sensibility would be a good portress if she had but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain. *Colton.*

SENSIBILITY—Keenness of.

There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than even a serious injury. Men have died of the festering of a gnat-bite. *Cecil Danby.*

Feeling hearts — touch them but lightly — pour
A thousand melodies unheard before. *Rogers.*

SENSIBILITY—Objects of.

We are, as it were, plunged into the universe, tremblingly alive all over, and rendered capable of receiving impressions, pleasant or unpleasant, from every object that addresses our senses; from everything we perceive, and from everything of which we can form an idea. Nothing in this vast universe can, at all seasons, be totally indifferent to every person in it; nothing so inert as to be incapable of exerting some influence in one connection or other, and of calling forth a corresponding passion or affection. *Cogan.*

SENSIBILITY—not Religion.

When a kind mother closes the eyes of her expiring babe, she is thrown into a flood of sensibility, and soothing to her heart are the sympathy and prayers of an attending minister. When a gathering neighbourhood assemble to the funeral of an acquaintance, one pervading sense of regret and tenderness sits on the faces of the company; and the deep silence, broken only by the solemn utterance of the man of God, carries a kind of pleasing religiousness along with it. The sacredness of the hallowed day, and all the decencies of its observation, may change the affections of him who loves to walk in the footsteps of his father; and every recurring Sabbath may bring to his bosom the charm of its regularity and quietness. Religion has its accompaniments, and in these there may be something to soothe and to fascinate, even in the absence of the appropriate influence of religion. The deep and tender impression of a family bereavement is not religion; the love of established decencies is not religion; the charm of all that sentimentalism that is associated with many of its solemn and affecting services is not religion. They may form the distinct folds of its accustomed drapery; but they do not, any or all of them put together, make up the substance of the thing itself.

Chalmers.

SENSUALITY—Recklessness of.

A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal. *Shakspeare.*

SENTIMENT—True School of.

Since the close of what we may call the Byronic period in our literature, there has been an increasing reaction against the school of sentiment. This reaction, we conceive, is at present carried to excess. In the recoil from the morbid and falsely heroic, are we not falling into the opposite error of considering everything morbid that aspires to be heroic? Is not the wholesale denunciation of cant becoming a sort of cant in itself? Our fast men, who find a generous sentiment in a theatre "bosh," or a kindling appeal in the House of Commons "stump oratory," are illustrations in point. By all means let us expose shams, but at the same time remember that they are such, not because they represent our ideals, but because they counterfeit them. In every high-toned man there is a sense of the heroic, which is, in other words, the sense of devotion to the good and true at every cost. The natural attitude of such a feeling is faith; its natural language is enthusiasm. Even as to real heroes and heroines, the chief regret is, not that they are wanting, but that we do not always know them when they come. Men who fight the battle of right without calculating the odds, women who rate men by their manhood rather than by their banker's account, are, thank God, nowise rare. Nor are such votaries of romance, as a rule, either victims or martyrs. By a law of natural magnetism, they draw round them all that is best and healthiest in the sympathies of others; while in themselves they have the abiding youth which creates joy where it does not find it, and gains strength and trust from adversity.

Jerrold.

SERMONS—Materials of.

Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light. The faithful minister avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go further than his antidote. *Fuller.*

SERMONS—Suitability of.

A divine ought to calculate his sermon as an astrologer does his almanac,—to the meridian of the place and people where he lives.

Hughes.

SERMONS—Tedium of.

I would not have preachers torment their hearers, and detain them with long and tedious preaching. *Luther.*

SERVANT—A Faithful.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last grasp, with truth and loyalty.

Shakspeare.

SERVANT—A Faithful.

Hear me, Ctesiphon!—
I had a fever once, and slaves
Affrighted fled me;—he usurp'd their place,
And sooth'd my dull ear with discourse which grew
By nice degrees to ravishment, till pain
Seem'd an heroic sense, which made me kin
To the great deeds he pictur'd, and the brood
Of dizzy weakness flickering through the gloom
Of my small curtain'd prison caught the hues
Of beauty spangling out in glorious change;
And it became a luxury to lie
And faintly listen. *Talfourd.*

SERVANT—Housekeeper.

Her hair is quite white, frizzed out in front, and she wears over it a small cap, nicely plaited, and brought down under her chin; her manners are simple and primitive, heightened a little by a proper dignity of station. *Washington Irving.*

SERVANT—Rewarding a.

Reward a good servant well; and rather get quit of a bad one than disquiet thyself with him. *Fuller.*

SERVANTS—Monotonous Duties of.

Their services are, clock-like, to be set
Backward and forward, at their lord's command.
Ben Jonson.

SERVANTS—Evils attendant on.

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd;—
Whip me such honest knaves: others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
Shakspeare.

SERVANTS—Management of.

Make use of servants as of parts of your own body; appoint to each their several offices.
Democritus.

Choose rather to be feared for being too severe in searching into thy servant's actions, than disregarded from taking no notice of them, and being too easy. *Fuller.*

SERVANTS—Roguery of.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse t'unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, our following.
Shakspeare.

SERVICE—in Ancient Times.

Happy those times,
When lords were styled fathers of families.
And not imperious masters! when they number'd
Their servants almost equal with their sons
Or one degree beneath them! When their labours
Were cherish'd and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings! when they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance! all things order'd.
With such decorum, as wise law-makers. *Ibid.*

SERVICE—Tedium of.

O, the inconstant
And rotten ground of service! You may see,
'Tis ev'n like him, that in a winter's night
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
As loath to part from't; yet parts thence more cold
Than when he first sate down. *Webster.*

SERVICE—of those who Wait.

They also serve who only stand and wait.
Milton.

SERVICES—Acceptability of.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the ling'ring dewdrop from the sun.
Wordsworth.

SERVILITY—Exemplified.

When I went to the Palace, I alighted at the grand staircase; I was received by the sticks gold and silver, and other officers of the household, who called in sonorous tones from landing to landing, and apartment to apartment, "Room for the Lord High Chancellor of England." I entered the presence-chamber; I gave the seals to her Majesty; I had the honour of kissing her hand; I left the apartment by another door and found myself on ■

back staircase, down which I descended without any one taking any notice of me until, as I was looking for my carriage at the outer door, a lackey bustled up, and with a patronising air, said, "Lord Lyndhurst, can I do anything for you?" *Lord Lyndhurst.*

SERVITUDE—Humility of.

Will it please your worship to accept of my poor service? I beseech that I may feed upon your bread, though it be the brownest; and drink of your drink, though it be of the smallest; for I will do your worship as much service for forty shillings as another man shall for three pounds. *Greene.*

SEXES—The.

For contemplation he and valour form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received.
Milton.

SHADE—Delights of.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There on that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair, moss-lined, and overhead
By flow'ring umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine, loads his little thigh.
Oh, bear me then to vast embow'ring shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!
Thomson.

SHAME—Consequences of.

Shame greatly hurts or greatly helps mankind.
Homer.

SHAME—Effects of.

I regard that man as lost, who has lost his sense of shame. *Plautus.*

SHAME—the worst of Furies.

Shame urges on behind, unpitying shame
That worst of furies, whose fell aspect frights
Each tender feeling from the human breast.
Thomson.

SHAME—a Deadly Pang.

Of all evils to the generous, shame is the most deadly pang. *Ibid.*

SHAME—Reproaches of.

I know not how to tell thee!
Shame rises in my face, and interrupts
The story of my tongue! *Otway.*

SHAME—Stamp of.

Shame sticks ever close to the ribs of dishonour.
Great men are never sound after it:
It leaves some ache or other in their names still,
Which their posterity feels at ev'ry weather.
Middleton.

SHAME—Unbearable.

I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire;
In frozen gulfs of cold eternal, lie;
Be toss'd aloft through tracts of endless void,
But cannot live in shame. *Joanna Baillie.*

SHAME—Watchfulness of.

Whilst shame keeps its watch, virtue is not wholly extinguished from the heart. *Burke.*

SHARPNESS—Moral Application of.

Sharpness cuts slight things best; solid, nothing cuts through but weight and strength; the same in the use of intellectuals.
Sir W. Temple.

SHELL—Voice of a.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth lipp'd shell,
To which in silence hush'd his very soul,
Listen'd intensely, and his countenance soon,
Brighten'd with joy: for murmurings from within
Were heard—sonorous cadence, whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with his native sea.
Wordsworth.

I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace porch: where, when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the nave:

Shake one, and it awakes; then apply
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abode
And murmurs as the Ocean murmurs there.
W. S. Landor.

SHELLS—Beauties of.

See what a lovely shell
Small and pure as pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through his dim water-world? *Tennyson.*

A collection of shells is a beautiful and surprising sight; beautiful, since more exquisite samples of elegance of form and brilliancy of colour cannot be found through the wide range of natural objects, whether organized or inorganized; surprising, when we consider that all these durable relics were constructed by soft and fragile animals, among the most perishable of living creatures. Still more surprising is such an assemblage when we reflect upon the endless variation of pattern and sculpture which it displays; for there are known to naturalists more that fifteen thousand perfectly distinct kinds of shells. Every one of these kinds has a rule of its own, a law which every individual of each kind through all its generations implicitly obeys. Thus there is a liberty to vary given to some, whilst others are rigidly bound by immutable rules of the utmost simplicity; but to none is allowed the license to depart, unless in the exceptional cases of useless and abnormal monstrosities, from the law of its specific organization. The researches of the naturalist have made him conversant not merely with the fact of these myriads of modifications of the type of the molluscous shell, but also with the laws obeyed by whole groups of forms, and the principles which may be evoked from the careful and minute study of species and genus. Thus a science arises out of a knowledge of conchological details, and truths are elicited which bear importantly upon the elucidation of the laws of life and being throughout organized nature. The formation of the shell itself is but an example of a process at work equally in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A shell, whether simple or complicated in contour or colour, is the aggregate result of the functional operation of numberless minute membranous cells, the largest of which does not exceed one-hundredth of an inch in diameter, and in the majority of instances is less than one-thousandth of an inch. In the cavities of these microscopic chambers is deposited a crystalline carbonate of lime, which gives compactness to the beautiful dwelling-house, or rather coat of mail, that protects the tender mollusk. How astonishing is the reflection, that myriads of exactly similar and exceedingly minute organs should so work in combination, that the result of their labours should present an edifice rivalling, nay, exceeding, in complexity, yet order of detail and perfection of elaborate finish, the finest palaces ever constructed by man! Throughout nature we find the same complicated results attained by the same simple mechanism. The flower of the field, the shell of the sea, the bird of the air, the beast of the forest, and man himself, are all so many cell-constructions, wings of the one wonderful animated edifice, whose masons we may behold through the aid of instruments of human construction, but whose Architect is beyond the power of mortal science to comprehend. Everywhere the naturalist discovers the hand-prints of Omniscient Designer, but must humbly content himself with endeavouring to develop the unity and benevolence of the design. *Jesse.*

SHIP—in a Fog.

There are few things more impressive to me than a ship lying up against some lonely quay in a black sea-fog, with the furrow traced under its tawny keel far in the harbour slime. The noble misery that there is in it, the might of its rent and strained unseemliness, its wave-worn melancholy, resting there for a little while in the comfortless ebb, unpitied, and claiming no pity; still less honoured, least of all conscious of any claim to honour; casting and craning by due balance whatever is in its hold up to the pier, in quiet truth of time; spinning of wheel, and slackening of rope, and swinging of spade, in as accurate cadence as a waltz music; one or two of its crew, perhaps, away forward, and a hungry boy and yelping dog, eagerly interested in something from which a blue dull smoke rises out of pot or

pan: but, dark-browed and silent, their limbs slack, like the ropes above them, entangled as they are in those inextricable meshes about the patched knots and heaps of ill-reefed sable sail. What a majestic sense of service in all that languor! the rest of human limbs and hearts at utter need, not in sweet meadows or soft air, but in harbour slime and biting fog; so drawing their breath once more, to go out again, without lament, from between the two skeletons of pier-heads, vocal with wash of under-wave, into the grey troughs of tumbling brine; there, as they can, with slacked rope, and patched sail, and leaky hull, again to roll and stagger far away amidst the wind and salt sleet, from dawn to dusk, and dusk to dawn, winning day by day their daily bread; and for last reward, when their old hands, on some winter night, lose feeling along the frozen ropes, and their old eyes miss mark of the lighthouse quenched in foam, the so-long impossible Rest, that shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more,—their eyes and mouths filled with the brown sea-sand.

Ruskin.

SHIP—a Thing of Life.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

Byron.

SHIPS—Associations connected with.

Ships—ships everywhere; crowding their lofty quivering masts, and slender spars, and tense cordage, in apparently inextricable complication. Ships, that had battled with the waters of dark and far-distant seas in their wildest might, and now lay calmly, almost in the very streets, and gave up the treasures they had so bravely carried over the leaping wilderness of the ocean to their masters. Ships, whose sweltering planks had been scorched beneath the blazing sun of strange lands since they last departed; whose rigging had strained and cracked, and yet held on, true and fast, against the anger of the storms; whose trusty bows had boldly met the lashing maddened billows, flinging back their angry foam to the vast and boiling cauldrons of the deep, as their fettered timbers struck the hissing waters, bearing all the love, and hope, and worlds of hundreds within their span. Ships—still ships, and ships! *Albert Smith.*

Among ships, the fisher-boat, corresponding to the cottage on the land (only far more sublime than a cottage can ever be), is, on the whole, the thing most venerable. I doubt if ever academic grove were half so fit for profitable meditation, as the little strip of shingle between two black, steep, overhanging sides of stranded fishing-boats. The clear heavy water-edge of ocean rising and falling close to their bows, in that unaccountable way which the sea has always in calm weather, turning the pebbles over and over as if with a rake, to look for something, and then stopping a moment down at the bottom of the bank, and coming up again with a little run and clash, throwing a foot's depth of salt crystal, in an instant, between you and the round stone you were going to take in your hand; sighing, all the while, as if it would infinitely rather be doing something else. And the dark flanks of the fishing-boats all aslope above in their shining quietness, hot in the morning sun, rusty and seam, with square patches of plank nailed over their rents, just rough enough to let the little flat-footed fisher-children haul or twist themselves up to the gunwales, and drop back again along some stray rope; just round enough to remind us, in their broad and gradual curves, of the sweep of the green surges they know so well, and of the hours when those old sides of seared timber, all ashine with the sea, plunge and dip into the deep green purity of the mounded waves, more joyfully than a deer lies down among the grass of spring; the soft white cloud of foam opening momentarily at the bows, and fading or flying high into the breeze, where the sea-gulls toss and shriek; the joy and beauty of it all the while so mingled with the sense of unfathomable danger, and the human effort and sorrow going on perpetually from age to age; waves rolling for ever, and winds moaning for ever, and faithful hearts trusting and sickening for ever, and brave lives dashed away about the rattling beech like weeds for ever; and still, at the helm of every lonely boat, through starless night and hopeless dawn, His hand, who spreads the fisher's net over the dust of the Sidonian palaces, and gave into the fisher's hand the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

Ruskin.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race between

which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier. *Ruskin.*

SHIP-BUILDING—Fine Form of.

A most curious fact was communicated to me the other day by one of Edinburgh's brightest ornaments, and who, like many men of true genius, has a strong natural turn for angling. A question was proposed to a party of mathematicians—"of what shape a solid body ought to be to pass through a fluid with the least possible resistance?" By application of the strictest mathematical principles it was solved, and the form discovered coincided exactly with that of a fish's head!

J. Colquhoun.

SHIPS—Building of.

Into that, man has put as much of his human patience, common sense, forethought, experimental philosophy, self-control, habits of order and obedience, thoroughly-wrought hand-work, defiance of brute elements, careless courage, careful patriotism, and calm expectation of the judgment of God, as can well be put into a space of 300 feet long by 80 broad. And I am thankful to have lived in an age when I could see this thing so done. *Ruskin.*

SHIPWRECK—Horrors of.

The very rats,
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong. *Shakspeare.*

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS.

A dew-drop falling on the ocean-wave,
Exclaim'd in fear: "I perish in this grave;"
But in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth—as it had fear'd, to die;—
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed:
O unbelieving! so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem. *Trench.*

SHOWER—Genial Influence of.

From floating clouds of pearly hue
Fell in light drops the recent shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew
On every tree and every flower. *Roscoe.*

SICK—Ministrant of the.

The care of the sick devolves on women. From the highest to the lowest none are, properly speaking, exempt from this charge, 'Tis true that those who are rich can hire experienced nurses, but still the responsibility and the anxiety rest with the mistress; for she cannot hire affection, thoughtful care, and all those little attentions which make the sole comfort of an invalid; she can merely secure a species of human machine which mechanically performs its duties, and between whiles eats, drinks, sleeps, and comforts itself. There are many excellent and kind-hearted professional nurses, but there are also more who have become, as it were, petrified by the habitual contemplation of suffering, and who merely regard the patient with a business-like eye. In a sick-room, the kindness and attention of the nurse often operate far greater marvels than the skill of the doctor; for she is there every hour, she sees every change, and can minister to so many little wants. Those trifles which make up the *events* of an invalid, those minor details so unimportant to a person in health, those whims, and desires, and nervous susceptibilities, which appear almost childish to lookers-on, will be studied by a good, conscientious nurse, and overlooked or disregarded by one who either does not feel interested in the patient, or has not sufficient sympathy to induce her to study these matters. In the former case, the invalid will be soothed and cheered; in the latter, irritated and depressed. Surely it is not difficult to conceive which influence must act most beneficially upon the system. Gentleness, watchfulness, firmness, judgment, some delicacy of feeling, and a truly Christian spirit, are the distinguishing characteristics which will best adapt a woman for fulfilling this phase of her duties.

Mrs. Marsh.

SICK-BED—a Regal Solitude.

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick-bed. How the patient lords it there! what caprices he acts without control! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flatting, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples. *Lamb.*

SICKNESS—Irritability of.

Those who are blessed with health can never know, till they in their turn are called upon to suffer, what heroic strength of spirit lies hidden under the mask of silent uncomplaining suffering; how strong the temptations are to be unreasonable, pettish, or repining; how difficult it is to be grateful, and still more to be amiable, when the irritation of every nerve renders the most skilful attendance irksome, and the dearest presence importunate; when the diseased frame loathes the sunshine of a smile, and dreads the tear and the cloud; where all is pain, and weariness, and bitterness.

Oh, let the healthy lay these things ever to heart, and, while they scrupulously perform their duty, while they reverence, and almost adore, the fortitude and patience of the gentle and resigned, let them have pity upon many a poor and querulous sufferer; upon their side, let the sick not forget that the reverence, adoration, and love, thus excited, are as the elixir of life to their often-wearied and overtaxed nurses; quickening them to exertion by the sweetest of influences, instead of exhausting them with the struggle to perform an ungrateful duty. *Mrs. Marsh.*

SICKNESS—Sensation of.

It is a strange and awful sensation, when, after having enjoyed, to the full, the powers and energies of manhood, we find ourselves suddenly reduced by the unnerving hand of sickness to the feebleness of infancy,—when giant strength lies prostrate, and busy activity is chained to the weary bed. It is strange, and it is awful; for it shows us most sensibly how frail a thing is that vigour which, in our boisterous days of health, we madly think an adamantine armour against all adversity. It is strange and awful; for it leads us to the brink of that fatal precipice, over which all must fall, and displays, as if from the very verge, the inside of our future grave. *James.*

SICK-ROOMS—Ventilation of.

With a proper supply of windows, and a proper supply of fuel in open fire-places, fresh air is comparatively easy to secure when your patient or patients are in bed. Never be afraid of open windows then. People don't catch cold in bed. This is a popular fallacy. With proper bed-clothes and hot bottles, if necessary, you can always keep a patient warm in bed, and well ventilate him at the same time. . . . I know an intelligent humane house surgeon who makes a practice of keeping the ward windows open. The physicians and surgeons invariably close them while going their rounds; and the house surgeon very properly as invariably opens them whenever the doctors have turned their backs. . . . Do you ever go into the bedrooms of any persons of any class, whether they contain one, two, or twenty people, whether they hold sick or well, at night, or before the windows are opened in the morning, and ever find the air anything but unwholesomely close and foul? And why should it be so? And of how much importance it is that it should not be so! During sleep, the human body, even when in health, is far more injured by the influence of foul air than when awake. Why can't you keep the air all night, then, as pure as the air without in the rooms you sleep in? But for this, you must have sufficient outlet for the impure air you make yourselves to go out; sufficient inlet for the pure air from without to come in. You must have open chimneys, open windows, or ventilators; no close curtains round your beds; no shutters or curtains to your windows, none of the contrivances by which you undermine your own health or destroy the chances of recovery of your sick. *Miss Nightingale.*

SIGHS—Inspiration of.

Sighs now breathed
Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer
Inspired, and wing'd for heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory. *Milton.*

SILENCE—Dreadfulness of.

Silence, more dreadful than severest sounds!
Would she but speak, though death, eternal exile
Hung at her lips, yet while her tongue pronounces,
There would be music, even in my undoing. *Lee.*

SILENCE—Grandeur of.

And yet—
How grand is silence! In her tranquil deeps
What mighty things are born!—Thought, Beauty, Faith,
All good;—bright Thought, which springeth forth at once,
Like sudden sunrise; Faith the angel-eyed,
Who takes her rest beside the heart of man,
Serene and still; eternal Beauty, crown'd
With flowers, that with the changing seasons change;
And good of all kinds. Whilst the babbling verse
Of the vain poet frets its restless way,
In stately strength the sage's mind flows on,
Making no noise:—and so, when clamorous crowds
Rush forth,—or tedious wits waken the senate-house,—
Or some fierce actor stamps upon his stage,—
With what a gentle foot doth silent Time
Steal on his everlasting journey! *Cornwall.*

SILENCE—Joyfulness of.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy, if I could say how much. *Shakspeare.*

SILENCE—Various Kinds of.

There are three kinds of silence. Silence from words is good, because inordinate speaking tends to evil. Silence, or rest from desires

and passions, is still better, because it promotes quietness of spirit. But the best of all, is silence from unnecessary and wandering thoughts, because that is essential to internal recollection, and because it lays a foundation for a proper regulation and silence in other respects. *Madame Guyon.*

SILENCE—Peculiarities of.

Fellows who have no tongues are often all eyes and ears. *Haliburton.*

SILENCE—Power of.

What a strange power there is in *silence!* How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected—during that pause when the lips are closed, and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her! When some of those cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look on with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil, or their guardian-angel, is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward heaven or toward hell, and an item has been scored in the book which the day of judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil,—those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them; those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their withering passage. *Emerson.*

SILENCE—Propriety of.

Let us be silent, that we may hear the whispers of the gods. *Ibid.*

SILENCE—Solemnity of.

It was so calm, that scarce the feathery weed
Sown by some eagle on the topmost stone
Swayed in the air:—so bright that noon did breed
No shadow in the sky beside mine own—
Mine, and the shadow of my chain alone.
Below the smoke of roofs involved in flame
Rested like night, all else was clearly shown
In the broad glare, yet sound to me none came,
But of the living blood that ran within my frame. *Shelley.*

And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer. *Byron.*

SILENCE—Supremacy of.

Above the mist, above the cloud,
Above the darkness and the thunder,
While storms are roaring wild and loud,
Calm shines a world of Awe and Wonder,
And there is silence o'er the thunder.
Hodgson.

SILENCE—Things done in.

In silence mighty things are wrought,
Silently builded thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky
And, like a citadel with towers,
The soul, with her subservient powers,
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The saplings on the forest grow
To trees of mighty girth,
Each nightly star in silence burns
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the rivers and the land
With universal chain,
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again. *Thomas T. Lynch.*

SILENCE—Time for.

Be silent, where reason is not regarded, and truth is distasteful. *Fuller.*

SILENCE—sometimes a Trick.

Silence is a trick when it imposes. Pedants and scholars, churchmen and physicians, abound in silent pride. *Zimmerman.*

SILENCE—Value of.

Euripides was wont to say silence was an answer to a wise man; but we seem to have greater occasion for it in our dealing with fools and unreasonable persons; for men of breeding and sense will be satisfied with reason and fair words. *Plutarch.*

SILENCE—in Woman.

Silence in woman is like speech in man;
Deny't who can. *Ben Jonson.*

SIMPLICITY—Character of.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity. *Longfellow.*

Simplicity is the character of the spring of life, costliness becomes its autumn; but a neatness and purity, like that of the snowdrop or lily of the valley, is the peculiar fascination of beauty, to which it lends enchantment, and

gives a charm even to a plain person, being to the body what amiability is to the mind.
Longfellow.

SIMPLICITY—Nature of.

Whose nature is so far from doing harm,
That he suspects none. *Shakspeare.*

SIMPLICITY—with Holiness.

Purity and simplicity are the two wings with which man soars above the earth and all temporary nature. Simplicity is in the intention, purity in the affection: simplicity turns to God; purity unites with and enjoys Him. If thou hadst simplicity and purity, thou wouldst be able to comprehend all things without error, and behold them without danger. The pure heart safely pervades not only heaven but hell. *Thomas à Kempis.*

SIN—Abhorrent Aspect of.

Were the visage of sin seen at a full light, undressed and unpainted, it were impossible, while it so appeared, that any one soul could be in love with it, but would rather flee from it as hideous and abominable.
Archbishop Leighton.

SIN—Bitterness of.

There is more bitterness following upon sin's ending, than ever there was sweetness flowing from sin's acting. You that see nothing but *well* in its commission, will suffer nothing but *woe* in its conclusion. You that sin for your profits, will never profit by your sins. *Dyer.*

SIN—the only Disturber.

The only disturber of men, of families, cities, kingdoms, worlds, is sin: there is no such troubler, no such traitor to any state, as the wilfully wicked man; no such enemy to the public as the enemy of God. *Wogan.*

SIN—Dread of.

I hope, Trim, I fear nothing but the doing wrong thing. *Sterne.*

SIN—Evils of.

Sin is the fruitful parent of distempers, and ill lives occasion good physicians. *South.*

SIN—Falling into.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it may be a saint; that boasteth of it is a devil. *Fuller.*

SIN—Fruit of.

The fruit of sin, goodly and fair to view,
Deceives us in its beauty. Pluck'd, it turns
To ashes on our lips. *Webster.*

SIN—Grappling with.

If I grapple with sin in my own strength, the devil knows he may go to sleep. *Adam.*

SIN—Guard against.

We should take care of the beginning of sin. Nobody is exceedingly wicked all at once: the devil is too cunning to startle men with temptations to great and frightful crimes at first; but if he can tempt them to leave off their prayers, to take God's name in vain, to drink, to swear, to hear filthy discourse, and to speak of the vices of others with pleasure, he will soon tempt them to crimes of a damning nature. *Bishop Wilson.*

SIN—Hostility to.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer, and the murderer of the world: use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used. Kill it before it kills you; and though it kill your bodies, it shall not be able to kill your souls; and though it bring you to the grave, as it did your Head, it shall not be able to keep you there. *Baxter.*

SIN—Hypocrisy of.

You shall see a man rich in pocket and poor in soul. He goes to his church, and owns himself, to his passing condescensions by the way, a miserable sinner; he returns homeward, and proves himself to be so, albeit the proof never strikes him, by spurning the Sabbath-beggar at his threshold.
J. E. Parker.

SIN—Demon Qualities of.

Oh, cursèd, cursèd Sin! traitor to God,
And ruiner of man! mother of Woe,
And Death, and Hell! wretched, yet seeking worse;
Polluted most, yet wallowing in the mire;
Most mad, yet drinking frenzy's giddy cup;
Depth ever deepening, darkness darkening still;
Folly for wisdom, guilt for innocence;
Anguish for rapture, and for hope despair;
Destroy'd destroying; in tormenting, pain'd;
Unawed by wrath, by mercy unreclaim'd;
Thing most unsightly, most forlorn, most sad.
Pollok.

SIN—Best Remedy against.

If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. *St. Matthew.*

SIN—Reproaches of.

When we think of death, a thousand sins we have trod as worms beneath our feet, rise up against us like flaming serpents.

Thomas Scott.

SIN—Restlessness of.

Sin is never at a stay: if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the further on we go, the more we have to come back. *Barrow.*

SIN—Malignancy of.

Sins of the mind have less infamy than those of the body, but not less malignity.

Whichcote.

SINS—Shadows of.

Our sins, like to our shadows,
When our day's in its glory, scarce appear;
Towards our evening, how great and monstrous!

Suckling.

SINCERITY—Candour of.

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, and saves the labour of many inquiries. *Tillotson.*

SINCERITY—Character of.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. The affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

Lavater.

Sincerity is an openness of heart: 'tis found in a very few people; and that which we see commonly is not it, but a subtle dissimulation, to gain the confidence of others. *Charron.*

SINCERITY—Influence of.

An inward sincerity will of course influence the outward deportment; but where the one is wanting, there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other. *Sterne.*

SINCERITY—the First of Virtues.

Sincerity!
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,
And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
To take dissimulations winding way. *Home.*

SINCERITY—Welcome to.

Frank sincerity,
Though no invited guest, is free to all,
And brings his welcome with him. *Havard.*

SINCERITY—Wisdom of.

Sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than byways, in which men often lose themselves. *Tillotson.*

SINEWS.

The feeling power, which is life's root,
Though every living part itself doth shed
By sinews, which extend from head to foot,
And like a net all o'er the body spread.

Sir J. Davies.

SINGING—Breath in.

The following are the most essential practical rules for taking breath during vocalisation:—In taking full breath before a musical phrase, the time necessary for inhalation should be subtracted in the middle of a sentence, the time of inhalation from the preceding note. In taking a half breath in the middle of a sentence, the time of inhalation should be taken from the note which follows respiration, unless the musical phrase require this note to retain its full value of duration. Breath must never be taken in the middle of a word, and, if possible, not until a poetical or musical phrase be terminated. Full breath should be taken at the commencement of all passages; and a half breath (when necessary) to complete a passage, or whenever a melody is interrupted by rests. When breath is requisite in the middle of a passage, it should be taken before a word of small importance, such as *the*, *of*, *to*, and *ye*, because respiration shortens the note succeeding it, and, therefore, should not occur before words of much significance. Breath should never be taken so as to divide an article from its substantive, nor this latter from its adjective; neither may it be taken between a dissonant note and its resolution on the succeeding tone. *Sabillo Novello.*

SINGING—Fascination of.

Thyrsis with artful strains has oft delay'd
The babbling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd ev'ry musk-rose of the dale.

Milton.

SINGULARITY—Affecting.

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

Colton.

He who would be singular in his apparel, had need have something superlative to balance that affectation. *Feltham.*

SKULL—Reflections on a.

Thou hollow skull! what meanings lurk
Beneath that grin? 'tis but to say
Thy brain, like mine, was once at work
With thoughts that led thee far astray!
Longing for truth, you sought the day's clear light,
But miserably stray'd in gloom and night!
Goethe.

Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?
Shakspeare.

Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps;
Is that a temple where a god may dwell.
Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell!
Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brook'd control,
Can all, saints, sage, or sophist ever writ
People this lowly tower, this tenement refit?
Byron.

SKY—Beauty of the.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great black ugly rain-cloud were broken up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again until next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. *Ruskin.*

SKY—Beauty of the.

The blue sky
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.
Byron.

SLANDER—Avoiding.

Let us live well: were it alone for this,
The baneful tongues of servants to despise:
Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds. *Juvenal.*

SLANDER—Character of.

The whisper'd tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows;—
Fair-faced deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct;—the tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting.
Thomson.

SLANDER—Death from.

Look on those lips,
Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness
Chaste modest speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest itself, as loth to post
From out so fair an inn: look, look, they seem
To stir.
And breathe defiance to black obloquy.
Marsten.

SLANDER—Evils of.

So fruitful is slander in variety of expedients to satiate as well as disguise itself. But if these smoother weapons cut so sore, what shall we say of open and unblushing scandal, subjected to no caution, tied down to no restraints? If the one, like an arrow shot in the dark, does nevertheless so much secret mischief, this, like the pestilence, which rages at noon-day, sweeps all before it, levelling without distinction the good and the bad; a thousand fall beside it, and ten thousand on its right hand; they fall, so rent and torn in this tender part of them, so unmercifully butchered, as sometimes never to recover either the wounds or the anguish of heart which they have occasioned. *Sterne.*

Slander lives upon succession;
For ever housed when once it gets possession.
Shakspeare.

SLANDER—Foulness of.

'Twas slander fill'd her mouth with lying words,—
Slander, the foulest whelp of sin. *Pollok.*

SLANDER—Good most Injured by.

The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at. *Swift.*

SLANDER—Methods of.

How frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or a shrug. How many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives, by a mysterious and seasonable whisper. Look into companies of those whose gentle natures should disarm them, we shall find no better account. How large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hints — nodded away, and cruelly winked into suspicion by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves. How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report—which the party who is at the pains to propagate it beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling—that she is heartily sorry for it—hopes in God it is not true. However, as Archbishop Tillotson wittily observes upon it, is resolved in the meantime to give the report her pass, that at least it may have fair play to take its fortune in the world—to be believed or not, according to the charity of those into whose hands it shall happen to fall. *Addison.*

SLANDER—Repelling.

To hear an open slander is a curse:
But not to find an answer is a worse. *Ovid.*

SLANDERER—Admonition against a.

Listen not to a tale-bearer or slanderer, for he tells thee nothing out of good will; but as he discovereth of the secrets of others, so he will of thine in turn. *Socrates.*

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
Or hears them scandalized, and not defends;
Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er
he can,
And only to be thought a witty man;
Tells tales, and brings his friend in disesteem;
That man's a knave—be sure beware of him.
Horace.

SLANDERERS—Rebuking.

When will evil-speakers refrain from evil-talking? When listeners refrain from evil-hearing. *Hare.*

SLAVE—Evil of becoming a.

Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.
Pope.

SLAVE—A Perpetual.

He must be a perpetual slave, who knows not how to live upon a little. *Horace.*

SLAVERY—the Cause of Natural Decay.

When we read Gibbon's eloquent and magnificent description of the Roman empire under the mild sceptre of the Antonines; an empire comprehending the entire civilized world of that day; full of flourishing cities, guarded at its frontiers by those unconquered legions, out of whose camps new cities sprang up; intersected in every direction by great and almost indestructible military roads, whilst its commercial navy united all the coasts of the Mediterranean, and, from the Red Sea, visited India; internally connected by a regular coast in the service of the government; covered with the monuments which, even in their ruins, continue to excite the amazement of posterity, and with schools for science and art, not only in Rome and Italy, but in Spain, Gaul, Greece, Africa, and Asia Minor; whose teachers were paid by the state, and encouraged, rewarded, and valued to such a degree that Marcus Aurelius seems rather to have wished to be a scholastic philosopher than an emperor;—when this picture rises up in our imagination, and we bear in mind the wonderful development of the Roman law, and of all forms, judicial and administrative, it is difficult to conceive that we contemplate a merely protracted decline; material prosperity, which is, nevertheless, partial and fallacious; mechanism with only external moving power; an artificial formation without life; and a general unhealthiness of mind which the upper classes sustain with stoic indifference, whilst the masses sink deeper and deeper in degradation. Yet so it was, and why?—The majority in the ancient world were slaves. *Geyer.*

SLAVERY—Emancipation from.

No matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation. *Curran.*

SLAVERY—Evils of.

The unavoidable tendency of slavery everywhere is to render labour disreputable; a

result superlatively wicked, since it inverts the natural order, and destroys the harmony of society. Black slavery is rife in Brazil, and Brazilians shrink with something allied to horror from manual employment. In the spirit of privileged classes of other lands, they say they are not born to labour, but to command. Ask a respectable native youth of a family in low circumstances why he does not learn a trade, and earn an independent living. ten to one but he will tremble with indignation, and inquire if you mean to insult him! "Work, work!" screamed one; "we have blacks to do that." Yes, hundreds and hundreds of families have one or two slaves, on whose earnings alone they live. *Ewbank.*

The day that reduces a man to slavery, takes from him the half of his virtue. *Homer.*

SLAVERY—Unrighteousness of.

God gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over man
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
Milton.

SLEEP—Address to.

Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose;
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? *Shakspeare.*

SLEEP—Balm of.

It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have just been tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labour of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself once more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of a sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye—it is closed—the mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.
Leigh Hunt.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious brow! her head was bowed a very little forward, and a tress, escaping from its bonds, fell by the side of her pure white temple, and close to her just opened lips; it hung there motionless! no breath disturbed its repose! she slept as an angel might sleep, having accomplished the mission of her God. *Hawthorn.*

SLEEP—allied to Death.

Sleep hath its own world;
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence. *Byron.*

SLEEP—the Brother of Death.

Sleep, death's beautiful brother,—fairest phenomenon—poetical reality,—thou sweet collapsing of the weary spirit; thou mystery that everyone knows; thou remnant of primeval innocence and bliss; for Adam *slept* in Paradise. To sleep—there's a drowsy mellifluence in the very word that would almost serve to interpret its meaning,—to shut up the senses and hoodwink the soul; to dismiss the world; to escape from one's self; to be in ignorance of our own existence; to stagnate upon the earth, just breathing out the hours, not living them—"Doing no mischief, only dreaming of it;" neither merry nor melancholy, something between both, and better than either. Best friend of frail humanity, and, like all other friends, best estimated in its loss. *Longfellow.*

Sleep is Death's younger brother, and so like him, that I never dare trust him without my prayers. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

SLEEP—Definition of.

Life's nurse, sent from heaven to create us anew day by day. *Reade.*

SLEEP—Dreaminess of.

There is a kind of sleep which steals upon us sometimes, which, while it holds the body

prisoner, does not free the mind from a sense of things about it, but enables it to ramble as it pleases. So far as an overpowering heaviness, a prostration of strength, and an utter inability to control our thoughts or power of motion, can be called sleep, this is it; and yet we have a consciousness of all that is going on about us, and even if we dream, words which are really spoken, or sounds which really exist at the moment, accommodate themselves with surprising readiness to our visions, until reality and imagination become so strangely blended that it is afterwards almost a matter of impossibility to separate the two. Nor is this the most striking phenomenon incidental to such a state. It is an ascertained fact, that although our senses of touch and sight be for the time dead, yet our sleeping thoughts, and the visionary scenes that pass before us, will be influenced by *the mere silent presence* of some external object, which may not have been near us when we closed our eyes, and of whose vicinity we have no waking consciousness.

Dickens.

SLEEP—the Gift of God.

God gives sleep to the bad, in order that the good may be undisturbed. *Sadi.*

SLEEP—Heaviness of.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me,
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest;—this once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Addison.

SLEEP—Magic of.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfined
Restraint! imprison'd liberty! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes full of tumbling waves
And moonlight; ay, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment!—who, upfurl'd
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives! *Keats.*

SLEEP—Necessary.

In the morning, when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to his service; and at night also let him close thine eyes, and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time beyond the needs and conveniencies of nature: and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east! *Jeremy Taylor.*

SLEEP—Qualities of.

Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

Oh, sleep! sweet sleep!
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
Holding unto our lips thy goblet fill'd
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!

Longfellow.

SLEEP—Necessary Rules of.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also that those who are starved to death become insane,—the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three—1st. Those who think most, who do most brain-work, require most sleep. 2nd. That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate.—3rd. Give yourself, your children, your servants,—give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight, Nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself,—great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given. *Dr. Forbes Winslow.*

SLEEP—Unconsciousness of.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,

Again to that accustom'd couch must creep,
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep;
And man, o'er labour'd with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life.
There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,
Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile;
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wile,
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave;
What better name may slumber's bed become?
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline;
Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increas'd,
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least. *Byron.*

SLEEP—Visits of.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter. *Shakspeare.*

SLOTH—Definition of.

Sloth is the torpidity of the mental faculties; the sluggard is a living insensible. *Zimmerman.*

SLOTH—Evils of.

Sloth is an inlet to disorder, and makes way for licentiousness. People that have nothing to do are quickly tired of their own company. *Jeremy Collier.*

I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth; and thy want as an armed man. *Solomon.*

SLOVENLINESS—Evils of.

Slovenliness is a lazy and beastly negligence of a man's own person, whereby he becomes so sordid as to be offensive to those about him. *Theophrastus.*

SMELLING—Power of.

An extraordinary power of smelling in a Turkomaun was indicated to me—"I smell a caravan of Usbecks," said Khan Saat, drawing up his nostrils; and in a few hours a caravan from Organtsh arrived full of them. It is remarkable how the Turkomauns know, by the footsteps in the desert, the person who has been there, nay, the very tribe of Turkomauns or Calmucks see people talking from a distance. I frequently heard them say, "Let us draw our ears." They then lie down on the ground, and hear from a distance what even two persons whisper together, and relate the exact conversation. *Dr. Wolff.*

SMILE—Influence of a.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved; for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character. Some announce goodness and sweetness; others betray sarcasm, bitterness, and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness; others brighten by their spiritual vivacity. *Lavater.*

SMILE—A Maiden's.

Down through her limbs a drooping languor went;
Her head a little bent, and on her mouth,
A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon
In a still water. *Tennyson.*

SMILE—Peculiar to Man.

A smile! Nothing on earth can smile but man! Gems may flash reflected light; but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile: this is a charm that even they cannot claim. It is the prerogative of man; it is the colour which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband, or friend, that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, more bewitching than either. But all smiles are not alike. The cheerfulness of vanity is not like the cheerfulness of love; the smile of gratified pride is not like the radiance of goodness and truth. The rains of summer

fall alike upon all trees and shrubs; but when the storm passes, and every leaf hangs a-drip, each gentle puff of wind brings down the petty shower, and every drop brings with it something of the nature of the leaf or blossom on which it hung; the roadside leaf yields dust, the walnut-leaf bitterness; some flowers poison, while the grape-blossom, the rose, the sweet-brier, lend their aroma to the twinkling dew, and send them down in perfumed drops. And so it is with smiles, which every heart perfumes according to its nature—selfishness is acrid; pride, bitter; goodwill, sweet and fragrant.

Henry Ward Beecher.

SMILES—Influence of.

Of all the appearances of the human countenance, methinks a smile is the most extraordinary. It plays with a surprising agreeableness in the eye, breaks out with the brightest distinction, and sits like a glory upon the countenance. What sun is there within us that shoots his rays with so sudden a vigour! To see the soul flash in the face at this rate, one would think would convert an atheist. By the way, we may observe that smiles are much more becoming than frowns. This seems a natural encouragement to good-humour; as much as to say, If people have a mind to be handsome, they must not be peevish and untoward. *Jeremy Collier.*

SMILES—Different Kinds of.

She had just time to look up and smile. And oh! what a sight there is in that word smile—it changes colour like a chameleon. There's a vacant smile, a cold smile, a smile of hate; a satiric smile, an affected smile, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile; but, above all, a smile of love. A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts the lover afore the words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby, and assures him of a mother's love.

Haliburton.

SMILES—Power of.

What smiles! They were the effluence of fine intellect, of true courage; they lit up her marked lineaments, her thin face, her sunken grey eye, like reflections from the aspect of an angel.

Charlotte Brontë.

SMOKING—Excess in.

All experienced people will tell you that the habit of using tobacco in any shape will soon render you emaciated and consumptive, your nerves shattered, your spirits low and moody, your throat dry, and demanding stimulating drinks. *Todd.*

SMOKING—Gossip about.

Tobacco was formerly cultivated to a considerable extent in the country. It is true that Worcestershire cannot boast of being the first place in England where the "wicked weed" was grown. That was an honour claimed by our near neighbours of Winchcombe, in Gloucestershire, who are said to have profited greatly (in a pecuniary sense, I suppose) by its cultivation. The price of the article was much reduced by the time of James II., when the "best Virginia" was but 2s. per pound, and "two gross of best glazed pipes and a box with them, 3s. 4d." Previous to that time tobacco had become almost a necessary among the upper classes, nor could the Parliamentary representatives of the city of Worcester be despatched up to town until the "collective wisdom" had smoked and drunk sack with them at the Globe, or some other hostelry. As early as 1621 it was moved in the House of Commons by Sir William Stroud, that he "would have tobacco banished wholly out of the kingdom, and that it may not be brought in from any part nor used amongst us," and Sir Grey Palmes "that if tobacco be not banished it will overthrow 100,000 men in England; for it is now so common that he hath seen ploughmen take it as they are at plough." At a later period of the century, so inveterate had the practice become, that an order appears on the journals of the house, "that no member in the house do presume to smoke tobacco in the gallery, or at the table of the house, sitting at committees." *Walter White.*

SNEER—Sign of a.

A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity. *Lavater.*

SNEERING—Habit of.

A habit of sneering, marks the egotist, or the fool, or the knave, or all three. *Ibid.*

SNOW—Phenomenon of.

Fast falls the fleecy shower; the snowy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. *Thomson.*

The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm,

Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white;
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar heads; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. *Thomson.*

SOCIALISM—Absurdity of.

To level and confound the different orders of mankind, is far from producing an equality among them; it is, in truth, the most unequal thing imaginable. *Pliny.*

SOCIETY—Characteristics of.

Our bane and physic the same earth bestows,
And near the noisome nettle blooms the rose.
Ovid.

SOCIETY—Choice of.

Reject the society of the vicious; shun the agreeable infidel and the accomplished profligate. Lay it down as a fixed rule, that no brilliancy of connection, no allurement of rank or fashion, no agreeableness, no wit or flattery, shall tempt you to associate with profligate or openly irreligious men. Make this an absolute rule. It is impossible not to suffer by its neglect. If you do not fall into their vices, still your heart will be estranged from the love of God. *Gresley.*

SOCIETY—Ennui of.

Oh, my dear sir, don't you find that nine parts in ten of the world are of no use but to make you wish yourself with that tenth part? I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows, and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders! I indeed find this fatigue worse in the country than in town, because one can avoid it there, and has more resources; but it is there too. I fear 'tis growing old, but I literally seem to have murdered a man whose name was Ennui, for his ghost is ever before me. They say there is no English word for *ennui;* I think you may translate it most literally by what is called "entertaining people," and "doing the honours;" that is, you sit an hour with somebody you don't know and don't care for, talk about the wind and the weather, and ask a thousand foolish questions, which all begin with, "I think you live a good deal in the country," or "I think you don't love this thing or that."—Oh! 'tis dreadful!
Horace Walpole.

SOCIETY—Nature of.

Society is like a lawn, where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and where the eye is delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface. He, however, who would study nature in its wildness and variety, must plunge into the forest, must explore the glen, must stem the torrent, and dare the precipice. *Washington Irving.*

SOCIETY—Use of.

Madame de Staël frequently praised Mrs. Porter for the retired manner in which she maintained her little domestic establishment, yielding her daughters to *society*, but not to *the world*. We pray those we love to mark the delicate and most true distinction between "society" and "the world." "I was set on a stage," continues Madame de Staël, "at a childish age, to be listened to as a wit, and worshipped for my premature judgment. I drank admiration as my soul's nourishment, and I cannot now live without its poison; it has been my bane, never my aliment. My heart ever sighed for happiness, and I ever lost it, when I thought it approaching my grasp. I was admired, made an idol, but never beloved." *Madame de Staël.*

SOCIETY—Utility of.

There is a sort of economy in Providence that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more useful to each other, and mix them in *society*. *Addison.*

SOFA—Need of a.

I want a sofa, as I want a friend, upon which I can repose familiarly. If you can't have intimate terms and freedom with one and the other, they are of no good. *Thackeray.*

SOIL—A Barren.

He that sows his grain upon marble will have many a hungry belly before his harvest.
Arbuthnot.

SOLDIER—Aim of the.

To swear, to game, to drink, to show at home,
By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad;
To astonish and to grieve his gazing friends,

To break some maiden's and his mother's heart,
To be a pest where he was useful once,
Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.
Cowper.

SOLDIER—Characteristics of the.

Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glared betwixt a yellow and a red;
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair;
Big-boned, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long;
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear's-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven-black.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.
Dryden.

SOLDIER—Definition of a.

A mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind
Of human sword in a fiend's hand; the other
Is master-mover of this warlike puppet.
Byron.

SOLDIERS—Fate of.

Dost thou know the fate of soldiers?
They're but Ambition's tools, to cut a way
To her unlawful ends; and when they're worn,
Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside,
To rust in peace and rot in hospitals.
Southern.

The sun sets in their faces, life grows grey,
And sighs of desolation sweep its desert.
The winter of the heart aches in the eyes
Of mothers who have given their all—their all.
Massey.

SOLDIERS—Life of.

Soldiers are the only carnivorous animals who live in a gregarious state. *Zimmerman.*

SOLDIERS—Religion of.

Soldiers that carry their lives in their hands, should carry the grace of God in their hearts.
Baxter.

SOLDIERS—Things which Make.

Ignorance, poverty, and vanity, make many soldiers. *Zimmerman.*

SOLICITATION—Proper Season of.

He was not taken well; he had not dined:
The veins unfill'd, the blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him. *Shakspeare.*

SOLITUDE—Advantages of.

All weighty things are done in solitude, that is, without society. The means of improvement consist not in projects, or in any violent designs, for these cool, and cool very soon, but in patient practising for whole long days, by which I make the thing clear to my highest reason. *Richter.*

SOLITUDE—Aversion to.

Alone I could not, nor would be, happy.
Byron.

We loathe what none are left to share:
Even bliss 'twere woe alone to bear. *Ibid.*

SOLITUDE—Definition of.

Alone, on a wide, wide sea.
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be. *Coleridge.*

SOLITUDE—Delights of.

Deep solitude I sought. There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While, towering near, the rugged mountains made
Dark background 'gainst the sky. Thither I went,
And bade my spirit drink that lonely draught
For which it long had languish'd 'mid the strife
And fever of the world. I thought to be
There without witness, but the violet's eye
Look'd up to greet me; the fresh wild rose smiled,
And the young pendent vine-flower kiss'd my cheek.
And there were voices too. The garrulous brook,
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history. Up came the singing breeze,
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one. Even busy life
Woke in that dell. The tireless spider threw
From spray to spray her silver-tissued snare;
The wary ant, whose curving pincers pierced
The treasured grain, toil'd toward her citadel;
To the sweet hive went forth the loaded bee;
And, from the wind-rock'd nest, the mother-bird
Sang to her nurslings.
Yet I strangely thought
To be alone, and silent in thy realm,

Spirit of life and love! It might not be:
There is no solitude in thy domains,
Save what man makes, when in his selfish breast
He locks his joys and bars out others' grief.
Thou hast not left thyself to Nature's round,
Without a witness. Trees, and flowers, and streams,
Are social and benevolent; and he
Who oft communeth in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dress'd,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.
Mrs. Sigourney.

In our early years, or more mature age, the power of employing ourselves, in the retirement of our closet, with any useful or agreeable occupation, banishes the dread of solitude. When soured by disappointment, we must endeavour to pursue some fixed and pleasing course of study, that there may be no blank leaf in our book of life. We never read without profit, if, with the pen or pencil in our hand, we mark such ideas as strike us by their novelty, or correct those we already possess. Reading soon becomes fatiguing, unless undertaken with an eye to our own advantage or that of others, and when it does not enrich the mind with new ideas; but this habit is easily acquired by exercise, and then books afford the surest relief in the most melancholy moments. Painful and disagreeable ideas vanish from the mind that can fix its attention upon any subject. The sight of a noble and interesting object, the study of a useful science, the varied pictures of the different revolutions exhibited in the history of mankind, the improvements in any art, are capable of arresting the attention and charming every care; and it is thus that man becomes sociable with himself; it is thus that he finds his best friend within his own bosom.
Zimmerman.

SOLITUDE—Effects of.

To be left alone in the wide world, with scarcely a friend—this makes the sadness which, striking its pang into the minds of the young and the affectionate, teaches them too soon to watch and interpret the spirit-signs of their own hearts, the solitude of the aged, when, one by one, their friends fall off, as fall the sere leaves from the trees in autumn. What is it to the overpowering sense of desolation which fills almost to breaking the sensitive heart of youth, when the nearest and dearest ties are severed? Rendered callous by time and suffering, the old feel less, although they complain more; the young, "bearing a grief too deep for tears," shrine in their bosoms sad memories and melancholy anticipations, which often give dark hues to their feelings in after-life. *Hawthorne.*

SOLITUDE—Enjoyments of.

Solitude is one of the highest enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible. Solitude is also, when too long continued, capable of being made the most severe, indescribable, unendurable source of anguish. *Deloraine.*

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamel'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he calls in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away. *Cowley.*

SOLITUDE—Evils of.

Unsociable humours are contracted in solitude, which will, in the end, not fail of corrupting the understanding, as well as the manners, and of utterly disqualifying a man for the satisfactions and duties of life. Men must be taken as they are, and we neither make them or ourselves better, by flying from or quarrelling with them. *Burke.*

SOLITUDE—Haunts of.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountains all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd;
But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less.

Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued,
This is to be alone,—this, this is solitude!
Byron.

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.
Keats.

SOLITUDE—Influence of.

I want to be alone, to find some shade,
Some solitary gloom; there to shake off
These harsh tumultuous cares that vex my life,—
This sick ambition on itself recoiling;
And there to listen to the gentle voice,
The sighs of peace—something, I know not what,
That whispers transport to my heart.
Thomson.

SOLITUDE—Musings of.

I am fond of a solitary walk. It is not that I am insensible to the delight of looking upon the beauties and wonders of creation with some companion who can partake of the feelings thus excited, and direct them to their proper use; but that when alone, the voice of Nature speaks more audibly to the heart than the most impassioned eloquence of human lips. In the deep stillness of a thick wood, on the quiet bank of a gentle river, we feel the littleness and the greatness of human nature; we forget the distracting cares and empty joys of the world; there is room within us for gratitude, and devotion, and hope that looks on high.
Green.

SOLITUDE—Non-existent.

All round and through the spaces of creation
No hiding-place of the least air, or earth,
Or sea, invisible, untrod, unrain'd on,
Contains a thing alone. Not e'en the bird,
That can go up the labyrinthine winds
Between its pinions, and pursues the summer,—
Not even the great serpent of the billows,

Who winds him thrice around his planet's waist,—
Is by itself in joy or suffering. *Beddoes.*

SOLITUDE—Pleasures of.

Oh, lost to virtue—lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone. *Young.*

SOLITUDE—Requisites for.

One ought to love society, if he wishes to enjoy solitude. It is a social nature that solitude works upon with the most various power. If one is misanthropic, and betakes himself to loneliness that he may get away from hateful things, solitude is a silent emptiness to him. But as after a bell has tolled or rung, we hear its sounds dying away in vibrations fainter and fainter, and, when they have wholly ceased, feel that the very silence is musical too—so is it with solitude, which is but a few hours of rest between strains of life, and would not be what it is if we did not go from activity to it, and into activity from it.
Zimmerman.

Those beings only are fit for solitude, who are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.
Ibid.

SOLITUDE—Sadness of.

The thought,
The deadly feel of solitude. *Keats.*

SOLITUDE—Scenes of.

How divine
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens,
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps! Regions consecrate
To oldest time! And, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in his nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—one
Among the many there. *Wordsworth.*

SOLITUDE—the Best Society.

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
Milton.

SOLITUDE—Wholesomeness of.

Bear me, some god! oh, quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense,
Where Contemplation plumes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings.
Pope.

SOLITUDE AND COMPANY.

Solitude and company may be allowed to take their turns: the one creates in us the love of mankind, the other that of ourselves; solitude relieves us when we are sick of com-

pany, and conversation when we are weary of being alone, so that the one cures the other. There is in fine no man so miserable as he that is at a loss how to use his time. *Seneca.*

SONG—Influence of.

Come then, a song; a winding gentle song
To lead me into sleep. Let it be low
As zephyr, telling secrets to his rose,
For I would hear the murmuring of my thoughts;
And more of voice than of that other music
That grows around the strings of quivering lutes;
But most of thought: for with my mind I listen.
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it,
If there's no seed, remembrance grows not there,
So life, so death: a song, and then a dream!
Begin before another dewdrop fall
From the soft hold of these disturbèd flowers,
For sleep is filling up my senses fast,
And from these words I sink. *Beddoes.*

SONG—Power of.

And if even words are sweet, what, what is song,
When lips we love the melody prolong?
How thrills the soul and vibrates to that lay,
Swells with the glorious sound, or dies away!
How to the cadence of the simplest words
That ever hung upon the wild harp's chords
The breathless heart lies listening; as it felt
All life within it on that music dwelt,
And hush'd the beating pulse's rapid power,
By its own will for that enchanted hour.
Hon. Mrs. Norton.

SONGS—Celestiality of.

Little dewdrops of celestial melody. *Carlyle.*

SONNETTEERS—Number of.

In all ages, and in every nation where poetry has been in fashion, the tribe of sonnetteers hath been very numerous. Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the least jingle of verse in his head, sets up for a writer of songs, and resolves to immortalize his bottle or his mistress. What a world of insipid productions in this kind have we been pestered with since the Revolution, to go no higher. *Steele.*

SORROW—Abstraction of.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze;
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.
Keats.

SORROW—Advantages of.

Thou canst not tell
How rich a dowry sorrow gives the soul,
How firm a faith and eagle-sight of God.
Alford.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
Pollok.

SORROW—Causes of.

We fancy that all our afflictions are sent us directly from above; sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would be well, however, if we attempted to trace the causes of them; we should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from the heavens, but from the earth.
W. S. Landor.

SORROW—True Character of.

The sorrows which the soul endures,
Not self-inflicted, are but hooded joys,
That when she touches the white strand of heaven,
They cluster round her and slip off their robes,
And laugh out angels in the world of light.
J. Stanyan Bigg.

SORROW—Comfort in.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. *St. Matthew.*

Whoever can turn his weeping eyes to heaven has lost nothing; for there, above, is everything he can wish for here below. He only is a loser, who persists in looking down on the narrow plains of the present time.
Richter.

SORROW—Coming of.

Flowers never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beauteous soul! when a storm approaches thee, be as fragrant as a sweet-swelling flower. *Ibid.*

SORROW—Definition of.

Sorrow is knowledge. *Byron.*

SORROW—Degrees of.

First learn my grief, how fearful and how deep,
Starting, I woke from my childhood's rosy sleep,
The bud burst forth! a secret thrill came o'er me,
The breath of love drew forth each hue so bright;
A hero raised me to his own proud height,
And life and all its charms lay spread before me.

"Already with the bridal myrtle crown'd
For him in whom my very being was bound,
I watch'd, with mingled fear and rapture glowing;
The marriage-torches cast their ruddy glare;
They brought me in his corpse and laid it there,
From seven deep wounds his crimson heart's blood flowing."

The second took the word with trembling tone:
"Oh, not of shame! of blood the form alone
That sleeping still or waking meets her view;
My heart too opened to that breath divine,
Anguish and rapture—they have both been mine;
For me the cup of love has mantled too.

The glory vanish'd from the lov'd one's head;
I saw him selfish, mean, his brightness fled,
And yet, alas, I lov'd him!—him alone!
He went; if shame still chain him to her side,
Or raving madness drive him far and wide,
I know not; but the grief is all my own."

She ceased; the third then sadly took the word:

. . . . . .

"In one brief sentence all my sorrows dwell,
Till thou hast heard it, pause! consider well,
Ere yet the final judgment thou assign,
And learn my better right, too clearly proved.
Four words suffice me: I was never loved!
The palm of grief thou wilt allow is mine."

Madame de Pontes.

SORROW—Description of.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul,
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

Shakspeare.

SORROW—Effects of.

By sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.

David.

Sorrow turns the stars into mourners, and every wind of heaven into a dirge. *Hannay.*

SORROW—Evidences of.

And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought
The intersected lines of thought;
Those furrows, which the burning shore
Of sorrow ploughs untimely there:
Scars of the lacerated mind,
Which the soul's war doth leave behind.

Byron.

SORROWS—Evils of.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Shakspeare.

SORROW—Excess of.

As fate is inexorable, and not to be moved either with tears or reproaches, an excess of sorrow is as foolish as profuse laughter: while, on the other hand, not to mourn at all is insensibility.

Seneca.

Man hath a godlike might in danger's hour,
In the red battle or the tempest's power;
Yet is he weak when tides of anguish swell.
Ah! who can mark with cold and tearless eyes
The grief of stricken man, when his sole idol dies!

Mrs. Sigourney.

SORROW—Feeling of.

The dark in soul see in the universe their own shadow: the shattered spirit can only reflect external beauty, in form as untrue and broken as itself.

Binney.

SORROW—General.

One can never be the judge of another's grief. That which is a sorrow to one, to another is joy. Let us not dispute with any one concerning the reality of his sufferings; it is with sorrows as with countries,—each man has his own.

Chateaubriand.

SORROW—Godly.

Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death. For, behold, this self-same thing, that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you; yea, what clearing of yourselves; yea, what indignation; yea, what fear; yea, what vehement desire; yea, what zeal; yea, what revenge! In all things you have approved yourselves to be clear in this matter.

St. Paul.

SORROW—Goodness attendant on.

Any mind that is capable of a *real sorrow* is capable of good.

Mrs. Stowe.

SORROW—turned to Joy.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye.

Shakspeare.

SORROW—Knowing most of.

He who has most of heart, knows most of sorrow.

Bailey.

SORROW—Lessons of.

Sorrow seems sent for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing. *Richter.*

SORROW—a Messenger.

For sorrow is the messenger between
The poet and men's bosoms:—Genius can
Fill with unsympathising gods the scene,
But grief alone can teach us what is man.
Bulwer Lytton.

SORROW—Moderation in.

My friend! enough to sorrow you have given,
The purposes of wisdom ask no more:
Be wise and cheerful; and no longer read
The form of things with an unworthy eye.
She sleeps in the calm grave, and peace is here.
I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist and silver rain-drops silver'd o'er,
As once I pass'd, did to my heart convey
So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and look'd so beautiful,
Amid the uneasy thoughts that fill'd my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
The passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appear'd an idle dream, that would not live
Where meditation was. I turn'd away,
And walk'd along my road in happiness!
Wordsworth.

SORROW—Overmuch.

Sorrow over-much is suicide of the heart, and as in Silesia the self-murderer is buried with his head downwards, so the man sorrowing over-much lies in the same manner with his face upon the earth, and yet without being in it; instead of raising his towards the present and future heavens, which he has lost. Lift thyself up, look around, and see something higher and brighter than earth, earthworms, and earthly darkness. *Richter.*

SORROW—Remedy for.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion. *Johnson.*

SORROW—Sacredness of.

How wearily the moments seem to glide
O'er *sadness!* When the heart is still, and wrapt
In its own kindred loneliness, and thought
Rejects the aid of fancy, all her forms
So fondly soft and so illusive, pass
In mockery away, so powerless,
That not a smile is left of all their pride
To tell of their existence,—how the time
Delights to linger in its flight! whilst joy,
All wanton laughing joy, can scarcely gain
The tribute of an hour, ere the sun
Hath shrouded him in night! E'en misery
Hath something fondly cherished in its sighs;
I've read of some that felt a throb in grief
So soothing, that it grew within their hearts
For ever, and when sorrow died away,
And infant pleasure trembled to their cell,
They have rejected change, and clung to that
Which custom had made dear, by mournful ties,
Too sacred to be broken. *Blanchard.*

SORROW—Secret.

For his was not that open artless soul,
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow;
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
Whate'er his grief mote be, which he could not control. *Byron.*

SORROW—Sharpness of.

The first sharp sorrow,—ay, the breaking up
Of that deep fountain, never to be seal'd
Till we with Time close up the great account.
Caroline Bowles.

———

Around my steps
Floated his fame, like music, and I lived
But in the lofty sound. But when my heart
In one frail ark had ventured all, when most
He seem'd to stand between my soul and heaven,—
Then came the thunderbolt!—'tis ever thus!
And the unquiet and foreboding sense
That thus 'twill ever be, doth link itself—
Darkly—with all deep love!—He died!
Mrs. Hemans.

SORROW—Smile of.

You've seen the lightning's flash at night,
Play brightly o'er a cloudy pile;
The moonshine tremble on the height,
When winter glances cold and bright;—
And like that flash, and like that light,
Is sorrow's vain and heartless smile. *Whittier.*

SORROW—Uses of.

Night brings out stars, as sorrows show us truths. *Bailey.*

———

There are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily duties paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.
Talfourd.

———

Oh! when the retiring world melts away
behind us to a small point, how we shall mourn

over our present follies, our sad pleasures, our wayward and unbridled sorrows, and our unheavenly lives! Each departed friend is a magnet that attracts us to the next world, and the old man lives among graves.

A small grievance makes us beside ourselves, a great sorrow makes us retire within ourselves; a bell with a small crack sounds dull, but if it be broken more, it sounds clear again. *Richter.*

SORROWS—come not Alone.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! *Shakspeare.*

SORROWS AND PLEASURE—Treatment of.

That which the French proverb hath of sickness, is true of all evils, that they come on horseback, and go away on foot: we have often seen a sudden fall, or one meal's surfeit hath stuck by many to their graves; whereas pleasures come like oxen, slow and heavily, and go away like post-horses, upon the spur. Sorrows, because they are lingering guests, I will entertain but moderately; knowing that the more they are made of, the longer they will continue: and for pleasures, because they stay not, and do but call to drink at my door, I will use them as passengers with slight respect. He is his own best friend, that makes least of both of them. *Bishop Hall.*

SOUL—Activity of the.

There is an active principle in the human soul, that will ever be exerting its faculties to the utmost stretch, in whatever employment, by the accidents of time and place, the general plan of education, or the customs and manners of the age and country, it may happen to find itself engaged. *Blackstone.*

SOUL—Aspiration of the.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree,
A grain of glory, mixed with humbleness,
Cures both a fever and lethargicness. *Herbert.*

Heaven-born, the soul a heaven-ward course must hold;
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes; nor will he lend
His heart to aught that doth on time depend.
Michael Angelo.

The soul that lives, ascends frequently, and runs familiarly, through the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, visiting the patriarchs and prophets, saluting the apostles, and admiring the army of martyrs. So do thou lead on thy heart, and bring it to the palace of the Great King. *Baxter.*

SOUL—Development of the.

More truths than we look for are to be found in the old comparison between the development of the soul and that of the butterfly; for, in the caterpillar, instinct finds the plan of the future fabric which it has to work out. In the caterpillar lies hid, according to Swammerdam, the chrysalis; and this again, contains the butterfly, with its folded wings, and antennæ. And this pale imprisoned form goes through its successive labours, casting its skin, spinning for itself new bonds, and immuring itself in the cocoon, only that it may, at length, break forth to freedom, and, leaving behind it its slough, and renouncing for ever its coarse diet of leaves, sport henceforth amid the flowers, feed upon honey, and live for love. Oh! how do these similitudes speak the desires of the soul! How gladly would it, in its pupa state, be permitted to burst the chrysalis, and widely, fully expand those soft tender wings, that are bruised in its dungeon-tenement! For is not this the consummation for which it bears a thousand sufferings—for which it undergoes privation and pain? Surely, it were a waste of energies, a harsh contradiction, if the butterfly, after its long imprisonment in the unsightly larva, after all its painful casting off its skin, its narrow swathing-bands, the dark dungeon of an almost torpid pupa, should come forth—nothing; or come forth in corruption, with its foul slough hanging around it as a shroud.

But men can believe all this—ready to believe all against God, but slow of heart to receive all that would speak of His infinite wisdom and infinite goodness! One cloudy day is sufficient to obscure from our view a whole life full of divine sunshine; and the short, dark hour of death shuts out from us the long, bright future. We do, indeed, live in a wonderful night of existence; and these anticipations, these presentiments are our moonlight. But does not this pre-suppose a Sun! *Richter.*

SOUL—Education of the.

Life is the soul's nursery. *Thackeray.*

SOUL—Hopes of the.

The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come. *Pope.*

SOUL—Immortality of the.

Whatever that be, which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine; and, upon that account, must necessarily be eternal.
Cicero.

Not all the subtilties of metaphysics can make me doubt a moment of the immortality of the *soul*, and of a beneficent Providence. I feel it, I believe it, I desire it, I hope it, and will defend it to my last breath. *Rousseau.*

If I am mistaken in my opinion that the human soul is immortal, I willingly err; nor would I have this pleasing error extorted from me: and if, as some minute philosophers suppose, death should deprive me of my being, I need not fear the raillery of those pretended philosophers when they are no more. *Tully.*

The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathmatical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness? *Addison.*

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast;
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force;
A stream, diverted from his parent source;
A drop, dissever'd from the boundless sea;
A moment, parted from eternity;
A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come;
An exile, anxious for his native home.
Hannah More.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.
Addison.

When I observe that there is great frugality as well as wisdom in the works of God, since He has been evidently sparing both of labour and materials; for by the various wonderful invention of propagation, He has provided for the continual peopling this world with plants and animals, without being at the trouble of repeated new creations; and, by the natural reduction of compound substances to their original elements, capable of being employed in new compositions. He has prevented the necessity of creating new matter; so that the air, water, earth, and perhaps fire, which, being compounded, form wood, do, when the wood is dissolved, return, and again become earth, air, fire, and water. I say, that when I see nothing annihilated, and not a drop of water wasted, I cannot suspect the annihilation of souls, or believe that He will suffer the daily waste of millions of minds ready made that now exist, and put himself to the continual trouble of making new ones. Thus, finding myself to exist in the world, I believe I shall, in some shape or other, always exist; and with all the inconveniences human life is liable to, I shall not object to a new edition of mine, hoping, however, that the *errata* of the last may be corrected. *Franklin.*

Little, indeed, does it concern us in this our mortal stage, to inquire whence the spirit hath come; but of what infinite concern is the consideration whither it is going. Surely such consideration demands the study of a life.
Southey.

SOUL—Inscrutability of the.

The first philosophers, whether Chaldeans or Egyptians, said there must be something within us which produces our thoughts. That something must be very subtle: it is a breath; it is fire; it is ether; it is a quintessence; it is a slender likeness; it is an intelechia; it is a number; it is harmony; lastly, according to the divine Plato, it is a compound of the *same* and the *other!* It is atoms which think in us, said Epicurus, after Democritus. But, my friend, how does an atom think? Acknowledge that thou knowest nothing of the matter.
Voltaire.

SOUL—Opinions of the.

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
Another, blood diffus'd about the heart;
Another saith the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

But, as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sunbeam in the air do shine,
So the best soul with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.
President Davies.

SOUL—Progression of the.

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than that of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see His creation for ever beautifying in His eyes, and drawing nearer to Him, by greater degrees of resemblance. *Addison.*

SOUL—Protection of the.

Nothing gives us a greater idea of our soul, than that God has given us, at the moment of our birth, an angel to take care of it. *Jerome.*

SOUL—Purity of the.

The mind is never right but when it is at peace within itself; the soul is in heaven even while it is in the flesh, if it be purged of its natural corruptions, and taken up with divine thoughts and contemplations. *Seneca.*

For what contend the wise? for nothing less
Than that the soul, freed from the bond of sense,
And to her God restored by evidence
Of things not seen, drawn forth from their recess,
Root there, *and not in forms,* her holiness.
Wordsworth.

SOUL—Sensibility of the.

If self-knowledge be a path to virtue, virtue is a much better one to self-knowledge. The more pure the soul becomes, it will, like certain precious stones that are sensible to the contact of poison, shrink from the fetid vapours of evil impressions. *Richter.*

SOUL—Sinning against the.

Never let man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means, without sinning against his own soul! Any other issue is doubtful: the evil effect on himself is certain. *Southey.*

SOUL—Source of the.

Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupified, almost annihilated? Alas! this was, too, a breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! *Carlyle.*

There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers, but ere they bloom are crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof. *Richter.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God who was our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
Wordsworth.

SOUL—Voice of the.

After all, let a man take what pains he may to hush it down, a human soul is an awful, ghostly, unquiet possession for a bad man to have. Who knows the metes and bounds of it? Who knows all its awful perhapses,—those shudderings and tremblings, which it can no more live down than it can outlive its own eternity! What a fool is he who locks his door to keep out spirits, who has in his own bosom a spirit he dares not meet alone; whose voice, smothered far down, and piled over with mountains of earthliness, is yet like the forewarning trumpet of doom! *Mrs. Stowe.*

SOUND—Succumbing to Time.

Sound even must succumb to the silent power of Time. *Richter.*

SOUNDS—Rural.

Not rural sights alone, but rural *sounds*
Exhilarate the spirits, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirts of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind.
Cowper.

SOUNDS—Sympathy with.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the wind is pitched the ear is pleased

With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
Cowper.

SOUNDS—Undefined.

Undescribed sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors. *Keats.*

SOWER—Hopes of the.

See, full of hope, thou trustest to the earth
The golden seed, and waitest till the spring
Summons the buried to a happier birth;
But in time's furrow duly scattering,
Think'st thou how deeds, by wisdom sown, may be
Silently ripen'd for eternity? *Schiller.*

SPACE—Amplitude of.

The palace of the Eternal, whereof our sun is but a porch-lamp. *Carlyle.*

SPACE AND COLOUR—Expression of.

It is a favourite dogma among modern writers on colour, that "warm colours" (reds and yellows) "approach," or express nearness; and "cold colours" (blue and grey), "retire," or express distance. So far is this from being the case, that no expression of distance in the world is so great as that of the gold and orange in twilight sky. Colours, as such, are absolutely inexpressive respecting distance. It is their quality (as depth, delicacy, &c.) which expresses distance, not their tint. A blue bandbox set on the same shelf with a yellow one will not look an inch farther off; but a red or orange cloud in the upper sky will always appear to be beyond a blue cloud close to us, as it is in reality. It is quite true that, in certain objects, blue is a sign of distance; but that is not because blue is a retiring colour, but because the mist in the air is blue, and therefore any warm colour which has not strength of light enough to pierce the mist is lost or subdued in its blue; but blue is no more, on this account, a "retiring colour," than brown is a retiring colour; because, when stones are seen through brown water, the deeper they lie, the browner they look; or than yellow is a retiring colour, because, when objects are seen through a London fog, the farther off they are the yellower they look. There is, therefore, I think, one law about distance, which has some claims to be considered a constant one; namely, that dulness and heaviness of colour are, more or less, indicative of nearness. All distant colour is *pure* colour: it may not be bright, but it is clear and lovely, not opaque nor soiled; for the air and light coming between us and any earth or imperfect colour, purify or harmonize it; hence, a bad colorist is peculiarly incapable of expressing distance.
Ruskin.

SPEAKING—Evil.

It is not good to speak evil of all whom we know bad; it is worse to judge evil of any who may prove good. To speak ill upon knowledge shows a want of charity; to speak ill upon suspicion shows a want of honesty. I will not speak so bad as I know of many; I will not speak worse than I know of any. To know evil by others, and not speak it, is sometimes discretion; to speak evil by others, and not know it, is always dishonesty. He may be evil himself who speaks good of others upon knowledge, but he can never be good himself who speaks ill of others upon suspicion.
Warwick.

SPEAKING—Gently.

Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear—
Speak gently—let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild:
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care?

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring: know,
They may have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so:
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently: He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well.
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell. *Bates.*

SPEAKING—in Public.

To *improvise* (*i.e.* speak extemporaneously), is to speak alone to people who do not interrupt you, or excite your ardour by interruption. It is to give explanations that are not asked of you, to resolve objections which have not been offered against you; in a word, it is to be the sole actor before spectators who will answer you, or will preserve silence, according as it may seem most expedient to them. In conversation, everybody *improvises* when he talks; and if each of us could but retain what has been said *pro* and *con.*, we might, in following a certain order prescribed by usage, make as many different discourses as there were interlocutors in the conversation. Every one who speaks in society would speak a very long time, if he were not interrupted when animated; that is to say, when he is altogether absorbed in that which he says, and does not experience any distraction: and even interruption sometimes but animates him the more. But the silence of his auditory, when once he perceives it, produces a very contrary effect. All eyes being fixed on him, he is embarrassed, he stammers, and at length becomes dumb; but this is not a defect of genius, it is merely a want of self-possession. He is a weak man; he is not master of his palpitating heart; he has lost his self-possession; his calm judgment has abandoned him: hence he sees nothing that he ought to see; he can compare nothing; he has lost the standard by which he ought to measure himself and others; he has lost genius, because he has lost the balance of judgment. Hence the first rule of *improvization*—"Acquire the mastership of your own feelings." *Jacotot.*

SPEAKING AND SINGING.

Little or no attention is paid to the tone in which children speak; consequently they too often contract bad habits of intonation from the earliest age; and, as they grow up, what is mere habitual tone is mistaken for their natural voice. From this inattention to intonation in early years proceeds much difficulty in the voice for singing; and it is not unfrequently the cause of diseases of the throat and chest. It is but a part of this evil system that a most injurious habit prevails among the young ladies of the present day, of speaking in a subdued muffled tone, or what might be called a semi-falsetto, in consequence of which very few natural voices are heard. It must be understood, I speak more particularly of English ladies, as foreigners generally speak in the natural tone of their voice. I have no hesitation in saying that hundreds of young ladies bring upon themselves serious chest-affections from a bad habit of speaking and singing. *Signora Ferrari.*

SPEECH—Beauty of.

Speech is the light, the morning of the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd and shrouded in the soul.
Dryden.

SPEECH—Brevity of.

A sentence well couched takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches that are longer than the memory of man can fathom. *Feltham.*

SPEECH—Faculty of.

The due and proper use of any natural faculty or power, is to be judged of by the end and design for which it was given us. The chief purpose for which the faculty of speech was given to man, is, plainly, that we might communicate our thoughts to each other, in order to carry on the affairs of the world; for business, and for our improvement in knowledge and learning. But the good Author of our nature designed us not only necessaries, but likewise enjoyment and satisfaction, in that being He hath graciously given, and in that condition of life He hath placed us in.

There are secondary uses of our faculties; they administer to delight, as well as to necessity: and as they are equally adapted to both, there is no doubt but He intended them for our gratification, as well as for the support and continuance of our being. The secondary use of speech is to please and be entertaining to each other in conversation. This is in every respect allowable and right: it unites men closer in alliances and friendships; gives us a fellow-feeling of the prosperity and unhappiness of each other; and is in several respects serviceable to virtue, and to promote good behaviour in the world. And, provided there be not too much time spent in it, if it were considered only in the way of gratification and delight, men must have strange notions of God and of religion, to think that He can be offended with it, or that it is any way inconsistent with the strictest virtue. But the truth is, such sort of conversation, though it has no *particular* good tendency, yet it has a *general* good one: it is social and friendly, and tends to promote humanity, good-nature, and civility.

The government of the tongue, considered as a subject of itself, relates chiefly to conversation; to that kind of discourse which usually fills up the time spent in friendly meetings

and visits of civility. And the danger is, lest persons entertain themselves and others at the expense of their wisdom and their virtue, and to the injury or offence of their neighbour. If they will observe, and keep clear of these, they may be as free, and easy, and unreserved, as they can desire. *Bishop Butler.*

SPEECH—Freedom of.

We have two ears and but one tongue, that we may hear much and talk little. *Zano.*

SPEECH—Governance of.

A constant governance of our speech, according to duty and reason, is a high instance and a special argument of a thoroughly sincere and solid goodness. *Barrow.*

SPEECH—Influence of.

Oh! while you speak, methinks a sudden calm,
In spite of all the horror that surrounds me,
Falls upon every frighted faculty,
And puts my soul in tune! *Lee.*

SPEECH—Liberty of.

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.
Macaulay.

SPEECH—Sweetness of.

When she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed;
And 'twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to make. *Fletcher.*

SPEECHES—Length of.

Speeches cannot be made long enough for the speakers, nor short enough for the hearers.
Perry.

SPIRIT—Definition of.

Spirit is now a very fashionable word. To act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly, and to talk indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid. *Chesterfield.*

SPIRIT—A Poor.

He has a poor spirit who is not planted above petty wrongs. *Feltham.*

SPITE—Nature of.

Spite is a little word, but it represents as strange a jumble of feelings and compound of discords, as any polysyllable in the language.
Dickens.

SPITE—Prevalence of.

When, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an ignorant and helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with. *Sterne.*

SPLEEN—Influence of.

Hail, wayward queen!
Who rules the sex to fifty from fifteen;
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit;
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic,—others, scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray. *Pope.*

SPLEEN—Vapours of.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistuned,
These evils sprung; the most important health—
That of the mind—destroy: and when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure,—
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
Armstrong.

SPONGER—Character of the.

But harden'd by affronts, and still the same,
Lost to all sense of honour and of fame,
Thou yet canst love to haunt the great man's board,
And think no supper good but with a Lord.
Juvenal.

SPORTSMEN.

A hardy race of mortals, train'd to sports;
The field their joy, unpolish'd yet by courts.
Lucretius.

SPRING—Advent of.

Ah, how wonderful is the advent of spring!—the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches!—the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees,—gentle, and yet irrepressible,—which no force can stay, no violence restrain, like love, that wins its way and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power. If spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of

the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.

Longfellow.

After dark vapours have oppress'd our plains
For a long dreary season, comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.
The anxious month, relieved from its pains,
Takes as a long lost right the feel of May,
The eyelids with the passing coolness play,
Like rose-leaves with the drip of summer rains.
And calmest thoughts come round us—as of leaves
Budding,—fruit ripening in stillness,—autumn suns
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves,—
Sweet Sappho's cheek,—a sleeping infant's breath,—
The gradual sand that through an hour-glass runs,—
A woodland rivulet,—a Poet's death. *Keats.*

Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. *Solomon.*

SPRING—Beauties of.

Stately spring! whose robe-folds are valleys, whose breast-bouquet is gardens, and whose blush is a vernal evening. *Richter.*

SPRING—an Emblem.

Here quench your thirst, and mark in me
An emblem of true charity;
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither heard nor seen to flow. *J. Warton.*

SPRING—Inspiring Influence of.

It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and the tender blade; and the trees and shrubs, in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The bleating of the new-dropped lambs was faintly heard from the fields; the sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain; and the lark, springing up from the reeking bosom of the meadow, towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody.

Washington Irving.

A bursting into greenness,
A waking as from sleep,
A twitter and a warble,
That make the pulses leap;
A sense of renovation,
Of freshness and of health,
A casting off of sordid fear,
A carelessness of wealth.

A watching, as in childhood,
For the flowers that one by one
Open their golden petals
To woo the fitful sun;
A gush, a flash, a gurgle,
A wish to shout and sing,
As fill'd with hope and gladness,
We hail the vernal spring. *Adams.*

SPRING—Reviving Influence of.

Spring, who did scatter all her wealth last year,
Had gone to Heaven for more; and coming back,
Flower-laden, after three full seasons, found
The Earth, her mother, dead.
Far off, appalled
With the unwonted pallor of her face,
She flung her garlands down, and caught, distract,
The skirts of passing tempests,—and through wilds
Of frozen air fled to her:—all uncrowned
With haste,—a bunch of snowdrops in her breast,
Her charms dishevelled, and her cheeks as white
As Winter with her woe. She fell upon
The corse, and warmed it. The maternal Earth,
Which was not dead but slept, unclosed her eyes.
Then Spring, o'erawed at her own miracle,
Fell on her knees. And then she smiled and wept,
And paced she to and fro, and wept and smiled.
Meanwhile the attendant birds—her haste outstript—
Chasing her voice, crowd round and fill the air
With jocund loyalty. And eager winds
Her suitors—at full speed with love and wild—
Hie by her in the lusty cheer of March,
Crying her name. Laughed Spring to see them pass;
—Laughing in tears.—Then it repented her

To see the old parental limbs of Earth
Lie stark as death; and fared she forth alone
To where she left her burden in the void
Beyond the south horizon:—her fair hair
Streaming spring clouds among the vernal stars.
Returning, slow with flowers, she dressed the Earth;
Which had sat up, and being naked blushed—
And stretched her conscious arms to meet the Spring,
Who breathed upon her face and made her young.
Then did her mother Earth rejoice in her;
And she with filial love and joy admired,
Weeping and trembling, in the wont of maids.
Meantime her pious fame had filled the skies.
He that begat her, the Almighty Sun,
Passing in regal state, did call her "Child,"
And blessed her and her mother where they sat—
Her by the imposition of bright hands,
The Earth with kisses. Then the Spring would go
Abashed with bliss,—decòrous in the face
Of love parental. But the Earth stood up,
And held her there; and, them encircling, came
All kind of happy shapes that wander space,
Brightening the air. And they two sang like gods
Under the answering heavens. *Sydney Dobell.*

SPRING—Invocation to.

Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
Thomson.

SPRING—Morning of.

What man is there over whose mind a bright spring morning does not exercise a magic influence, carrying him back to the days of his childish sports, and conjuring up before him the old green field with its gently-waving trees, where the birds sang as he has never heard them since; where the butterfly fluttered far more gaily than he ever sees him now in all his ramblings; where the sky seemed bluer, and the sun shone more brightly; where the air blew more fresh over greener grass and sweeter-smelling flowers; where everything wore a richer and more brilliant hue than it is ever dressed in now? Such are the deep feelings of childhood, and such are the impressions which every lovely object stamps upon its heart! The hardy traveller wanders through the maze of thick and pathless woods, where the sun's rays never shone, and heaven's pure air never played; he stands on the brink of the roaring waterfall, and, giddy and bewildered, watches the foaming mass as it leaps from stone to stone, and from crag to crag; he lingers in the fertile plains of a land of perpetual sunshine, and revels in the luxury of their balmy breath. But what are the deep forests, or the thundering waters, or the richest landscapes, bounteous nature ever spread to charm the eyes and captivate the senses of men, compared with the recollection of the old scenes of his early youth? Magic scenes indeed;—for the fancies of childhood dressed them in colours brighter than the rainbow, and almost as fleeting! *Dickens.*

SPRING—Reflections in.

There is no way in which the young can better learn the sentiments of devotion, or the old preserve them, than by cultivating those habits of thought and observation, which convert the scenes of nature into the temple of God; which makes us see the Deity in every appearance we behold, and change the world, in which the ignorant, and the thoughtless, see only the reign of time and chance, into the kingdom of the living and ever-present God of the universe. Reflections of this kind arise very naturally amidst the scenes we at present behold. In the beautiful language of the wise man, "The winter is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come." In these moments, we are witnessing the most beautiful and astonishing spectacle that nature ever presents to our view. The earth, as by an annual miracle, arises as it were from her grave, into life and beauty. It is, in a peculiar manner, the season of happiness. The vegetable world is spreading beauty and fragrance amidst the dwellings of men. The animal creation is rising into life; millions of seen, and myriads of unseen beings, are enjoying their new-born existence; and hailing with inarticulate voice the Power which gave them birth. Is there a time when we can better learn the goodness of the universal God. Is it not wise to go abroad into nature, and associate His name with every thing which at this season delights the eye and gratifies the heart. *Alison.*

SPRING—Season of.

In that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray.
Pope.

SPY—The.

Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head.

Next—for some gracious service unexpressed,
And from its wages only to be guessed—
Raised from the toilet to the table, where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabashed,
She dines from off the plate she lately washed;
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy.
Byron.

STAGE COACH—Characteristics of a.

A stage coach carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places; and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the meantime, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. . . . As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming giggling-girls. *Washington Irving.*

STARS—The.

Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious. *Carlyle.*

STARS—Beauty of the.

A star is beautiful; it affords pleasure, not from what it is to do, or to give, but simply by being what it is. It befits the heavens; it has congruity with the mighty space in which it dwells. It has repose; no force disturbs its eternal peace. It has freedom; no obstruction lies between it and infinity. *Ibid.*

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through
the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a
silver braid. *Tennyson.*

STARS—Brightness of the.

The stars hang bright above,
Silent, as if they watch'd the sleeping earth.
Coleridge.

STARS—Child's first Impression of the.

She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven; and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of nature to a child
In its first impression! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted, with the new and strange delight
Of beauty, that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple fold
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Fill'd her young heart with gladness; and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows. Laura still
Stood, looking at the west, with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness—a star
Peep'd suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thoughts broke forth expressively—
"Father, dear father! God has made a Star."
Cornwall.

STARS—Innumerability of the.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity!
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O, what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of
heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight.
Young.

She raised her eyes to the bright stars, looking down so mildly from the wide worlds of air; and gazing on them, found new stars burst upon her view; and more beyond, and more beyond again, until the whole great expanse sparkled with shining spheres, rising higher and higher in immeasurable space, eternal in their numbers as in their changeless and incorruptible existence. She bent over the calm river, and saw them shining in the same majestic order as when the dove beheld them gleaming through the swollen waters, upon the mountain-tops down far below, and dead mankind a million fathoms deep. *Dickens.*

STARS—Instruction derived from.

Stars teach as well as shine. At Nature's birth,
Thus their commission ran:—Be kind to man.
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller,
The stars will light thee, though the moon
should fail,
Where art thou, more benighted, more astray?
In ways immoral? The stars call thee back;
And, if obey'd, their counsel sets thee right.
This prospect vast, what is it? Weigh'd aright,
'Tis Nature's system of divinity,

And every student of the night inspires.
'Tis elder scripture writ by God's own hand;
Scripture authentic—uncorrupt by man.
Young.

STARS—Mansions of the Blest.

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal rest.
Wordsworth.

STARS—Poetry of.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
themselves a star. *Byron.*

STARS—of the Southern Pole.

And now in opener skies,
Stars yet unnamed of purer radiance rise!
Stars, milder suns, that love a shade to cast,
And on the bright wave fling the trembling mast!
Another firmament! the orbs that roll,
Singly or clustering, round the southern pole!
Nor yet the four that glorify the night.
Ah, how forget when to my ravish'd sight
The cross shone forth in everlasting light!
Rogers.

STARS—Sympathy of.

When I gazed into these stars, have they not looked down on me as if with pity from their serene spaces, like eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man!
Carlyle.

STARS—Thought about the.

It is a gentle and affectionate thought, that in immeasurable height above us, at our first birth, the wreath of love was woven with sparkling stars for flowers. *Coleridge.*

STATE (A Future)—Belief of.

We are led to the belief of a future state, not only by the weaknesses, by the hopes and fears of human nature, but by the noblest and best principles which belong to it, by the love of virtue, and by the abhorrence of vice and injustice. *Adam Smith.*

STATE (A Medium)—most Desirable.

Abundance is a trouble, want a misery, honour a burthen, baseness a scorn, advancements dangerous, disgrace odious. Only a competent estate yields the quiet of content. I will not climb, lest I fall, nor lie on the ground, lest I am trod on. I am safest while my legs bear me. A competent heat is most healthful for my body, I would desire neither to freeze nor to burn. *Arthur Warwick*, 1637.

STATE (Political)—A Free.

In a free country there is much clamour with little suffering; in a despotic state, there is little complaint, but much suffering. *Carnot.*

STATE (Political)—Real Greatness of a.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements, or labour'd
mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets
crown'd,
Nor bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Nor starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to
pride.
No!—*men*, high-minded *men*,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights; and, knowing, dare
maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the
chain,—
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
High over thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Distinction, like a vapour sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heav'n-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!—
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which animate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.
Sir William Jones.

STATE (Political)—Best Ordered.

That state is best ordered, where the wicked have no command and the good have.
Pittachus.

STATE (Political)—A Troubled.

In a troubled state, we must do as in foul weather upon a river, not to think to cut directly through, for the boat may be filled with water; but rise and fall as the waves do, and give way as much as we conveniently can. *Seldon.*

STATESMAN—Dignity of the.

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face shone
Majestic. *Milton.*

STATESMAN—An Honest.

An honest statesman to a prince, is like
A cedar planted by a spring, which bathes its
Root,—the grateful tree rewards it with the shadow. *Webster.*

STATESMAN—Requisite Qualities of a.

You have not, as good patriots should do, studied
The public good, but your particular ends:
Factious among yourselves; preferring such
To offices and honours, as ne'er read
The elements of saving policy;
But deeply skill'd in all the principles
That usher to destruction:
Your senate-house, which used not to admit
A man, however popular, to stand
At the helm of government, whose youth was not
Made glorious by action; whose experience,
Crown'd with grey hairs, gave warrant with his counsels. *Massinger.*

STATUARY—Life-like Appearance of.

Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone. *Pope.*

STEADFASTNESS—Quality of.

Steadfastness is a noble quality, but, unguided by knowledge or humillty, it becomes rashness. *Swartz.*

STEAM—Power of.

The giant-power, from earth's remotest caves,
Lifts with strong arm her dark reluctant waves;
Each cavern'd rock, and hidden den explores,
Drags her dark coals, and digs her shining ores.
Next, in close cells of ribbèd oak confined,
Gale after gale, he crowds the struggling wind;
Th' imprison'd storms through brazen nostrils roar,
Fan the white flame, and fuse the sparkling ore,
Here high in air the rising stream he pours,
To clay-built cisterns, or to lead-lined towers;
Fresh through a thousand pipes the wave distils,
And thirsty cities drink th' exuberant rills;
There the vast millstone, with inebriate whirl,
On trembling floors his forceful fingers twirl,
Whose flinty teeth the golden harvests grind,
Feast without blood, and nourish human-kind.
Now his hard hands on Mona's rifted crest,
Bosom'd in rock, her azure ores arrest;
With iron lips his rapid rollers seize
The lengthening bars, in thin expansion squeeze;
Descending screws, with ponderous fly-wheels wound
The tawny plates, the new medallions round;
Hard dies of steel the cupreous circles cramp,
And with quick fall his massy hammers stamp,
The harp, the lily, and the lion join,
And George and Britain guard the sterling coin.
Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam! afar,
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.
Darwin.

STEAM-ENGINE—Achievements of the.

The mighty steam engine—whether we view it in its individual grandeur or in its universal dominion over all inferior machinery—must ever be the great autocrat of the mechanical world. How wide are its provinces—how extensive its fields of enterprise—how numerous its subjects, and how diversified their aims! Over the ocean and the estuary, across the inland sea and the mountain lake, along the sinuous river and the placid stream, it passes in majestic sweep like the vapour-tailed comet athwart the planetary domains, dispensing blessings in its course, and gifts yet unrecognised by the recipients of its bounty. The merchant and the traveller, the merchant and the voluntary exile, the philanthropist and the ambassador of Heaven, are borne with speed and safety to the scene of their respective labours. Man meets man, interchanging the works of their hands or the produce of the soil. Antipodes, who have hitherto been planted with foot opposite to foot, now stand in parallel intercourse and craniological proximity. The white man and the black, the serf and the freeman, the liberated slave and his repentant master, commune on each other's sufferings and aspirations, and prepare for that reign of peace which is gradually evolving from the mysterious cloud that now overhangs the nations. Nor are its labours less marvellous and less benevolent within the more limited range of our daily interests and observation. Here it stands at the mine head, disembowelling the earth of its treasures—there delivering it from its superfluous waters, or depriving it of its dele-

terious or explosive atmosphere. Here it has fixed its abode in the factory, giving life and motion to the various combinations of art which prepare for our use the necessaries and luxuries of life—there it takes its locomotive flight along our pathways of iron, shortening time and space, and uniting in one brotherhood the most distant and dissevered members of the commonwealth. Wherever, indeed, its throne is reared, it exercises a beneficial sovereignty, feeding and clothing man, subjugating the material world to his use, and summoning all his intellectual powers to make new demands upon his liberality, and draw new prizes from its treasure-house. *Smiles.*

STILLNESS—Description of.

No stir of air was there;
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass;
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
Keats.

Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow; not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence; not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends. *Akenside.*

All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!
It was a moment only for the good. *Byron.*

STING—Emblematic of Vexation.

How small things may annoy the greatest. Even a mouse troubles an elephant, a gnat a lion, a very flea may disquiet a giant. What weapon can be nearer to nothing than the sting of this wasp? Yet what a painful wound hath it given me. That scarce visible point, how it envenoms, and rankles, and swells up the flesh. The tenderness of the part adds much to the grief. If I be thus vexed with the touch of an angry fly, how shall I be able to endure the sting of a tormenting conscience?
Bishop Hall.

STOIC—Character of a.

As monumental bronze, unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched, but never shook;
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook;
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.
Campbell.

STOICISM—Characteristics of.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the Romans call it stoicism. *Addison.*

STOICISM—Misanthropy of.

To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart.
Byron.

STONES AND STONEBREAKERS.

Politics, love, theology, art, are full of thorns; but when you see a man perched like a crow on a rock, chipping it, you see a happy dog. You who are on the look-out for beauty, find irregular features or lack-lustre dolls; you who love wit are brained with puns or ill-nature, the two forms of wit that exist out of books. But the hammerist can jump out of his gig at any turn of the road, and find that which his soul desires; the meanest stone a boy throws at a robin is millions of years older than the Farnese Hercules, and has a history as well as a sermon. Stones are curious things; if a man is paid for breaking them, he is wretched; but if he can bring his mind to do it gratis, he is at the summit of content! With these men life is a felicitous dream; they are not subject to low spirits like other men; they smile away their human day; and when they see fit to die, they don't seem to mind so very much. Can they take anything easy by giving it one of their hard names? Is the grave to them a cretaceous, or argillaceous, or ferrugineous bed—I beg their pardon—stratum! No! it is because their hobbies have been innocent; and other men's hobbies are so apt to be vicious. These have broken stones while egotists have been breaking human hearts. *Reade.*

STORM—Appalling Aspect of the.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Shakspeare.

STORM—A Land.

A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, aërial tribes
Descend; the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook.

Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
Thomson.

STORM—Portents of the.

We often see, against some storm
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
Is hush'd as death. *Shakspeare.*

Hark, hark! deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom;
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.
Byron.

STORM—Terrors of the.

Either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven, the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire,
In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. *Milton.*

STORY-TELLING.

Story-telling is subject to two unavoidable defects,—frequent repetition and being soon exhausted; so that, whoever values this gift in himself, has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company. *Swift.*

A story should, to please, at least seem true,
Be apropos, well told, concise, and new:
And whensoe'er it deviates from these rules,
The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools.
Stillingfleet.

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.
Sir Walter Scott.

STRENGTH—wanting Judgment.

Strength wanting judgment and policy to rule, overturneth itself. *Horace.*

STRENGTH—Subordinate to Wisdom.

What is strength, without a double share
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burthensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; strength's not made to rule,
But to subserve, where wisdom bears command.
Milton.

STUBBORNNESS—Evils of.

A stubborn mind conduces as little to wisdom, or even to knowledge, as a stubborn temper to happiness. *Southey.*

STUDY—Benefit of.

A. If I do this what further can I do!
B. Why more than ever. Every task thou dost,
Brings strength and capability to act
He who doth climb the difficult mountains' top
Will the next day outstrip an idler man.
Dip thy young brain in wise men's deep discourse,—
In books; which though they breeze thy wit awhile,
Will knit thee, i' the end, with wisdom.
Cornwall.

STUDY—Delights of.

There is no study that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it.
Pope.

STUDY—Departments of.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and, perhaps, judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. *Bacon.*

STUDY—not Injurious.

It is a great mistake to imagine that the pursuit of learning is injurious to health. We see that studious men live as long as persons of any other profession. History will confirm the truth of this observation. In fact, the regular, calm, and uniform life of a student, conduces to health, and removes many inconveniences and dangers which might otherwise assault it, provided that the superfluous heat of the constitution be assuaged by moderate exercise, and the habit of the body be not overcharged with a quantity of aliment incompatible with a sedentary life. *Huet.*

STUDY—Overmuch.

Much study is a weariness of the flesh.
Solomon.

STUDY—Pleasures of.

A man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it, not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus, what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. *Addison.*

STUDY—Time of.

Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you!
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.
Shakspeare.

STUPIDITY—Strength of.

For of a truth, stupidity is strong—most strong—as the poet Schiller sings,—"Against stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious." There is in it a placid inexhaustibility—a calm, viscous infinitude—which will baffle even the gods—which will say calmly, "Try all your lightnings here, see whether I cannot quench them!" *Carlyle.*

STYLE—Advantages of.

Style is the dress of thoughts; and let them be ever so just, if your style is homely, coarse, and vulgar, they will appear to as much disadvantage, and be as ill received, as your person, though ever so well proportioned, would, if dressed in rags, dirt, and tatters.
Chesterfield.

STYLE—Definition of.

Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style. *Swift.*

STYLE—Goodness of.

Let your style be clear—a plain, honest, English, style, with point and pith in it. You love the Saxon idiom. I do hope that in this respect "your first love" will be your last, and that your people will never be amazed by hearing from your lips some of those strange combinations which have been imported of late from other languages, and which seem to be as much from home in the heart of our sturdy English tongue, as those foreigners do who, in uncouth attire, go shivering along the streets. And let it be fresh and new, not interlarded nor overlaid too much with even our own theological terms. We receive truth, which we may not change, from our Lord and his Apostles. That by no means necessitates our receiving terms and formularies from our forefathers. We must gather the precious truth which is imbedded in their valuable works, and clothe it afresh in the current language of our time, giving body and breath to it, by which men may know that it speaks to their business and bosoms to-day. You have to speak to the generation which is living, and you must do it in the way which will best accomplish the end.
Alexander Raleigh.

Style supposes the reunion and the exercise of all the intellectual faculties. *The style is the man.* *Buffon.*

SUBMISSION—to the Divine Will.

But peace! I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know.
Milton.

God is too great to be withstood, too just to do wrong, too good to delight in any man's misery. We ought, therefore, quietly to submit to his dispensations as the very best.
Bishop Wilson.

SUCCESS—not to be Commanded.

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius,—we'll deserve it. *Addison.*

SUCCESS—Operations of.

It is success that colours all in life:
Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest.
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquired.
Thomson.

SUCCESS—Results of.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius. *Addison.*

SUCCESS—Secret of.

One line,—a line fraught with instruction,—includes the secret of Lord Kenyon's final success,—he was prudent, he was patient, and he persevered. *Townsend.*

SUCCESS—Talent of.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.
Longfellow.

SUCCESS—Temptation of.

Good success
Is oft more fatal far than bad, one winning throw,
Cast from a flattering die, tempting a gamester.
To hazard his whole fortune. *Chapman.*

SUCCESS—Virtue without.

Virtue without success
Is a fair picture shown by an ill light;
But lucky men are favourites of heaven:
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cause. *Dryden.*

SUCCESS—Want of.

I confess, says a thoughtful writer, that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Ill success sometimes arises from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men; but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which "die and make no sign;" there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph. *Sala.*

SUFFERING—Nature of.

Suffering comes to us through and from our whole nature. It cannot be winked out of sight. It cannot be thrust into a subordinate place in the picture of human life. It is the chief burden of history. It is the solemn theme of one of the highest departments of literature—the tragic drama. It gives to fictions their deep interest: it wails through much of our poetry. A large part of human vocations are intended to shut up some of its avenues. It has left traces on every human countenance over which years have passed. It is to not a few the most vivid recollection of life. *W. Ellery Channing.*

SUFFERING—Necessity for.

To love all mankind, from the greatest to the lowest (or meanest) a cheerful state of being is required; but in order to see into mankind, into life, and still more into ourselves, suffering is requisite. *Richter.*

SUFFERING—Solace in.

Suffering is sweet when honour doth adorn it.
Who slights revenge? not he that fears, but scorns it. *Buckingham.*

SUFFERING—a Sublime Thing.

O fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong. *Longfellow.*

SUICIDE—Cowardliness of.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.
Sewell.

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose the battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?—
Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below. *Shakspeare.*

This Roman resolution of self-murder
Will not hold water at the high tribunal,
When it comes to be argued; my good genius
Prompts me to this consideration. He
That kills himself t' avoid misery, fears it;
And at the best shows a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced;
Nor will I: he's not valiant that dares die;
But he that boldly bears calamity. *Massinger.*

Suicide is not to fear death, but yet to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valour to contemn death; but, where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live; and herein religion hath taught us a noble example, for all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scævola, or Codrus, do not parallel or match that one of Job. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

SUICIDE—Guilt of.

Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants may tie him up from your relief,
Nor has a Christian privilege to die.
Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
And give them furloughs for another world;
But we, like sentries, are obliged to stand
In starless nights, and wait th' appointed hour.
Dryden.

SUICIDE—Horror of.

O deaf to nature, and to Heaven's command
Against thyself to lift the murdering hand!
O damn'd despair!—to shun the living light,
And plunge thy guilty soul in endless night!
Lucretius.

SUICIDE—preventable.

It is a curious fact that some men are born with a tendency to self-destruction, which exhibits itself at intervals, from an early period of life, even before it can be the result of feeling or reflection. It is generally accompanied by mental aberration, consequent on pressure on some portion of the brain, and is more purely physical than the *Amour propre* of man is willing to allow. What poetical suicides and sublime despair might have been prevented by a timely dose of blue pill, or the offer of a *Loge aux Italiens!* *Sir Charles Morgan.*

SUICIDE—Unjustifiable.

Unlicensed to eternity! Think! think!
And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.
The race of man is one vast marshall'd army,
Summon'd to pass the spacious realms of time,
Their leader the Almighty. In that march,
Ah! who may quit his post, when high in air
The chosen archangel rides, whose right hand wields
The imperial standard of Heaven's providence,
Which, dreadful sweeping through the vaulted sky,
Overshadows all creation? *Mason.*

SUITOR—Condition of a.

So pitiful a thing is suitor's state—
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to court to me; for *had I wist,*
That few have found, and many a one hath miss'd!
Full little knowest thou—thou hast not tried—
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good day, that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want his peers'
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

SUMMER—Dominion of.

From bright'ning fields of ether fair disclosed
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth;
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way:
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Thomson.

SUMMER—Harbingers of.

Now come the rosy June, and blue-eyed Hours,
With song of birds, and stir of leaves and wings,
And run of rills, and bubble of bright springs,
And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers;
With buzz of happy bees in violet bowers,
And gushing lay of the loud lark, who sings
High in the silent sky, and sleeks his wings
In frequent sheddings of the flying showers;
With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy floods,
And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
Answer'd in far-off faintness by its dam;
With cuckoo's call from green depths of old woods;
And hum of many sounds, making one voice,
That sweetens the smooth air with a melodious noise. *Webbe.*

SUMMER—Heat of.

All-conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce. Incessant still you flow,
And still another servant flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he, who on the sunless side
Of romantic mountain forest crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines;
Or in the hidden caverns, woodbine wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm, while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.
Armstrong.

SUMMER—Mist of.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass.
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervours: the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether,—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chesnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumber'd sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings

Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side and borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet, and silver waters break
Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.
Bryant.

SUN—Adoration of the.

I marvel not, O sun! that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee,
And pour the prayer of mingled awe and love;
For, like a god thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest, with benignant ray,
Beauty, and life, and joyance from above.
Southey.

SUN—Beautiful Description of the.

The sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it. And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. *David.*

The sun,
God's crest upon His azure shield the heavens.
Bailey.

SUN—Eclipse of the.

Shorn of his beams, the sun,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. *Milton.*

SUN—of the Evening.

The sun when he from noon declines,
And with abated heat less fiercely shines,
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pleasing himself with the remains of day.
Dryden.

SUN—Glories of the.

Till as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,
The sun springs dancing through the gates of day;
He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
O'er the proud hills, and warms the eastern streams!
His fiery coursers bound above the main,
And whirl the car along the ethereal plain;
And fiery coursers and the car display
A stream of glory, and a flood of day.
Broome.

The glorious sun—the centre and soul of our system—the lamp that lights it,—the fire that heats it,—the magnet that guides and controls it;—the fountain of colour, which gives its azure to the sky, its verdure to the fields, its rainbow-hues to the gay world of flowers, and the purple light of love to the marble cheek of youth and beauty.
Sir David Brewster.

Most glorious art thou! when from thy pavilion
Thou lookest forth at morning; flinging wide
Its curtain clouds of purple and vermilion,
Dispensing life and light on every side;
Barton.

SUN—likened to Life.

More joyful eyes look at the setting than at the rising sun. Burdens are laid down by the poor, whom the sun consoles more than the rich. No star and no moon announce the rising sun; and does not the setting sun, like a lover, leave behind his image in the moon? I yearn towards him when he sets, not when he rises. He is more nearly of kin to us in his setting, and he is more gentle to the evening star, which, in rising, he, warrior-like, annihilates. The moon and star of love glimmer after he has gone. He dies, and goes under the earth, in order to make us blessed, and when I die, may he set half an hour later than I. I should like to take my leave of earth with the sun; but he should stay and look upon it a little time longer than I.
Richter.

SUN—a Minister.

Thou earliest minister of the Almighty!
. . . Thou material god!
And representative of the Unknown,
Who chose thee for His shadow! Thou chief star!
Centre of many stars!—which mak'st our earth
Endurable, and temperest the hues
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
E'en as our outward aspects,—thou dost rise,
And shine and set in glory! *Byron.*

SUN—Need of the.

Though the sun scorches us sometimes, and gives us the head-ache, we do not refuse to acknowledge that we stand in need of his warmth. *Philip de Mornay.*

SUN—Power of the.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd,
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.
Thomson.

SUN—Photographic Power of the.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich die on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st. *Cowley.*

SUN—Setting or Rising.

The setting or the rising sun, being mere matter, is in itself nothing, unless clothed in light by the imagination, unless the east and the west are irradiated by poetry. But the spirit that is within us is an existence, in itself vast and imperishable; and we see and know its nature—its essence then best, when we regard it with the steadiest, most solemn, and unimpassioned gaze, not veiling it in earthly imagery, and adorning it with the garments of sense, and then worshipping its imagined grandeur and beauty with such emotions as we creatures of the clay, children of the dust, have been wont to cherish towards transitory shadows, the fleeting phantoms of our own raising; but stripping it rather bare of all vain and idle, however bright and endearing colours, poured over it by the yearnings and longings, and passions, of an earthly love, and trying to behold it in its true form and lineaments; not afraid that even when it stands forth in its own proper lights and proportions, virtue will ever seem less than angelical and divine, although her countenance may be somewhat sad, her eyes alternately raised to heaven in hope, and cast down in fear to the earth; her voice, it may be, tremulous or mute, as she stands before her Creator, her Saviour, and her Judge; her beauty visible, perhaps, to the intelligences, to the bright ardours round the throne, but all unknown to herself, for she is humble, awe-struck, and sore afraid. And so, too, were all the countless multitudes of human beings who have in this life—so evanescent—put their trust, perhaps, too much in her, although her name was Virtue; for still she was but human,—and there is a strong taint, a dire corruption, in all most bright and beautiful, that was once but an apparition of this earth.

Professor Wilson.

SUN—Splendour of the.

The golden sun, in splendour likest heav'n,
Dispenses light from far; they, as they move
Their starry dance, in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp,
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe; and to each inward part,
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep.

Milton.

SUN—Splendour of the.

The angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may:
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as at creation's day. *Goethe.*

SUN—Animating Warmth of the.

The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of Heaven. *Thomson.*

SUN—Welcome to the.

Welcome, the lord of light and lamp of day;
Welcome, fosterer of tender herbis green;
Welcome, quickener of flourish'd flowers' sheen;
Welcome, support of every root and vane;
Welcome, comfort of all kind fruits and grain;
Welcome, the bird's green beild upon the brier;
Welcome, master and ruler of the year;
Welcome, welfare of husbands at the ploughs;
Welcome, repairer of woods, trees, and boughs;
Welcome, depainter of the bloomit meads;
Welcome, the life of everything that spreads.

Gavin Douglas.

SUNBEAM—The.

Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee to mortals given,—
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven. *Mrs. Hemans.*

SUNBEAM—Grave of the.

Nothing in this vast creation is ever lost. Individuals may be losers through carelessness; but to the world at large no created substance can be lost. One combination of things is often changed into another, but no ingredient is ever utterly destroyed; for at this moment the created universe does not contain one particle of matter more, nor one particle less, than belonged to it that day it came fresh from the creating hand of Him who made all things very good. Never did a sunbeam shine in vain, and therefore no sunbeam that ever streaked this world with light could be finally lost. Yet the sunbeam, lovely as it is, has had its grave, and there sometimes for unnumbered ages it has slept in undisturbed repose. What is coal but latent sunbeams, which need only to be ignited to start again again into active life? The sun, when many thousand years younger than he is now, cast forth his radiant beams on the surface of the world, and noble trees of ferns and other acrogens started at his bidding into vigorous life; they lived, died, and underwent changes which made them coal—yes, coal—and the

old sun, he did it all. These sunbeams have long been burned in the form of coal; and though by ignition their resurrection-life is but a dim shadow of their early brightness, they are yet sunbeams. We have nothing but sunlight in summer or in winter, think or talk as we may. The fire on our hearths, the gas in our tubes, the oil in our lamps, and the candles on our tables, are all products of the sunbeam. We kindle them, and in the very act raise the sunbeam from its grave, and send it forth to run perchance a long cycle of changes ere again it rests in such a peace as that we have dragged it from. *Brooke.*

SUNDIALS—Reflections on the.

What an antique air had the now almost effaced sundials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coeval with that time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never catched, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep. Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand, steal from his figure, and no pace perceived! What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial. It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. *Lamb.*

SUNLIGHT.

Sunlight seeking hidden shadow, touch'd
The green leaves all a-tremble with gold light.
Massey.

SUNRISE—Glories of.

Yonder comes the powerful king of day
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air
He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker. *Thomson.*

SUNS—Description of.

Suns are sunflowers of a higher light. *Richter.*

SUNSET—Beauties of a.

I see the sun standing amid roses in the western sky, into which he has *thrown his ray-brush, wherewith he has to-day been painting the earth;* and when I look round a little in our picture-exhibition, his enamelling is still hot on the mountains, on the moist chalk of the moist earth; the flowers, full of sap-colours, are laid out to dry, and the forget-me-not with miniature colours; under the varnish of the streams the skiey painter has pencilled his own eye; and the clouds, like a decoration-painter, he has touched off with wild outlines and single tints; and so he stands at the border of the earth. *Ibid.*

SUNSET—Charms of a.

Bless'd be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer. *Byron.*

SUNSET—Glories of.

The zenith spreads
Its canopy of sapphire; but the west
Has a magnificent array of clouds,
And, as the breeze plays on them, they assume
The forms of mountains, castled cliffs, and hills,
And shadowy glens, and groves, and beetling rocks.
And some that seem far off are voyaging
Their sun-bright path in folds of silver—some
In golden masses float, and others have
Edgings of burning crimson. Isles are seen,
All lovely, set within an emerald sea.
And there are dyes in the rich heavens. Such
As sparkle in the grand and gorgeous plume
Of Juno's favorite bird, or decked the scaled
And wreathing serpent.

Never, from the birth
Of Time, were scatter'd o'er the glowing sky
More splendid colourings. Every varying hue

Of every beautiful thing on earth,—the tints
Of heaven's own Iris,—all are in the west
On this delicious eve.

Behind the green
And billowy horizon, once more sinks
The traveller of six thousand years. A wide
And deep-felt pause prevails;—the peaceful sway
Of twilight is begun. Bright morning calls
The world to action, and the tyrant sun,
With beam intense, sweeps o'er it, sparing not
Earth's toiling millions; but sweet evening brings
Her gentle airs to renovate the globe,
And (as the insatiate orb has drunk the streams)
Sprinkles her liberal dews, and with a *hush*
Comes on, that her beloved may have rest—
The sons of toil.

The fiercely brilliant streaks
Of crimson disappear, but o'er the hills
A flush of orange hovers, softening up
Into harmonious union with the blue
That comes a-sweeping down, for twilight hastes
To dash all other colours from the sky
But this, her favourite azure. Even now
The east displays its palely-beaming stars,
With the mild, radiating moon: and thus
There is no end to all thy prodigies,
O nature! *Carrington.*

SUNSET—in the Mountains.

First there comes a flood of rosy light, and then a deep bright crimson, like the ruby's flash or the sapphire's blaze, and then a circlet of flaming peaks studs the horizon. It looks as if a great conflagration were about to begin. But suddenly the light fades, and piles of cold pale white rise above you. You can scarce believe them to be the same mountains. But, quick as the lightning, the flash comes again. A flood of glory rolls once more along their summits. It is a last and mighty blaze. You feel as if it were a struggle for life—as if it were a war waged by spirits of darkness against these celestial forms. The struggle is over; the darkness has prevailed. These mighty mountain tombs are extinguished one after one; and cold ghastly piles of sepulchral hue, which you shiver to look up at, and which remind you of the dead, rise still and calm in the firmament above you. You feel relieved when darkness interposes its veil betwixt you and them. The night sets in deep, and calm, and beautiful, with troops of stars overhead. The voice of streams, all night long, fills the silent hills with melodious echoes. *Dr. Wylie.*

SUNSET—on the Ocean.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light.
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night.
Pope.

SUPERFICIALITY—Mistakes of.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves deep, when they are exceeding near the surface. *Shenstone.*

SUPERFLUITY—Results of.

Superfluity creates necessity, and necessity superfluity. Take care to be an economist in prosperity: there is no fear of your being one in adversity. *Zimmerman.*

SUPERFLUITY—Waste of.

There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.
Armstrong.

SUPERINTENDENCE—Necessity of.

Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds. *Solomon.*

SUPERIORITY.

He, above the rest
In shape and nature proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. *Milton.*

SUPERIORS—Living with.

A man should live with his superiors as he does with his fire: not too near, lest he burn; nor too far off, lest he freeze. *Diogenes.*

SUPERSTITION—Burden of.

The greatest burden in the world is superstition, not only of ceremonies in the church, but of imaginary and scarecrow sins at home. *Milton.*

SUPERSTITION—Deformity of.

Superstition without a veil is a deformed thing: there is also a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think they do best if they go farthest from the superstition; by which means they often take away the good as well as the bad *Bacon.*

SUPERSTITION—a Disturber.

I think we cannot too strongly attack superstition, which is the disturber of society; nor too highly respect genuine religion, which is the support of it. *Rousseau.*

SUPERSTITION—Folly of.

Superstition renders a man a fool, and scepticism makes him mad. *Fielding.*

SUPERSTITION—Horrors of.

Superstition! that horrid incubus which dwelt in darkness, shunning the light, with all its racks, and poison-chalices, and foul sleeping-draughts, is passing away without return. Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear.

Carlyle.

SUPERSTITION—Origin of.

Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law,
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze and trumpet's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground;
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To powers unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods:
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal, then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore;
Then first the flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

Pope.

Superstition sprung from the deep disquiet of man's passion. *Brooke.*

SUPERSTITION—Profanity of.

Religion worships God, while superstition profanes that worship. *Seneca.*

SUPERSTITION AND RELIGION.

There is superstition in shunning superstition; and he that disdains to follow religion in the open and trodden path, may chance to lose his way in the trackless wilds of experiment, or in the obscure labyrinths of speculation.

Bacon.

SURMISE—Evils of.

Surmise is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputations; the corroding dew that destroys the choice blossom. Surmise is primarily the squint of suspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed.

Zimmerman.

SURNAMES—Origin of.

Such names as the Saxon royal Ethulwulf, or "noble wolf," of course originated in similes intended to be complimentary, after our own fashion of terming a soldier "brave as a lion." The Norman names still translate themselves, as Beaufoy (a faithful adherent), Beauclerc (good scholar), &c. Others from personal bravery, as Napier or *na peer* (without equal), from the undaunted conduct of a Scottish ancestor. Others from occupation, as Spencer from Le Despenser, or the *Steward;* Landseer from a bailiff; and Granger from the superintendent of a grange. Many names are undoubtedly the mere result of mistake or mis-spelling. A late resident officer of our hospital informs me that he has received bills made out against the institution, in which that word has been spelt in forty-six different ways, a list of which he sends me. In 1844, one Joseph Galliano died in Boston, and in our Probate Records he has the alias of Joseph Gallon—that having been his popular name. Plamboeck, in some of our conveyances, became Plumback. These are names in a transition state. So likewise a Spanish boy, having the Christian name of Benito, pronounced Beneeto, who shipped with Dr. Bowditch in one of his voyages (as mentioned in his Memoir, 1839), became Ben Eaton; and a foundling, named Personne (*i. e.*, "nobody"), became Mr. Pearson. Perhaps our Barnefield is but a corruption of the glorious old Dutch name Barneveldt. *Bowditch.*

SURRENDER—No.

Some are in the habit of shouting "No surrender;" but I say we should all surrender; we should surrender our passions, and our prejudices, and our uncharitableness towards others. We should seek to win as much as we can from the common humanity of our adversaries. The good and the wise will pursue this course, and they will succeed; whilst the treacherous, the arrogant, and the intolerant, will dwindle far behind in the march, and will perish of self-contention, instead of coming up to win the laurels. *Bamford.*

SUSCEPTIBILITY.

The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels in its barrenness some touch of spring;
And in the April dew, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen freshen and revive;
And thus the heart most sear'd to human pleasure
Melts at the tear, joys in the smile of woman.
Beaumont.

SUSPENSE—Anguish of.

Of all the conditions to which the heart is subject, suspense is one that most gnaws and cankers into the frame. One little month of that suspense, when it involves death, we are told by an eye-witness, in "Wakefield on the Punishment of Death," is sufficient to plough fixed lines and furrows in a convict of five-and-twenty,—sufficient to dash the brown hair with grey, and to bleach the grey to white.
Bulwer Lytton.

But be not long; for in the tedious minutes—
Exquisite interval—I'm on the rack;
For sure the greatest evil man can know
Bears no proportion to this dread suspense.
Froude.

The suspense,—the fearful, acute suspense, of standing idly by while the life of one we dearly love is trembling in the balance; the racking thoughts that crowd upon the mind, and make the heart beat violently, and the breath come thick, by the force of the images they conjure up before it; the desperate anxiety to "*be doing something*" to relieve the pain or lessen the danger, which we have no power to alleviate; and the sinking of soul and spirit, which the sad remembrance of our helplessness produces,—what tortures can equal these, and what reflections or efforts can, in the full tide and fever of the time, allay them? *Dickens.*

SUSPENSE—Living in.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of the spider. *Swift.*

SUSPICION—Character of.

Suspicions among thoughts are like bats amongst birds,—they ever fly to twilight; they are to be repressed, or, at least, well guarded, for they cloud the mind. *Bacon.*

Suspicion overturns what confidence builds;
And he that dares but doubt when there's no ground,
Is neither to himself nor others sound.
Massinger.

Suspicion is a heavy armour, and
With its own weight impedes more than it protects.
Byron.

And shall we all condemn and all distrust,
Because some men are false and some unjust?
Forbid it Heaven; for better 'twere to be
Duped of the fond impossibility—
Of light and radiance which sleep's visions gave,
Than thus to live suspicion's bitter slave.
Hon. Mrs. Norton.

SUSPICION—an Enemy.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness; he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt. It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourselves have suffered; men who are once persuaded that deceit will be employed against them, sometimes think the same arts justified by the necessity of defence. Even they whose virtue is too well established to give way to example, or be shaken by sophistry, must yet feel their love of mankind diminished with their esteem, and grow less zealous for the happiness of those by whom they imagine their own happiness endangered. *Johnson.*

SUSPICION—Evil of.

Suspicion is the poison of true friendship.
Augustine.

SUSPICION—Remedy for.

There is nothing that makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother. *Bacon.*

SUSPICION—Strength of.

Suspicion is ever strong on the suffering side.
Publius Syrus.

SUSPICION—Tendency of.

Suspicion disposes kings to tyranny and husbands to jealousy. *Bacon.*

SUSPICION—Wrongfulness of.

I would not wrong
Virtue, so tried, by the least shade of doubt:
Undue suspicion is more abject baseness
Even than the guilt suspected. *Aaron Hill.*

SWEARING—Admonition against.

Swear not at all: neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your

communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.
St. Matthew.

SWEARING—Danger attending.

From a common custom of swearing, men easily slide into perjury; therefore, if thou wouldst not be perjured, do not use to swear.
Hierocles.

SWEARING—Degradation of.

It is no mark of a gentleman to swear. The most worthless and vile, the refuse of mankind, the drunkard and the prostitute, swear as well as the best dressed and educated gentleman. No particular endowments are requisite to give a finish to the art of cursing. The basest and meanest of mankind swear with as much tact and skill as the most refined; and he that wishes to degrade himself to the very lowest level of pollution and shame, should learn to be a common swearer. Any man has talents enough to learn to curse God, and imprecate perdition on themselves and their fellow-men. Profane swearing never did any man any good. No man is the richer, or wiser, or happier for it. It helps no one's education or manners. It commends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined, abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless, and injurious to society; and wantonly to profane his name, to call his vengeance down, to curse him, and to invoke his vengeance, is perhaps of all offences the most awful in the sight of God. *Louth.*

SWEARING—Guilt of.

Take not His name, who made thy tongue, in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Herbert.

SWIMMING—Boldness of.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore. *Shakspeare.*

SWINDLER—Characteristics of the.

You are not for the manner nor the times;
They have their vices now most like to virtues,
You cannot know them apart by any difference;
They wear the same clothes, eat the same meat;
Sleep i' the self-same beds; ride in those coaches,
Or very like four horses in a coach,
As the best men and women. *Ben Jonson.*

SWOONING—Description of.

A sudden trembling seized on all his limbs;
His eyes distorted grew, his visage pale;
His speech forsook him; life itself seem'd fled.
Otway.

SWOONING—Recovery from.

She faints! support her!
Sustain her head, while I infuse this cordial
Into her dying lips. From spices, drugs,
Rich herbs and flowers, the potent juice is drawn;
With wondrous force it strikes the lazy spirits,
Drives them around, and wakens life anew:
And see, she stirs, and the returning blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy cheeks. *Rowe.*

SWOONING—State of.

She faints!
Her cheeks are cold, and the last leaden sleep
Hangs heavy on her lips. *Ibid.*

SWOONING—Symptoms of.

My sight grows dim, and every object dances
And swims before me in the maze of death.
Dryden.

Sure I am near upon my journey's end;
My head runs round, my eyes begin to fail,
And dancing shadows swim before my sight.
Rowe.

SWORD—Inventor of the.

Who first, with skill inhuman, did produce,
And teach mankind the sword's destructive use;
What sense of pity could the monster feel?
Himself relentless as the murderous steel!
Dryden.

SYMBOLS—Sanctity of.

A symbol is ever, to him who has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of the God-like. Through all there glimmers something of a Divine idea; nay, the highest ensign that men ever met, and embraced under the cross itself, had no meaning, save an accidental extrinsic one. *Carlyle.*

SYMPATHIZER—A.

When thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel;
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bedesman. *Shakspeare.*

SYMPATHIZER—Claim for a.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.
Addison.

SYMPATHIZERS.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other. *Coleridge.*

SYMPATHY—to be Cherished.

Let us cherish sympathy. By attention and exercise it may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impressions of virtue: and without it there can be no true politeness. Nothing is more odious than that insensibility which wraps a man up in himself and his own concerns, and prevents his being moved with either the joys or the sorrows of another. *Beattie.*

SYMPATHY—Influence of.

His mother could for him a cradle set,
Her husband's rusty iron corslet,
Whose jangling sound could hush her babe to rest,
That never 'plain'd of his uneasy nest;
Then did he dream of dreary wars at hand,
And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could stand. *Hall.*

SYMPATHY—Nature of.

It is by sympathy we enter into the concerns of others, that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost anything which men can do or suffer. For sympathy may be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in many respects as he is affected. *Burke.*

SYMPATHY—with Nature.

Whence this sympathy with an unsouled, inanimate world? Because the human soul is perpetually making all things external and circumstant a mirror to itself of itself,—filling all existence with emblems, symbols,—everywhere seeing and reading them, and in gazing outwardly, still-wrapped in self-study,—or rather intuitive self-knowledge. The soul desires, loves, longs for peace in itself: it is almost its conception's deepest bliss. Wherever, therefore, it discovers it, it rejoices in the image whereof it seeks the reality. Thus, the calm human countenance, the wide waters sleeping in the moonlight, the stainless marble depth of the immeasurable heavens, reflect to it that tranquillity which it imagines within itself—represents that which it desires. The pictured shadow is grateful to it, wanting the substance. It loves to look on what it loves, though it cannot possess it:—and hence the feeling of the soul, in contemplating such a calm, is not of simple repose, but desire stirs in it, as if it would fain blend itself more deeply with the quiet which it beholds. All the while it is beauty that creates the desire: and never is there the feeling of beauty—no, never—without the transfer on the object, or the transfusion, by the mind, of some quality or character not in the object. In most, and in all great instances, there is apprehension, dim and faint, or more distinct, of pervasion of a spirit throughout that which we conceive to be beautiful. Stars, the moon, the deep bright ether, waters, the rainbow, a fair lovely flower,—none of them ever appear to us, or are believed by us, to be mere physical, unconscious, dead aggregates of atoms. *William Howitt.*

SYMPATHY—for Others.

And share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.
Keats.

What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once—bright—pure—from pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine. *Byron.*

The eye that will not weep another's sorrow,
Should boast no gentler brightness than the glare
That reddens in the eyeball of the wolf.
Massinger.

Not being untutored in suffering, I learn to pity those in affliction. *Virgil.*

SYMPATHY—Power of.

Every man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy; a friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Sirian star; but two torches do not divide but increase the flame; and, though my tears are the sooner dried up, when they run on my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp, we unite the glories and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and joy.
Jeremy Taylor.

T.

TACT AND TALENT—Compared.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch: it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times: it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill: talent is weight—tact is momentum: talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it: talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected: talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent—ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and pit them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact, but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful. Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry: talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically—tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast; and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps—it hits the right nail on the head—it loses no time—it takes all hints—and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one. Talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent convinces, tact converts. Talent is an honour to the profession, tact gains honour from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way. Talent commands, tact is obeyed. Talent is honoured with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the House, but tact wins its heart and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship. It wants no drilling: it never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity; but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the pianoforte. It has all the air of common-place, and all the force and power of genius. It can change sides with a *hey-presto* movement, and be at all points of the compass, while talent is ponderously and learnedly shifting a single point. Talent calculates clearly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradicting, puzzles the profound without profundity, and without wit outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, pen in hand, and tact will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted, tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs, tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows, tact follows where the humour leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it has succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passion of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest. Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alive, always alert, always marketable; it is the talent of talents, the availableness of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect. *Scargill.*

TALENT—Astonishment at.

Dost thou, so young,
Know when to speak, and when to hold thy tongue? *Dryden.*

TALENT—Eye for.

The true eye for talent presupposes the true reverence for it. *Carlyle.*

TALENT—Single.

Feeble souls are like those tracks of land which have neither depth nor richness of soil,

yet however arid, produce something to serve the world. The sandy and stony deserts of the Cape are covered with heath of every hue and form to beautify the scene and to charm the traveller's eye. Even so the feeblest soul can display some phase of feeling and character that shall add a beauty to its sphere. The world wants the heath as well as the oak, and the genial heavens shine alike on both.
David Thomas.

TALENTS—Abused.

The talents lost—the moments run
To waste—the sins of act, of thought,
Ten thousand deeds of folly done,
And countless virtues cherish'd not. *Bowring.*

TALENTS—not always Active.

Good Homer sometimes nods. *Horace.*

TALENTS—Adaptation of.

Great offices will have
Great talents, and God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.
Cowper.

TALENTS—Misapplication of.

Talents, angel bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown. *Young.*

TALENTS—Want of.

He that's unskilful will not toss a ball,
Nor run, nor wrestle, for he fears the fall;
He justly fears to meet deserved disgrace,
And that the ring will hiss the baffled ass.
Horace.

TALE—An Old.

'Tis a ditty
Not of these days; but long ago 'twas told
By a cavern wind unto a forest old:
And then the forest told it in a dream
To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam
A poet caught as he was journeying
To Phœbus' shrine. *Keats.*

TALES—Lengthy.

A story, in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains;
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct;
The language plain, and incidents well-link'd;
Tell not as new what ev'rybody knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close;
There, centring in a focus round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet. *Cowper.*

TALKER—A Voluble.

He said,
Or right or wrong, what came into his head.
Horace.

TALKERS—Characteristics of.

As empty vessels make the loudest sound, so they that have the least wit are the greatest babblers. *Plato.*

Men who have but little business are generally great talkers. *Montesquieu.*

Talkers are no good doers. *Shakspeare.*

TALKERS—Definition of.

Those whose tongues are gentlemen ushers to their wit, and still go before it. *Ben Jonson.*

TALKING—Judgment in.

'Tis a task indeed to learn to hear;
In that the skill of conversation lies,
That shows or makes you both polite and wise. *Young.*

TALKING—Different Kinds of.

Does a man speak foolishly?—suffer him gladly, for you are wise. Does he speak erroneously?—stop such a man's mouth with sound words that cannot be gainsaid. Does he speak truly?—rejoice in the truth.
Oliver Cromwell.

TALKING—Overmuch.

Talking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

TALKING—Reflection regarding.

A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks, and then reflects on what he has uttered. *Delile.*

TALKING—Vain.

Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind? Should he reason with unprofitable talk? or with speeches wherewith he can do no good. *Job.*

TASTE—Characteristics of.

Taste, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness, a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all

beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever, or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments, they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely-gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration. *Carlyle.*

TASTE—Moral Influence of.

Taste and elegance, though they are reckoned only among the smaller and secondary morals, yet are of no mean importance in the regulation of life. A moral taste is not of force to turn vice into virtue; but it recommends virtue, with something like the blandishments of pleasure. *Burke.*

TASTE—Qualities of.

Taste is an attainment after a poet has been disciplined by experience, and has added to genius that talent by which he knows what part of his genius he can make acceptable and intelligible to the portion of mankind for which he writes. *Coleridge.*

TAVERN—Characteristics of a.

A tavern is a degree, or (if you will) a pair of stairs above an alehouse, where men are drunk with more credit and apology. If the vintner's nose be at the door, it is a sign sufficient; but the absence of this is supplied by the ivy-bush. It is a broacher of more news than hogsheads, and more jests than news, which are sucked up here by some spongy brain, and from thence squeezed into a comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noise; and this music above is answered with the clinking below. The drawers are the civillest people in it, men of good bringing up; and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their high calling. 'Tis the best theatre of natures, where they are truly acted, not played, and the business, as in the rest of the world, up and down, to wit, from the bottom of the cellar to the great chamber. A melancholy man would find here matter to work upon, to see heads as brittle as glasses, and often broken; men come hither to quarrel, and come hither to be made friends: and if Plutarch will lend me his simile, it is even Telephus's sword that makes wounds and cures them. It is the common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or maker-away of a rainy day. It is the torrid zone that scorches the face, and tobacco the gunpowder that blows it up. Much harm would be done, if the charitable vintner had not water ready for these flames. A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkness, for the candles are never out; and it is like those countries far in the north, where it is as clear at midnight as at midday. After a long sitting, it becomes like a street in a dashing shower, where the spouts are flushing above, and the conduits running below, while the jordans, like swelling rivers, overflow their banks. To give you the total reckoning of it: it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary their book, whence we leave them. *Bishop Earle.*

TAVERN—Freedom of a.

An inn, the free rendezvous of all travellers, and where the humour of each displays itself, without ceremony or restraint.

Sir Walter Scott.

TAVERNS—Social Advantages of.

There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own; whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servant will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn. *Johnson.*

TEA—Uses of.

In China cold water is disliked, and considered unwholesome. and therefore tea is taken to quench the thirst, which it does best when unmixed (a bottle of cold tea, without either milk or sugar, being, according to Mr. Colquhoun, of *The Moor and the Loch*, the best thirst-assuager a sportsman can carry with him). The practice of scenting tea is very common in China, and various odoriferous plants are employed for this purpose. In Russia, a squeeze of a lemon often takes the

place of our cream; and in Germany, where the tea is made very weak, it is common to flavour it with rum, cinnamon, or vanilla. "The most perfect way of using tea," says Professor Johnston, "is that described, I think, by Captain Basil Hall, as that practised on the coast of South America, where tea-leaves, after being exhausted by infusion, are handed round the company upon a silver salver, and partaken of by each guest in succession. The exhilarating effects of the hot liquid are in this practice followed by the nutritive effects of the solid leaf." A Chinese legend relates, that "a pious hermit, who, in his watchings and prayers, had often been overtaken by sleep, so that his eyelids closed, in holy wrath against the weakness of the flesh, cut them off, and threw them on the ground. But a god caused a tea-shrub to spring out of them, the leaves of which exhibit the form of an eyelid bordered with lashes, and possess the gift of hindering sleep." *Dr. Ure.*

TEA-URN—The.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cup
That cheers, but not inebriates, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Cowper.

TEAR—A.

So bright a tear in beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry. *Byron.*

TEAR—History of the.

When the soft tear steals silently down from the eye,
Take no note of its course, nor detect the slow sigh;
From some spring of soft sorrow its origin flows,
Some tender remembrance, that weeps as it goes;
Through the gay scenes of youth the remembrance still strays,
And memory steps back on past pleasure to gaze;
Fleeting shades they now seem, that glide silent away,
The remains of past hours, the ghost of each day:
Ah! it is not to say what will bring to her min l
The joys that are fled, the friends left behind,
A song, or a tune, or the time of the year,
Strikes the ray of reflection, and rests on the ear—

Let the tear then drop silent, nor mark the full eye,
The soul's secret offering no mortal should spy.
Sheridan.

TEARS—not Cowardice.

Tears are no proofs of cowardice. *Sterne.*

TEARS—Definition of.

The safety-valves of the heart, when too much pressure is laid on. *Albert Smith.*

TEARS—Early.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
Sir Walter Scott.

TEARS—Eloquence of.

Sweet tears! the awful language eloquent
Of infinite affection, far too big
For words. *Pollok.*

TEARS—Gracefulness of.

Thy tears are no reproach:
Tears oft look graceful on the manly cheek:
The cruel cannot weep. Lo, friendship's eye
Gives thee the drop it would refuse itself.
Thomson.

TEARS—Joyous.

Tears of joy are the dew in which the sun of righteousness is mirrored. *Richter.*

TEARS—the Mark of Nature.

Hide not thy tears; weep boldly, and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way:
'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt
In soft adoption of another's sorrow.
Aaron Hill.

TEARS—of Passion.

Of nature's tears
I would not rob thee: they invigorate virtue,
Soften at once, and fortify the heart;
But when they rise to speak this desperate language,
They then grow tears of weakness. *Thomson.*

TEARS—Power of.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks;
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed

Than had I seen the vaulted top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Shakspeare.

By heavens, my love, thou dost distract my soul;
There's not a tear that falls from those dear eyes,
But makes my heart weep blood. *Lee.*

How, through her tears, with pale and trembling radiance,
The eye of beauty shines, and lights her sorrows!
As rises o'er the storm some silver star,
The seaman's hope, and promise of his safety.
Francis.

TEARS—Sacredness of.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love. *Washington Irving.*

TEARS—Silence of.

See the tide working upward to his eye,
And stealing from him in large silent drops,
Without his leave. *Young.*

TEARS—Sympathy of.

I kiss'd her softly, and she gave a sigh:
Tears made her cheek feel like a damask rose,
Wet with cold evening dew. *Fenton.*

TEARS—Use of.

Be not thy tears too harshly chid,
Repine not at the rising sigh:
Who, if they might, would always bid
The breast be still, the cheek be dry?

How little of ourselves we know
Before a grief the heart has felt!
The lessons that we learn of woe
May brace the mind as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,—
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.

Love's perfect triumph never crown'd
The hope unchequered by a pang;
The gaudiest wreaths with thorns are bound,
And Sappho wept before she sang.

Tears at each pure emotion flow;
They wait on Pity's gentle claim,
On admiration's fervid glow,
On Piety's seraphic flame.

'Tis only when it mourns and fears
The loaded spirit feels forgiven,
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.
Lord Morpeth.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species. *Leigh Hunt.*

TEMPER—Cheerful.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable. *Addison.*

TEMPER—Courtesy of.

Courtesy of temper, when it is used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.
Sir Walter Scott.

TEMPER—Dominion of.

The conduct, both of the low and of the high-born, when under the dominion of temper, is commonly the same. Temper is the greatest of all levellers, the greatest of all equalizers; and the peer and the peasant, when under the influence of passion, are equally removed from having any right to the name of gentleman. But it is not temper, as exhibited in the shape of violent passion, that has the most pernicious influence on the conduct and happiness. It is temper, under the shape of cool, deliberate spite and secret rancour, that is most to be guarded against. It is the taunting word whose meaning kills, the speech intended to mortify one's self-love, or wound our tenderest affections. Temper under this garb is most hateful and pernicious; and, when inflicting a series of petty injuries, it is most hideous and disgusting. The violence of passion, when over, often subsides into affectionate repentance, and is easily disarmed of its offensive power. But nothing disarms the other sort of temper. In domestic life it is to one's mind what a horsehair shirt is to the body; and, like the spokes of Pascal's iron girdle, whenever one moves, it inflicts pain most difficult to endure with fortitude.
Bray.

TEMPER—Equality of.

An attribute so precious, that, in my consideration, it becomes a virtue, is a gentle and constant equality of temper. To sustain it, not only exacts a pure mind, but a vigour of understanding which resists the petty vexations and fleeting contrarieties which a multitude of objects and events are continually bringing. What an unutterable charm does it give to the society of the man who possesses it! How is it possible to avoid loving him whom we are certain always to find with serenity on his brow, and a smile on his countenance? *Bishop Stanley.*

TEMPER—Formation of.

Bad temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization. It frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil, by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill-conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness—the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness"—ill-temper. *Bray.*

TEMPER—Fretful.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little, or too much;
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,—
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,—
That's worse!—the drone-pipe of an humble bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light,—
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night;
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish,—
With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first profess'd to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder if he can!
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is—to be displeased.
Cowper.

TEMPER—Good.

The *difficult* part of good temper consists in forbearance, and accommodation to the ill-humour of others. —— *Empson.*

Only the nation which invented "comfort," was capable of conceiving "good temper;" for "good temper" is to the moral what "comfort" is to the physical man. It is the most contented, the most *comfortable* state of the soul; the greatest happiness both for those who possess it, and for those who feel its influence. With "gentleness" in his own character, "comfort" in his house, and "good temper" in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete. —— *Ibid.*

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gain'd a year.
It lends the boy a new delight,
'Tis virtue's firmest shield,
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the brow from care;
Turn tears to smiles, make dulness gay,
Spreads gladness everywhere.
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possess'd.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?
Good Temper!—nothing more!
Good Temper!—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings. *Swain.*

TEMPER—Instability of.

Instability of temper ought to be checked when it disposes men to wander from one scheme to another; since such a fickleness cannot but be attended with fatal consequences. *Addison.*

TEMPER—Reasonableness of.

We are obliged to these duties of humanity, upon account of common interest, benefit, and advantage. The welfare and safety, the honour and reputation, the pleasure and quiet of our lives, are concerned in our loving correspondence with all men.

For so uncertain is our condition, so obnoxious are we to manifold necessities, that there is no man, whose good will we may not need, whose good word may not stand us stead, whose helpful endeavour may not sometimes oblige us.

It is but reasonable, therefore, if we desire to live securely, comfortably, and quietly, that by all honest means we should endeavour to purchase the good will of all men, and provoke no man's enmity needlessly; since any man's love may be useful, and every man's hatred is dangerous. *Barrow.*

TEMPER—Subjection of.

Too many have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed, if the temper is not? If a man is as passionate, malicious, resentful, sullen, moody, or morose, after his conversion as before it, what is he converted from or to? *John Angell James.*

TEMPER—Surly.

Those who are surly and imperious to their inferiors, are generally humble, flattering, and cringing to their superiors. *Fuller.*

TEMPER—Traits of.

No man is defeated without some resentment, which will be continued with obstinacy while he believes himself in the right, and asserted with bitterness, if even to his own conscience he is detected in the wrong. *Johnson.*

TEMPERANCE—Advantages of.

Temperance keeps the senses clear and unembarrassed, and makes them seize the object with more keenness and satisfaction. It appears with life in the face, and decorum in the person; it gives you the command of your head, secures your health, and preserves you in a condition for business. *Jeremy Collier.*

TEMPERANCE—Advantages of.

If thou well observe
The rule of *not too much*, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So mayst thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, in death mature.
Milton.

TEMPERANCE—Caution respecting.

Great men should drink with harness on their throats *Shakspeare.*

TEMPERANCE—Virtues of.

Temperance is a bridle of gold; he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man.
Burton.

Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.—
Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envied them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.—
O madness, to think use of strongest wines,
And strongest drinks, our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the limpid brook!
Milton.

TEMPTATION.

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light. *Shakspeare.*

TEMPTATION—Avoiding of.

He who has no mind to trade with the devil, should be so wise as to keep from his shop.
South.

TEMPTATION—Courting.

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us;
And make pursuit when he did mean no chase.
Shakspeare.

TEMPTATION—Definitions of.

Temptation is the fire that brings up the scum of the heart. *Boston.*

Temptation is a file, which rubs off much of the rust of self-confidence. *Fenelon.*

TEMPTATION—from the Inspiration of Love.

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness! Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou! or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good; O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smiled, and wonder'd how. *Shakspeare.*

TEMPTATION—Preventive to.

The time for reasoning is before we have approached near enough to the forbidden fruit to look at it and admire. *Margaret Percival.*

TEMPTATION—Resistance to.

Jesus saith unto him, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve, Then the devil leaveth him, and behold, angels came, and ministered unto him. Watch, and pray, that ye enter not into temptation. *St. Matthew.*

TEMPTATION—Yielding to.

'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall. *Shakspeare.*

TEMPTATION—Yielding to.

I see the devil's hook, and yet cannot help nibbling at his bait. *Adams.*

TENDENCIES—Importance of.

If we consider well, we shall find that every capability, however slight, is born with us; that there is no vague, general capability in man. It is our ambiguous, dissipating education that makes men uncertain; it awakens wishes, when it should be animating tendencies; instead of forwarding our real capacities, it turns our efforts towards objects which are frequently discordant with the mind that aims at them. I augur better of a child, a youth who is wandering astray in a path of his own, than of many who are walking aright upon paths which are not theirs. If the former, either by themselves or by the guidance of others, ever find the right path,—that is to say, the path which suits their nature, they will never leave it; while the latter are in danger every moment of shaking off a foreign yoke, and abandoning themselves to unrestricted license. *Goethe.*

TENDERNESS—Expressiveness of.

A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench. *Isaiah.*

TENDERNESS—Trial associated with.

Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance. *Goldsmith.*

TESTIMONY AND ARGUMENT.

Testimony is like an arrow shot from a long bow; the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force though shot by a child. *Bacon.*

THANKFULNESS—Motives to.

For all the blessings which Almighty God in his mercy bestows upon us, He expects and requires to be thanked. He bestows them for the promotion of His glory, and He would have us give glory to Him. In the volume of His book, are noted, both the mercies which we receive, and the manner in which we receive them. Let us receive all His mercies, especially let us receive His greatest, His spiritual mercies, with thankful and obedient hearts; lest, notwithstanding the promise of the forgiveness of sins, our iniquities be at last visited upon our heads; and that be realized upon us, which was pronounced in righteous judgment upon the family of the

aged Eli, "Wherefore the Lord God of Israel saith, I said indeed that thy house, and the house of thy father, should walk before me for ever: but now the Lord saith, Be it far from me: for them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." *Bishop Mant.*

THANKS—for Favours.

Your bounty is beyond my speaking;
But though my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you;
And when it melts before the throne of mercy,
My fervent soul shall breathe one tear for you,
That Heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
The grace and goodness you have shown to me. *Rowe.*

THANKS—Gratitude in.

There is a kind of gratitude in thanks,
Though it be barren, and bring forth but words. *Southern.*

Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you;
Should I begin to speak, my soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all day. *Otway.*

THANKS—Honourable Meed.

Thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed. *Shakspeare.*

THANKS—Deserved Reward.

You have deserved of me
More than reward can answer.
Were the main ocean crusted into land,
And universal monarchy were mine,
Here should the gift be placed. *Dryden.*

THEATRE—at Variance with the Pulpit.

The theatre has often been at variance with the pulpit: they ought not to quarrel. How much is it to be wished that the celebration of nature and of God were intrusted to none but men of noble minds. *Goethe.*

THEATRE—Writing for the.

There is, perhaps, nothing more easy than to write properly for the English theatre; I am amazed that none are apprenticed to the trade. The author, when well acquainted with the value of thunder and lightning; when versed in all the mystery of scene-shifting and trap-doors; when skilled in the proper periods to introduce a wire-walker or a waterfall; when instructed in every actor's peculiar talent, and capable of adapting his speeches to the supposed excellence; when thus instructed, knows all that can give a modern audience pleasure. *Goldsmith.*

THEATRES—Evil of.

The theatre was, from the very first,
The favourite haunt of sin, though honest men—
Some very honest, wise, and worthy men—
Maintain'd it might be turn'd to good account:
And so, perhaps, it might, but never was;—
From first to last it was an evil place. *Pollok.*

THEOLOGY—Characteristics of.

Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge. *Jeremy Taylor.*

THINGS—Difficult.

What is difficult?—To conceal secrets, to dispose of leisure rationally, and to bear injuries patiently. *Chilon.*

THINGS—Proper Estimate of.

To prize every thing according to its *real* use, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to happiness, and, therefore, few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with his exclamation: "How many things are here which I do not want." *Johnson.*

THINGS—Order of.

All things begin in order; so shall they end, and so shall they begin again; according to the Ordainer of order, and mystical mathematics of the city of Heaven. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

THINGS (All)—Renewal of.

The fruits of the earth are consumed and reproduced; seeds rise not again with increase, unless they are corrupted and die: all things are preserved by dissolution, all things are renewed by perishing. Shalt thou O man! a being of so noble a nature, thyself die merely to perish? He, who is Lord of all, can control even annihilation itself. *Tertullian.*

THINKERS—Scarcity of.

Thinkers are scarce as gold; but he whose thoughts embrace all his subject, and who pursues it uninterruptedly and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size. *Lavater.*

THINKING—Capacity of.

You are speculating on the development of the thinking faculty amongst all classes of men. Pray look around you. Scarcely one in a thousand of *any* class, under any circumstances, can be got to think. I have lived in most capitals of Europe; I have seen your highest and your lowest; I have mingled with all classes. I tell you that men do not love the labour of thinking; rich or poor, they love it not; it is a toil, a disturbance; it wearies, afflicts them. Here and there the propensity is developed, and chiefly, like some other plagues where the diet is low, and the dwelling is dark, and the air is stagnant. In some constitutions, whatever may be the surrounding circumstances, the fever will break out, and then it makes of the man—as chance or the multitude will have it—a god or a demon.

William Smith.

THINKING—betraying the Man.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.

Solomon.

THINKING—Sceptical Modes of.

Sceptical modes of thinking have a direct and natural tendency to beget a captious, quibbling, sophistical habit; to create and foster literary arrogance and conceit; to destroy whatever is candid and ingenuous in controversial warfare; to make the mind diminutive, ricketty, and distorted; to induce men to set a higher value on crotchety sophisms, than on the inspirations of real wisdom and science; to make them more eager to puzzle and bewilder, than to convince and instruct; to lead them to view questions of great and acknowledged interest to their species, with coldness, apathy, and distrust; to throw a gloom and cloudiness over the whole mind; to cause men to take delight in picking holes in the garment of knowledge, instead of endeavouring to multiply its sheltering folds over their race; to mistake verbal wranglings, and snarlish disputations, as certain indications of real talent and genius; to make men slaves to ambitious singularities and mental eccentricities; and, in one word, the general and most valuable of our mental principles become paralyzed and enfeebled, by a constant habit of frivolous doubting and minute fastidiousness, as to the degree of evidence required to produce firm and rational conviction on subjects of vital importance. *Blakey.*

THIRST—Agony of.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all. *Coleridge.*

THIRST—Anguish of.

Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth:
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well.

Byron.

THOUGHT—without Action.

Alas! we make
A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot: our high resolves
Look down upon our slumbering acts.

L. E. Landon.

There's too much abstract willing, purposing,
In this poor world. *We talk by aggregates,*
And think by systems, and, being used to face
Our evils in statistics, are inclined
To cap them with unreal remedies,
Drawn out in haste on the other side the slate.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THOUGHT—forming the Character.

The subject of a man's thoughts contributes much to the formation of his character. He whose imagination is wont to dwell on the world and worldly things, will be apt to contract a character of a worldly cast. He will be "of the earth, earthy." But he who is used to lift up his thoughts to high and heavenly things, and delights to feed his mind with the prospect "of the glory that shall be revealed" in the bodies of just men raised incorruptible, and in their spirits made perfect: of the excellency of their abode, and the purity of their joys, and the holiness of their companions, and the unmingled godliness of their pursuits and occupations in the presence of God and of Christ, will hardly fail of deriving thence by God's blessing, and infusing into his own character, some particles of a celestial spirit; and of advancing, by means of these "exceeding great and precious promises," in that improvement of the inner man, which St. Peter terms a "partaking of the divine nature." As "the skin of Moses' face shone," when he had been holding converse with the Lord on Mount Sinai, so will the soul that ascends to "Mount Sion," and meditates on "the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem," with all its appropriate and divine accompaniments, reflect in some degree its loveliness and splendour, according to that beautiful similitude of St. Paul, where he is describing the

excellency of the Gospel dispensation: "We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass," or mirror, "the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even by the Spirit of the Lord." *Bishop Mant.*

THOUGHT—Immortality of a.

Beautiful it is to understand and know that a thought did never yet die; that, as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it, and created it from the whole past,—so thou wilt transmit it to the whole future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest, that the wise man stands ever encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers; and there is a living literal communion of saints, wide as the world itself, and as the history of the world. *Carlyle.*

THOUGHT—Man of.

The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes safely. *Savage.*

THOUGHT—Overflowing of.

Constant thought will overflow in words unconsciously. *Byron.*

THOUGHTS—Bad.

Bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions. *Bishop Porteous.*

THOUGHTS—Concealment of.

Those recesses of the inner life, which the God who made us keeps from every eye but His own. *Mrs. Jameson.*

THOUGHTS—influence Dispositions.

Our dispositions will be suitable to that which we most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the colour and complexion of its own thoughts. *Antoninus.*

THOUGHTS—Diversion of.

When you have a mind to divert your fancy, consider the various good qualities of your acquaintance. As the enterprising vigour of this man, the modesty of another, the honour and integrity of a third, the liberality of a fourth, the vivacity and cheerfulness of a fifth, and so on; for there's nothing so entertaining as a lively image of the virtues and advantages of those we converse with. *Antoninus.*

THOUGHTS—Dreams of.

Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried. *Shakspeare.*

THOUGHTS—Engendering of.

Thought engenders thought. Place one idea on paper, another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page,—you cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom; the more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think for yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps, homely and shapeless; but no matter, time and perseverance will arrange and refine them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write;—the more you think, the better you express your ideas. *Sala.*

THOUGHTS—to be Guarded.

Guard well thy thought;—
Our thoughts are heard in heaven. *Young.*

THOUGHTS—Immortality of.

The old thoughts never die. Immortal dreams
Outlive their dreamers and are ours for aye:
No thought once form'd and utter'd can expire.
Dr. Mackay.

THOUGHTS—Impetuosity of.

Slow seems their speed whose thoughts before them run. *Sir William Davenant.*

THOUGHTS—Nurture of.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes. *D'Israeli.*

THOUGHTS—of Kindred Objects.

Kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer clouds flash forth electric fire.
Rogers.

THOUGHTS—to be Repeated.

You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage-stamps, do you,—each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of association. *Holmes.*

THOUGHTS—Slumbering.

Oh, there are thoughts
That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds,
Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from heaven,
On earth at dewy nightfall visitant,
Awake the sleeping melody. *Professor Wilson.*

THOUGHTS—True.

I look upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and, like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current. *Middleton.*

TIES—Social.

None are so desolate, but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.
Byron.

TIMBER—Thoughts on a Piece of.

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many Springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Pass'd o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
That now are dead, lodged in thy living towers:

And still a new succession sings, and flies—
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring-skies,
While the low violet thriveth at their root.
Henry Vaughan, 1640.

TIME—a Consumer.

Time lays his hand
On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think
Immortal workmanship: he sends his worms
To books, to old records, and they devour
Th' inscriptions. He loves ingratitude,
For he destroy'd the memory of man.
Sir William Davenant.

TIME—Definition of.

Time is the chrysalis of eternity. *Richter.*

TIME—Discernment of.

Every age,
Through being beheld too close, is ill-discerned
By those who have not lived past it. We'll suppose
Mount Athos carved, as Persian Xerxes schemed,
To some colossal statue of a man:
The peasants, gathering brushwood in his ear,
Had guessed as little of any human form
Up there, as would a flock of browsing goats.
They'd have, in fact, to travel ten miles off
Or ere the giant image broke on them,
Full human profile, nose and chin distinct,
Mouth muttering rhythms of silence up the sky,
And fed at evening with the blood of suns;
Grand torso,—hand, that flung perpetually
The largesse of a silver river down
To all the country pastures. 'Tis even thus
With times we live in,—evermore too great
To be apprehended near.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

TIME—Distribution of.

Observe a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue, and with her, that numerous body of vices, that make up her train. *Bishop Horne.*

TIME—Duration of.

Time, which consisteth of parts, can be no part of infinite duration or of eternity; for then there would be an infinite time past to-day, which to-morrow would be more than infinite. Time is one thing, and infinite duration is another. *Grew.*

TIME—Effects of.

Time destroys the speculations of man, but it confirms the judgment of nature. *Cicero.*

E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run,
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on.
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay;
The flying hour is ever on her way:
And as the fountains still supply their store,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are laid aside, like abdicated kings;
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act till then unknown.
Ovid.

TIME—Employment of.

In all the actions which a man performs, some part of his life passes. We die while doing that for which alone our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posts on, and the sand runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference between good and bad actions is infinite.

Good actions, though they diminish our time here as well as bad actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity; and will recompense what they take away, by a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure with the expense of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. As a man sows his corn, he is content to want it awhile, that he may, at the harvest, receive it with advantage. But the bad deeds that we do here, not only rob us of much time, but also bespeak a torment for hereafter; and that, in such a life, that the greatest pleasure we could there be crowned with, would be the very act of dying. The one treasures up pleasure in everlasting life, the other provides torture in a death eternal. Why should I wish to pass away this life ill, which, to those that are ill, is the best? If I must daily lessen it, it shall be by that which shall joy me with a future income. Time is like a ship which never anchors: while I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, than practice such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it; if bad, I will either leave off where I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrift, sells away the inheritance, while it is but in reversion: but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser. *Feltham.*

If I am regardless of sensual comforts and pleasures, if I am not greedy of dainties, if I sleep little, &c., the reason is, because I spend my time more delightfully, in things whose pleasure ends not in the moment of enjoyment, and that also make me hope for an everlasting reward. Besides, thou knowest that when a man sees that his affairs go ill, he is not generally very gay, and that on the contrary, they who think to succeed in their designs, whether in agriculture, traffic, or any other undertaking, are very contented in their minds. Now, dost thou believe, that from anything whatsoever, there can proceed a satisfaction like that of believing that we improve daily in virtue.

Socrates.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

Addison.

TIME—End of.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall), now bursting o'er his head:
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber; from earth's heaving womb
To second birth; contemporary throng!
Roused at one call, upstarting from one bed,
Press'd in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze.
He turns them o'er, Eternity, to thee!
Then (as a king deposed disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone;
His greatest foe falls with him: Time, and he
Who murder'd all Time's offspring, Death, expire. *Young.*

TIME—Eternity of.

Time is eternity,
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored. *Ibid.*

TIME—Flight of.

Time, with its mighty strides, will soon reach a future generation, and leave the present in death and in forgetfulness behind it.

Chalmers.

Thou canst not delay for a single moment the flight of Time, and thou complainest that Time is a continual over-dropping of moments, which fall down one upon the other, and evaporate. Above hangs unchanged the future, and underneath grows the past, and becomes always larger the farther it flies back. And thou askest, "What remains with me?" "The present," I answer, however much time may fly away from you, the present is your eternity and never abandons you. *Richter.*

TIME—to be Honoured.

Since Time is not a person we can overtake when he is past, let us honour him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.

Goethe.

TIME—Impetuosity of.

Time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. *Blair.*

TIME—Peaceful Influence of.

Time unto me has been the dearest friend;
For time is like the peacefulness of grass,
Which clothes, as if with silence and deep sleep,

Deserted plains that once were loud with strife;
Which hides the marks of earthquake and of fire:
Which makes the rigid and the clay-cold grave
Smooth as a billow, tender with green light.
The world and I are friends. When I depart,
Upon the threshold I'll shake hands with Life
As with a generous and a cheerful host
Who gave me ample welcome 'neath his roof.
Alexander Smith.

TIME—Ripening Influence of.

It is an old and trite saying "How rapidly time urges his flight; sometimes as a relentless, unsparing destroyer; but oftener as a swift-winged, and beautiful angel; changing, yet not taking away this world's blessings: making our past sorrows look dim in the distance; opening many flowers of pleasure on our way, and gradually ripening our souls for the great and glorious harvest of eternity.
William Chambers.

TIME—an Isthmus.

Time—that bleak and narrow isthmus between two eternities. *Colton.*

TIME—an Old Justice.

Time is the old justice, that examines all offenders. *Shakspeare.*

TIME—Loss of.

The greatest loss of time is delay and expectation, which depends upon the future. We let go the present, which we have in our power, and look forward to that which depends upon chance—and so quit a certainty for an uncertainty. *Seneca.*

The greatest loss of time that I know is to count the hours. What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater dotage in the world, than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion. *Rabelais.*

Lost wealth may be restored by industry,—the wreck of health regained by temperance,—forgotten knowledge restored by study,—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness,—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked upon his vanished hours,—recalled his slighted years,—stamped them with wisdom,—or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time? *Mrs. Sigourney.*

Lord Wilmington observed of the Duke of Newcastle, the prime minister, "He loses half an hour every morning, and runs after it during all the day, without being able to overtake it." *Selwyn.*

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood. *Young.*

TIME—Measurement of.

Time is to us the impression left on the memory by a series of events, the existence of which we are sure was successive. Motion is suitable to serve as a measure for it; because a body not being capable of being in several places at once, incapable of ubiquity, must, in passing from one place to another, occupy successively all the intermediate parts. If, at each point of time described, it is animated by the same force, its movement will be uniform, and the portions of that line may measure the time employed in traversing them. It is thus that by motion, in sundials, clepsydræ, and modern horology, time is measured. *La Place.*

TIME—Moments of.

To show us the worth of time, God, most liberal of all other things, is exceedingly frugal in the dispensing of *that;* for He never gives us two moments together, nor grants us a second, till he has withdrawn the first, still keeping the third in His own hands, so that we are in a perfect uncertainty whether we shall have it or not. The true manner of preparing for the last moment is, to spend all the others well, and ever to expect *that.* We dote upon this world, as if it were never to have an end; and we neglect the next, as if it were never to have a beginning. *Fenelon.*

TIME—Mystery of.

That great mystery of *Time,* were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are* and then *are not.* This is for ever very literally a miracle,—a thing to strike us dumb; for we have no word to speak about it. *Carlyle.*

TIME—Nick of.

There is a deep nick in Time's restless wheel
For each man's good, when which nick comes, it strikes. *Chapman.*

TIME—a comparative Novelty.

Time itself is but a novelty, a late and upstart thing, in respect of the Ancient of Days. *Johnson.*

TIME—Ocean of.

Unfathomable sea! Whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood—which, in thy ebb and flow,
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more;
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore.
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm.
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable sea. *Shelley.*

TIME—Operations of.

Time obliterates the fictions of opinions, and confirms the decisions of nature. *Cicero.*

TIME—Divers Paces of.

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.—Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.—He ambles withal with a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these time ambles withal.—He gallops withal with a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.—He stays still withal, with lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves. *Shakspeare.*

TIME—Small Particles of.

Still as it creeps,
Each little moment at another's heels,
Till hours, days, years, and ages are made up
Of such small parts as these, and men look back,
Worn and bewilder'd, wond'ring how it is.
Thou travellest like a ship in the wide ocean,
Which hath no bounding shore to mark its progress. *Joanna Baillie.*

TIME—Past.

The spirit walks of every day deceased
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns. *Young.*

TIME—Past and Present.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes,
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made—forgot as soon
As done. . . . .
Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O! let not virtue seek
Remuneration for a thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time. *Shakspeare.*

TIME—Progress of.

This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun;
Those skies through which it rolls, must all have end;
What then is man?—The smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day; month, month; and year the year. *Thomson.*

TIME—the Ravager.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves.
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow. *Shakspeare.*

TIME—to be Respected.

The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time. *Lavater.*

TIME—a Shadow.

What is time?—the shadow on the dial,—the striking of the clock,—the running of the sand,—day and night,—summer and winter,—months, years, centuries. These are but arbitrary and outward signs,—the measure of

time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul. If not this,—then tell me what is time?
Longfellow.

TIME—Swiftness of.

Time never bears such moments on his wing,
As when he flies too swiftly to be mark'd.
Joanna Baillie.

TIME—Use of.

If length of days be thy portion, make it not thy expectation; reckon not upon long life, but live always beyond thy account. He that so often surviveth his expectation, lives many lives, and will hardly complain of the shortness of his days. Time past is gone like a shadow: make times to come present; conceive that near which may be far off; approximate thy last times by present apprehensions of them; live like a neighbour unto death, and think there is but little to come. And since there is something in us which must still live on, join both lives together; unite them in thy thoughts and actions, and live *in* one but *for* the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of this life, will never be far from the next; and is in some manner already in it, by a happy conformity and close apprehension of it. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

Time is cried out upon as a great thief; it is people's own fault. Use him well, and you will get from his hand more than he will ever take from yours. *Miss Wetherell.*

TIME—Value of.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto that time was his estate; an estate, indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun by noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use. *Johnson.*

Nothing is more precious than time, and those who misspend it are the greatest of all prodigals. *Theophrastus.*

TIME—Value of.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time. *Mason.*

TIME—Velocity of.

The velocity with which time flies is infinite, as is most apparent to those who look back.
Seneca.

TIME—Watching of.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight. *Johnson.*

TIME—Well-arranged.

Well-arranged time is the surest mark of a well-arranged mind. *Pitman.*

TIME—Wings of.

Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd and swift, and of a silken sound.
Cowper.

TITLES—are all Jests.

We are all soldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there's no difference in men's worths,
Titles are all jests. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

TITLES—Purchase of.

These are the lords
That have bought titles: men may merchandise
Wares, ay, and traffic all commodities
From sea to sea, ay, and from shore to shore;
But in my thoughts, of all things that are sold,
'Tis pity honour should be bought for gold;—
It cuts off all desert. *Haywood.*

TITLES—Vanity of.

I look down upon him
With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave;
He's a name only, and all good in him
He must derive from his great grandsire's ashes;
For had not their victorious acts bequeathed
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
"This is a lord," he had lived unobserved
By any man of mark, and died as one
Amongst the common rout.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

TO-DAY.

A liberal worldling, gay philosopher,
Art thou that lift'st thy young and yellow head
O'er the dim burial of the scarce-cold dead,
Building above thy brother's sepulchre
A home of love, that sense might almost err,
Deeming thine end therein to woo and wed
The flower-hair'd earth for ever. Yet the red
In yonder west may well such dreams deter!
Yes, thou all-hailed to-day! whose outstretch'd hand

Scatters loose riches on a bankrupt land,
Even thou art but a leaf from off the tree
Of yellowing time;—a grain of glistening sand,
Dash'd from the waters of that unsail'd sea
Where thou to-night shalt sink, and I as soon
may be. *Blanchard.*

TO-DAY—Proper Use of.

Now, is it safe, think you, to pass this day? A hard heart is a provoking heart; and, as long as it continues hard, continues provoking God and despising the Holy Ghost. To-day, therefore, hear his voice; that is, this present day. But which is that day? It is this very time wherein you stand before God, and in which you hear me. If you embrace the opportunity, happy are you; if not, you shall give as dear an account as for anything you ever heard in your life. There is no dallying with God; take His proffer, take Him at His word in a matter of salvation. He calls thee "to-day;" peradventure He will speak no more! *Archbishop Usher.*

Lo, here hath been dawning
Another blue day
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity,
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid:

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away. *Carlyle.*

TOLERATION—Thankfulness for.

Be thankful that your lot has fallen on times when, though there may be many evil tongues and exasperated spirits, there are none who have fire and faggot at command
Southey.

TOMBS—Gloom of.

By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! it strikes an awe
And terror to my aching sight: the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart:
The horror of this place,
And silence, will increase my melancholy!
Congreve.

TOMBS—Different Kinds of.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead; a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered. Tombs ought, in some sort, to be proportioned, not to the wealth, but deserts of the party interred. Yet may we see some rich man of mean worth loaden under a tomb big enough for a prince to bear. There were officers appointed in the Grecian games, who always, by public authority, did pluck down the statues erected to the victors, if they exceeded the true symmetry and proportion of their bodies. The shortest, plainest, and truest epitaphs are the best. Mr. Camden, in his "Remains," presents us with examples of great men who had little epitaphs. And when once I asked a witty gentleman what epitaph was fitted to be written on Mr. Camden's tomb,—"Let it be," said he, "Camden's Remains." I say, also, "the plainest;" for except the sense lie above-ground, few will trouble themselves to dig for it. Lastly, it must be "true;" not, as in some monuments, where the red veins in the marble may seem to blush at the falsehoods written on it. He was a witty man that first taught a stone to speak; but he was a wicked man that taught it first to lie. *Rogers.*

TO-MORROW.

Oh! how many deeds
Of deathless virtue, and immortal crime,
The world had wanted, had the actor said
I will do this to-morrow! *Lord John Russell.*

TONGUE—Bridling of the.

If any man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken: for it is a point to be silent when occasion requires, and better than to speak, though never so well. *Plutarch.*

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken, is like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue. *Quarles.*

If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.
St. James.

TONGUE—an Engine.

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!
Shakspeare.

TONGUE—of a Fool.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping. *Socrates.*

TONGUE—an Index.

By examining the tongue of a patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.
Justin.

TONGUE—Power of the.

Death and life are in the power of the tongue.
Job.

TONGUE—Prudence of the.

This I always religiously observed, as a rule, never to chide my husband before company, nor to prattle abroad of miscarriages at home. What passes between two people is much easier made up than when once it has taken air. *Erasmus.*

TONGUE—Slips of the.

Slips of the tongue are sometimes found very inconvenient by those persons who, owing to some unlucky want of correspondence between their wits and their utterance, say one thing when they mean to say another, or bawl out something which the slightest degree of forethought would have kept unsaid. But more serious mischief arises from that misuse of words which occurs in all inaccurate writers. Many are the men who, merely for the want of understanding what they say, have blundered into heresies and erroneous assertions of every kind, which they have afterwards passionately and pertinaciously defended, till they have established themselves in the profession, if not in the belief, of some pernicious doctrine or opinion, to their own great injury, and that of their deluded followers, and of the commonwealth.
Southey.

TOWNS—Characteristics of.

Those towns which have the least chance of looking well are manufacturing towns and mercantile seaports; and three of the ugliest towns I know are Newcastle (speaking of it 20 or 30 years ago), Hull, and Leith; but where mere utility has formed a town, and where beauty hardly dares to appear, there we have the lowest character of a town. Some towns have a distinctly historical character, full of historical recollections, such as Nuremberg, Augsburg, and the majority of Flemish towns. Some derive a peculiar character from the mixture of an altogether different world with the present living world—I allude only to Rome and Athens as examples. Some towns, again, have a sort of military expression; all their streets are marshalled exactly like the rank and file in the army. That expression struck me very much in Berlin, which is essentially a military despotism. Some towns have an expression of solidity and of stability; that may arise from the style of the architecture, or even from the material, as in the case of Aberdeen, which is one of the few towns that I know built wholly of granite, and which, therefore, always gives you the idea of that sound sense and hard-headedness for which the inhabitants are so remarkable. Some towns, again, have a theatrical expression, as if the streets were putting themselves into attitudes for the purpose of being seen to the best advantage. Go to Paris, and you will understand what I mean. Paris is a town where the streets are laid out evidently by a people with that thought in their heads. We are a great people, they think—we alone can pull down houses and raise them up in the same way as we pull down constitutions and raise them up; come and admire and worship, and let the sun, the moon, and the eleven stars fall down before the feet of Napoleon the Grand. Other towns have the character of decayed gentility, of poverty, and decline. If you want to see that expression go to Crail, or to half a dozen other towns in Fife, to Lauder, and to many other towns which I don't like to name. Some other towns have the expression of utter emptiness, and one of the most unfortunate towns of this kind that I know is Greenlaw, in the county of Berwick. *Professor Blackie.*

TRADITION—Obscurity of.

What an enormous "camera-obscura" magnifier is tradition! How a thing grows in the human memory, in the human imagination, when love, worship, and all that lies in the human heart, is there to encourage it. And in the darkness, in the entire ignorance, without date or document, no book, no Arundel marble; only here and there some dull monumental cairn. *Carlyle.*

TRAINING—Physical.

Woe to the class or the nation which has no manly physical training! Look at the manners, the morals, the faces of the young men of the shopkeeping classes, if you wish to see the effects of utterly neglecting the

physical development of man; or fancying that all the muscular activity he requires under the sun is to be able to stand behind a counter, or sit on a desk stool without tumbling off. Be sure, be sure, that ever since the days of the Persians of old, effeminacy, if not twin-sister of cowardice and dishonesty, has always gone hand in hand with them. To that utter neglect of any exercises which call out fortitude, patience, self-dependence, and daring, I attribute a great deal of the low sensuality, the conceited vulgarity, the utter want of a high sense of honour, which is increasing just now among the middle classes; and from which the navigator, the engineer; the miner, and the sailor are comparatively free. *Kingsley.*

TRANQUILLITY—Description of.

Tranquillity
So purely sate there, that waves, great nor small,
Did never rise to any height at all. *Chapman.*

TRANQUILLITY—Happiness of.

Whoe'er enjoys th' untroubled breast,
With virtue's tranquil wisdom blest,
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happiness with fear. *Horace.*

The little hedgerow birds,
That pluck along the road, regard him not.
He travels on, and in his face, his step,
His gait, is one expression: every limb,
His look and bending figure, all bespeak
A man who does not move with pain, but moves
With thought.—He is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet; he is one by whom
All effort seems forgotten—one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure given,
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect that the young behold
With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.
Wordsworth.

TRAVELLER—Difficulties of the.

O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies. *Milton.*

TRAVELLER—Experience of the.

Have you been a traveller?—
My lord, I have added to my knowledge the Low
Countries, France, Spain, Germany, and Italy;
And the small gain of profit I did find,
Yet it did please my eye, content my mind.
What do you think of the several states
And princes' courts, as you have travell'd?—
My lord, no court with England can compare,
Neither for state, nor civil government:
Lust dwells in France, in Italy, and Spain,
From the poor peasant to the princes' train;
In Germany and Holland riot serves;
And he that most can drink, most he deserves!
England I praise not, for I here was born,
But that she laughs the others unto scorn.
Shakspeare.

TRAVELLER—Hints for the.

There is nothing that a man can less afford to leave at home than his conscience or his good habits; there is far more reason for tightening the girth of duty many holes, than for letting it out one. For it is not to be denied that travel is, in its immediate circumstances—as all times of varied and engrossing pleasure or continued excitement are—unfavourable to habits of self-discipline, regulation of thought, sobriety of conduct, and dignity of character. Indeed, one of the great lessons of travel is the discovery how much our virtues owe to the support of constant occupation, to the influence of public opinion, and to the force of habit; a discovery very dangerous, if it proceed from an actual yielding to temptations resisted at home, and not from a consciousness of increased power put forth in withstanding them. *Packe.*

TRAVELLER—Knowledge of the.

This is a traveller, sir, knows men and
Manners, and has plough'd up sea so far,
Till both the poles have knock'd; has seen the sun
Take coach, and can distinguish the colour
Of his horses, and their kinds.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

TRAVELLING—Advantages of.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy his own.
Johnson.

Peregrinations charm our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy that never travelled—a kind of prisoner, and pity his case that, from his cradle to his old age, he beholds the same still, still, —still the same, the same. *Burton.*

TRAVELLING—Instructions for.

Some few particulars I have set down,
Only for this meridian, fit to be known
Of your crude traveller.

First, for your garb, it must be grave and serious,
Very reserved and lock'd; not tell a secret
On any terms, not to your father—scarce
A fable, but with caution; make sure choice
Both of your company and discourse.
Ben Jonson.

TRAVELLING—Objects of.

It is but to be able to say that they have been to such a place, or have seen such a thing, that, more than any real taste for it, induces the majority of the world to incur the trouble and fatigue of travelling. *Marryatt.*

There are few things so exhilarating to the spirits, especially in the season of ardent and buoyant youth, as the first visit to a foreign land. Amongst things purely pleasurable, it is perhaps one of the most unalloyed gratifications which occur in the course of our life. But, like all other pleasures, it may be made, accordingly as we use it, a source of present vanity and future regret, or, on the other hand, of lasting and solid improvement. Our object should be, not to gratify curiosity, and seek mere temporary amusement, but to learn and to venerate,—to improve the heart and understanding. *Gresley.*

TRAVELLING—Safety of.

He travels safe, and not unpleasantly, who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.
Sir Philip Sidney.

TREASON—Fellowship in.

Fellowship in treason is a bad ground of confidence. *Burke.*

TREASON—never Prospers.

Treason doth never prosper. What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason. *Sir John Harrington.*

TREATIES—Breaking of.

It is a vain attempt
To bind the ambitious and unjust by treaties:
These they elude a thousand specious ways;
Or if they cannot find a fair pretext,
They blush not in the face of heaven to break 'em. *Thomson.*

TREES—Beautiful Foliage of.

Below the trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful, in various dyes;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sombre yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs.
Dyer.

TREES—Beautiful Foliage of.

And there is another beauty produced by a number of differently formed trees standing on the same lawn, and each showing its separate mould and features. For as one star differeth from another in glory, and as one saint in heaven differeth from another in glory, so one tree differeth from another in glory. There is one glory of the oak, which looks as if it had faced a hundred storms, and, having stood them all, were ready to face as many more; another glory of the sycamore, that "spreads in gentle pomp its honeyed shade;" another glory of the birch, so graceful in the midst of its maiden tresses; another glory of the elm, throwing out its wide arms as if rejoicing in its strength; and another glory of the lime, with its sheltered shade inviting us to enter and to linger. *Dr. M'Cosh.*

TRIFLES—Attention to.

Those who bestow too much application on trifling things, become generally incapable of great ones. *La Rochefoucauld.*

TRIFLES—Enjoyment of.

Trifles we should let, not plague us only, but also gratify us; we should seize not their poison-bags only, but their honey-bags also.
Richter.

TRIFLES—Importance of.

Rivers from bubbling springs
Have rise at first; and great, from abject things. *Middleton.*

The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak.
Thackeray.

TRIFLES—Growing Influence of.

Those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement, will find these trifles become at last their most serious concerns.
Goldsmith.

TRUST—Hints respecting.

Trust him little who praises all; him less who censures all; and him least who is indifferent about all. *Lavater.*

TRUTH—Actions Accordant with.

Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due; thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Milton.

TRUTH—Advantages of.

Truth informs the judgment, rectifies the mind,
Pleases the understanding, makes the will

Submit; the mem'ry, too, it doth fill
With what doth our imaginations please;
Likewise it tends our troubles to appease.
Bunyan.

Truth has all the advantages of appearance, and many more; and, upon every account, sincerity is true wisdom. As to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the arts of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way; it hath less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last, when deceit and cunning, which continually grow weaker and less effectual, will finally fail us. *Tillotson.*

TRUTH—Beauty of.

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection. *Shaftesbury.*

TRUTH—Blessing of.

General abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it, man is blind: it is the eye of reason. *Rousseau.*

TRUTH—Boldness of.

If it be not so, who will make me a liar and make my speech worth nothing? *Job.*

TRUTH—Championship of.

Every man is not a proper champion for the truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity. Many, from an inconsiderate zeal unto the truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies to the enemies of truth. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

TRUTH—Character of.

The grand and, indeed, the only character of truth, is its capability of enduring the test of universal experience, and coming unchanged out of every possible form of fair discussion.
Sir John Herschel.

TRUTH—Concealment of.

Fair Truth's immortal sun
Is sometimes hid in clouds; not that her light
Is in itself defective, but obscured
By my weak prejudice, imperfect faith,
And all the thousand causes which obstruct
The growth of goodness. *Hannah More.*

TRUTH—Custom yielding to.

When truth is revealed, let custom give place; let no man prefer custom before reason and truth. *Augustine.*

The mortallest enemy unto knowledge, and that which hath done the greatest execution upon truth, hath been a peremptory adhesion unto authority, and more especially the establishing of our belief upon the dictates of antiquity. For (as every capacity may observe) most men of ages present so superstitiously do look on ages past, that the authorities of the one do exceed the reasons of the other. Whose persons, indeed, being farre removed from our times, their works, which seldome with us passe uncontrouled, either by contemporaries or immediate successors, are now become out of the distance of envies; and the farther removed from present times, are conceived to approach the nearer unto truth itself. Now, hereby, methinks we manifestly delude ourselves, and widely walk out of the track of truth. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

TRUTH—Definitions of.

Truth is the joining or separating of signs, as the things signified agree or disagree.
Locke.

Truth is the offspring of unbroken meditations, and of thoughts often revised and corrected. *Wollaston.*

Truth is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises and oaths.
Jeremy Collier.

Truth is in each flower,
As well as in the solemnest things of God.
Truth is the voice of Nature and of Time—
Truth is the startling monitor within us—
Nought is without it, it comes from the stars,
The golden sun, and every breeze that blows—
Truth, it is God! and God is everywhere!
William Thomson Bacon.

Truth is the ground of science, the centre wherein all things repose, and is the type of eternity. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

TRUTH—Discovery of.

In the discovery of truth, in the development of man's mental powers and privileges, each generation has its assigned part; and it is for us to endeavour to perform our portion of this perpetual task of our species. *Whewell.*

TRUTH—Divinity of.

How sure it is,
That, if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 'tis God's, not ours, and pass it on
As bread at sacrament, we taste and pass
Nor handle for a moment, as indeed
We dared to set up any claim to such!
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust;
But Truth Divine for ever stands secure,
Its head is guarded as its base is sure;
Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of th' eternal plan appears,
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies.
Cowper.

Blessed be the God's voice; for it is true, and falsehoods have to cease before it!
Carlyle.

Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue,
That dares not, even to kings, avow the truth!
Let traitors wrap them in delusive incense;
On flattery—flattery heap, on falsehood—falsehood:
Truth is the living liberal breath of heaven,
That sweeps these fogs away, with all their vermin.
Thomson.

TRUTH—Effects of.

If new-got gold is said to burn the pockets till it be cast forth into circulation, much more may new truth.
Carlyle.

Distance in truth produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective; objects are softened and rounded, and rendered doubly graceful; the harsher and more ordinary points of character are melted down; and those by which it is remembered, are the more striking outlines, that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. There are mists, too, in the mental as in the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects; and there are happy lights to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.
Sir Walter Scott.

'Tis heavenly light, and to the sight
Revealeth good divinely given;
Of joy the source, of peace the course:
The joy, the peace, the hope of heaven.
It comes, and lo! the mournful gloom,—
The terror-clouds around the tomb,
Thence vanish—far for ever driven.

'Tis heavenly might attending right,
Hostile to nought below but wrong;
The poor and weak its aid who seek
Become the wealthy, wise, and strong;
And like the eagle boldly soar,
To rest from evil evermore,
Angels and sons of God among.

It makes men free—as from the tree,
Warm Spring unbinds the bonds of snow;
And bids in May the bright array
Of well-loved, living beauty glow;
So truth the soul from prison gloom
Brings forth and robes in better bloom
Than ever vernal season saw.

O blessed light, thou to the sight
Revealest excellence divine;
Of joy the source, of peace the course,
Dost thou to show serenely shine.
O heavenly might! O freedom fair!
Blessings for earth ye freely bear,—
May all they bring, O earth, be thine.
John Swain.

TRUTH—Establishment of.

Truth is established by investigation and delay; falsehood prospers by precipitancy.
Tacitus.

TRUTH—in Fiction.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proofs to pass her down.
Churchill.

TRUTH—to be Followed.

"Truth," I cried, "though the heavens crush me for following her; no falsehood, though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of apostasy!"
Carlyle.

TRUTH—a Gem.

Truth is a gem that is found at a great depth; whilst on the surface of this world all things are weighed by the false scale of custom.
Byron.

TRUTH—Glories of.

Ere first these orbs in ether hung,
I shone amid the heavenly throng.
These eyes beheld creation's day;
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught archangels their triumphant song.
Pleased, I survey'd bright nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And ocean heave on his extended bed;
Saw the tall pine, aspiring, pierce the sky,

The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.
Last, man arose erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,
And, as he rose, the high behest was given,
"That I alone, of all the host of heaven,
Should reign protectress of the godlike youth:"
Thus the Almighty spake,—he spake, and called me Truth! *Mason.*

TRUTH—Goodness of.

Truth, in its own essence, cannot be
But good. *Byron.*

TRUTH—Indifference of.

Men miss truth more often from their indifference about it than from intellectual incapacity. *Whately.*

TRUTH—Liberation of.

It is a doubt whether mankind are most indebted to those who, like Bacon and Butler, dig the gold from the mine of literature, or to those who, like Paley, purify it, stamp it, fix its real value, and give it currency and utility. For all the practical purposes of life, truth might as well be in a prison as in the folio of a schoolman, and those who release her from the cobwebbed shelf, and teach her to live with men, have the merit of *liberating*, if not of *discovering her*. *Colton.*

TRUTH—Love of.

Of all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. Truth is God. To love God and to love truth are one and the same.
Silvio Pellico.

Men must love the truth before they thoroughly believe it. *South.*

TRUTH—Nobility of.

The real nobility of birth
To age, maturity, or youth,
The very crown of creature-worth,
Is easy, guileless, open truth. *Tupper.*

TRUTH—Obscurity of.

Truth has never manifested itself to me in such a broad stream of light as seems to be poured upon some minds. Truth has appeared to my mental eye like a vivid, yet small and trembling, star in a storm, now appearing for a moment with a beauty that enraptured, now lost in such clouds as, had I less faith, might make me suspect that the previous sight had been a delusion. *Blanco White.*

TRUTH—not merely an Ornament.

Truth is not only a man's ornament, but his instrument; it is the great man's glory and the poor man's stock; a man's truth is his livelihood, his recommendation, his letters of credit. *Whichcote.*

TRUTH—Parts of.

There are three parts in truth: first, the inquiry, which is the wooing of it; secondly, the knowledge of it, which is the presence of it; and thirdly, the belief, which is the enjoyment of it. *Bacon.*

TRUTH—Paths of.

Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk;
Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear,
And tunable as sylvan pipe or song;
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore. *Milton.*

TRUTH—Portraits of.

Truth, drawn like truth, must blaze divinely bright;
But drawn like error, truth may cheat the sight.
Some awkward epithet, with skill applied,
Some specious hints, which half their meanings hide,
Can right and wrong most courteously confound,
Banditti-like, to stun us ere they wound.
Whitehead.

TRUTH—Power of.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other.
Tillotson.

Truth will be uppermost one time or other, like cork, though kept down in the water.

TRUTH—Promotion of.

One truth is the seed of other truths. It is sown in us to bear fruit, not to lie torpid. The power of mind by which truth becomes prolific, is freedom. Our great duty is to encourage vigorous action of mind. The greater number of free and vigorous minds brought to bear upon a subject, the more truth is promoted. *W. Ellery Channing.*

TRUTH—Purity of.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. *Milton.*

TRUTH—Resisting the.

It is easy to exclude the noontide light by closing the eyes; and it is easy to resist the

clearest truth, by hardening the heart against it. *Keith.*

TRUTH—Sacredness of.

Let envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flatt'ry, sick'ning, see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, and sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verses mean as mine.
Pope.

TRUTH—Search after.

Truth is the object of our understanding, as good is of our will; and the understanding can no more be delighted with a lie than the will can choose an apparent evil. *Dryden.*

God forbid that the search after truth should be discouraged for fear of its consequences! The consequences of truth may be subversive of systems of superstition, but they never can be injurious to the rights or well-founded expectations of the human race.
Bishop Watson.

Endless is the search of truth. *Sterne.*

According to Democritus, Truth lies at the bottom of a well, the depth of which, alas! gives but little hope of release. To be sure, one advantage is derived from this, that the water serves for a mirror, in which Truth may be reflected. I have heard, however, that some philosophers, in seeking for truth, to pay homage to her, have seen their own image and adored it instead. *Richter.*

TRUTH—Simplicity of.

The expression of truth is simplicity. *Seneca.*

Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art. *Ammian.*

TRUTH—like a Gentle Spring.

Truth considered in itself, and in the effects natural to it, may be conceived as a gentle spring or water-source, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snowdrift that is piled over and around its outlet. It turns the obstacle into its own form and character, and as it makes its way increases its stream. And should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss, and waits only for a change in the wind to awaken and again roll onwards.
Coleridge.

TRUTH—Stability of.

Truth is truth, though from an enemy, and spoken in malice. *Lillo.*

TRUTH—Triumph of.

Oh, my best sir, take heed,
Take heed of lies! Truth, though it trouble some minds,
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous,
Preserves *itself:* comes off pure, innocent!
And like the sun, though never so eclipsed,
Must break in glory! Oh, sir, lie no more.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

TRUTH—Value of.

Truth is the hiest thing that man may kepe.
Chaucer.

Above all things, always speak the truth; your word must be your bond through life.
Haliburton.

Where are divers opinions, they may be all false; there can be but one true: and that one truth oft-times must be fetched by piecemeal out of divers branches of contrary opinions. For, it falls out not seldom, that truth is through ignorance or rash vehemence scattered into sundry parts; and like to a little silver melted among ruins of a burnt house, must be tried out from heaps of much superfluous ashes. There is much pains in the search of it, much skill in finding it; the value of it once found, requites the cost of both.
Bishop Hall.

A valuable truth can never want the meretricious dress of wit to set it off: this dress is a strong presumption of the falsehood of what it covers. *Egerton Brydges.*

TRUTH—Vindication of.

The most sublime spectacle in the world, is a powerful mind vindicating truth in the presence of its foes, and a martyr calmly sealing his faith with his blood. *Colton.*

TRUTH—Violation of.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence. *Ammian.*

Truth is so important, and of so delicate a nature, that every possible precaution should be employed to exterminate its violation, although the sacrifice be made to duties which supersede its obligation. *Percival.*

TRUTH—Weighing.

Weigh not so much what men say as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs not invective to apparel her comeliness. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

TRUTH—always Welcome.

Truth, though sometimes clad
In painful lustre, yet is always welcome;
Dear as the light that shows the lurking rock:
'Tis the fair star, that ne'er into the main
Descending, leads us safe through stormy life.
Thomson.

TRUTHS (Great)—Rejection of.

People frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence as for want of an inclination to search for it. *Gilpin.*

TUITION—Directions for.

A tutor should not be continually thundering instruction into the ears of his pupil, as if he were pouring it through a funnel, but, after having put the lad, like a young horse, on a trot, before him, to observe his paces, and see what he is able to perform, should, according to the extent of his capacity, induce him to taste, to distinguish, and to find out things for himself; sometimes opening the way, at other times leaving it for him to open; and by abating or increasing his own pace, accommodate his precepts to the capacity of his pupil. *Montaigne.*

TUMULT—Allaying of.

As when in tumults rise in th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud,
And stones and brands in rattling furies fly,
And all the rustic arms which fury can supply.
Then if some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear.
Dryden.

TWILIGHT—Address to.

Hail twilight! sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art thou as undiscerning night,
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest,
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Look'd, ere his eyes were clos'd. By him was seen
The self-same vision which we now behold;
At thy meek bidding, shadowy power, brought forth;—
These mighty barriers and the gulf between;
The floods,—the stars,—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth.
Wordsworth.

TWILIGHT—Approach of.

The Sun
Cast his last smile along the Ocean's cheek
And hasten'd 'neath the wave to seek the couch
Of timid Twilight, who from his embrace
Rush'd with the blushes still upon her brow,
To seek a shelter in the cloudless skies;
And, having heard her tale, the Heavens themselves
Blush'd still more deeply at their Sun's rude acts;
The birds sang farewell carols to the day,
And sought their mossy pillows; the bright streams
Flow'd calmly by, as moments well employ'd,
And scarcely stirr'd the reeds which, in their course,
Sprang verdantly and wild; the winds were hush'd,
And could not shake the dew from violets,
Whose tender forms hung fondly o'er the stream,
And whose blue eyes seem'd gazing on each wave
That lazily pursued its silent course
Beneath the light of autumn's dying smile.
Professor Wilson.

How calm a silence steals upon the earth—
A reverent hush of nature's sounds, as though
God, walking in vast solitudes of thought,
Went by. *Craddock Newton.*

TWILIGHT—Balminess of.

I love thee, twilight! As thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, twilight, for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns.
And hope and memory sweep the chord by turns.
Twilight, I love thee, let thy glooms increase,
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace;
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the poet's breast:
Deeper, O twilight, then thy shadows roll,
An awful vision opens on my soul.
James Montgomery.

TWILIGHT—Beauties of.

O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded, day, descending upon earth with dews, and

shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!

Longfellow.

TWILIGHT—likened to a Bridge.

Nature hath appointed the twilight as a bridge to pass us out of night into day.

Fuller.

TWILIGHT—Genial Influence of.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard:
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear;
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven, that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

Byron.

TWILIGHT—Soothing Influence of.

What heart has not acknowledged the influence of this hour, the sweet and soothing hour of twilight,—the hour of love,—the hour of adoration,—the hour of rest,—when we think of those we love, only to regret that we have not loved them more dearly; when we remember our enemies only to forgive them.

Longfellow.

TWILIGHT—Love of.

I love this light:
'Tis the old age of day, methinks: or haply
The infancy of night: pleasant it is.
Shall we be dreaming? *Procter.*

TWILIGHT—Loveliness of.

The sun does not gladden a moment so sweet,
The moon does not shine on so lovely an hour,
As the soft one where light and obscurity meet,
And the world is half-veiled by its shadowy power.

When the dewdrops are glittering, so silent and fair,
And the waters yet glow with the sun's latest ray,
Heaven breathes its repose in the calm twilight air,
Unknown to the brightness and tumult of day.

'Tis a moment to bid even wretchedness cease,
A charm that can rob gloomy care of his power;
How balmy and sweet is the season of peace,
How dear to my soul is the mild twilight hour! *Moore.*

TWILIGHT—on the Mountains.

The shades are gathering on the mountain's breast,
Where lone Ben-Nevis rears his giant crest,
The stars are faintly glimmering into light
Round the pale chariot of the queen of night.
No curling foam, no rippling gales betray
The smooth swift currents on their noiseless way,
But calm is brooding on the tranquil deep
As though some spirit watch'd o'er nature's sleep,
And tower, and cape, and crested island seem
To bask reclining in the mellow beam.
Charm'd by the loveliness of that sweet hour,
Pride melts to reverence, gloom forgets to lower;
And there is peace to sorrow and to care—
Peace in the sapphire wave and starlit air,
Peace in those orbs, which whisper as they move
Comfort and hope, and holiness and love.

Roundell Palmer.

TYRANT—A.

A tyrant never tasteth of true friendship, nor of perfect liberty. *Diogenes.*

TYRANTS—surrounded by Danger.

Tyrants are never safe, nor should be;
The ground is mined beneath them as they tread;
Haunted by plots, cabals, conspiracies,
Their lives are long convulsions, and they shake,
Surrounded by their guards and garrisons.

Shee.

TYRANTS—the most Abject Slaves.

It is worthy of observation, that the most imperious masters over their own servants are at the same time the most abject slaves to the servants of other masters. *Seneca.*

TYRANNY—Cruelty of.

Our emperor is a tyrant, fear'd and hated;
I scarce remember in his reign one day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable head:
He thinks the sun is lost that sees not blood.
When none is shed, we count it holiday;
We who are most in favour, cannot call
This our own. *Dryden.*

U.

UNBELIEF—Barrenness of.

There is but one thing without honour; smitten with eternal barrenness, inability to do or to be:—insincerity, unbelief. He who believes no *thing*, who believes only the shows of things, is not in relation with nature and fact at all. *Carlyle.*

UNCERTAINTY—Insupportableness of.

Uncertainty!
Fell demon of our fears! the human soul,
That can support despair, supports not thee.
Mallet.

UNDERSTANDING—Improvement of the.

The improvement of the understanding is for two ends: first, our own increase of knowledge; secondly, to enable us to deliver and make out that knowledge to others. *Locke.*

UNDERSTANDING—Indebtedness to the.

I hold myself indebted to any one from whose enlightened *understanding* another ray of knowledge communicates to mine. Really to inform the mind, is to correct and to enlarge the heart. *Junius.*

UNDERSTANDING—Vigour of the.

Nobody knows what strength of parts he has till he has tried them. And of the understanding one may most truly say, that its force is greater generally than it thinks, till it is put to it. And, therefore, the proper remedy here is but to set the mind to work, and apply the thoughts vigorously to the business; for it holds in the struggles of the mind as in those of war, *dum putant se vincere, vicere.* A persuasion that we shall overcome any difficulties that we meet with in the sciences, seldom fails to carry us through them. Nobody knows the strength of his mind, and the force of steady and regular application, till he has tried. This is certain; he that sets out upon weak legs will not only go farther, but grow stronger too, than one who, with a vigorous constitution and firm limbs, only sits still. *Locke.*

UNDERSTANDINGS—Amalgamation of.

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding, doubles his own; and he who profits of a superior understanding, raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with. *Burke.*

UNFAITHFULNESS—Sorrow for.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. *Shakspeare.*

UNHAPPINESS.

'Tis better not to be, than be unhappy.
Dryden.

UNION—amongst Men.

Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another, but set *with* one another, and all against the evil thing only. *Carlyle.*

UNITY—Christian.

I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them.
Rowland Hill.

UNIVERSE—Perfection of the.

Never was a human machine produced without many trials and many failures; whereas this universe, in all its endless complication, was perfect at its production, perfected in the ideas of its great Author, even from eternity.
Macculloch.

UNKINDNESS—Deformity of.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.
Pope.

UNKINDNESS—Evils of.

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implied dislike;
The sneer equivocal; the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful injury, whose venom'd dart
Scarce wounds the hearing, while it stabs the heart;
The guarded phrase, whose meaning kills, yet, told,
The list'ner wonders how you thought it cold;
Small slights, neglect, unmixed perhaps with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight:
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort, and destroy our ease.
Hannah More.

UPRIGHTNESS—Qualities of.

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor

taketh up a reproach against his neighbour. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. *David.*

UPSTART—Characteristic of an.

It is a note
Of upstart greatness to observe and watch
For those poor trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects and scorns. *Ben Jonson.*

URGENCY—Importunity of.

It was the copy of our conference.
In bed she slept not for my urging it;
At board she fed not for my urging it;
Alone it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced at it. *Shakspeare.*

URNS—Mouldering Contents of.

Behold that heap
Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty!) the same story tell;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasant, hermit, be
Blended in dust together; where the slave.
Rests from his labours, where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power, the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps. *Dyer.*

USEFULNESS—as Appreciated by the Ancients.

In the school of Pythagoras it was a point of discipline, that if among the *akoustikoi*, or probationers, there were any who grew weary of studying to be useful, and returned to an idle life, they were to regard them as dead; and, upon their departing, to perform their obsequies, and raise them tombs with inscriptions, to warn others of the like mortality, and quicken them to refine their souls above that wretched state. *Addison.*

USEFULNESS—Disqualification for.

During the course of my life, I have acquired some knowledge of men and manners, in active life, and amidst occupations the most various. From that knowledge, and from all my experience, I now protest that I *never* knew a man that was *bad* fit for any service that was *good*. There was always some disqualifying ingredient mixing with the compound, and spoiling it. The man seems *paralytic* on that side: his *muscles* there have lost their tone and natural properties; they cannot move. In short, the accomplishment of any thing good is a physical impossibility in such a man. He *could not* if he would, and it is not more certain that he *would not* if he could, do a good and virtuous action. *Burke.*

USEFULNESS—Individual.

I care for nothing. I am of no use in the world. Philosopher of a day? knowest thou not, thou canst not move a step on this earth without finding some duty to be done, and that every man is useful to his kind, by the very fact of his existence? *Carlyle.*

USEFULNESS—Opportunities of.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows *individual attempts* to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments. *Crabb.*

USURER—Characteristics of a.

He was a man
Versed in the world, as pilot in his compass;
The needle pointed ever to that interest
Which was his loadstar; and he spread his sails
With vantage to the gale of others' passions.
Ben Jonson.

USURER—Knavery of a.

A money-lender. He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future! *Addison.*

USURER—Temper of a.

Go not to a covetous old man with any request too soon in the morning, before he hath taken in that day's prey; for his covetousness is up before him, and he before thee, and he is in ill-humour; but stay till the afternoon, till he be satiated upon some borrower. *Fuller.*

USURPATION—Pleasures of.

Power usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right. *Butler.*

USURPER—Energy necessary to a.

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;

And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
Shakspeare.

USURPER—Violence of a.

Thou hast underwrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown. *Ibid.*

USURPERS—Punishment of.

Kings who did crowns unjustly get,
In hell on burning thrones are set;
And, oh! uneasily their crowns they wear,
And their own guilt, amidst the guards they fear;
Cares, when they wake, their minds unquiet keep,
And ghosts, in visions, lord it o'er their sleep.
Dryden.

USURPERS—Tenure of.

Though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet Heaven is just, and time suppresseth wrongs. *Shakspeare.*

USURPERS—Terrors of.

The man who rises on his country's ruin,
Lives in a crowd of foes, himself the chief:
In vain his power, in vain his pomp and pleasures,
His guilty thoughts, those tyrants of the soul,
Steal in unseen, and stab him in his triumph.
Wretched, distracting state! when ev'ry object
Strikes him with horror, ev'ry thought with fear. *Martyn.*

UTILITARIAN—The.

He is a slave to science. He would pull
Great Heaven to pieces, and anatomize
Each fragment of its crystal battlements,
Weigh out its hymns, divide its light, and class
The radiant feathers of archangels' wings.
Do we not know—doth he not know—that still
Mysterious wonder aye must reign above us,
Struggle howe'er we may? Doth he not know
That adoration and great wonder (like
Good deeds, which bless the giver) ever lift
The soul above the dust, and strengthen us.
Cornwall.

UTILITY—Beauty in.

Thou shalt learn
The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility. *Longfellow.*

V.

VACILLATION—Characteristics of.

In the first rank of these did stand
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking;
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy:
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both (to show his judgment) in extremes;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man, with him, was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,—
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate;
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief,
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief.
Dryden.

VACUITY—Description of.

Empty, nameless regions vast,
Where utter nothing dwells, unform'd and void.
There neither eye, nor ear, nor any sense
Of being most acute, finds object; there
For aught external still you search in vain.
Try touch, or sight, or smell; try what you will,
You strangely find nought, but yourself alone.
Pollok.

VAGABOND—The.

Headstrong, determined in his own career,
He thought reproof unjust, and truth severe;
The soul's disease was to its crisis come,—
He first abused, and then abjured his home;
And when he chose a vagabond to be,
He made his shame his glory—"I'll be free!"
Cowper.

VAGRANT—to be Avoided.

Beware of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root! *Southey.*

VALOUR—Attributes of.

The estimate and valour of a man consists in the heart and in the will; there his true honour lies. Valour is stability, not of arms and of legs, but of courage and the soul; it does not lie in the valour of our horse, nor of

our arms, but in ourselves. He that falls obstinate in his courage, if his legs fail him, fights upon his knees. *Montaigne.*

VALOUR—Characteristics of.

True valour, friends, on virtue founded strong,
Meets all events alike. *Mallet.*

VALOUR—of the Mind.

True valour
Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose;
Nor owns the blind award of giddy fortune.
Thomson.

VALOUR—Spirit of.

The truly valiant dare everything but doing any body an injury. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

VALOUR—Ill Use of.

Valour employ'd in an ill quarrel, turns
To cowardice; and virtue then puts on
Foul vice's vizor. *Massinger.*

VANITY—Advice respecting.

When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment. *Dr. Moore.*

VANITY—Description of.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means soon preys upon itself.
Shakspeare.

Is it vanity, that mental mole,
The dense ophthalmia of the vacant mind,
Which whispers we may stem the strong control
Of every wave that in our course we find.
Calder Campbell.

VANITY—Divestment of.

It is difficult to divest one's self of vanity; because impossible to divest one's self of self-love. *Horace Walpole.*

VANITY—Evils of.

Vanity is the foundation of the most ridiculous and contemptible vices—the vices of affectation and common lying. *Adam Smith.*

She neglects her heart who studies her glass.
Lavater.

VANITY—Extinction of.

Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourishes them is destroyed. *Steele.*

VANITY—Food of.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride. *Colton.*

VANITY—Force of.

O Vanity, how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations discerned! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind, under different disguises!—Sometimes thou dost wear the face of Pity; sometimes of Generosity; nay, thou hast the assurance to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic Virtue. *Fielding.*

VANITY—Full Growth of.

Vanity is never at its full growth till it spreadeth into affectation, and then it is complete. *Saville.*

VANITY—to be Guarded against.

Guard against that vanity which courts a compliment, or is fed by it. *Chalmers.*

VANITY—the Fruit of Ignorance.

Vanity is the fruit of ignorance. It thrives most in subterranean places, never reached by the air of heaven and the light of the sun.
Ross.

VANITY—Inflammability of.

In a vain man, the smallest spark may kindle into the greatest flame, because the materials are always prepared for it. *Hume.*

VANITY—to be treated with Ridicule.

When men will not be reasoned out of a vanity, they must be ridiculed out of it.
Sir R. L'Estrange.

VANITY—Weakness of.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding. *Pope.*

VARIETY—a Source of Joy.

Variety's the source of joy below,
From which still fresh revolving pleasures flow;
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
And only change the expiring flame renews.
Gay.

VENALITY—Perfidy of.

Can there be such in that august assembly!
If such there be, who to sinister ends,
To sordid views, now sacrifice her fame;
The Roman genius shall, I trust, hereafter

Find out the perfidy, and with reproach
To future times, mark their distinguish'd names. *Froude.*

VENGEANCE—Blindness of.

Vengeance has no foresight. *Napoleon I.*

VENGEANCE—Certainty of.

I shall see
The wingèd vengeance overtake such children.
Shakspeare.

VENTILATION—Importance of.

The manner in which rooms are now constructed is, in my opinion, really criminal: one would suppose that every pains and care were taken to render them as thoroughly uncomfortable and unhealthy as possible; they are positively as much like air-tight boxes as they can be. They have no properly constructed inlets for fresh air, which is left to get in as it can, through the chinks and crevices of ill-fitting doors or windows. It is a mercy, for the sake of their inmates, that the joiner does not more perfectly complete his work; were he so to do, the chances are that they would not "live out half their days," where the foul or respired air is guardedly retained, as though tenacious of losing one breath. It is scarcely necessary to say that when air has passed from the lungs, it has acquired that levity with which Nature, in her wondrous adaptations, has invested it, and by which it rises to the ceiling—if not allowed to escape, spreads itself out into a thin layer over the cold surface of our plaster ceilings—condenses into a heavier gas than the pure air, and from thence descends upon the unfortunate inmates of the apartment, to be by them re-breathed. It is true that a portion escapes up the chimney (provided there be a fire burning), but it must be borne in mind, that as the chimney-place is usually lower than the mouths of persons sitting in the rooms, so in its passage to the fire-place it must pass below the level of their mouths, and consequently be inhaled, with all its sickly and pestilential qualities. Nature would effect all the purposes of ventilation if we did not prevent her. *Pocock.*

VERBIAGE—Objections to.

Redundancy of language is never found with deep reflection. Verbiage may indicate observation, but not thinking. He who thinks much, says but little in proportion to his thoughts. He selects that language which will convey his ideas in the most explicit and direct manner. He tries to compress as much thought as possible into a few words. On the contrary, the man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously, who seems to have an exhaustless magazine of sound, crowds so many words into his thoughts that he always obscures, and very frequently conceals them.

Washington Irving.

An era is fast approaching, when no writer will be read by the majority, save and except those than can effect that for bales of manuscript that the hydrostatic screw performs for bales of cotton, by condensing that matter into a period that before occupied a page.
Cottar.

VERSIFICATION—Different Kinds of.

Thus ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense;
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar;
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw.
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and shines along the main. *Pope*

VERSIFICATION—in a Dead Language.

Versification in a dead language is an exotic, a far-fetched, costly, sickly imitation of that which elsewhere may be found in healthful and spontaneous perfection. The soils on which this rarity flourishes, are in general as ill suited to the production of vigorous native poetry, as the flower-pots of a hot-house to the growth of oaks. *Macaulay.*

VEXATION—Sources of.

I have at length learned by my own experience (for not one in twenty profits by the experience of others), that one great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. We scorn a thousand sources of satisfaction we might have had in the interim, and permit our comfort to be disturbed, and our time to pass unenjoyed, from impatience for some imagined pleasure at a distance, which we may, perhaps, never obtain, or which, when obtained, may change its nature, and be no longer pleasure. *Dr. Moore.*

VICE—Arguments of.

I hate, when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Milton.

VICE—Attacking.

It has been, and ever will be lawful, to attack vice, if you at the same time spare the individual. *Burton.*

VICE—Effects of.

There are many diversities of vice; but it is one never-failing effect of it, to live displeased and discontented. *Seneca.*

VICE—End of.

The end of a dissolute life is most commonly a desperate death. *Bion.*

VICE—Evils of.

Vice repeated, is like the wandering wind,—
Blows dust in others' eyes. *Shakspeare.*

VICE—Insinuations of.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
Pope.

VICE—Progressive.

No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first. *Juvenal.*

VICES—General.

We have all our vices, and the best
Is he, who with the fewest is opprest.
Horace.

VICES—their own Scourge.

Our pleasant vices
Are made the whip to scourge us. *Shakspeare.*

VICISSITUDE—in Human Affairs.

Think on the slippery state of human things
The strange vicissitudes and sudden turns
Of war and fate, recoiling on the proud,
To crush a merciless and cruel victor:
Think there are bounds of fortune, set above
Periods of time, and progress of success,
Which none can stop before th' appointed limits,
And none can push beyond. *Dryden.*

VICISSITUDE—Design of.

As pleasant and as much desired as fair weather is wont to be, and as much as we use to be discontented at a lowering and dropping sky, yet the one is no less necessary nor useful in its season than the other. For too interrupted a course of heat and sunshine would make the season fruitful in nothing but in caterpillars, or such kind of vermin, and in diseases; and is far more proper to fill graves than barns. Whereas seasonable vicissitudes of clouds, and cloudy weather, make both the ground fruitful, and the season healthful. Thus in our outward condition, too long and constant a prosperity is wont to make the soul barren of all but such wantonness as 'tis ill to be fruitful of; and the interposition of seasonable afflictions is as necessary and advantageous, as it can be unwelcome. But the consideration that chiefly entertained me was this; that as here to make the earth fruitful the face of heaven must be now and then obscured and overcast, and we must be deprived of the welcome pleasure of the sun, to receive the fertilizing benefit of the rain; so such is our condition here below, that our perverseness makes it necessary that God should oftentimes appear to frown upon us, to make us fruitful in those works, to which he is pleased to vouchsafe his smiles. But oh! how happy shall we be in that glorious and everlasting day, when our condition shall be as blessed in not requiring vicissitudes, as not being subject to them; when the sunshine alone shall perform all that is wont to be done here, both by it and the rain; and the soul, like Egypt, being fruitful, without the assistance of clouds, we shall not need to have our joys eclipsed, to have our graces kept from being so, or to make our light shine the brighter; when we shall not need to have our love weaned from inferior or undue objects, by any experience of their imperfections, since the clear discovery that God will vouchsafe us of His own excellencies, will abundantly suffice to confine our affections to them. And as the works wherein we are to be fruitful in heaven, will be but to admire and thank Him that is infinite in beauty, and in goodness, the perfecter sight and fruition we shall have of His astonishing, as well as ravishing attributes, will but proportionably increase our wonder and our praises, and will naturally make us as grateful *for* such a state, as happy *in it*.
Hon. Robert Boyle.

VICISSITUDE—Disregard of.

Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims, to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Ev'n kings but play, and when their part is done,
Some other worse or better mount the throne.
Dryden.

VICISSITUDE—Exposedness to.

The most affluent may be stripped of all, and find his worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from him. *Sterne.*

VICISSITUDE—in Nature.

For what is it on earth,
Nay under heav'n, continues at a stay?
Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflown?
Follows not darkness when the day is gone?
And see we not sometimes the eye of heav'n
Dimm'd with o'er-flying clouds? There's not that work
Of careful nature, or of cunning art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin. *Shakspeare.*

VICISSITUDE—Triumph of.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence. *Ibid.*

VICISSITUDES—of the World.

Such are the vicissitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labour and rest, hurry and retirement, endear each other. Such are the changes that keep the mind in action; we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satiated: we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit. *Johnson.*

VICTORY—Advantages of.

A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. *Shakspeare.*

VIGILANCE—Necessity of.

Chance will not do the work. Chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us tow'rds the port
May dash us on the shelves. The steersman's part
Is vigilance, or blow it rough or smooth.
Ben Jonson.

VILLANY—Characteristics of.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;—
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody. *Shakspeare.*

VILLANY—Designs of.

The evil you teach us, we will execute, and it shall go hard but we will better the instruction. *Ibid.*

VILLANY—Face of.

Do but observe the face of villany,
How different from the brow of innocence!
See what a settled gloom obscures his visage,
Sure emblem of the horror of his breast,
Where his false heart enthroned in native darkness
(Unconscious and unwishing for the light),
Broods o'er new treasons, and enjoys the mischief. *Howard.*

VILLANY—Masterpiece of.

It is the masterpiece of villany
To smoothe the brow, and to outface suspicion.
Ibid.

VIOLENCE—Effects of.

All the elements
At least had gone to wreck, disturbed and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal hung His golden scales. *Milton.*

VIOLENCE—no Strange Thing.

As it is no strange thing for the sea to rage, when strong winds blow upon it, so neither for multitudes to become violent, when they have men of some reputation for parts and piety to lead them on. *Icon Basilike.*

VIOLETS—Life of.

I do love violets.
They tell a history of woman's love;
They open with the earliest breath of spring;
Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew and light,
And if they perish, perish with a sigh
Delicious as that life. On the hot June
They shed no perfume; the flowers may remain,
But the rich breathing of their leaves is past;
Like woman they have lost their loveliest gift
When yielding to the fiery hour of passion:
—The violet-breath of love is purity!
L. E. Landon.

VIRTUE—Absence of.

'Tis virtue which they want; and, wanting it,
Honour no garment to their backs can fit.
Ben Jonson.

VIRTUE—Adding to.

Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
Thy name to some call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far. *Milton.*

And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge;

and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. *St. Peter.*

VIRTUE—Attributes of.

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good. *Bishop Butler.*

VIRTUE—Blessings of.

Still in the paths of honour persevere,
And not, from past or present ills, despair;
For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
Congreve.

VIRTUE—Boldness of.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
Shakspeare.

VIRTUE—Courage of.

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
Ibid.

VIRTUE—Culture of.

Virtue is not a mushroom that springeth up of itself in one night, when we are asleep or regard it not; but a delicate plant, that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, much time to mature it. Neither is vice a spirit that will be conjured away with a charm, slain by a single blow, or despatched by one stab. Who, then, will be so foolish as to leave the eradicating of vice, and the planting in of virtue into its place, to a few years or weeks? Yet he who procrastinates his repentance and amendment, grossly does so; with his eyes open, he abridges the time allotted for the longest and most important work he has to perform: he is a fool. *Barrow.*

VIRTUE—Dignity of.

Were there but one virtuous man in the world, he would hold up his head with confidence and honour; he would shame the world, and not the world him. *South.*

VIRTUE—Divinity of.

There breathes a felt divinity in virtue,
In candid, unassuming, generous virtue,
Whose very silence speaks, and which inspires,
Without proud formal lessons, a disdain
Of mean injurious vice. *Thomson.*

VIRTUE—Duties of.

The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking int'rest, or luxurious vice,
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honour and immortal fame,
Involve the good of all? An empty form
Is the weak virtue, that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amused,
While wickedness and folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world. *Thomson.*

VIRTUE—excites Envy.

A man that hath no virtue in himself, ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon others' evil: and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other. *Bacon.*

VIRTUE—Estimation of.

Virtue, though in rags, may challenge more than vice set off with all the trim of greatness.
Massinger.

VIRTUE—Existence of.

Go, search it there where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor make all the history;
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between;
Proved by the ends of being to have been.
Pope.

VIRTUE—Foes of.

Attend my words, no place but harbours danger;
In every region virtue finds a foe. *Milton.*

VIRTUE—Fragrance of.

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue. *Bacon.*

VIRTUE—a Divine Gift.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven; a happiness
That, even above the frowns and smiles of fate,
Exalts great Nature's favourites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd; it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Armstrong.

VIRTUE—Happiness of.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below!
That only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good, without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain;

Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd.
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears;
Good from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since, but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
Pope.

VIRTUE—Impregnability of.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd.
Milton.

VIRTUE—Great Incentive to.

Since business and gaiety are always drawing our attention away from a future state, some admonition is frequently necessary to recall it to our minds; and what can more properly renew the impression than the example of mortality which every day supplies? The great incentive to virtue, is the reflection that we must die; it will, therefore, be useful to accustom ourselves, whenever we see a funeral, to consider how soon we may be added to the number of those whose probation is past, and whose happiness or misery shall endure for ever. *Johnson.*

VIRTUE—Influence of.

Virtue, like fire, turns all things into itself: our actions and our friendships are tinctured with it, and whatever it touches becomes amiable. *Seneca.*

Vice must have variety, while Virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect.
Byron.

VIRTUE—Inspiration of.

Virtue, when proved and full
Matured, inclines us up to God and heaven,
By law of sweet compulsion strong and sure.
Pollok.

VIRTUE—Joy of.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,—
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,—
Is virtue's prize. *Pope.*

VIRTUE—Love of.

Love Virtue, she alone is free;
She can teach thee how to climb
Higher than the sphery clime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her. *Milton.*

VIRTUE—Love of.

It is difficult to persuade men that the love of virtue is the love of themselves. *Cicero.*

VIRTUE—Loveliness of.

Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same beloved contented thing.
Pope.

VIRTUE—Majesty of.

As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer's eve,
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees, and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporate, by power
Capacious and serene: Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the incumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt,
And sometimes, so relentless justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.
Wordsworth.

VIRTUE—Nature of.

Virtue, according to my idea, is the habitual sense of right, and the habitual courage to act up to that sense of right, combined with benevolent sympathies, the charity which thinketh no evil. The union of the highest conscience and the highest sympathy fulfils my notion of virtue. *Mrs. Jameson.*

Virtue consisteth of three parts; temperance, fortitude, and justice. *Epicurus.*

VIRTUE—Negative.

Negative virtue is a positive vice, if the means exist of improving it. *Zimmerman.*

VIRTUE—Power of.

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. *Milton.*

Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
Horace.

VIRTUE—Practice of.

There is no virtue, the practice of which does not rejoice, and give pleasure to a well-constituted nature. *Montaigne.*

VIRTUE—Pride of.

The generous pride of Virtue
Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns

Her bounty meets with. Like the liberal gods,
From her own gracious nature she bestows,
Nor stoops to ask reward. *Thomson.*

VIRTUE—Principles of.

The principles of virtue, like the elements of nature, are ever identical in essence but changeful in form. New generations of life are but old elements in new forms; and new righteous theories and institutions are but the old principles of virtue entering into new combinations. *David Thomas.*

VIRTUE—should be Recompensed.

Virtue alone ennobles human kind,
And power should on her glorious footsteps wait. *Claudius.*

VIRTUE—Systems of.

All systems of virtue are reducible or comprised in propriety, prudence, or benevolence. *Adam Smith.*

VIRTUE—Utility of.

I would be virtuous for my own sake, though nobody were to know it; as I would be clean for my own sake, though nobody were to see me. *Shaftesbury.*

VIRTUE—Work of.

Our life is short; but to extend that span
To vast eternity, is virtue's work. *Shakspeare.*

VIRTUE—of the Young.

The virtue of young persons consists chiefly in not doing anything to an excess. *Socrates.*

VIRTUES—endeared by Suffering.

The affections imply a spirit of self-sacrifice, and often our virtues, like our children, are endeared to us by what we suffer for them. *Sharpe.*

VIRTUES—Superiority of.

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues. *Sir Philip Sidney.*

VIRTUOUS—Blaming the.

Suppose a virtuous man has drawn on himself a great misfortune, by a fault incident to human nature, and therefore venial; the remorse he feels aggravates his distress, and consequently raises our pity to a high pitch; we at the same time blame the man; and the indignation raised by the fault he has committed, is dissimilar to pity; these two passions, however, proceeding from the same object, are forced into a sort of union; but the indignation is so slight as scarce to be felt in the mixture with pity. *Lord Kaimes.*

VIRTUOUS—Happiness attending the.

It is no small happiness to attend those from whom we may receive precepts and examples of virtue. *Bishop Hall.*

VOICE—Gentleness of the.

His voice attention still as midnight draws;
His voice, more gentle than the summer's breeze,
That mildly whispers through the waving trees,
Soft as the nightingale's complaining song,
Or murm'ring currents as they roll along.
Dryden.

VOICE—Hearing the.

Methought I heard a voice, and yet I doubted,
Now roaring like the ocean, when the winds
Fight with the waves, now in a still small tone;
Your dying accents fell as wrecking ships,
After they dreadful sink, murm'ring down,
And bubble up a noise. *Ibid.*

VOICE—Power of the.

We should in this country be the last to deny the influence of a naturally melodious and skilfully-guided voice upon the feelings of an assembly of men. There are but two or three now living who could, as ear-witnesses, describe the heart-stirring appeals of Lord Chatham; but those few would tell how, when bodily infirmities had precluded the possibility of action, and when age and disease had dimmed the glare of his piercing eye, the elder Pitt still retained not only the power of commanding the entire attention of the House, but that of producing the most startling impressions on its members by the mere sound of a voice, from whose thunders Walpole, when surrounded with power and the entire support of a decided majority, shrank dismayed. When, too, the younger Pitt has left in the minds of his contemporaries the remembrance of the deep, full, sonorous tone with which he loved to usher in the tide of his majestic eloquence, and without which that eloquence would have been deprived of half its effect. It would be no difficult task for us to mention more than one glorious name, whose bearer, whether within the precincts of St. Stephen's, or from the pulpit, or at the bar, has proved the electrical power of the voice in influencing and leading the multitude; but perhaps the most illustrious and conclusive of these examples is one of which we have all of us more or less had an opportunity of judging. Who

that has ever heard Lord Brougham make a speech in parliament, address a jury, or a popular meeting, can doubt for an instant the magic empire of the voice? None who have once witnessed it can ever forget the way in which he will keep an auditory for a considerable space of time hanging breathlessly upon his whispered words, and then, suddenly bursting forth, make them literally quail beneath the awful volume of his tones.

Charles Knight.

VOICE—Softness of the.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

Shakspeare.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterises the true lady. In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband!

Lamb.

VOICE—the Organ of the Soul.

How wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only, as God revealed Himself to the prophet of old, in "the still, small voice," and in a voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man!

Longfellow.

VOICE—Temper acting on the.

The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness, or ill-nature, will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exist amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is, to many, the index of the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked, that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their mind. *Mordaunt.*

VOLATILITY—not Enjoyment.

Extreme volatile and sprightly tempers seem inconsistent with any great enjoyment. There is too much time wasted in the mere transition from one object to another; no room for those deep impressions, which are made alone by the duration of an idea, and are quite requisite to any strong sensation either of pleasure or of pain. The bee to collect honey, or the spider to gather poison, must abide some time on the weed, or flower. They whose fluids are mere *sal volatile*, seem rather cheerful than happy men. The temper above described is oftener the lot of wits than of persons of great abilities. *Shenstone.*

VOLITION—Moral Force of.

A man with a half-volition goes backwards and forwards, and makes no way on the smoothest road; a man with a whole volition advances on the roughest, and will reach his purpose, if there be even a little wisdom in it.

Carlyle.

VOWS—Despised.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

Shakspeare.

VOWS—Folly of.

Make no vows to forbear this or that: it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself. *Fuller.*

VOWS—Unheedful.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken.

Shakspeare.

VULGAR—Unsusceptibility of the.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor. *Pope.*

VULGARITY—Essence of.

Vulgarity is setting store by the things which are seen. *Lady Morgan.*

W.

WAGER—Backing Opinions with a.

Most men (till by losing render'd sager)
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

Byron.

WAGERS—Using.

I've heard old cunning stagers
Say fools, for arguments, use wagers. *Butler.*

WAITERS—Inattentiveness of.

You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!
What! no attendance, no regard, no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Shakspeare.

WAITS—The.

Even the sound of the waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the watches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, "when deep sleep falleth upon man," I have listened with a hushed delight, and connecting them with the joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir. How delightfully the imagination, when wrought upon by moral influences, turns everything to melody and beauty!
Washington Irving.

WALK—Benefits of a.

It is wonderful how this walking through a country of a fine summer's day lightens the heart. It is a famous nostrum worth an ocean of physic, specially to be commended to poor, worn Jurisconsultus, before mentioned, and to poor, over-worked officials on short furlough. But to ministerial House of Commons men most of all: to over-worked parliamentary drudges that trudging will turn their sallow cheeks to the likeness of a pair of apples. Setting aside that beaten track over the Swiss mountains, which every walking man thinks to be the proper country for his calling, and where, in truth, there is an over satiety of mountain climbing, Jungfrau's glaciers, and such things, setting aside this well-trod region, let him try a land lying conveniently to him, and that is the "Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,"—France. Let him break ground 'twixt Bordeaux and Bayonne, and range the Landes. Let him trudge from old Roman town to old Roman town; let him bend off to the Spanish frontier and note where the races begin to blend—roaming leisurely from village to village and city to city—staying a short or long time, as the humour takes him. In that country will be found abundant profit and recreation. Or suppose he take heart and strike across the border into the Spanish country, working his way among the posadas and contrabandists as he may have read of in the novels. Much entertainment in this, too, but more resolution and courage. The sum of the whole is this: walk and be happy! walk and be healthy. "The best of all ways to lengthen our days" is not, as Mr. Thomas Moore has it, "to steal a few hours from night, my love;" but, with leave be it spoken, to walk steadily and with a purpose. The wandering man knows of certain ancients, far gone in years, who have staved off infirmities and dissolution by earnest walking—hale fellows close upon eighty and ninety, but brisk as boys.
Dickens.

WALK—A Delightful.

Like a new-born spirit did he pass
Through the green evening quiet, in the sun
O'er many a heath, through many a woodland dun,
Through buried paths, where sleepy twilight dreams
The summer time away. *Keats.*

WALKING—Invigorating Influence of.

Toil and be strong; by toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil subdued,
Mellow'd and subtilized; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk;
Come while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright winter sows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine,
Or to the cloister'd gallery, or arcade.
Go climb the mountain: from ethereal source,
Imbibe the recent gale; the cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills, go mount th' exulting steed;
Already see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desp'rate deer,
And through its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.
Armstrong.

WANT—Causes of.

Great wants proceed from great wealth; but they are undutiful children, for they sink wealth down to poverty. *Home.*

WANT—Distresses of.

The poor sleep little: we must learn to watch
Our labours late and early; every morning,
'Midst winter frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.
Want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend,
Is at our heels, and chases us in view. *Otway.*

WANT—Horrors of.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? *Shakspeare.*

WANT—Recklessness of.

To men
Press'd by their wants, all change is ever welcome. *Ben Jonson.*

WANT—Relief from.

Take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched.
Makes thee the happier. Heavens deal so still,
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see,
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. *Shakspeare.*

WANTS—Artificial.

Where necessity ends, curiosity begins; and no sooner are we supplied with everything that nature can demand, than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites. *Johnson.*

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.
Colton.

The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods. *Socrates.*

WAR—Adjuncts of.

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, Courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoner's ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Shakspeare.

WAR—Array of.

Through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders. *Milton.*

WAR—Civil.

In these distracted times, when each man dreads
The bloody stratagem of busy heads. *Otway.*

WAR—Controversies decided by.

Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks. *Butler.*

WAR—Cost of.

Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school-house on every hill-side, and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning, the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise, should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.
Henry Richard.

WAR—Described.

Mars is described by Homer very diffusely. Notwithstanding his power, he is represented as sometimes foiled, and even wounded, by a mortal. Minerva the poet has characterised as the particular opponent of the God of War, and has always—*e. g.*, in the dispute between Ajax and Ulysses—crowned her with success: which indeed is no more than just—since wisdom is generally averse to entering into warlike contests at all; yet when engaged, it is likely to prevail over brute force, and to bear off the laurels of the day. *Pope.*

See where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorches all it glares upon.
Byron.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued;

In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued),
Famine and fire he held, and there withal,
He razèd towns, and threw down towers and all.
Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule above the rest),
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consumed, destroy'd, wasted and never ceased
Till he their wealth, their name and all oppress'd;
His face forehew'd with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide. *Sackville.*

WAR—Desolation caused by.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unprunèd dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
Shakspeare.

WAR—Evils of.

Ther is ful many a man that crieth "werre, werre," that wot ful litel what werre amounteth. Werre at his bygynnyng hath so greet an entre and so large, that every wight may entre when him liketh, and lightly fynde werre; but certes what ende schal falle therof, it is not lightly to knowe. For sothly whan that werre is oones bygonne, ther is ful many a child unbore of his mooder that schal sterve yong, bycause of thilke werre, or elles lyve in sorwe, and deye in wreechidness; and therefore er that eny werre be bygonne, men moste have gret counseil and gret deliberacioun. *Chaucer.*

WAR—the Greatest of Evils.

War is one of the greatest plagues that can afflict humanity; it destroys religion, it destroys states, it destroys families. Any scourge, in fact, is preferable to it. Famine and pestilence become as nothing in comparison with it. Pestilence is the least evil of the three, and 'twas therefore David chose it, willing rather to fall into the hands of God than into those of pitiless man. *Luther.*

WAR—the last Expedient.

Force is at best
A fearful thing e'en in a righteous cause,
God only helps when man can help no more.
Schiller.

WAR—Folly of.

Oh, world!
Oh, men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime?
And slay, as if death had but this one gate,
When a few years would make the sword superfluous? ——— *Byron.*

But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.
——— *Cowper.*

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.
The warrior's name would be a name abhorr'd,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Should wear for evermore the curse of Cain.
Longfellow.

WAR—Honourableness of.

War is honourable
In those who do their native rights maintain;
In those whose swords an iron barrier are
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak;
But is, in those who draw th' offensive blade
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable
As meanest office of the worldly churl.
Joanna Baillie.

WAR—Horrors of.

O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! let no soldier fly;
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; for he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour. *Shakspeare.*

WAR—Injustice of.

War is the sink of all injustice. *Fielding.*

WAR—Justice of.

The arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.
Shakspeare.

WAR—Strategy of.

The natural principle of war is to do the most harm to our enemy with the least harm to ourselves, and this, of course, is to be effected by stratagem. *Washington Irving.*

WAR—Weapons of.

Cannon and fire-arms are cruel and damnable machines, I believe them to have been the direct suggestion of the devil. Against the flying ball no valour avails; the soldier is dead ere he sees the means of his destruction. If Adam had seen in a vision the horrible instruments his children were to invent, he would have died of grief. *Luther.*

WARFARE—Management of.

The knowledge of warfare is thrown away on a general who dares not make use of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and resolution: in him it will direct his martial spirit, and teach him the way to the best victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which, though achieved by the hand, are managed by the head. *Fuller.*

WARRIORS—the Cause of Ruin.

If Europe should ever be ruined, it will be by its warriors. *Montesquieu.*

WASTE—Impolicy of.

Oh! waste thou not the smallest thing
Created by Divinity;
For grains of sand the mountains make,
And atomies infinity;
Waste thou not, then, the smallest time,
'Tis imbecile infirmity;
For well thou know'st, if aught thou know'st,
That seconds form eternity.
Edward Knight.

WATCH—Movements of a.

Could but our tempers move like this machine,
Not urged by passion, nor delay'd by spleen;
But, true to Nature's regulating power,
By virtuous acts distinguish every hour,
Then health and joy would follow, as they ought,
The law of motion and the law of thought;
Sweet health to pass thy present moments o'er,
And everlasting joy when time shall be no more.
Hemsted.

WATCH—Setting of a.

Set not thy watch by the town-clock (the way of the world), but by the dial of Scripture, because that never faileth of going by the Sun of Righteousness. *Swinnock.*

WATCHFULNESS—Necessity for.

We ought not to be careless and indifferent about the future. But as there are goods in life possible to be obtained, and evils capable of being avoided, so we should provide ourselves with proper means to obtain the one, and to escape the other. Watchfulness and industry are natural virtues, and recommended to us in Scripture by the conduct even of brute creatures. Whilst we neglect our own interest, we deserve the calamities which come upon us; and have no reason to hope for the compassion of others, when we take no care of ourselves. *Bishop Conybeare.*

WATER—the Purest Drink.

Water is the fittest drink for all persons, of all ages and temperaments: of all the productions of nature or art, it comes nearest to that universal remedy so much searched after by mankind, but never discovered. By its fluidity and mildness, it promotes a free and equable circulation of the blood and humours through all the vessels of the body, upon which the due performance of every animal function depends; and hence water-drinkers are not only the most active and nimble, but also the most cheerful and sprightly of all people. In sanguine complexions, water, by diluting the blood, renders the circulation easy and uniform. In the choleric, the coolness of the water restrains the quick motion and intense heat of the humours. It attenuates the glutinous viscidity of the juices of the phlegmatic, and the gross earthiness which prevails in the melancholic temperaments. And as to the different ages, water is good for children, to make their tenacious milky diet thin and easy to digest; for youth and middle age, to sweeten and dissolve any scorbutic acrimony or sharpness that may be in the humours, by which means pains and obstructions are prevented; and for old people, to moisten and mollify their rigid fibres, and to promote a less difficult circulation through their hard and shrivelled vessels. *Dr. Hoffmann.*

WATER—Spring of.

Here, quench your thirst, and mark in me
An emblem of true charity;
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither seen, nor heard to flow. *Hone.*

WATER-CURE—Explanation of the.

About three-fourths of the weight of the human body consists of water; and as it is constantly being thrown off by the skin, lungs, and kidneys, it requires to be continually renewed, and water is therefore an essential alimentary principle, and more necessary to

our existence than even solid food. In the few observations we have to make on liquid aliments, we shall not, however, enter into the various uses of water, but only advert to the effect which an increased employment of water produces, by its solvent power, in augmenting the wearing away of the tissues, thereby increasing the quantity of the secretions, and either diminishing the weight of the body, if more food be not taken, or improving the appetite, by which a supply is created to obviate the increased waste. The experiments made by Dr. Boker, of Bonn, on himself, have not only shown this, but have likewise afforded a reasonable explanation of the cold water system of treatment, which is undoubtedly of use in some chronic diseases, where an evacuating and renovating action (waste and renewal of the tissues of the body) is required in conjunction with hygienic bracing treatment. Since the use of a quantity of water beyond what is required for the performance of the functions and what the feeling of thirst prompts us to take has this remarkable power of accelerating the waste of the tissues and of causing their removal by increased excretion, whilst at the same time the digestive functions are quickened, it is easy to understand that the nutrition of the whole system must be improved; and it is not, therefore, surprising that not only dyspeptic disorders, but others arising from inactive habits and such causes as impair the activity of the excreting organs, should be greatly benefited by the abundant use of cold water, and by the bathing, the regulated diet, the exercise, and pure bracing air, with which this mode of treatment is conjoined. *Dr. Turnbull.*

WATERFALL—Descriptions of the.

Unperishing Youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cell of thy hidden nativity;
Never mortal saw
The cradle of the strong one;
Never mortal heard
The gathering of his voices;
The deep-murmur'd charm of the son of the rock,
That is lisp'd evermore at his slumberless fountain.
There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil
At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing;
It embosoms the roses of dawn,
It entangles the shafts of the noon,
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber,
That the sun of the rock, that the nursling of heaven,
May be born in a holy twilight! *Coleridge.*

WATERFALL—Descriptions of the.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed; and, unworn
Its steady edges, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.
Byron.

The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,
And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied clouds of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent
To the broad column which rolls on. *Ibid.*

Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid, where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thund'ring shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet it rushes broad,
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below,
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor even the torrid wave here finds repose,
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts,
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale. *Thomson.*

WEAK—Power of the.

Few men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there cannot be a greater error than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too

mean parts to do good, to be, therefore, incapable of doing hurt. There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the meekest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in wickedness.
Lord Clarendon.

WEALTH—Acquisition of.

Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality, and economy. He who relies upon these means will rarely be found destitute, and he who relies upon any other will generally become bankrupt. *Wayland.*

WEALTH—a Weak Anchor.

Wealth is a weak anchor, and glory cannot support a man: this is the law of God, that virtue only is firm, and cannot be shaken by a tempest. *Pythagoras.*

WEALTH—Cares of.

There is a burden of care in getting riches; fear in keeping them; temptation in using them; guilt in abusing them; sorrow in losing them; and a burden of account at last to be given up concerning them. *Matthew Henry.*

WEALTH—Denied.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth hath seldom been the portion, and never the mark to discover good people; but that Almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath of His abundant goodness denied it (He only knows why) to many, whose minds He hath enriched with the greater blessings of *knowledge* and *virtue*, as the fairer testimonies of His love to mankind.
Izaak Walton.

WEALTH—Fallaciousness of.

To purchase heaven, has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life, can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No; all that's worth a wish—a thought—
Fair Virtue gives unbribed, unbought.
Cease, then, on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind. *Johnson.*

WEALTH—Unhappiness of.

Worldly wealth is the devil's bait; and those whose minds feed upon riches, recede, in general, from real happiness, in proportion as their stores increase; as the moon, when she is fullest of light, is farthest from the sun.
Burton.

WEALTH—Right Use of.

Wealth is to be used only as the instrument of action; not as the representative of civil honours, and moral excellence. *Porter.*

WEALTH—Vanity of.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates and calls for more.
Young.

WEALTH—Way to.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly on two words,—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything. *Franklin.*

WEEPING—Effects of.

My face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death. Mine eye also is dim by reason of sorrow. *Job.*

WELCOME—A Hearty.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I scout this breathing courtesy.
Shakspeare.

WELCOME—Joyousness of.

A general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people. *Ibid.*

WELCOME—Warmth of.

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy—welcome! *Ibid.*

WICKED—Destruction of the.

If the wicked flourish, and thou suffer, be not discouraged; they are fatted for destruction, thou art dieted for health. *Fuller.*

WICKED—End of the.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree: yet he passed away, and lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.
David.

WICKED—Fate of the.

How oft is the candle of the wicked put out! and how oft cometh their destruction upon them! *Job.*

WICKEDNESS—Punishment of.

They that plough iniquity and sow wickedness, reap the same. *Ibid.*

WICKEDNESS—Weakness of.

If weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness; that plea, therefore,
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
Milton.

WIDOW—Desolation of the.

Among the tombs she walks at noon of night,
In miserable garb of widowhood.
Observe her yonder, sickly, pale, and sad,
Bending her wasted body o'er the grave,
Of him who was the husband of her youth.
The moonbeams trembling through these ancient yews,
That stand like ranks of mourners round the bed
Of death, fall dismally upon her face,
Her little, hollow, wither'd face, almost
Invisible, so worn away with wo.
The tread of hasty foot, passing so late,
Disturbs her not; nor yet the roar of mirth,
From neighbouring revelry ascending loud.
She hears, sees nought, fears nought. One thought alone
Fills all her heart and soul, half-hoping, half-
Remembering, sad, unutterable thought!
Utter'd by silence and by tears alone.
Sweet tears! the awful language eloquent
Of infinite affection, far too big
For words. She sheds not many now. That grass,.
Which springs so rankly o'er the dead, has drunk
Already many showers of grief; a drop
Or two are all that now remain behind,
And, from her eye that darts strange fiery beams,
At dreary intervals, drip down her cheek,
Falling most mournfully from bone to bone.
But yet she wants not tears. That babe, that hangs
Upon her breast, that babe that never saw
Its father—he was dead before its birth—
Helps her to weep, weeping before its time,
Taught sorrow by the mother's melting force,
Repeating oft the father's sacred name.
Be not surprised at this expense of woe!
The man she mourns was all she call'd her own,
The music of her ear, light of her eye,
Desire of all her heart, her hope, her fear,
The element in which her passions lived,
Dead now, or dying all: nor long shall she
Visit that place of skulls. Night after night,
She wears herself away. The moonbeam now,
That falls upon her unsubstantial frame,
Scarce finds obstruction; and upon her bones,
Barren as leafless boughs in winter-time,
Her infant fastens his little hands, as oft,
Forgetful, she leaves him awhile unheld.
But look, she passes not away in gloom.
A light from far illumes her face, a light
That comes beyond the moon, beyond the sun—
The light of truth divine, the glorious hope
Of resurrection at the promised morn,
And meetings then which ne'er shall part again.
Pollok.

WIFE—a Great Blessing.

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil,
Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard,
All other goods by fortune's hand are given,—
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.
A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
Pope.

A wife's a man's best piece; who till he marries,
Wants making up: she is the shrine to which
Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage;
She was a scion taken from that tree,
Into which, if she has no second grafting,
The world can have no fruit; she is man's
Arithmetic, which teaches him to number
And multiply himself in his own children;
She is the good man's paradise, and the bad's
First step to heaven, a treasure which, who wants,
Cannot be trusted to posterity,
Nor pay his own debts; *she's a golden sentence*
Writ by our Maker, which the angels may
Discourse of, only men know how to use,
And none but devils violate. *Shirley.*

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth

forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. *Solomon.*

A good wife is Heaven's last best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels;—her voice is sweet music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips his faithful counsellors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head. *Jeremy Taylor.*

WIFE—Choosing a.

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, I mean from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her in whatever condition she is placed. Of this I am so thoroughly persuaded, that, were I to advise any friend of mine as to his choice of a wife, I know not whether my first counsel would not be, "Look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection, indicated by such a behaviour, joined to the habit of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion. *Fordyce.*

WIFE—the Chief Comforter.

Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all. *Milton.*

WIFE—Death of a.

The death of a man's wife is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered; as if one wing of his angel was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dimmed and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which have smoothed his passage to the grave. *Lamartine.*

WIFE—Education of a.

Remember that there are many women against whose characters there lies nothing very objectionable, who are yet little calculated to taste, or to communicate, rational happiness. Do not indulge romantic ideas of superhuman excellence. Remember that the fairest creature is a fallen creature. Yet let not your standard be low. If it be absurd to expect perfection, it is not unreasonable to expect consistency. Do not suffer yourself to be caught by a shining quality, till you know it is not counteracted by the opposite defect. Be not taken in by strictness in one point till you are assured there is no laxity in others. In character, as in architecture, proportion is beauty. The education of the present race of females is not very favourable to domestic happiness. For my own part, I call education, not that which smothers a woman with accomplishments, but that which tends to consolidate a firm and regular system of character; that which tends to form a friend, a companion, and a wife. I call education, not that which is made up of shreds and patches of useless arts; but that which inculcates principles, polishes taste, regulates temper, cultivates reason, subdues the passions, directs the feelings, habituates to reflection, trains to self-denial, and more especially, that which refers all actions, feelings, sentiments, tastes, and passions, to the love and fear of God. *Hannah More.*

WIFE—A Good.

The good wife is none of our dainty dames, who love to appear in a variety of suits every day new; as if a gown, like a stratagem in war, were to be used but once. But our good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate; and, if of high parentage, she doth not so remember what she was by birth, that she forgets what she is by match. *Fuller.*

WIFE—in her Home.

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smiles from plighted beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.
Campbell.

WIFE—guarded by her Husband.

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
Milton.

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord. *Shakspeare.*

What thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey; so God ordains:
God is thy law; thou mine: to know no more,
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
Milton.

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
To charm the fancy and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.
Hammond.

WIFE—Knowledge of a.

No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world. *Washington Irving.*

WIFE—Love of a.

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learnèd by much art;
Some knowledge on her side, will all my life
More scope of conversation impart,
Besides her inborn virtue fortify.
They are most firmly good that best know why.
. . . . . .
As good and wise; so be she fit for me;
That is, to will, and not to will, the same.
My wife is my adopted self, and she
As me, so what I love, to love must frame:
For when by marriage, both in one concur,
Woman converts to man, not man to her.
Sir Thomas Overbury.

WIFE—A Perfect.

Eyes not down-dropp'd, nor over bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity:
. . Locks not wide dispread,
Madonna-wise, on either side her head;
Sweet lips, whereon perpetually did reign
The summer-calm of golden charity,
Were fixèd shadows of thy fixèd mood,
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihood.
. . . . . .
A courage to endure and to obey—
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, through all her placid life,
The queen of marriage—a most perfect wife.
Tennyson.

WIFE—Rule of a.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.
Ben Jonson.

WIFE—Spirit of a.

As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
Shakspeare.

WIFE—A True.

Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it incline. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. *Ibid.*

WIFE—Unkindness to a.

Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,

Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. *Shakspeare.*

WILL—Energy of.

My maxims are, never to begin a book without finishing it, never to consider it finished without knowing it, and to study with a whole mind. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it you will for your whole life have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and act upon that determination. I hold as doctrine, to which I owe, not much indeed, but all the little I ever had, viz., that, with ordinary talent and extraordinary perseverance, all things are attainable.
Sir T. F. Buxton.

The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them. *Rowe.*

WILL—How to Execute a.

But not to trouble you with nice distinctions, I advise you to make your will in the following manner:—Take care that if written on several separate sheets of paper, they are all fastened together, and that the pages are numbered. Sign your name at the bottom of each sheet, and state at the end of your will of how many pages your will consists. If there are any erasures or interlineations, put your initials in the margin opposite to them, and notice them in the attestation. The attestation should be already written at the end of the will. . . . The two persons intended to be the witnesses should be called in, and told that you desire them to witness your will, and then you should sign your name in their presence, and desire them each to look at the signature. Your signature should follow your will, but should precede the signatures of the witnesses, for if you were to sign after they have signed, your will would be void. When, therefore, you have signed, they should sign their names and residences at the foot of the attestation. You will observe, that according to the attestation, neither of the witnesses, although he has signed the attestation, should leave the room until the other witness has signed also. Remember that they must both sign in your presence, and therefore you should not allow them to go into another room to sign, or even into any recess, or any other part of the same room where it is possible that you may not be able to see them sign. If, therefore, you do not choose them to sign after you at the same table or desk, have a table placed close to you before they come into the room, so as to create no confusion, at which they can and ought to sign before leaving the room. If you were to send your servant, who happened to be one of your intended witnesses, out of the room, even for a table, he must leave the room before you sign. If after your death a question were to arise upon the fact of your having signed in the presence of both of the witnesses present at the same time, the man would of course admit that he left the room before you did sign, and then imagine what reliance would be placed upon that fact in cross-examination, and in the address to the jury. The precaution which I recommend would prevent this difficulty from arising. *Lord St. Leonards.*

WILL—A Good.

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will, which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect; if ill-disposed, will, by the superinduction of ill habits, quickly deface it. *South.*

WILL—Might of the.

A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul,
As, ghost-like, from the dim and tumbling sea
Starts the completed moon. *Alexander Smith.*

WILL—Obedience of the.

Oh! be my will so swallow'd up in Thine,
That I may do *Thy* will in doing *mine.*
Hannah More.

WILL—Power of the.

O well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.
But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever after weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still,
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill.
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.
Tennyson.

WILL—Responsibility of the.

No action will be considered as blameless unless the will was so; for by the will the act was dictated. *Seneca.*

WILL—Responsibility of the.

God takes men's hearty desires and will, instead of the deed, where they have not power to fulfil it; but He never took the bare deed instead of the will. *Baxter.*

The inward principle to the outward act, is as the kernel to the shell; but yet, in the first place, the shell is necessary for the kernel, and that by which it is commonly known; and in the next place, as the shell comes first, and the kernel grows gradually, and hardens within it, so it is with the moral principle in man. Legality precedes morality in every individual, even as the Jewish dispensation preceded the Christian in the education of the world at large. When may the will be taken for the deed? When the will is the obedience of the whole man; when the will is, in fact, the deed, that is, all the deed in our power. In every other case, it is bending the bow without shooting the arrow. The bird of Paradise gleams on the lofty branch, and the man takes aim and draws the tough yew into a crescent with might and main! and lo! there is never an arrow on the string! *Coleridge.*

WILLS—Advice respecting.

What you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs. *Osborn.*

WIND—Combat of the.

Seas are the fields of combat for the winds;
But when they sweep along some flowery coast,
Their wings move mildly, and their rage is lost. *Dryden.*

WIND—Howlings of the.

A wailing, rushing sound, which shook the walls as though a giant's hand were on them; then a hoarse roar, as if the sea had risen; then such a whirl and tumult, that the air seemed mad; and then, with a lengthened howl, the waves of wind swept on. *Dickens.*

WIND—Kisses of the.

The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf. *Longfellow.*

WINDS—Trade.

A mighty wind,
Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,
But deep, majestic, in its destined course,
Sprung with unerring, unrelenting force,
From the bright east. Tides duly ebb'd and flow'd;
Stars rose and set, and new horizons glow'd;
Yet still it blew! as with primeval sway,
Still did its ample spirit, night and day,
Move on the waters? *Rogers.*

WINDS—Voices of the.

Not all the whispers that the soft winds utter
Speak earthly things.
There mingleth there, sometimes, a gentle flutter
Of angels' wings. *Amy Lothrop.*

WINE—Definition of.

Wine is a turncoat; first a friend, and then an enemy. *Fielding.*

WINE—Various Effects of.

Brisk wine some hearts inspires with gladness,
And makes some droop in sober sadness;
Makes politicians sound to battle,
And lovers of their mistress prattle;
While with "potations pottle deep"
It lulls the serious sot to sleep. *Horace.*

WINE—Qualities of.

Wine is like anger; for it makes us strong,
Blind and impatient, and it leads us wrong;
The strength is quickly lost, we feel the error long. *Crabbe.*

WINTER—Accompaniments of.

A man is infinitely mistaken who thinks there is nothing worth seeing in winter-time out of doors, because the sun is not warm and the streets are muddy. Let him get, by dint of good exercise, out of the streets, and he shall find enough. In the warm neighbourhood of towns he may still watch the fieldfares, thrushes, and blackbirds; the titmouse, seeking its food through the straw thatch; the redwings, fieldfares, skylarks, and titlarks, upon the same errand, over wet meadows; the sparrows and yellowhammers, still beautiful though mute, gleaning from the straw and chaff in farmyards; and the ringdove, always poetical, coming for her meal to the ivy-berries. About rapid streams he may see the various habits and movements of herons and woodcocks, wild ducks, and other waterfowl, who are obliged to quit the frozen marshes to seek their food there. The redbreast comes to the windows, and often into the house itself, to be rewarded for its song, and its far-famed "painful" obsequies to the Children in the Wood. *Hone.*

Pale, rugged Winter, bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropp'd with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light, congeal'd and dead,
His robe, a tinge of light ethereal blue!

His train, a motley, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor;
While rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.
Chatterton.

WINTER—Bitterness of.

Ah! bitter chill it was;
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold. *Keats.*

WINTER—Desolation of.

'Tis done: dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies:
How dumb the tuneful: Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. *Thomson.*

WINTER—Nights in.

Blest winter nights, when as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family,
With soft domestic arts, the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk, that starts no tim'rous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
Or through the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engaged, and all that strikes humanity,
Till, lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while o'er the light repast,
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
And through the maze of conversation trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Armstrong.

WINTER—Season of.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail.
Shakspeare.

WISDOM—Attainment of.

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop,
Than when we soar. *Wordsworth.*

WISDOM—Attributes of.

Most certainly that superior wisdom which corrects, reproves, and informs man against his own inclination, can be no part of himself.
Fenelon.

WISDOM—Brightness of.

Wisdom, blest beam!
The brightness of the everlasting light!
The spotless mirror of the power of God!

The reflex image of th' all-perfect Mind!
A stream translucent, flowing from the source
Of Glory Infinite! A cloudless light!
Defilement cannot touch, nor sin pollute
Her unstain'd purity! *Hannah More.*

WISDOM—End of.

The end of wisdom is consultation and deliberation. *Demosthenes.*

WISDOM—Happiness of.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,—
What is she but the means of happiness?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool.
Young.

WISDOM—Influence of.

Perhaps there is in wisdom, gentle wisdom,
That knows our frailties, therefore can forgive,
Some healing comfort for a guilty mind,
Some power to charm it into peace again,
And bid it smile anew with right affection.
Thomson.

WISDOM—Lessons of.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours;—we are dead to yesterday, and are not born to to-morrow. *Jeremy Taylor.*

WISDOM—Objects of.

The wise man, says the Bible, walks with God,
Surveys far on the endless line of life;
Values his soul, thinks of eternity;
Both worlds considers, and provides for both;
With reason's eye his passions guards; abstains
From evil; lives on hope; on hope, the fruit
Of faith; looks upward, purifies his soul,
Expands his wings, and mounts into the sky;
Passes the sun, and gains his Father's house,
And drinks with angels from the fount of bliss.
Pollok.

WISDOM—Four Parts of.

Perfect wisdom hath four parts, viz.; wisdom, the principle of doing things aright; justice, the principle of doing things equally in public and private; fortitude, the principle of not flying danger, but meeting it; and temperance, the principle of subduing desires, and living moderately. *Plato.*

WISDOM—only in Piety.

Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, I have learned from thence this truth, which I desire might thus be communicated to posterity:—that all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.
Evelyn's Epitaph, by himself.

WISDOM—Points of.

The first point of wisdom is to discern that which is false; the second, to know that which is true. *Lactantius.*

WISDOM—Possession of.

'Tis not yet too late;
Seize Wisdom ere 'tis torment to be wise;
That is, seize Wisdom ere she seizes thee.
Young.

WISDOM—Proofs of.

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk; and to make our words and actions all of a colour. *Seneca.*

WISDOM—Qualities of.

Call him wise whose actions, words, and steps are all a clear *because* to a clear *why*.
Lavater.

Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions. *E. Grymestone.*

WISDOM—Rarity of.

There is not a man in the world but desires to be, or to be thought to be, a wise man; and yet if he considered how little he contributes himself thereunto, he might wonder to find himself in any tolerable degree of understanding. *Clarendon.*

WISDOM—Solitude of.

Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
Milton.

WISDOM—Sublimity of.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living, which are to be desired when dying. *Jeremy Taylor.*

WISDOM—Superiority of.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. *Shakspeare.*

WISDOM—Talents of.

Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasures at the cheapest rate. *Fielding.*

WISDOM—True.

I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil. *St. Paul.*

Who are the wise?
They who have govern'd with a self-control,
Each wild and baneful passion of the soul—
Curb'd the strong impulse of all fierce desires,
But kept alive affection's purer fires;
They who have pass'd the labyrinth of life,
Without one hour of weakness or of strife;
Prepared each change of fortune to endure,
Humble though rich, and dignified though poor—
Skill'd in the latent movements of the heart—
Learn'd in the lore which nature can impart—
Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud
Which sees the "silver lining" of the cloud,
Looking for good in all beneath the skies:—
These are the truly wise!
Prince.

Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.
Solomon.

WISDOM—of the Wise.

The wise man is but a clever infant spelling letters from a hierographical prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity. *Carlyle.*

WISDOM AND COURAGE—Need of.

He that would undertake great enterprises, hath need of wisdom and courage; wisdom to contrive, and courage to execute; wisdom to guide his courage, and courage to second his wisdom; both which, if they meet with a good cause, cannot but succeed. *Bishop Hall.*

WISDOM AND FOLLY—contrasted.

On folly's lips eternal talkings dwell;
Wisdom speaks little, but that little well;
So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray,
But shorter shadows mark meridian day.
Bishop.

WISHES—Evil of.

It is a fearful mistake to believe, that, because our wishes are not accomplished, they can do no harm. *Gertrude.*

WISHES—Uncertainty of.

I respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labour on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.
Goethe.

WISHING—Folly of.

Why wish for more?
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst,—
Philosophy's reverse, and health's decay.
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to thin shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-sea dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor:
Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool,
Caught at a court, purged off by purer air
And simpler diet. *Young.*

WIT—Characteristics of.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
Pope.

WIT—Consciousness in.

There is a perfect consciousness in every form of wit—using that term in its general sense—that its essence consists in a partial and incomplete view of whatever it touches. It throws a single ray, separated from the rest—red, yellow, blue, or any intermediate shade—upon an object; never white light; that is the province of wisdom. We get beautiful effects from wit—all the prismatic colours—but never the object as it is in fair daylight. A pun, which is a kind of wit, is a different and much shallower trick in mental optics; throwing the *shadows* of two objects so that one overlies the other. Poetry uses the rainbow tints for special effects, but always keeps its essential object in the purest white light of truth. *Holmes.*

WIT—defined.

Wit—the pupil of the soul's clear eye.
Sir John Davies.

Wit, written, is that which is well defined the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. *Dryden.*

Wit, to be well defined, must be defined by wit itself; then 'twill be worth listening to.
Zimmerman.

WIT—Folly of.

Some people seem born with a head in which the thin partition that divides great wit from folly is wanting. *Southey.*

What may silence wisdom will but provoke wit, whose ambition it is to say most where least is to be said. You may as well attempt to silence an echo by the strength of voice, as a wit by the force of reason. They both are but the louder for it; they both will have the last word. How often hear we men with great ingenuity supporting folly! that is, by wit destroying wisdom; as the same sort of men by pleasure destroy happiness; prone to draw evil out of good, and set things at variance which, by nature, are allies. Happiness and pleasure, as wisdom and wit, are each other's friends or foes; and if foes, of foes the worst. Well-chosen pleasure is a branch of happiness; well-judging wit is a flower of wisdom; but when these petty subalterns set up for themselves, and counteract their principals, one makes a greater wretch, and the other a grosser fool, than could exist without them; pleasure *then* calls for our compassion, and wit for our contempt. Of how many might the names have slept in safety, had not their unlucky parts awakened a just clamour against them!
Young.

WIT—Love of.

I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment.
Ben Jonson.

WIT—when Proper.

It is when it enlightens the intellect by good sense, conveyed in jocular expression; when it infringes neither on religion, charity, and justice, nor on peace; when it maintains good humour, sweetens conversation, and makes the endearments of society more captivating; when it exposes what is vile and base to contempt; when it reclaims the vicious, and laughs them into virtue; when it answers what is below refutation; when it replies to obloquy; when it counterbalances the fashion of error and vice, playing off their own weapons of ridicule against them; when it adorns truth; when it follows great examples; when it is not used upon subjects improper for it, or in a manner unbecoming, in measure intemperate, at an undue season, or to a dangerous end.
Barrow.

WIT—Provoking.

He who has provoked the shaft of wit, cannot complain that he smarts from it.
Johnson.

WIT—Pungency of.

Wit is a mighty tart, pungent ingredient, and much too acid for some stomachs.
Washington Irving.

WIT—never makes Rich.

Wit will never make a man rich; but there are places where riches will always make a wit.
Johnson.

WIT—a Talent.

Wit, as it implies a certain uncommon reach and vivacity of thought, is an excellent talent,

very fit to be employed in the search of truth, and very capable of assisting to discern and embrace it. *Bishop Burnet.*

WIT—Use of.

All things are big with jest, nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.
Herbert.

Wit should be used as a shield for defence, rather than as a sword to wound others.
Fuller.

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,
But are not, therefore, fit for all alike;
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
And raise a foe as often as a friend;
Like the resistless beams of blazing light,
That cheer the strong, and pain the weakly sight. *Stillingfleet.*

WIT—inferior to Wisdom.

Be rather wise than witty; for much wit hath commonly much froth, and 'tis hard to jest, and not sometimes jeer too; which many times sink deeper than was intended or expected; and what was designed for mirth ends in sadness. *Caleb Trenchild.*

WIT—without Wisdom.

That is not wit which consists not with wisdom.
South.

WITCH—Description of the.

At length in murmurs hoarse her voice was heard;
Her voice beyond all plants, all magic, fear'd,
And by the lowest Stygian gods revered.
Her gabbling tongue a muttering tone confounds,
Discordant, and unlike to human sounds;
It seem'd of dogs the bark, of wolves the howl;
The doleful screechings of the midnight owl;
The hiss of snakes, the hungry lion's roar;
The sound of billows beating on the shore;
The groan of winds among the leafy wood,
And burst of thunder from the rending cloud;—
'Twas these, all these in one. *Rowe.*

WITCH—Evil Influences of the.

What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not;
I conjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me.
Shakspeare.

WOE—Pangs of.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
And truth denies all eloquence to woe.
Byron.

WOE—Picture of.

Sorrow, that like an ocean, dark, deep, rough,
And shoreless, roll'd its billows o'er the soul
Perpetually, and without hope of end. *Pollok.*

WOMAN—Amiability of.

She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.
Shakspeare.

WOMAN—Attributes of.

The woman's cause is man's. They rise or sink
Together. Dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free;
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? . . . Let her be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood;
For woman is not undevelop'd man,
But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness, and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
More as the double-natured poet, each;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.
Tennyson.

WOMAN—Lovely Attributes of.

O, what makes woman lovely? Virtue, faith,
And gentleness in suffering; an endurance
Through scorn or trial: these call beauty forth,
Give it the stamp celestial, and admit it
To sisterhood with angels! *Brent.*

WOMAN—Beauty of.

Woman may be said almost to enjoy the monopoly of personal beauty. A good-humoured writer thus defines her position in this respect as contrasted with the opposite sex: If you, ladies, are much handsomer than we, it is but just you should acknowledge that we have helped you, by voluntarily making ourselves ugly. Your superiority in beauty is made up of two things: first, the care which you take to increase your charms; secondly, the zeal which we have shown to heighten them by the contrast of our finished ugliness—the shadow which we supply to your sunshine. Your long, pliant, wavy tresses, are all the more beautiful because we cut our hair short; your hands are all the whiter, smaller, and more delicate, because we reserve to ourselves those toils and exercises which make the hands large and hard. We have devoted entirely to your use flowers, feathers, ribbons, jewellery, silks, gold and silver embroidery. Still more to increase the difference between the sexes, which is your greatest charm, and to give you the handsome share, we have divided with you the hues of nature. To you we have given the colours that are rich and splendid, or soft and harmonious; for ourselves, we have kept those that are dark and dead. We have given you sun and light; we have kept night and darkness. *Doran.*

WOMAN—Characteristics of.

There is beauty in the helplessness of woman. The clinging trust which searches for extraneous support is graceful and touching. Timidity is the attribute of her sex; but to herself it is not without its dangers, its inconveniences, and its sufferings. Her first effort at comparative freedom is bitter enough; for the delicate mind shrinks from every unaccustomed contact, and the warm and gushing heart closes itself, like the blossom of the sensitive plant, at every approach. Man may at once determine his position, and assert his place; woman has hers to seek; and, alas! I fear me, that however she may appear to turn a calm brow and a quiet lip to the crowd through which she makes her way, that brow throbs and that lip quivers to the last; until, like a wounded bird, she can once more wing her way to the tranquil home where the drooping head will be fondly raised, and the fluttering heart laid to rest. The dependance of woman in the common affairs of life is, nevertheless, rather the effect of custom than necessity. We have many and brilliant proofs that where need is, she can be sufficient to herself, and play her part in the great drama of existence with credit, if not with comfort. The yearnings of her solitary spirit, the outgushings of her shrinking sensibility, the cravings of her alienated heart, are indulged only in the quiet holiness of her solitude. The world sees not, guesses not the conflict; and in the ignorance of others lies her strength. The secret of her weakness is hidden in the depths of her own bosom; and she moves on, amid the heat and the hurry of existence, and with a seal set upon her nature, to be broken only by fond and loving hands, or dissolved in the tears of recovered home affection. *Bethmont.*

WOMAN—A Cheerful.

She was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,
Which, if not happiness, is much more nigh it
Than are your mighty passions. *Byron.*

WOMAN—a Contradiction.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman 's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best works, forms but a softer man. *Pope.*

WOMAN—Creation of.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O. *Burns.*

WOMAN—Description of.

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom, in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed. *Milton.*

WOMAN—Devotedness of.

There is one in the world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honour, more than in any which is one's own; there is one on whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faith-

fully than one's own; there is one who loses all sense of *self* in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness, and devotion to another;—that one is woman. *Washington Irving.*

I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself:
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something: which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord. *Shakspeare.*

WOMAN—Dignity of.

A celebrated writer says that the ladies insist that it is highly derogatory from the dignity of the sex that the poet should affirm that it is the perfection of the character of a wife

"To study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."

Now, according to my notion of "household good," which does not include one idea of drudgery, or servility, but which involves a large and comprehensive scheme of excellence, I will venture to affirm, that, let any woman know what she may, yet, if she knows not this, she is ignorant of the most indispensable, the most appropriate branch of female knowledge. Without it, however she may inspire admiration abroad, she will never excite esteem, nor insure durable affection, at home; and will bring neither credit nor comfort to her ill-starred partner. The domestic arrangements of such a woman as filled the capacious mind of the poet, resemble, if I may say it without profaneness, those of Providence, whose under-agent she is: her wisdom is seen in its effects; indeed, it is rather felt than seen; it is sensibly acknowledged in the peace, the happiness, the virtue of component parts; in the order, regularity, and beauty of the whole system, of which she is the moving spring. The perfection of her character, as the divine poet intimates, does not arise from a prominent quality, or a showy talent, or a brilliant accomplishment; but it is the beautiful combination and result of them all. Her excellences consist not so much in acts as in habits, in

"Those thousand decencies which daily flow
From all her words and actions."

A description more calculated than any I ever met with to convey an idea of the purest conduct, resulting from the best principles; it gives an image of that tranquillity, smoothness, and quiet beauty, which is the very essence of perfection in a wife. *Hannah More.*

WOMAN—Duties of.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes. *Goldsmith.*

WOMAN—Elevation of.

The Christian religion alone contemplates the conjugal union in the order of nature; it is the only religion which presents woman to man as a companion; every other abandons her to him as a slave. To religion alone do European women owe the liberty they enjoy; and from the liberty of women that of nations has flowed, accompanied with the proscription of many inhuman usages diffused over all the other parts of the world; such as slavery, seraglios, and eunuchs. *Pierre.*

WOMAN—Eye of.

A lamp is lit in woman's eye
That souls else lost on earth remember angels by. *Willis.*

WOMAN—A Good.

Soft as the memory of buried love!
Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above,
Was she. *Byron.*

WOMAN—A Heartless.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a woman with no heart will be an easy creditor in the exchange of affection. There is not on earth a more merciless exacter of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman; and the more unlovely she grows, the more jealously and scrupulously she exacts love to the uttermost farthing. *Mrs. Stowe.*

WOMAN—Influence of.

If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a state, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A wife!—a mother!—two magical words, comprising the sweetest source of man's felicity. Theirs is a reign of beauty, of love, of reason,—always a reign! A man takes counsel with his wife, he obeys his mother; he obeys her long after she has ceased to live; and the ideas which he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passions. *Aime Martin.*

Burns says with gloomy grandeur, "There is a foggy atmosphere native to my soul in the hour of care which makes the dreary objects seem larger than life." He who suffers thus cannot be relieved by any appliances save those that touch the heart—the homelier the more sanative—and none so sure as a wife's affectionate ways, quietly moving about the house affairs, which, insignificant as they are in themselves, are felt to be little truthful realities that banish those monstrous phantoms, showing them to be but glooms and shadows. *Professor Wilson.*

Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dewdrops, whose lustre illumines the thorn,
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
Where no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast;
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart;
'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confess'd,
From woman receives both refinement and zest;
And adorn'd by the bay, or enwreath'd with the willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow. *Moore.*

There is a bud in life's dark wilderness,
Whose beauties charm, whose fragrance soothes distress:
There is a beam in life's o'erclouded sky,
That gilds the starting tear it cannot dry:
That flower, that lonely beam, on Eden's grove
Shed the full sweets and heavenly light of love.
Alas! that aught so fair could lead astray
Man's wavering foot from duty's thornless way.
Yet, lovely woman! yet thy winning smile,
That caused our cares, can every care beguile;
And thy soft hand amid the maze of ill
Can rear one blissful bower of Eden still.
To his low mind thy worth is all unknown,
Who deems thee pleasure's transient toy alone:
But oh! how most deceived, whose creed hath given
Thine earthly charms a rival band in heaven!
Yet thou hast charms that time may not dispel,
Whose deathless bloom shall glow where angels dwell:
Thy pitying tear in joy shall melt away,
Like morn's bright dew beneath the solar ray:
Thy warm and generous faith, thy patience meek,
That plants a smile where pain despoils the cheek;
The balm that virtue mingles here below
To mitigate thy cup of earthly woe—
These shall remain, when sorrow's self is dead,
When sex decays, and passion's stain is fled.
Hamilton Sidney Beresford.

The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels in its barrenness some touch of Spring,
And in the April dew, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichens freshen and revive—
And thus the heart most sear'd to human pleasure,
Melts at the tear, joys at the smile of woman.
Sir Joseph Beaumont.

Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments.
Saville.

Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into

the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart. I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children: if you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." *Washington Irving.*

WOMAN—Kindness in.

Kindness in woman, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love. ____ *Shakspeare.*

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou! *Sir Walter Scott.*

WOMAN—Lot of.

Woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and, if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate. How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of her heart has failed—the great charm of her existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, "dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some casual indisposition that laid her low; but no one knows the mental malady that sapped her strength and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

____ *Washington Irving.*

One only care your gentle breast should move—
Th' important business of your life is love.
Lord Lyttelton.

WOMAN—Loveliness of.

Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,—
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love. *Otway.*

WOMAN—Mission of.

'Tis thine to curb the passions madd'ning sway,
And wipe the mourner's bitter tear away:
'Tis thine to soothe, when hope itself has fled,
And cheer with angel smile the sufferer's bed:
To give to earth its charm, to life its zest,
One only task—to bless, and to be blest.
Graham.

WOMAN—Need of.

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No: the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow from the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.
Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph, lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the listening air:
In vain the wild bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd:
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stay.
The world was sad! the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd — till woman smiled!
Campbell.

WOMAN—Perfection of.

A beautiful and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God, the true glory of angels, the rare miracle of earth, and the sole wonder of the world. *Hermes.*

WOMAN—to be Respected.

The man who bears an honourable mind,
Will scorn to treat a woman lawlessly.
Shakspeare.

WOMAN—the first and last Solace.

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast:
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them. *Byron.*

WOMAN—Surliness unbecoming in.

Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
Shakspeare.

WOMAN—Tears of.

Oh! too convincing-dangerously dear,
In woman's eye, the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.
Avoid it, virtue ebbs and wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and made a hero fly?—
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye. *Byron.*

WOMAN—Temper of.

Happy the man on whose marriage hearth temper smiles kind from the eyes of woman! "No deity present," saith the heathen proverb, "where absent—prudence"—no joy long a guest where peace is not a dweller. Peace, so like faith, that they may be taken for each other, and poets have clad them with the same veil. But in childhood, in early youth, expect not the changeless green of the cedar. Wouldst thou distinguish fine temper from spiritless dulness, from cold simulation—ask less what the temper, than what the disposition. Is the nature sweet and trustful, is it free from the morbid self-love which calls itself "sensitive feeling," and frets at imaginary offences—is the tendency to be grateful for kindness—yet take kindness meekly, and accept as a benefit what the vain call a due? From dispositions thus blessed, sweet temper will come forth to gladden thee, spontaneous and free. Quick with some, with some slow, word and look emerge out of the heart. Be thy first question, "Is the heart itself generous and tender?" If it be so self-control comes with deepening affection. Call not that a good heart which, hastening to sting if a fibre be ruffled, cries. "I am no hypocrite," Accept that excuse, and revenge becomes virtue. But where the heart, if it give the offence, pines till it win back the pardon; if offended itself, bounds forth to forgive, ever longing to soothe, ever grieved if it wound; then be sure that its nobleness will need but few trials of pain in each outbreak, to refine and chastise its expression. Fear not then; be but noble thyself, thou art safe!
Bulwer Lytton.

WOMAN—Voice of.

There is one part of woman's education often forgotten or neglected—the culture and formation of a gentle voice. It is a great gift of nature, to be aided by culture—an instrument of powerful influence for good. I speak not of singing hymns now, and of culture for harmony and musical purposes, though these tend to God's praise, or to give innocent amusement, but this gentle voice will be able to guide and persuade to good the manly heart of a faithful husband, will mitigate sorrow, lessen trial, and speak of hope and joy to her dearest friends and connexions, in accents at once powerful and pleasing. Let us then be careful in our schools to cultivate this most valuable acquirement. How different, in all respects, for a family, for friends and neighbours, are the kind, gentle, persuasive accents I have described, from sounds we sometimes (alas! too often) hear in the close abodes of poverty and trial—high, harsh, female treble tones of bitter import, scolding and reproaching, and driving away from the hearth and home (perhaps to sorrow and to sin) the husband and the children. *Slaney.*

WOMEN—Activities of.

When the *men* of Israel bowed in helplessness before Pharoah, two *women* spurned his edicts and refused his behests. A *father* made no effort to save the infant Moses, but a *mother's* care hid him while concealment was possible, and a *sister* watched over his preservation when exposed on the river's brink. To *woman* was intrusted the charge of providing for the perils and the wants of the wilderness; and in the hour of triumph. *woman's* voice was loudest in the acclaim of joy that ascended to heaven from an emancipated nation. *Bellew.*

WOMEN—Three Characteristics of.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;

'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty, that makes them seem divine!
Shakspeare.

WOMEN—Description of.

They are the books, the arts, the academies, that show, contain, and nourish all the world.
Ibid.

WOMEN—terrestrial Divinities.

Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind. *Hargrave.*

WOMEN—Excellency of.

How little do lovely women know what awful beings they are in the eyes of inexperienced youth! Young men brought up in the fashionable circles of our cities will smile at this. Accustomed to mingle incessantly in female society, and to have the romance of the heart deadened by a thousand frivolous flirtations, women are nothing but women in their eyes; but to a susceptible youth like myself, brought up in the country, they are perfect divinities. *Washington Irving.*

WOMEN—Things Hated by.

Falsehood and cowardice
Are things that women highly hold in hate.
Shakspeare.

WOMEN—Hint to.

I have found that the men who are really the most fond of the ladies—who cherish for them the highest respect—are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung—who make words supply the places of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment—are their favourites. A due respect for women leads to respectful action towards them, and respect is mistaken by them for neglect or want of love. *Addison.*

WOMEN—Judgment of.

In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of our church, he made this fine observation: "We will say nothing of the manner in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the *intuitive judgments of women* are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning." No man that has an intelligent wife, or who is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Times without number you must have known them decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been poring over for hours, perhaps, with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of doubts and difficulties. It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than by a sort of sagacity which approximates to the sure instinct of the animal races; and yet there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that, when a man has toiled, step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to *tell how she got there.* How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife, stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her. *Boardman.*

WOMEN—Kindliness of.

I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform an hospitable or generous action; not haughty or arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous, more liable in general to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions, than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and, to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.
Layard.

WOMEN—Piety of.

I have ofttimes noted, when women receive the doctrine of the Gospel, they are far more fervent in faith, they hold to it more stiff and fast than men do; as we see in the loving

Magdalen, who was more hearty and bold than Peter. *Luther.*

WOMEN—Power of.

Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the morals. Free or subjugated, they reign, because they hold possession of our passions. But their influence is more or less salutary, according to the degree of esteem which is granted them. Whether they are our idols or companions, courtesans or beasts of burthen, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if Nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect our morality with their virtue. This, therefore, is a law of eternal justice: man cannot degrade woman without himself falling into degradation; he cannot raise them without himself becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe those two great divisions of the human race, the East and the West. One half of the ancient world remains without progress or thought, and under the load of a barbarous cultivation; women there are slaves. The other half advances toward freedom and light: the women are loved and honoured. *Martin.*

WOMEN—Unmarried.

I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be-married women nowadays; and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on this earth than an unmarried woman, who makes her own way through life quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother; and who retains in her possession a well-regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and willingness to relieve want as far as her means extend.

Charlotte Bronté.

WOMEN—Usefulness of.

Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work.

Cobbett.

WONDER—Cause of.

All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance. *Johnson.*

WONDER—Character of.

Wonder is a pause of reason, a sudden cessation of the mental progress, which lasts only while the understanding is fixed upon some single idea, and is at an end when it recovers force enough to divide the object into its parts, or mark the intermediate gradations from the first agent to the last consequence.

Johnson.

WONDERS—in Creation.

In wonder all philosophy began, in wonder it ends, and admiration fills up the interspace; but the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance, the last is the parent of adoration.

Coleridge.

WOOD—on the Mountain-side.

Mark the sable woods
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow,
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake
Th' Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pausing eye. *Akenside.*

WOOD—Silence of the.

The nunneries of silent nooks,
The murmur'd longing of the wood. *Lowell.*

WORD—A Good.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing. *Tillotson.*

WORD—A Seasonable.

A word spoken in due season, how good is it!

Solomon.

He who seldom speaks, and with one calm well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious, is a genius or a hero. *Lavater.*

WORDS—Abuse of.

Among the sources of those innumerable calamities which from age to age have overwhelmed mankind, may be reckoned as one of the principal, the abuse of words.

Bishop Horne.

WORDS—Caution respecting.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words once spoke can never be recall'd. *Roscommon.*

WORDS—Definition of.

Words are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools. *Hobbes.*

Words are the wings of actions. *Lavater.*

WORDS—Fickleness of.

Words, those fickle daughters of the earth, are the creation of a being that is finite, and

when applied to explain that which is infinite, they fail; for that which is made, surpasses not the maker; nor can that which is immeasurable by our thoughts, be measured by our tongues. *Colton.*

WORDS—Hastiness in.

Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him. *Solomon.*

WORDS—Importance of.

Words are often everywhere as the minute hands of the soul, more important than even the hour-hands of actions. *Richter.*

WORDS—Slang Phraseology of

The point to which I have to direct attention is manliness in speech. There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother, the swell mob, has a language of its own; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words, threatening the entire extinction of genuine English. Now, just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility he does it on his own "hook." If he sees anything remarkably good he calls it a "stunner," the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill he is asked if he will "stand Sam." If he meets a savage-looking dog he calls him an "ugly customer." If he meets an eccentric man he calls him a "rummy old cove." A sensible man is a "chap that is up to snuff." Our young friend never scolds, but "blows up;" never pays, but "stumps up;" never finds it difficult to pay, but is "hard up;" never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts"—he "slopes"—he "mizzles"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks"—he "makes tracks"—he "cuts his stick"—or, what is the same thing, he "cuts his lucky!" The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," and "the needful," "the rhino," and the "ready." When a man speaks he "spouts"—when he holds his peace he "shuts up;" when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small." Now, a good deal of this slang is harmless; many of the terms are, I think, very expressive; yet there is much in slang that is objectionable. *Arthur Mursell.*

WORDS—Pleasant.

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. *Solomon.*

WORDS—Power of.

There is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will; a word—a look, which at one time would make no impression—at another time wounds the heart; and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarcely have reached the object aimed at. *Sterne.*

Men suppose that their reason has command over their words, still it happens that words in return exercise authority on reason. *Bacon.*

Cast forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove, perhaps, alas, as a hemlock forest, after a thousand years. *Carlyle.*

Apt words have power to 'suage
The tumults of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fester'd wounds. *Milton.*

WORDS—Value of.

Learn the value of a man's words and expressions, and you know him. Each man has a measure of his own for everything. This he offers you, inadvertently, in his words. He who has a superlative for everything, wants a measure for the great or small. *Lavater.*

WORDS—Wise.

Words make truth to spangle, and its rays to shine. *Bunyan.*

WORK—Majesty of.

The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it. *Carlyle.*

WORK—Power of.

"To show capacity," a Frenchman described as the end of a speech in debate; "No," said

an Englishman, "but to set your shoulder at the wheel, to advance the business." Sir S. Romilly refused to speak in popular assemblies, confining himself to the House of Commons, where a measure can be carried by a speech. The business of the House of Commons is conducted by a few persons, but these are hard-worked. Sir Robert Peel "knew the Blue Books by heart." His colleagues and rivals carry Hansard in their heads. The high civil and legal offices are not beds of ease, but posts which exact frightful amounts of mental labour. Many of the great leaders, like Pitt, Canning, Castlereagh, Romilly, are soon worked to death. They are excellent judges in England of a good worker, and when they find one, like Clarendon, Sir Philip Warwick, Sir William Coventry, Ashley, Burke, Thurlow, Mansfield, Pitt, Eldon, Peel, or Russell, there is nothing too good or too high for him.

Emerson.

WORKS—Good.

Good works may exist *without* saving principles, and therefore cannot contain in themselves the principles of salvation; but saving principles never did, never can exist without good works. Men often talk against faith, and make strange monsters, in their imagination of those who profess to abide by the words of the apostle interpreted literally, and yet in their ordinary feelings, they themselves judge and act by a similar principle. For what is love without kind offices whenever they are possible? (and they are always possible, if not by actions, commonly so called, yet by kind words, by kind looks, and where these are out of our power, by kind thoughts and fervent prayers!) yet what noble mind would not be offended, if he were supposed to value the serviceable offices equally with the love that produced them; or if he were thought to value the love for the sake of the services, and not the services for the sake of the love? *Coleridge.*

When thy hand hath done a good act, ask thy heart whether it was well done. *Fuller.*

WORKS (Good)—Beginning of.

The confession of evil works is the first beginning of good works. *Augustine.*

WORKING AND TALKING.

By work you yet money, by talk you get knowledge. *Haliburton.*

WORKMEN—Overseeing of.

Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open. *Franklin.*

WORLD—Attachment to the.

A Pagan moralist hath represented the folly of an attachment to this world, almost as strongly as a Christian could express it. "Thou art a passenger," says he, "and thy ship hath put into a harbour for a few hours. The tide and the wind serve, and the pilot calls thee to depart, and thou art amusing thyself, and gathering shells and pebbles on the shore, till they set sail without thee." So is every Christian, who, being upon his voyage to a happy eternity, delays, and loiters, and thinks, and acts, as if he were to dwell here for ever.

Jortin.

WORLD—Contentedness with the.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.

Southey.

WORLD—not to be Despised.

They take very unprofitable pains who endeavour to persuade men that they are obliged wholly to despise this world and all that is in it, even whilst they themselves live here: God hath not taken all that pains in forming, framing, furnishing, and adorning this world, that they who were made by Him to live in it, should despise it; it will be well enough if they do not love it so immoderately, to prefer it before Him who made it.

Lord Clarendon.

WORLD—End of the.

To thousands this is no fiction,—no illusion of an over-heated imagination. To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands, the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here, as it were, in the crypts of life; at times, from the great cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting of the choir; we see the light stream through the open door, when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave, that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of the life eternal? *Longfellow.*

WORLD—Errors of the.

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came. *Ibid.*

WORLD—a Small Parenthesis.

The created world is but a small parenthesis in eternity, and a short interposition for a time, between such a state of duration as was before it, and may be after it.

Sir Thomas Browne.

WORLD—prepared for Pleasure.

All the world by Thee at first was made.
And daily yet Thou dost the same repair:
Nor ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Nor ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
But Thou the same for pleasure didst prepare.

Spenser.

WORLD—Spirit of the.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

Shakspeare.

WORLD—Treatment of the.

The terms *using* the world, or *abusing* it, or, in other words, *Temperance* and *Excess*, are relative expressions, whose signification must be ascertained by the circumstances of the case. For what may be the strictest temperance in one man, may, nevertheless, become a great excess in another, and both the using this world, and the abusing it, must refer to the respective constitution, circumstance, age, or condition, of this or that particular individual.

Thus, for example, he who uses this world properly, and as a wise and good man ought to do, is he who adjusts his enjoyments by the following standard, namely, First, When his expenses are brought within his income. Secondly, When he makes a decent and adequate provision for his family and dependants. Thirdly, When he lays by for contingencies. Fourthly, When he obliges himself to be a good economist, in order to be the better able to provide for the necessities of the poor. Fifthly, When he indulges himself in no gratifications, which may injure either the health of his body, or the faculties of his mind. And lastly, When in all his enjoyments he has a regard to the influence he may have over others, so as to set them no bad or dangerous example.

Now whosoever will limit his pleasures, diversions, or expenses, by these regulations, he is not a luxurious but a temperate man. He doth not abuse the good things of Providence, but rightly uses them, according to the gracious design of the donor. Nay, were he to do less, were he to deny himself such gratifications as can be enjoyed compatibly with these rules, he would not fill the station, nor live up to the rank and character allotted for him. In short, he would be the *covetous man* whom God abhorreth; a man, who, by not using the world enough, does not promote that circulation of labour and industry in it which he ought to do. He is, therefore, injurious to society by a *defect*, as the other is by an *excess*. *Tucker.*

WORLD—Vanity of the.

Ay, beauteous is the world, and many a joy
Floats through its wide dominion. But, alas,
When we would seize the winged good, it flies.
And, step by step, along the path of life
Allures our yearning spirits to the grave.

Goethe.

WORLDLY EMPLOYMENTS—Danger of.

Carry yourself amongst worldly employments as though you were amongst thieves;—they are apt to pick your hearts slily. *Steele.*

WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS.

There is one's trade and one's family, and beyond it seems as if the great demon of worldly-mindedness would hardly allow one to bestow a thought or care. *Matthew Arnold.*

WORSHIP—Family.

The dullest observer must be sensible of the order and serenity prevalent in those households where the occasional exercise of a beautiful form of worship in the morning gives, as it were, the key-note to every temper for the day, and attunes every spirit to harmony.

Washington Irving.

WORSHIP—Object of.

First worship God; he that forgets to pray,
Bids not himself good-morrow, nor good-day.

Randolph.

WORSHIP—Places of.

It is a wise, a salutary, and a laudable provision of the church's discipline, that she sets apart, and consecrates, by solemn religious rites to God's glory, the places which she intends for his worship; and by outward signs of decency and reverence, of majesty and holiness, impresses them with an appropriate character, which, whilst it redounds to the honour of God, operates also with no mean or trivial influence on the minds of His people. Connected with this character, and in some degree generated by it, together with an awful veneration for the great Proprietor, a certain secret sense of serene and holy pleasure is diffused over the pious and meditative mind, as soon as the feet cross the threshold which separates the house of God from common places. We feel with delight that we are on "holy ground;" and a still small voice within, as we draw near to "worship God in the beauty of

holiness," answers in the words of the Apostle at the sight of the "excellent glory," "It is good for us to be here." *Bishop Mant.*

WORTH—to be Appreciated.

To hide true worth from public view,
Is burying diamonds in their mine;
All is not gold that shines, 'tis true;
But all that *is* gold—*ought to shine!* *Bishop.*

WORTH—Appreciation of.

The difficulty is not so great to die for a friend as to find a friend worth dying for. *Home.*

WORTH—Influence of.

Worth begets in base minds envy; in great souls emulation. *Fielding.*

WRITERS—Original.

Every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished. *Wordsworth.*

WRITING—Adaptation of.

As we should adapt the style of our writing to the capacity of the person it is addressed to, so should we our manner of acting; for as persons of inferior understandings will misconceive, and perhaps suspect some sophistry from an elegance of expression which they cannot comprehend; so persons of inferior sentiment will probably mistake the intention, or even suspect a fraud, from a delicacy of acting which they want capacity to feel. *Greville.*

WRITING—Benefits of.

The habit of committing our thoughts to writing is a powerful means of expanding the mind, and producing a logical and systematic arrangement of our views and opinions. It is this which gives the writer a vast superiority, as to the accuracy and extent of his conceptions, over the mere talker. No one can ever hope to know the principles of any art or science thoroughly who does not write as well as read upon the subject. *Blakey.*

Setting down in writing, is a lasting memory. *Fielding.*

WRITING—Originality of.

If you would write to any purpose, you must be perfectly free from within. Give yourself the natural rein; think on no pattern, no patron, no paper, no press, no public; think on nothing, but follow your impulses. Give yourself as you are—what you are, and how you see it. Every man sees with his own eyes, or does not see at all. This is incontrovertibly true. Bring out what you have. If you have nothing, be an honest beggar, rather than a respectable thief. *Emerson.*

WRITING—Style of.

To write well is at once to think well, to feel rightly, and to render properly; it is to have, at the same time, mind, soul, taste. *Buffon.*

A man with a clear head, a good heart, and an honest understanding, will always write well; it is owing either to a muddy head, an evil heart, or a sophisticated intellect, that men write badly, and sin either against reason, or goodness, or sincerity. There may be secrets in painting, but there are none in style. When I have been asked the foolish question what a young man should do who wishes to acquire a good style, my answer has been, that he should never think about it, but say what he has to say as perspicuously as he can, and as briefly as he can, and then the style will take care of itself. *Southey.*

WRONG—Apprehension of.

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered to us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. *Feltham.*

WRONG—Prevalence of.

Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way;
With subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong;
Hark, injured Want recounts the unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Misery pours the unpitied wail. *Burns.*

Y.

YEOMAN—Nobility of the.

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
Shakspeare.

YIELDING—Influence of.

Yielding pacifieth great offences. *Solomon.*

YOUTH—Advice to.

Bestow thy youth so that thou mayst have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young, thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold, the longest day hath his evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once, that it never turns again; use it, therefore, as the spring-time, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life. *Sir Walter Raleigh.*

YOUTH—Ambition of.

The youth who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try, and every toil sustain.
Horace.

YOUTH—Confidence of.

Youth is ever confiding; and we can almost forgive its disinclination to follow the counsels of age, for the sake of the generous disdain with which it rejects suspicion. *Harrison.*

YOUTH—Delight of.

Lusty youth
Is the very May-morn of delight,
When boldest floods are full of wilful heat,
And joy to think how long they have to fight
In fancy's field, before their life take flight;
Since he which latest did the game begin,
Doth longest hope to linger still therein.
Gascoigne.

YOUTH—Experiences of.

Youth is not the age of pleasure; we then expect too much, and we are, therefore, exposed to daily disappointments and mortifications. When we are a little older, and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves. *Lord Liverpool.*

Youth is the time of enterprise and hope: having yet no occasion of comparing our force with any opposing power, we naturally form presumptions in our own favour, and imagine that obstruction and impediment will give way before us. The first repulses rather inflame vehemence than teach prudence; a brave and generous mind is long before it suspects its own weakness, or submits to sap the difficulties which it expected to subdue by storm. Before disappointments have enforced the dictates of philosophy, we believe it in our power to shorten the interval between the first cause and the last effect; we laugh at the timorous delays of brooding industry, and fancy that by increasing the fire we can, at pleasure, accelerate the projection. *Johnson.*

YOUTH—a Fair Flower.

The fairest flower in the garden of creation is a young mind, offering and unfolding itself to the influence of Divine Wisdom, as the heliotrope turns its sweet blossoms to the sun.
Sir J. E. Smith.

YOUTH—Genius of.

Almost everything that is great has been done by youth. For life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. Do not suppose that I hold that youth is genius; all that is genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern times;—had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains: that wonderful duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died; Banier himself, after all his miracles died at forty-five; Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive;—but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not; I worship the Lord of hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and Guiccardini tells us, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Arragon himself; he was pope as Leo X. at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen,—the greatest of Frenchmen, and died at thirty-seven.

Ah! that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died, too, at thirty-seven. Richelieu was secretary of state at thirty-one

Well, then, there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. And Acquaviva — Acquaviva was general of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonized America, before he was thirty-seven. What a career! It is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth. *D'Israeli.*

YOUTH—Intemperance of.

Wine and youth are fire upon fire. *Fielding.*

Intemperate youth, by sad experience found,
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.
Denham.

YOUTH—Joyfulness of.

Oh! the joy
Of young ideas painted on the mind,
In the warm glowing colours fancy spreads
On objects not yet known, when all is new,
And all is lovely! *Hannah More.*

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
Campbell.

YOUTH—Want of Judgment in.

Youth is ever apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium in the wild extreme.
Aaron Hill.

YOUTH—Pliancy of.

The youth . . .
Yielding like wax, th' impressive folly bears;
Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares.
Horace.

YOUTH—Portraiture of.

The love of higher things and better days,
Th' unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is called the world, and the world's ways;
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone. *Byron.*

YOUTH—Rules for.

The best rules to form a young man, are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company; to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.
Sir W. Temple.

YOUTH—Season of.

Happy season of virtuous youth, when shame is still an impassable barrier, and the sacred air-cities of hope have not shrunk into the mean clay hamlets of reality; and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free. *Carlyle.*

YOUTH—Thoughtfulness of.

Youth will never live to age, without they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness. Too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out, that while one thinks too much of doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking.
Sir Philip Sidney.

YOUTH—Truthfulness of.

Youth,
When thought is speech and speech is truth.
Sir Walter Scott.

YOUTH AND AGE.

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. *Cicero.*

Our youth and manhood we owe to our country, but our declining years are due to ourselves. *Pliny.*

I have often thought what a melancholy world this would be without children, and what an inhuman world without the aged.
Coleridge.

Z.

ZEAL—Characteristics of.

Zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
Milton.

Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honour and a gentleman, and must take place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive, is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in proportion to the misapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have blessed him. *Steele.*

ZEAL—without Knowledge.

Zeal without knowledge is like expedition to a man in the dark. *John Newton.*

ZEAL—without Knowledge.

To what amazing heights of piety may some be thought to mount, raised on the wings of flaming zeal, and distinguished by uncommon preciseness and severity about little things, who all the while, perhaps, cannot govern one passion, and appear yet ignorant of, and slaves to, their darling iniquity! Through an ignorance of themselves, they misapply their zeal, and misplace their self-denial, and by that means blemish their characters with a visible inconsistency. *Mason.*

ZEAL—Old.

Old zeal is only to be cozened by young hypocrisy. *Farquhar.*

ZEAL—Rash.

For virtues self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madness is a saint run mad.
Pope.

ZEAL—Regulation of.

There is no quality of the mind, by which men, even good men, are more apt to be misled than zeal; particularly zeal in religion, "zeal of God," as St. Paul terms it. Where the object is good, the quality is of high value; "it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing;" and beyond controversy, no object can be better than the promotion of God's glory, and the furtherance of His religion. But it ought not to carry us beyond the bounds of moderation. It ought to be regulated by a correct knowledge of the nature and character of the religion which we profess, and which we are desirous of furthering; and it ought to be brought into subjection to the dictates of that religion: a religion, not furious, fiery, implacable, cruel; but "peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." They who act for the furtherance of that religion, in a manner inconsistent with its dictates, show that however sincere be their "zeal of God," it is "not according to knowledge;" or, "that they know not what manner of spirit they are of." Every deviation from the rules of charity and brotherly love, of gentleness and forbearance, of meekness and patience, which our Lord prescribes to his disciples, however it may appear to be founded on an attachment to him and zeal for his service, is in truth a departure from the religion of Him, "the Son of Man," who "came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." *Bishop Mant.*

ZEALOT—Fanaticism of the.

'Tis a zealot's faith
That blasts the shrines of the false god, but builds
No temple to the True. *Sydney Dobell.*

ZEALOTS—Graceless.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right:
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity. *Pope.*

ZEPHYR—Invocation of a.

Zephyr! stay thy vagrant flight,
And tell me where you're going:—
Is it to sip off the dewdrop bright
That hangs on the breast of the lily white
In yonder pasture growing,—
Or, to revel 'mid roses and mignionette sweet:
Or wing'st thou away some fair lady to meet?
If so, then, hie thee away, bland boy,
Thou canst not engage in a sweeter employ.
From kissing the blue of yon bright summer sky,
To the vine-cover'd cottage delighted I fly,
Where Lucy, the gay, is shining,
To sport in the beams of her lovely eye,
While her temples with roses she's twining:
Then do not detain me, I sigh to be there,
To fan her young bosom—to play 'mid her hair! *Hone.*

ZOOLOGY—Pursuits of.

Natural history is no work for one that loves his chair or his bed. Speculation may be pursued on a soft couch, but Nature must be observed in the open air. I have collected materials with indefatigable pertinacy. I have gathered glow-worms in the evening and snails in the morning; I have seen the daisy close and open; I have heard the owl shriek at midnight, and hunted insects in the heat of noon. *Johnson.*

FINIS.

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"Authority dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute." SHAKSPEARE.

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